

Isaac Watts, 1719
(Psalm 124) 88. 88. (L. M.)

Bennington

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D Major
Daniel Read, 1785

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

1. Had not the Lord, may Is - rael say, Had not the Lord main - tained our side,
2. The swell - ing tide had stopped our breath, So fierce - ly did the wat - ers roll,
3. We leap for joy, we shout and sing, Who just es - caped the fat - al stroke;
4. For ev - er blest - ed be the Lord, Who broke the fowl - er's and curs - ed snare,
5. Our help is in Je - hov - ah's name, Who formed the earth and built the skies;

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

10

When men to make our lives a prey Rose like the swell - ing of the tide.
We had been swal - lowed with deep in death, Proud wat - ers the had o'er - whelmed our soul.
So flies the bird with cheer - ful wing, When once the fowl - er's snare is broke.
Who saved us from the murd - ering sword, And made our lives and souls His care.
He that up - holds that wonder - ous frame Guards His own church with watch - ful eyes.