

Give Thanks to God, Invoke His Name

Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.

Music: Early American tune.

Give thanks to God, invoke His name,
 And tell the world His grace;
 Sound through the earth His deeds of fame,
 That all may seek His face.
 His covenant, which He kept in mind
 For numerous ages past,
 To numerous ages yet behind
 In equal force shall last.

He swore to Abraham and his seed,
 And made the blessing sure;
 Gentiles the ancient promise read,
 And find His truth endure.
 Thy seed shall make all nations blessed,
 Said the almighty voice,
 And Canaans land shall be their rest,
 The type of heavenly joys.

How large the grant! How rich the grace,
 To give them Canaans land,
 When they were strangers in the place,
 A little feeble band!
 Like pilgrims through the countries round
 Securely they removed;
 And haughty kings that on them frowned
 Severely He reprov'd.

Touch Mine anointed, and My arm
 Shall soon revenge the wrong:
 The man that does My prophets harm,
 Shall know their God is strong.
 Then let the world forbear its rage,
 Nor put the church in fear;
 Israel must live through every age,
 And be thAlmightys care.

When Pharaoh dared to vex the saints,
 And thus provoked their God,
 Moses was sent at their complaints,
 Armed with his dreadful rod.
 He called for darkness; darkness came
 Like an oerwhelming flood;
 He turned each lake and every stream
 To lakes and streams of blood.

He gave the sign and noisome flies
 Through the whole country spread;
 And frogs in croaking armies rise
 About the monarchs bed.
 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,
 The tenfold vengeance flew;
 Locusts in swarms devoured their trees,
 And hail their cattle slew.

Then by an angels midnight stroke
 The flower of Egypt died;
 The strength of every house was broke,
 Their glory and their pride.
 Now let the world forbear its rage,
 Nor put the church in fear;
 Israel must live through every age,
 And be thAlmightys care.

Thus were the tribes from bondage brought,
And left the hated ground;
Each some Egyptian spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.
The Lord Himself chose out their way,
And marked their journeys right;
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

They thirst, and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow;
And following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.
O wondrous stream! O blessed type
Of ever flowing grace!
So Christ, our Rock, maintains our life
Through all this wilderness.

Thus guarded by thAlmighty hand,
The chosen tribes possessed
Canaan, the rich, the promised land,
And there enjoyed their rest.
Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear;
Israel must live through every age,
And be thAlmightys care.