


# God Is The Refuge Of His Saints

Isaac Watts 1719

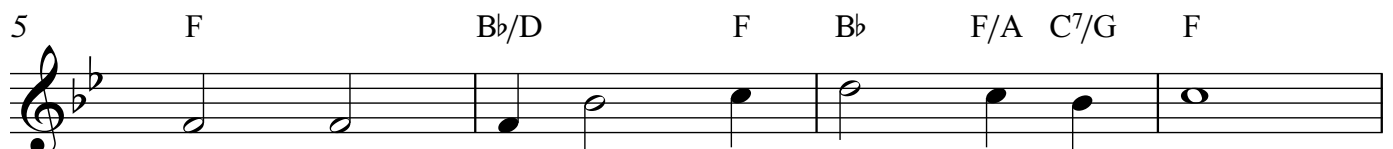
Lowell Mason 1830

B $\flat$  F $^7$  Gm B $\flat$ /D E $\flat$  B $\flat$




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 F B $\flat$ /D F B $\flat$  F/A C $^7$ /G F



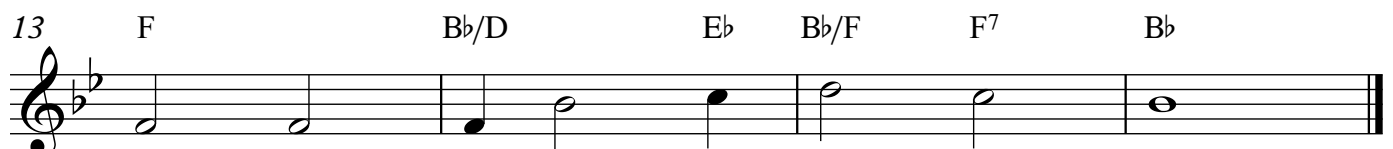
storms of sharp\_ dis - tress in - vade;  
 sa - cred peace\_ our souls a - bide,  
 plies the cit - y of our\_ God,  
 grief al - lays,\_ our fear con - trols,

9 B $\flat$  F $^7$  Gm B $\flat$ /D E $\flat$  B $\flat$



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 F B $\flat$ /D E $\flat$  B $\flat$ /F F $^7$  B $\flat$



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.