

# My Refuge is the God of Love

Isaac Watts, From Psalm 11

*legato*

C G F Am Dm F Am G

My ref - uge is the God of love; Why do my foes in - sult and cry, "Fly  
If God's con - trol be all des - troyed, (That firm foun - da - tion of our peace) And  
The Lord in heaven hath fixed His throne, His eye sur - veys the earth be - low; To  
If He af - flicts His saints so far To prove their love, and try their grace, What  
On im - pi - ous wretch - es He shall rain Tem - pests of brim - stone, fire and death,  
The right - eous Lord loves right - eous souls, Whose thoughts and ac - tions are sin - cere; And

*legato*

Am Dm Am Dm Am Em Am Em Am

8  
like a tim - orous trem - bling dove, To dis - tant woods or moun - tains fly"?  
vi - o - lence make jus - tice void, Where shall the right - eous seek re - lief?  
Him all mor - tal things are known, His eye - lids search our spi - rits through.  
may the bold trans - gres - sors fear? His ve - ry soul ab - hors their ways.  
Such as He kin - dled on the plain Of Sod - om with His ang - ry  
with a gra - cious eye be - holds The men that His own in - age bears.