

Sing, All Ye Nations, to the Lord
Isaac Watts, 1719.
Benjamin Unseld, 1901.

Sing, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honors and your joys.
Say to the power that shakes the sky,
"How terrible art Thou!
Sinners before Thy presence fly,
Or at Thy feet they bow."

Come, see the wonders of our God,
How glorious are His ways!
In Moses' hand He puts his rod,
And cleaves the frightened seas.
He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Israel passed the flood;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.

He rules by His resistless might:
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke th'Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?
O bless our God, and never cease,
Ye saints, to keep His praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

Lord, Thou hast proved our suffering souls,
To make our graces shine;
So silver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.
Through watery deeps, and fiery ways,
We march at Thy command;
Led to possess the promised place
By Thine unerring hand.