"How Awful Is Thy Chastening Rod!"

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: ST. FLAVIAN

| d - | d - t, - d - m - | r - r - d - d - |
"How awful is thy chastening rod!" (May

| f - m - d - r - | m - - - - - m - |
thine own children say) "The

| m - f - s - m - | d - r - m - m - |
great, the wise, the dreadful God! "How

| r - d - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
holy is his way!"

The other verses

2 I'll meditate his works of old;
The King that reigns above;
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.

3 Long did the house of Joseph lie
With Egypt's yoke opprest:
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.

4 The sons of good old Jacob seem'd
Abandon'd to their foes;
But his almighty arm redeem'd
The nation that he chose.

5 Israel, his people, and his sheep,
Must follow where he calls;
He bid them venture thro' the deep,
And made the waves their walls.

6 The waters saw thee, mighty God!
The waters saw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
To make thine armies room.

7 Strange was thy journey thro' the sea,
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown,
Terrors attend the wondrous way
That brings thy mercies down.

8 Thy voice with terror in the sound
Thro' clouds and darkness broke;
All heaven in lightning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.

9 Thine arrows thro' the skies were hurl'd;
How glorious is the Lord!
Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world,
And his own saints ador'd.

10 He gave them water from the rock;
And safe by Moses' hand
Thro' a dry desert led his flock
Home to the promis'd land.

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