

I Sing the Mighty Power

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ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748)

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1. I sing the might - y power of God, That made the moun-tains rise,
 2. I sing the good-ness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food;
 3. There's not a plant or flower be - low But makes Thy glo - ries known;



That spread the flow - ing seas a-broad, And built the loft - y skies;
 He formed the crea - tures with His word, And then pro-nounced them good.
 And clouds a - rise, and tem - pests blow, By or - der from Thy throne.



I sing the wis - dom that or-dained The sun to rule the day;
 Lord, how Thy won - ders are dis-played Wher-e'er I turn my eye!
 Crea-tures that bor - row life from Thee Are sub - ject to Thy care;



The moon shines full at His com-mand, And all the stars o - bey.
 If I sur - vey the ground I tread, Or gaze up - on the sky!
 There's not a place where we can flee But God is pres - ent there.

