God Is The Refuge Of His Saints
WARD L. M.

1. God is the refuge of His saints
   When storms of sharp distress invade;
   Ere we can offer our complaints, Behold Him present with His aid.

2. Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
   In sacred peace our souls abide;
   Ev'ry shore, Trembles, and our di-vine a-bode.

3. There is a stream, whose gentle flow supplies the city of our God,
   While ev'ry nation, glorifies, and wa-t'ring our di-vine a-bode.

4. That sacred stream, Thine holy word, Our grief allays;
   Sweet peace Thy promise brings, And wa-t'ring our di-vine a-bode.

5. Zion enjoys her monarch's love, Secure against a threat'ning hour;
   Nor can her firm found-ations move, Built on His truth, and arm'd with pow'r.