

God is the Refuge of His Saints

Isaac Watts, Psalm 46

legato

God is the ref - uge of His saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade; Ere
 Loud may the trou - bled o - cean roar, In sa - cred peace our souls a - bide, While
 That sa - cred stream, Thine ho - ly Word, That all our ra - ging fear con - trols: Sweet
 Let Zi - on in her King re - joice, Though ty - rants rage and king - doms rise; He
 From sea to sea, through all the shores He makes the noise of bat - tle cease; When
 Be still, and learn that I am God, I'll be ex - alt - ed o'er the lands, I

we can of - fer our com - plaints Be - hold Him pre - sent with His aid. Let
 ev - ery na - tion, ev - ery shore, Trem - bles, and dreads the swell - ing tide. There
 peace Thy prom - is - es af - ford, And give new strength to faint - ing souls. Zi -
 ut - ters His al - mighty voice, The king - doms melt, the tu - mult dies. The
 from on high His thun - der roars, He awes the trem - bling world to peace. He
 will be known and feared a - broad, But still my throne in Zi - on stands. O

moun - tains from their seats be hurled Down to the deep, and bur - ied there; Con -
 is a stream whose gen - tle flow Sup - plies the cit - y of our God; Life,
 - on en - joys her Mon - arch's love, Se - cure a - gainst a threat - ening hour; Nor
 Lord of old for Zi - on fought, And Ja - cob's God is still our aid; Be -
 breaks the bow, He cuts the spear, Chari - ots He burns with heaven - ly flame; Keep
 Lord of hosts, al - mighty King, While we so near Thy pres - ence dwell, Our

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- vul- sions shake the sol - id world, Our faith shall nev - er yield to fear.
 love and joy, still glid - ing through; And wat - ering our div - ine a - bode.
 can her firm foun - da - tions move, Built on His truth, and armed with power.
 - hold the works His hand has wrought, What des - o - la - tions He has made!
 si - lence all the earth, and hear The sound and glo - ry of His Name.
 faith shall sit se - cure, and sing De - fi - ance to the gates of hell.