

**I** SING the almighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise,  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.

- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained  
The sun to rule the day;  
The moon shines full at His command,  
And all the stars obey.
- 3 There's not a plant or flower below  
But makes Thy glories known;  
And clouds arise and tempests blow  
By order from Thy throne.
- 4 Creatures, as numerous as they be,  
Are subject to Thy care;  
There's not a place where we can flee  
But God is present there.
- 5 His mighty wonders are displayed  
Where'er I turn my eye,  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze into the sky.
- 6 His hand is my perpetual guard,  
He guides me with His eye;  
Why should I, then, forget the Lord,  
Whose love is ever nigh?

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*

HAST thou not known, hast thou not heard,  
That firm remains on high  
The everlasting throne of Him  
Who formed the earth and sky?

2 Art thou afraid His power shall fail  
When comes thy evil day?  
And can an all-creating arm  
Grow weary or decay?

3 Supreme in wisdom as in power  
The Rock of Ages stands;  
Though Him thou canst not see, nor trace  
The working of His hands.

4 He gives the conquest to the weak,  
Supports the fainting heart;  
And courage in the evil hour  
From Heaven He doth impart.

5 Mere human power shall fast decay,  
And youthful vigour cease;  
But they who wait upon the Lord  
In strength shall still increase.

6 They with unwearied feet shall tread  
The path of life divine,  
With growing ardour onward move,  
With growing brightness shine.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748,  
in Scottish Paraphrases, 1781*

‘**A**LL ye that pass by,  
To Jesus draw nigh,  
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?’  
Our ransom and peace,  
Our surety He is:  
Come see if there ever was sorrow like His.

2 For what we have done  
His blood must atone:  
The Father has punished for us His dear Son;  
The Lord on that day  
Of atonement did lay  
Our sins on the Lord, and He bore them away.

3 He died to atone  
For sins not His own,  
Our debt He has paid and our work He has done,  
So we may receive  
The peace He did leave,  
Who made intercession—‘My Father forgive.’

4 For sinners like me  
He prayed on the tree,  
Through His intercession the sinner goes free,  
That sinner am I  
Who on Jesus rely,  
And come for the pardon God will not deny.

5 His death is my plea  
My Advocate see!  
And hear the blood speak that has answered for me:  
He purchased the grace  
Which now I embrace;  
O Father, Thou know’st He has died in my place!

**H**OW sad our state by nature is!  
Our sin how deep it stains!  
And Satan binds our captive minds  
Fast in his slavish chains.

- 2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace  
Sounds from the sacred Word,  
'Come, all despairing sinners, come,  
And trust upon the Lord.'
- 3 My soul obeys the almighty call,  
And runs to this relief;  
I would believe Thy promise, Lord,  
O help my unbelief.
- 4 To the dear fountain of Thy blood,  
Incarnate God, I fly;  
Here let me wash my guilty soul  
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 A guilty, weak and helpless worm,  
On Thy kind arms I fall;  
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus and my All.

*Isaac Watts, 1674-1748*