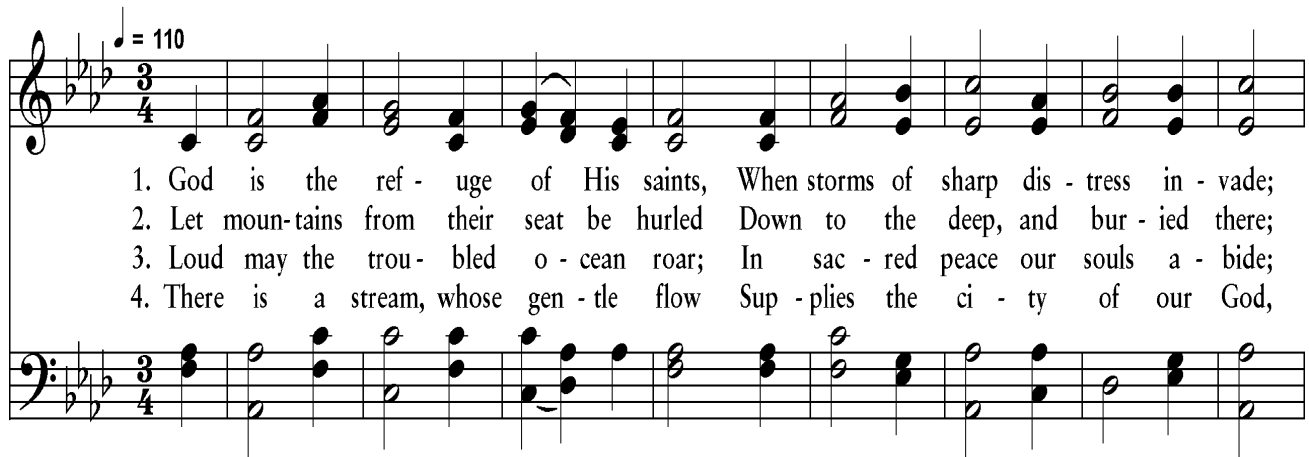


God Is The Refuge Of His Saints

Auctoritate Saeculi, LM

Isaac Watts, The Psalms of David, 1719

Angers Church Melody



$\text{♩} = 110$

1. God is the ref - uge of His saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade;
2. Let moun-tains from their seat be hurled Down to the deep, and bur - ied there;
3. Loud may the trou- bled o - cean roar; In sac - red peace our souls a - bide;
4. There is a stream, whose gen - tle flow Sup - plies the ci - ty of our God,



Ere we can off - er our com - plaints, Be - hold Him pre - sent with His aid.
Con - vul - sions shake the sol - id world: Our faith shall nev - er yield to fear.
While ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry shore, Trem - bles, and dreads the swell - ing tide.
Life, love, and joy still guid - ing through, And wat - 'ring our di - vine a - bode.

5. That sacred stream – Thy holy Word –
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
6. Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.