God of the Seas, Thy Thundering Voice

Doh is C · 4/4 Tune: WINCHESTER NEW

| s - | d' - s - l - l - | s - f - m - m - |
God of the seas, thy thundering voice Makes

| f - m - r - s - | s - fe - s - s - |
all the roaring waves rejoice, And

| d' - r' - m' - d' - | f' - m' - r' - m' - |
one soft word of thy command Can

| d' - l - s - d' - | d' - t - d' - |
sink them silent in the sand.

The other verses

2 If but a Moses wave thy rod,
The sea divides, and owns its God:
The stormy floods their Maker knew,
And let his chosen armies thro'.

3 The scaly flocks amidst the sea,
To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;
The meanest fish that swims the flood
Leaps up, and means a praise to God.

4 The larger monsters of the deep,
On thy commands attendance keep,
By thy permission sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.

5 If God his voice of tempest rears,
Leviathan lies still and fears,
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
And spouts the ocean to the sky.

6 How is thy glorious power ador'd,
Amidst those watery nations, Lord!
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,
Bold men, refuse their Maker's praise.

7 What scenes of miracle they see,
And never tune a song to thee!
While on the flood they safely ride,
They curse the hand that smooths the tide.

8 Anon they plunge in watery graves,
And some drink death among the waves:
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescu'd them.

9 O for some signal of thine hand!
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land,
Great Judge, descend, lest men deny
That there's a God that rules the sky.

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