

Poetry

PSALM XLVI.

(TUNE: Ein' Feste Burg.)

A safe stronghold our God is still,
Our help in tribulation.
We will not fear though earth remove
And hills forsake their station ;
Though swelling waters roar,
And shake the rocky shore ;
The Lord of hosts defends,
The God of Jacob lends
To us a certain refuge.

A river is whose streams make glad
God's holy habitation.
The Lord there dwells ; she'll ne'er be moved ;
He'll early bring salvation.
The nations stormed and raged ;
He spake, the earth assuaged.
The Lord of hosts defends ;
The God of Jacob lends
To us a certain refuge.

Come see the works the Lord hath wrought.
On earth He doeth wonders :
Makes wars to cease, the chariot burns,
The bow, the spear He sunders.
Be still and know that I
Am God exalted high.
The Lord of hosts defends ;
The God of Jacob lends
To us a certain refuge.