

# I Sing The Mighty Power Of God

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

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Wurttemberg, 1784

I sing the mighty power of God, That made the mountains rise; That  
I sing the goodness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food; He  
There's not a plant or flower below, But makes Thy glories known; And

spread the flowing seas a-broad, And built the lofty skies. I  
formed the creatures with His word, And then pronounced them good. Lord,  
clouds arise, and tempests blow, By order from Thy throne; While

sing the wisdom that ordained The sun to rule the day; The  
how Thy wonders are displayed, Where'er I turn my eye: If  
all that borrows life from Thee is ever in Thy care, And

moon shines full at His command, And all the stars obey.  
I survey the ground I tread, Or gaze upon the sky!  
everywhere that man can be, Thou, God, art present there.