1. To God the glo - rious vic - tor I shall sing!
2. Thy hand, O Lord, has shat-tered all its foes.
3. The lords of earth shall hear and be a-fraid.
4. Thus shall thy race, whose ran-som now is paid,

He drowns both horse and rid-er in the sea.
Like stalks, they with-ered in the blaze of wrath,
The pow’rs and prin-ci-pal-i-ties shall quake.
At - tain the mount where they may dwell with thee.

Be - hold the Lord, my sav - ior and my strength,
For at thy blast the Red Sea wa-ters rose,
The kings of Ca - naan cry out in dis-may
There thou who ran-somed, res-cued, and pre - vailed

Who whelms the char-iots of the en - e - my!
To foes a bane, but to thy folk, a path.
To see the might-y rod of E - gypt break.
Pre - par’st a place to reign e - ter - nal - ly.

Text: Christopher Hoyt, 2019; based on Exodus 15:1-18
Tune: Walter Groteorex, 1919
WOODLANDS
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