

# God Is The Refuge Of His Saints

Isaac Watts 1719

Lowell Mason 1830

C G<sup>7</sup> Am C/E F C

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

5 G C/E G C G/B D<sup>7</sup>/A G

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,

9 C G<sup>7</sup> Am C/E F C

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

13 G C/E F C/G G<sup>7</sup> C

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.