

A Minor. Isaac Watts, 1719.

Elisha West, 1798.

My ref-uge is the God of love; My foes in-sult and cry, Fly like a tim'rous, trem-bling dove, Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove,

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Fly like a tim'rous, trem-bling dove,

To dis - tant moun - tains fly? Since I have placed my trust in God, A ref-uge always nigh, Why should I, like a

tim'rous, trembling dove, my trust in God, A refuge always nigh,

tim'rous, trembling dove, To dis - tant moun - tains fly? A ref-uge al - ways nigh,

my trust in God, A ref-uge always nigh, Why should I, like a

tim'rous bird, Why should I, like a tim'rous bird, To dis-tant mountains fly? Why should I, like a tim'rous bird, To distant mountains fly?

Why should I, like a tim'rous bird, To distant mountains fly? Why should I, like a tim'rous bird, To distant moun - tains fly?

tim'rous bird,