He That Hath Made His Refuge God

Doh is Eb · 4/4 Tune: MELCOMBE

| s - | s - f - m - r - | d - l - s - s - |
He that hath made his refuge God, Shall

| d' - t - l - s - | s - fe - s - m - |
find a most se- cure abode, Shall

| m - f - s - m - | r - m - f - f - |
walk all day be- neath his shade, And

| m - r - s - f - | m - r - d - |
there at night shall rest his head.

The other verses

2 Then will I say, "My God, thy power
"Shall be my fortress and my tower;
"I that am form'd of feeble dust
"Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare,
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 Just as a hen protects her brood
From birds of prey that seek their blood,
Under her feathers, so the Lord
Makes his own arm his people's guard.

5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life; his wings are spread
To shield them with an healthful shade.

6 If vapours with malignant breath
Rise thick and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe; the poison'd air
Grows pure if Israel's God be there.

7 What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand dy'd,
Thy God his chosen people saves
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

8 So when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Pass'd all the doors of Jacob by.

9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.

10 The sword, the pestilence or fire
Shall but fulfil their best desire,
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

Tune MELCOMBE by Samuel Webbe (1740–1816); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.