O God, My Refuge, Hear My Cries

Doh is F · 4/4 Tune: YORK

| d - | m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - r - |
O God, my refuge, hear my cries, Be-

| m - s - s - fe - | s - - - - - d - |
hold my flowing tears, For

| m - s - f - l - | m - s - r - s - |
earth and hell my hurt devise, And

| f - m - r - r - | d - - - - - |
triumph in my fears.

The other verses

2 Their rage is levell'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife
To shake my hope in God.

3 With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
I groan with every breath;
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst the shades of death,

4 O were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings,
I'd fly, and make a long remove,
From all these restless things.

5 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all
To 'scape the rage of hell!
The mighty God on whom I call
Can save me here as well.

7 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry,
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear
If he command their aid.

9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon his word
That saints shall never fall.

10 My highest hopes shall not be vain,
My lips shall spread his praise;
While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days.

Tune YORK (Scottish Psalter); 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.