

## Refuge

Tr.  5

1. My refuge is the God of love; Why do my foes in - sult and cry,

C. 

2. The Lord in heav'n has fixed his throne, His eye surveys the world be - low:

T. 

3. The righteous Lord loves righteous souls, Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;

B. 

1. Fly  
2. To  
3. And

Tr.  10 15 1. 2.

1. Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove, To distant woods, To distant woods or mountains fly, To distant woods or mountains fly?  
2. To him all mortal things are known, His eyelids search, His eyelids search our spirits through, His eyelids search our spi - rits through.  
3. And with a gracious eye beholds The men that his, The men that his own image bear, The men that his own im - age bear.

C. 

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