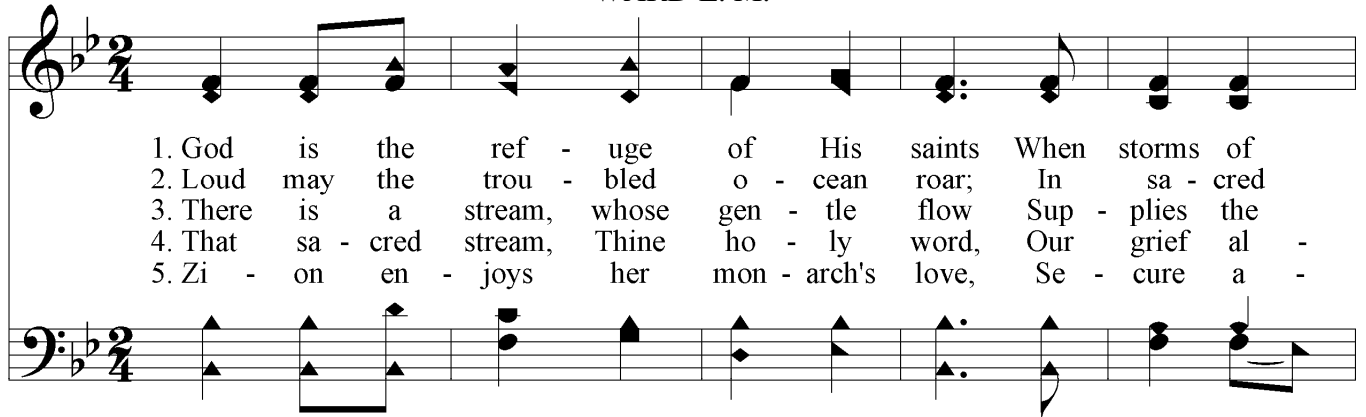
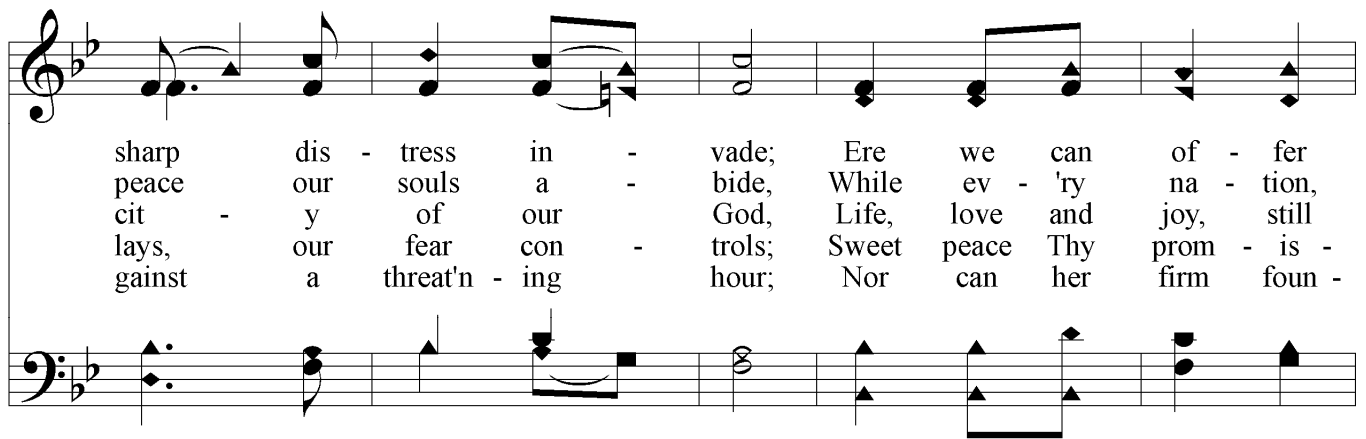


# God Is The Refuge Of His Saints

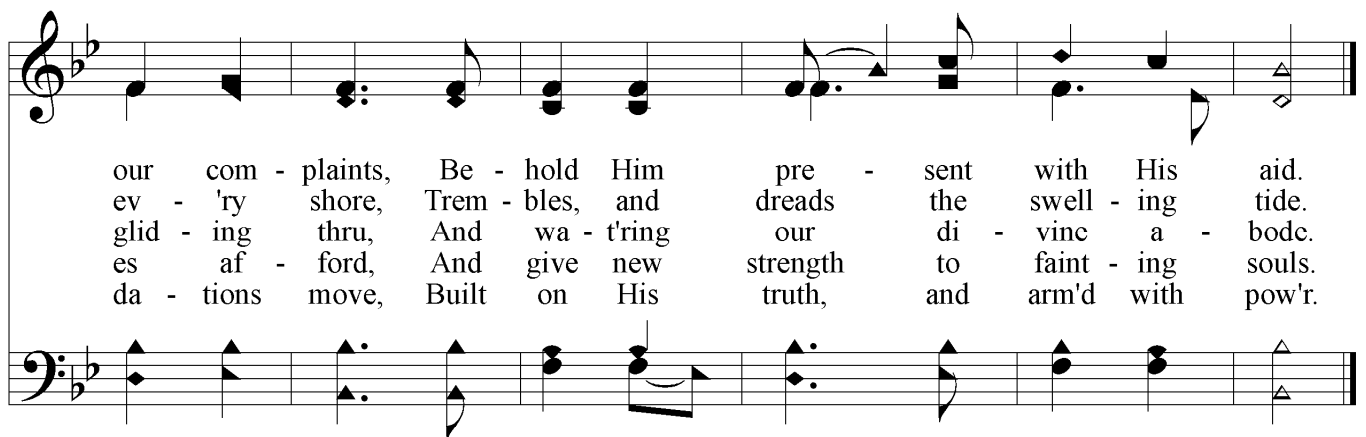
WARD L. M.



1. God is the ref - uge of His saints When storms of  
2. Loud may the trou - bled o - cean roar; In sa - cred  
3. There is a stream, whose gen - tle flow Sup - plies the  
4. That sa - cred stream, Thine ho - ly word, Our grief al -  
5. Zi - on en - joys her mon - arch's love, Se - cure a -



sharp dis - tress in - vade; Ere we can of - fer  
peace our souls a - bide; While ev - 'ry na - tion,  
cit - y of our God, Life, love and joy, still  
lays, our fear con - trols; Sweet peace Thy prom - is -  
gainst a threat'n - ing hour; Nor can her firm foun -



our com - plaints, Be - hold Him pre - sent with His aid.  
ev - 'ry shore, Trem - bles, and dreads the swell - ing tide.  
glid - ing thru, And wa - t'ring our di - vinc a - bode.  
es af - ford, And give new strength to faint - ing souls.  
da - tions move, Built on His truth, and arm'd with pow'r.