

Genoe

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G Major
Ephraim Reed, 1817

1. Sing, all ye na - tions, to the Lord, Sing with a

2. Come, see the won - ders of our God, How glor - ious

3. He rules by His re - sist - less might; Will reb - el

4. Lord, Thou hast proved our suffer - ing souls, To make our

joy - ful noise; With mel - o - dy of sound re - cord His

are His ways! In Mos - es' hand He puts His rod, And

mor - tals dare Pro - voke th'E - ter - nal to the fight, And

gra - ces shine; So sil - ver bears the burn - ing coals, The

hon - ors and your joys. Say to the Power that shakes the

cleaves the fright - ed seas. He made the eb - bing chan - nel

tempt that dread - ful war? O bless our God, and nev - er

met - al to re - fine. Through wat - ery deeps, and fie - ry

sky, "How ter - ri - ble art Thou! Sin - ners be - fore Thy
dry, While Is - rael passed the flood; There did the church be -
cease, Ye saints, ful - fill His praise; He keeps our life, main -
ways, We march at Thy com - mand; Led to pos - sess the

pres - ence fly, Or at Thy feet they bow; Sin - ners be -
gin their joy, And tri - umph in their God. There did the
saints our peace, And guides our doubt - ful ways. He keeps our
prom - ised place by Thine un - er - ring hand. Led to pos -

fore Thy pres - ence fly, Or at Thy feet they bow.
church be - gin their joy, and tri - umph in their God.
life, main - tains our peace, and guides our doubt - ful ways.
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