Bourbon

1. How oft have sin and Sa – tan strove To rend my soul from Thee, my God! But ev – er – las – ting is Thy love, And Je – sus seals it

2. The oath and pro – mise of the Lord Join to confirm the wondrous grace; E – ter – nal power per – forms the word, And fills all heaven with

1. with His blood. Amidst temptations sharp and long, My soul to this dear re – fuge flies; Hope is my anchor, firm and strong, While tempests blow and billows rise.

2. end – less praise. The gospel bears my spirit up; A faith–ful and un – chan – ging God Lays the foun – da –tion for my hope In oaths and promises and blood.