

# Majesty

Isaac Watts, 1719

(Psalm 18, Second Part 1) 86. 86. (C. M.) Transcribed from *The Musical Harmonist*, 1800.

E minor

Stephen Jenks, 1799

1. When God, our Leader, shines in arms, What mortal heart can bear The thun - der of his  
 2. He speaks, and at \_\_\_\_ his fierce rebuke Whole armies are dismayed; His voice, his frown, his  
 3. We love thee, Lord, and we a-dore; Now is thine arm revealed: Thou art our strength, our

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 3. We love thee, Lord, and we a-dore; Now is thine arm revealed: Thou art our strength, our heav'nly tower, Our bul - wark,

1. The thunder of his loud alarms, The light - ning of his spear?  
 2. His voice, his frown, his angry look, Strikes all their cou - rage dead.  
 3. Thou art our strength, our heav'nly tower, Our bul wark, and our shield.

1. loud a - larms, The light - ning of his spear?  
 2. an - gry look, Strikes all \_\_\_\_ their courage dead.  
 3. heav'nly tower, Our bul - wark, and our shield.

1. light - ning of his spear? He rides up-on the wing-ed wind, And an-gels in ar - ray In  
 2. all \_\_\_\_ their cou - rage dead. He forms our generals for the field, With all their dreadful skill; Gives  
 3. bul - wark, and our shield. We fly to our e - ter - nal Rock, And find a sure de - fense; His

1. of his spear?  
 2. cou - rage dead.  
 3. and our shield.

mil - lions wait to know his mind, And swift as flames o - bey. He  
 them his aw - ful sword to wield, And makes their hearts of steel. He  
 ho - ly name our lips in - voke, And draw sal - va - tion thence. We