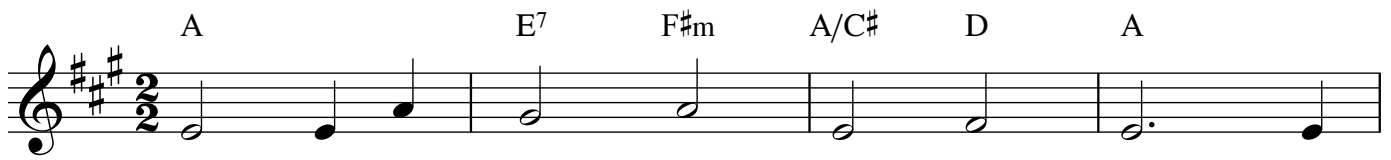


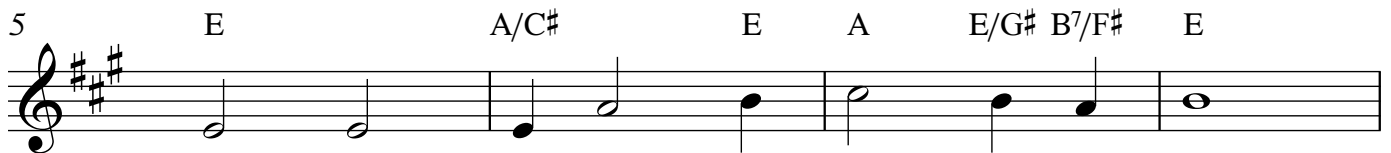
# God Is The Refuge Of His Saints

Isaac Watts 1719

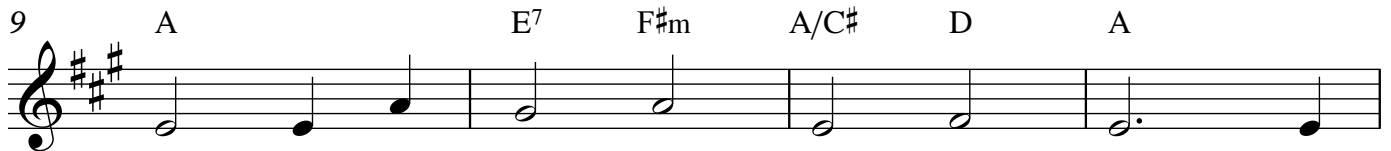
Lowell Mason 1830



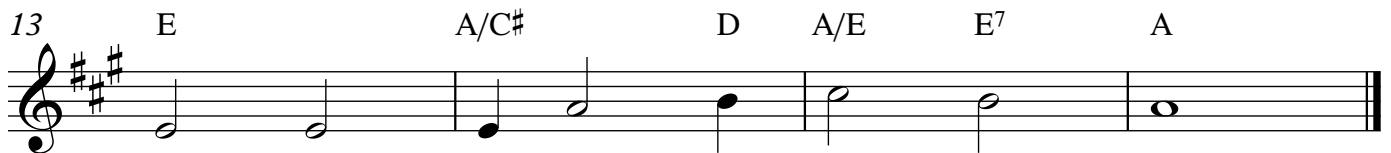
God is the ref - uge of His saints, When  
Loud may the toub - led o - cean roar, In  
There is a stream, whose gen - tle flow Sup -  
That sa - cred stream, that ho - ly Word, Our



storms of sharp\_ dis - tress in - vade;  
sa - cred peace\_ our souls a - bide,  
plies the cit - y of our\_ God,  
grief al - lays, our fear con - trols,



Ere we can of - fer our com - plaints; Be -  
While ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry shore, Trem -  
Life, love, and joy still glid - ing thro' And  
Sweet peace Thy prom - is - es af - ford, And



hold Him press - ent with His aid.  
bles and dreads\_ the swell - ing tide.  
wa - t'rin' our\_ di - vine a - bode.  
give new strenght to fain - ting souls.