Psalm 46

Isaac Barnes, Bradfield St.George, Suffolk (fl.ca.1769-75) Isaac Watts (1674-1748) fuge God is the reof his saints, When storms of sharp distress invade; Loud may the troubled - cred peace our souls abide, 0cean roar, In God is the refuge of his saints, When storms sharp distress invade; of Loud may the troubled cred peace our souls abide, cean roar, In When storms sharp disvade; of tress in-- cred peace our souls asabide, 10 of-Ere we can fer our com-plaint; Be- hold him prewith his aid. sent While ee' v'ry shore, Trem-bles, and dreads the swell- ling tide. v'ry nation, Ere fer our com-plaint; Be- hold him prewith his aid. we sent While ee' v'ry shore, Trembles, and dreads the v'ry nation, swell- ling tide. 18 Let moun-tains from their hurl'd seats Down to the deep and There is stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the ty Let moun-tains from their seats be hurl'd Down to the stream, whose genflow Supplies the the and burtheir be hurl'd Down to deep ied Let moun-tains from seats stream, whose gen-There is a tle flow Sup- plies the city of our

Psalm 46 Page 2



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