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, ev'ry 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 a threat'ning hour; Nor can her firm found our confessions, Built on His truth, and arm'd with pow'r.