1 Great King of nations, hear our prayer, while at Thy feet we fall,
   And humbly, with united cry, to Thee for mercy call;
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine; O turn us not away,
   But hear us from Thy lofty throne, and help us when we pray.

2 Our fathers' sins were manifold, and ours no less, we own;
   Yet wondrously from age to age Thy goodness hath been shown;
When dangers, like a stormy sea, beset our country round,
   To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried, and help in Thee was found.

3 With one consent we meekly bow beneath Thy chastening hand,
   And, pouring forth confession meet, mourn with our mourning land;
With pitying eye behold our need, as thus we lift our prayer,
   Correct us with Thy judgements, Lord, then let Thy mercy spare. Amen.

J. Hampden Gurney, 1802 - 62.