

A Minor. N. Tate & N. Brady, 1696.

Lewis Edson, 1782.

1. God is our refuge in dis-tress, A present help when dan-gers press, In him undaunted we'll con - fide; Tho' He

2. Come see the wonders he hath wrought, On earth what des-o-la-tion brought, How he has calm'd the jar - ring world; Tho' earth were from her He broke the war - like

Tho' earth were from her cen - ter toss'd, And He broke the war-like spear and bow, With

earth were from her cen - ter toss'd, And moun - tains in the o - cean lost, Torn piecemeal by the roar - ing tide. 1. 2.

broke the war - like spear and bow, With them the thun - d'ring char - iots too In - to de - vouring flames were hurl'd. 1. 2.

Tho' earth were from her cen - ter toss'd, And mountains in the o - cean lost, He broke the war - like spear and bow, With them the thund'ring char - iots too 1. 2.

cen - ter toss'd, And moun-tains in the o - cean lost, Torn piece meal by the roar - ing tide, Torn piecemeal by the roar - ing tide. 1. 2.

spear and bow, With them the thun - d'ring char - iots too In - to de - vour - ing flames were hurl'd, In - to de - vouring flames were hurl'd. 1. 2.

moun-tains in the o - cean lost, them the thun-d'ring char - iots too