

Give to the Lord, Ye Sons of Fame  
Isaac Watts, 1719.  
James Elliott, 1874.

Give to the Lord, ye sons of fame,  
Give to the Lord renown and power,  
Ascribe due honors to His name,  
And His eternal might adore.

The Lord proclaims His power aloud  
Over the ocean and the land;  
His voice divides the watery cloud,  
And lightnings blaze at His command.

He speaks, and tempest, hail and wind,  
Lay the wide forest bare around:  
The fearful hart and frightened hind  
Leap at the terror of the sound.

To Lebanon He turns His voice,  
And lo, the stately cedars break;  
The mountains tremble at the noise,  
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.

The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,  
The Thund'rer reigns for ever king;  
But makes His Church His blest abode,  
Where we His awful glories sing.

In gentler language there, the Lord,  
The counsels of His grace imparts;  
Amidst the raging storm, His Word  
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.