

Footdee

Isaac Watts
(verses from Psalm 107)

Kathryn Rose

Would you be-hold the works of God, His won-ders in the world a-broad,
They leave their na - tive shores be-hind, And seize the fav - our of the wind;
Now to theheav'ns they mount a - main, Now sink to dread-ful deeps a - gain;

7
Go with the mar - in - ers, and trace The un-known re - gions of the seas.
'Till God command, and tem-pests rise That heave the o - cean to the skies.
What strange af-frights young sail - ors feel, And like a stagg' ring drun-kard reel!

4. When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry;
His mercy hears the loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

5. He bids the wind their wrath assuage,
The furious waves forget their rage;
'Tis calm, and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wished to be.

6. O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private off'rings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

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