

To Thine Almighty Arm We Owe  
Isaac Watts, 1719.  
Andrew Tait, 1749.

To Thine almighty arm we owe  
The triumphs of the day;  
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,  
And melt their strength away.

'Tis by Thine aid our troops prevail,  
And break united powers,  
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale  
The proudest of their towers.

How we have chased them through the field,  
And trod them to the ground,  
While Thy salvation was our shield,  
But they no shelter found!

In vain to idol saints they cry,  
And perish in their blood;  
When is a rock so great, so high  
So powerful as our God?

The Rock of Israel ever lives,  
His name be ever blessed;  
'Tis His own arm the victory gives,  
And gives His people rest.

On kings that reign as David did,  
He pours His blessings down;  
Secures their honors to their seed,  
And well supports the crown.