

# Psalm 77:11 (Leander. C.M.D.)

Isaac Watts (1719); Music: Tennessee Harmony (1818)

1 How aw - ful is Thy chaste-ning rod! May Thy own child-ren say: The great, the wise, the dread - ful God! How hol - y is His  
2 Long did the house of Jo - seph lie With E-gypt's yoke op - pressed; Long He de-layed to hear their cry, Nor gave His peo - ple  
3 Is - rael, His peo - ple and His sheep, Must fol - low where He calls; He bade them ven-ture through the deep, And made the waves their  
4 Strange was Thy jour - ney through the sea Thy footsteps, Lord, un - known; Terr - ors at - tend the wond - rous way That brings Thy mer - cies  
5 Thine ar-rows through the skies were hurled; How glor - ious is the Lord! Sur-prise and trembling seized the world, And His own saints a-

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way! I'll med - i - tate His works of old, The King that reigns a - bove; I'll hear His an-cient wonders told, And learn to trust His love.  
rest. The sons of good old Ja - cob seemed A - ban-doned to their foes; But His al-migh-ty arm redeemed The na - tion that He chose.  
walls. The wat - ers saw Thee, migh-ty God! The wat - ers saw Thee come; Back-ward they fled, and frighted stood, To make Thine ar - mies room.  
down. Thy voice, with terr - or in the sound, Through clouds and dark - ness broke; All Heav'n in lightning shone a-round, And earth with thun-der shook.  
dored. He gave them wat - er from the rock, And safe, by Mo - ses' hand, Through a dry des-ert led His flock Home to the promised land.