



2 Yea, when their wrath against us fiercely rose,  
 The swelling tide had o'er us spread its wave,  
 The raging stream had then become our grave,  
 The surging flood, in proudly swelling roll,  
 Most surely then had overwhelmed our soul.

3 Blest be the Lord Who made us not their prey;  
 As from the snare a bird escapeth free,  
 Their net is rent and so escaped are we;  
 Our only help is in Jehovah's Name,  
 Who made the earth and all the heavenly frame.