

My Refuge Is the God of Love

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Johann Cruger, 1640.

My refuge is the God of love;
Why do my foes insult and cry,
"Fly like a timorous, trembling dove,
To distant woods or mountains fly"?

If government be all destroyed,
That firm foundation of our peace,
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress?

The Lord in Heav'n has fixed His throne,
His eye surveys the world below:
To Him all mortal things are known,
His eyelids search our spirits through.

If He afflicts His saints so far,
To prove their love and try their grace,
What may the bold transgressors fear?
His very soul abhors their ways.

On impious wretches He shall rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire and death;
Such as He kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with His angry breath.

The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that His own image bear.