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, While every nation,
every shore, Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the
   city of our God, Life, love and joy, still
   gliding thru, And wa'tring our divine abode.

4. That sacred stream, Thine holy word, Our grief all
   lays, our fear controls; Sweet peace Thy promise
   es afford, And give new strength to fainting souls.

5. Zion enjoys her monarch's love, Secure all
   gainst a threatening hour; Nor can her firm found-
   dations move, Built on His truth, and arm'd with pow'r.