

God of the Seas!

Isaac Watts, 1707-9.

Robert McCutchan, 1930.

God of the seas! Thy thundering voice  
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice,  
And one soft word of Thy command  
Can sink them silent in the sand.

If but a Moses wave Thy rod,  
The sea divides and owns its God;  
The stormy floods their Maker knew,  
And let His chosen armies through.

The scaly flocks amidst the sea,  
To Thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;  
The meanest fish that swims the flood  
Leaps up, and means a praise to God.

The larger monsters of the deep  
On Thy commands attendance keep;  
By Thy permission sport and play,  
And cleave along their foaming way.

If God His voice of tempest rears,  
Leviathan lies still and fears;  
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,  
And spouts the ocean to the sky.

How is Thy glorious power adored  
Amidst these watery nations, Lord!  
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,  
Bold men, refuse their Maker's praise!

What scenes of miracles they see,  
And never tune a song to Thee!  
While on the flood they safely ride,  
They curse the hand that smoothes the tide!

Anon they plunge in watery graves,  
And some drink death among the waves;  
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,  
Nor own the God that rescued them.

O for some signal of Thine hand!  
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land;  
Great Judge! descend, lest men deny  
That there's a God that rules the sky.