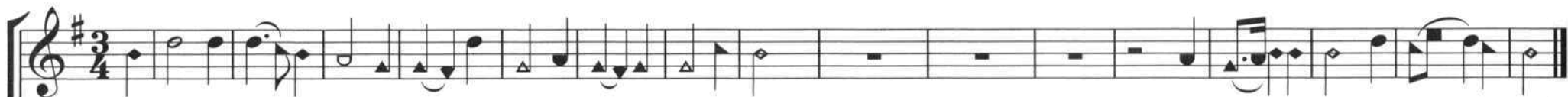


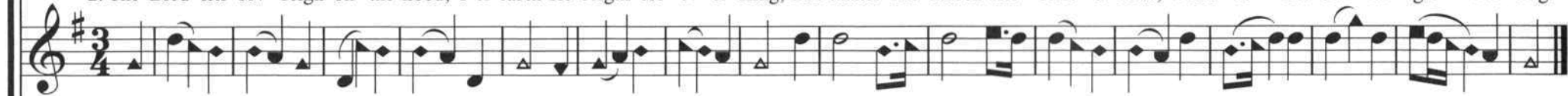
EFFINGHAM. L.M.



1. The Lord pro-claims His pow'r a-loud Through ev-'ry o-cean, ev-'ry land; His voice di-vides the wa-t'ry cloud, and light-nings blaze at His com-mand.



2. The Lord sits sov-'reign on the flood, O'er earth He reigns for-ev-er King; But makes His church His blest a-bode, Where we His aw-ful glo-ries sing.



3. In gen-tler lan-guage, there the Lord The coun-sel of His grace im-parts; A-mid the rag-ing storm, His word Speaks peace and com-fort to our hearts.

