

- O** GOD, my refuge, hear my cries;
Behold my trials and tears,
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.
- 2 I long for freedom as a dove,
For liberty and wings
To fly away and soar above
These present, painful things.
- 3 O let me to some refuge go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
And trials never come.
- 4 Vain hope and false aspirings all!
To thwart the devil's arm,
The mighty God on Whom I call,
Will save me where I am.
- 5 He shall preserve my soul from fear,
And shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If He command their aid.
- 6 I'll cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My faith shall rest upon His word
That saints shall never fall.

Isaac Watts, 1674-1748.†