The Lord Our God Is Clothed with Might

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: ST. PETER

| s - | d' - t - l - s - | s - f - m - m - |
The Lord our God is clothed with might; The

| r - d - f - m - | r - - - - - m - |
winds obey his will; He

| f - m - l - s - | s - f - m - d - |
speaks, and in the heavenly height The

| m - r - d - t, - | d - - - - - |
rolling sun stands still.

The other verses

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Ye winds of night, your force combine
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He binds the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend; in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God.

Tune ST. PETER by Alexander R. Reinagle (died undefined); words by Henry Kirke White (1785–1806). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.