

How Awful Is Thy Chastening Rod  
Words: Isaac Watts, 1719.  
Music: Early American tune.

How awful is Thy chastening rod!  
May Thy own children say:  
The great, the wise, the dreadful God!  
How holy is His way!  
Ill meditate His works of old,  
The King that reigns above;  
Ill hear His ancient wonders told,  
And learn to trust His love.

Long did the house of Joseph lie  
With Egypt's yoke oppressed;  
Long He delayed to hear their cry,  
Nor gave His people rest.  
The sons of good old Jacob seemed  
Abandoned to their foes;  
But His almighty arm redeemed  
The nation that He chose.

Israel, His people and His sheep,  
Must follow where He calls;  
He bade them venture through the deep,  
And made the waves their walls.  
The waters saw Thee, mighty God!  
The waters saw Thee come;  
Backward they fled, and frightened stood,  
To make Thine armies room.

Strange was Thy journey through the sea  
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown;  
Terrors attend the wondrous way  
That brings Thy mercies down.  
Thy voice, with terror in the sound,  
Through clouds and darkness broke;  
All Heavn in lightning shone around,  
And earth with thunder shook.

Thine arrows through the skies were hurled;  
How glorious is the Lord!  
Surprise and trembling seized the world,  
And His own saints adored.  
He gave them water from the rock,  
And safe, by Moses hand,  
Through a dry desert led His flock  
Home to the promised land.