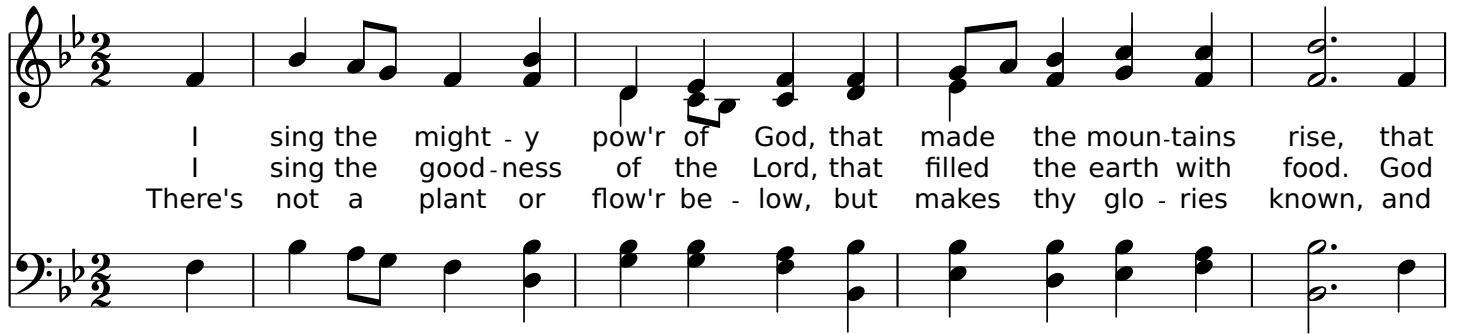
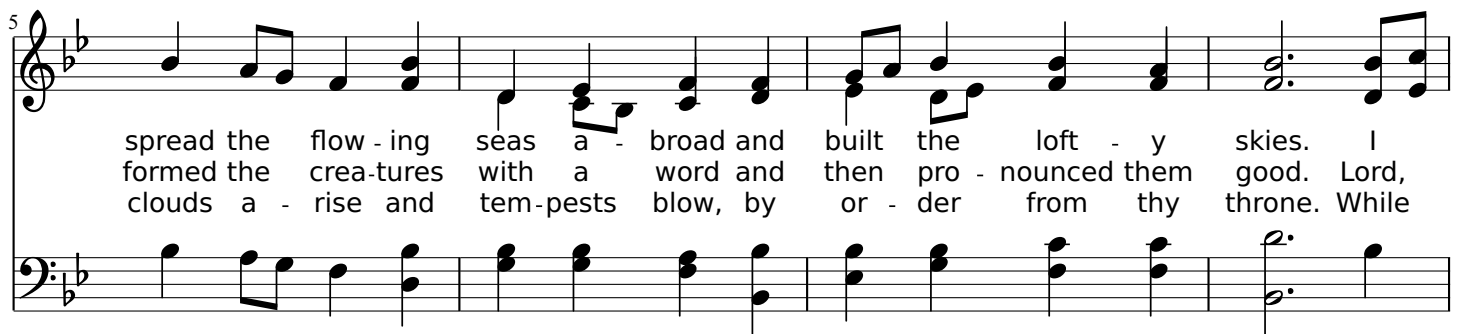


046 I sing the mighty power of God



I sing the might - y pow'r of God, that made the moun-tains rise, that
I sing the good-ness of the Lord, that filled the earth with food. God
There's not a plant or flow'r be - low, but makes thy glo - ries known, and



spread the flow - ing seas a - broad and built the loft - y skies. I
formed the crea-tures with a word and then pro - nounced them good. Lord,
clouds a - rise and tem-pests blow, by or - der from thy throne. While



sing the wis - dom that or - dained the sun to rule the day. The
how thy won - ders are dis - played wher - e'er I turn my eye, if
all that bor - rows life from thee is ev - er in thy care, there's



moon shines full at God's com - mand and all the stars o - bey.
I sur - vey the ground I tread, or gaze up - on the sky!
not a place where we can flee but God is pres-ent there.