

Greenfield

Treble
Counter
Tenor
Bass

1. God is our re-fuge in dis - tress, A pres-ent help when dan-gers press, In Him,

Tr.
C.
T.
B.

1. Though un-daunt-ed, we'll con - fide.

1. Though earth were from her cen - ter tossed, And

Tr.
C.
T.
B.

1. Though earth were from her cen - ter tossed, And moun - tains in the

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cen - ter tossed, And moun-tains in the oc - ean lost, Torn piece-meal by the

moun-tains in the oc - ean lost, Torn piece-meal by the

20

Tr. oc - ean lost,

C. oc - ean lost, Torn piece-meal by the roar - ing tide.

T. 8 roar - ing tide,

B. roar - ing tide, Though

2. A gentler stream with gladness still
 The city of our Lord shall fill,
 The royal seat of God most high:
 God dwells in Zion, whose fair towers
 Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers,
 While His Almighty aid is nigh.

3. In tumults when the heathen raged,
 And kingdoms war against us waged,
 He thundered and dispersed their powers;
 The Lord of Hosts conducts our arms;
 Our tower of refuge in alarms,
 Our fathers' guardian-God and ours.

4. Come, see the wonders He hath wrought;
 On earth what desolation brought,
 How he has calmed the jarring world:
 He broke the warlike spear and bow,
 With them their thundering chariots too
 Into devouring flames were hurled.

5. Submit to God's almighty sway,
 For Him the heathen shall obey,
 And earth her sovereign Lord confess.
 The God of hosts conducts our arms,
 Our tower of refuge in alarms,
 As to our fathers in distress.