

Constant Peace

1. Je - ho - vah, with a - ma - zing noise, The wat - ery clouds in sun - der breaks; The

o - cean trem - bles at His voice, When He from heav'n in thun - der speaks. God

rules the an - gry floods on high; His bound - less sway shall ne - ver cease; His

peo - ple He'll with strength sup - ply, And bless His own with con - stant peace.

2. Ye princes that in might excel,
Your grateful sacrifice prepare;
God's glorious actions loudly tell,
His wond'rous power to all declare.

To His great name fresh altars raise,
Devoutly due respect afford;
Him in His holy temple praise,
Where He's with solemn state adored.

3. How full of power his voice appears!
With what majestic terror crowned!
Which from their roots tall cedars tear
And strew their scatter'd branches round.

He makes the hinds to cast their young,
And lays the beasts' dark coverts bare;
While those that to His courts belong
Securely sing His praises there.