

Hymn: I Sing the Mighty Power of God

During the latter part of the 18th century, there was a controversy taking place throughout the Church in England and America. Many Christians believed that singing hymns instead of the "psalms of David" was erroneous.

In fact, one American preacher rode on horseback from Kentucky all the way to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania to protest "the great and pernicious error of adopting the use of Isaac Watts' hymns in public worship..."

Watts, known as the "Father of English Hymnody," wrote over 750 hymns during his lifetime. He advocated for using more poetic language in worship songs, drawing inspiration from Scripture rather than just directly quoting it. This idea revolutionized church music and paved the way for future hymn writers like Charles Wesley and Fanny Crosby.

In addition to writing hymns, Watts also penned works on theology and philosophy, even earning the praise of famed theologian John Wesley.

The hymn "I Sing the Mighty Power of God" was written in 1715 as part of a collection of songs for children, and was originally entitled, "Praise for Creation and Providence." It is based on Psalm 150, which praises God for His power and might. It has been a staple in many denominations for centuries and continues to be sung today.

I Sing the Mighty Power of God

PRAISE

Words: Isaac Watts, 1709.

Music: 'Ellacombe' from *Gesangbuch der Herzogl. Hofkapelle, Wurttemberg, 1784*. Setting: "Amore Dei", 1897.
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♩ = 130

1. I sing the migh - ty pow'r of God, That made the moun - tains rise;
2. I sing the good - ness of the Lord, That filled the earth with food:
3. There's not a plant or flow'r be - low, But makes Thy glo - ries known;

That spread the flow - ing seas a - - broad, And built the lof - - ty skies.
He formed the crea - tures with His word, And then pro - nounced them good.
And clouds a - - rise and tem - pests blow, By or - der from Thy throne.

I sing the wis - dom that or - dained The sun to rule the day:
Lord, how Thy won - ders are dis - played, Wher - - e'er I turn my eye;
Crea - - tures that bor - row life from Thee Are sub - ject to Thy care:

The moon shines full at His com - mand, And all the stars o - - bey.
If I sur - vey the ground I tread, Or gaze up - - on the sky.
There's not a place where we can flee, But God is pre - sent there.