Psalm 114

Lyricist: Isaac Watts

Richard St. Clair
(10 June 2024)

Grand, majestic ♩ = 86

mf

Soprano
Alto

When Is - rael, freed from Pha - raoh's hand,
pow'r could make the deep di - vide?

Tenor
Bass

6

Left the proud ty - rant and his land, The tribes with
Make Jor - dan back - ward roll his tide? Why did ye

11

cheer - ful hom - age own Their King, and Ju - dah
leap, ye lit - tle hills? And whence the fright that

16
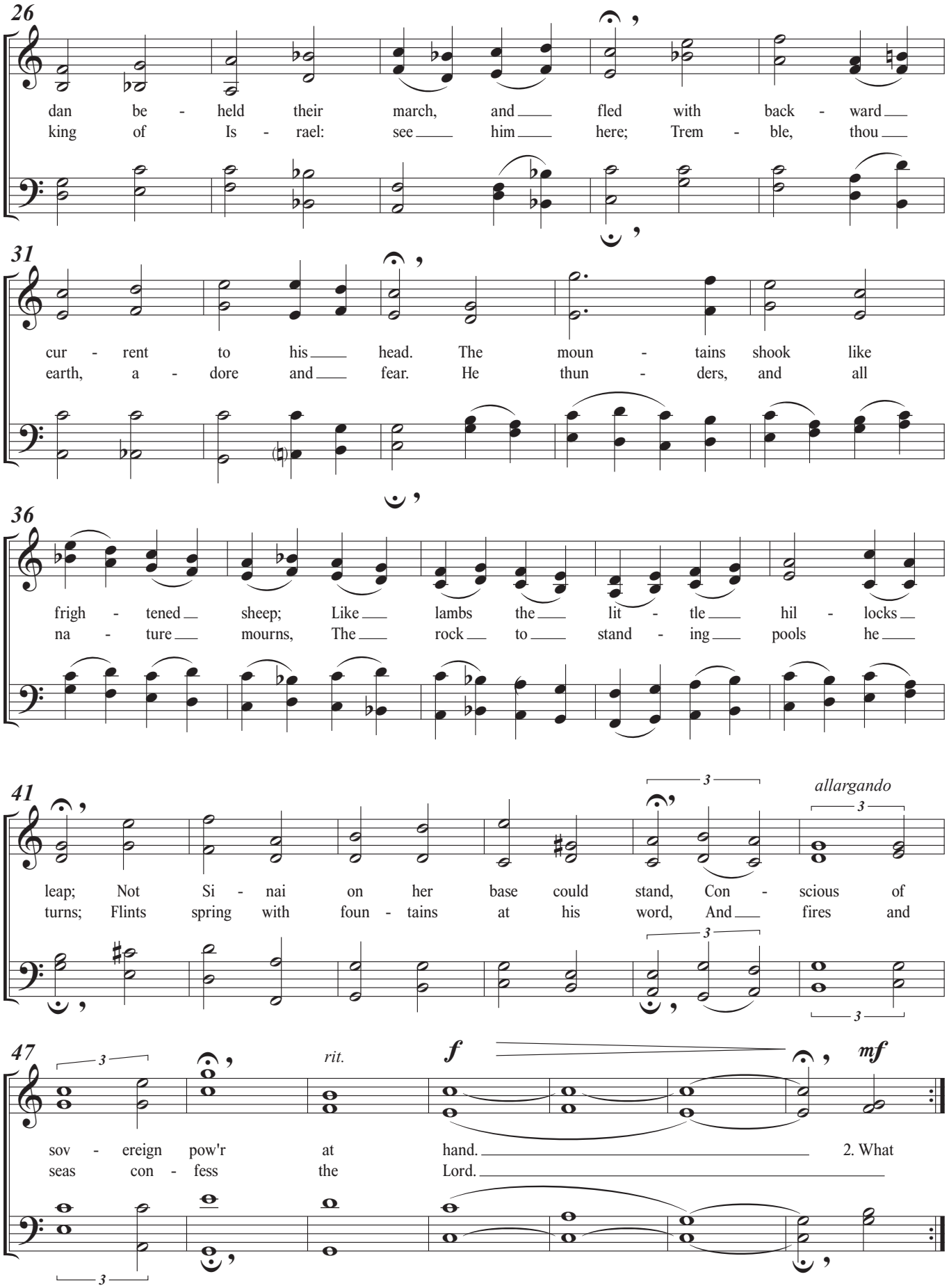
was his throne. A - cross the deep their jou - ney
Si - nai feels? Let ev - ery moun - tain, ev - ery

21

allargando

lay; The deep di - vides to make their way: Jor -
flood, Re - tire and know th'ap - proach - ing God, The

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26
dan be - held their march, and fled with back - ward
king of Is - rael: see him here; Trem - ble, thou
31
cur - rent to his head. The moun - tains shook like
earth, a - dore and fear. He thun - ders, and all
36
frigh - tened sheep; Like lambs the lit - tle hil - locks
na - ture mourns, The rock to stand - ing pools he
41
allargando
leap; Not Si - nai on her base could stand, Con - scious of
turns; Flints spring with foun - tains at his word, And fires and
47
rit.
f
mf
sov - ereign pow'r at hand. 2. What
seas con - fess the Lord.