

When Israel, Freed from Pharaoh's Hand

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Wittenberg, Germany, 1543.

When Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand

Left the proud tyrant and his land,

The tribes with cheerful homage own

Their king, and Judah was His throne.

Across the deep their journey lay;

The deep divides to make them way;

Jordan beheld their march, and fled

With backward current to his head.

The mountains shook like frightened sheep,

Like lambs the little hillocks leap;

Not Sinai on her base could stand,

Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

What power could make the deep divide?

Make Jordan backward roll his tide?

Why did ye leap, ye little hills?

And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

Let every mountain, every flood,

Retire and know th'approaching God,

The King of Israel: see Him here;

Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.

He thunders, and all nature mourns;

The rock to standing pools He turns;

Flints spring with fountains at His word,

And fires and seas confess the Lord.