

My Refuge Is the LORD of Love

Based on Psalm 11

Guitar chords do not match vocals.

1. ¹My ref-uge is the LORD of love; Why do my foes in - sult and cry,
 2. ²For look! The wick-ed bend their bow, They set their ar - row to the string,
 3. ³*If gov - ern - ment be all de - stroyed, That firm foun - da - tion of our peace,*
 4. ⁴The LORD in Heav'n has fixed His throne, His eye sur - veys the world be - low:
 5. ⁵*The LORD af - flicts His saints so dear, To prove their love and try their grace.*
 6. ⁶On wick-ed wretch-es He shall rain Tem - pests of brim-stone, fire and death;
 7. ⁷The righteous LORD loves righteous souls, Whose thoughts and actions are sin - cere;

⁴“Fly like a tim - rous, trem - bling dove; To dis - tant woods or moun - tains fly?”
 To kill, as if God would not know, The ones whose hearts to just - ice cling.
If vi - o - lence makes jus - tice void, Where shall the right - eous seek re - dress?
 To Him all mor - tal things are known, His eye - lids search our spir - its through.
What may the bold trans - gres - sors fear? His ver - y soul ab - hors their ways.
 Such as He kin - dled on the plain Of Sod - om, with His an - gry breath.
 And with a gra - cious eye be - holds The men that His own im - age bear.

Music: *Columbian Harp*, 1825; harm. Louise McAllister, 1958
 Text: st. 1, 3-7, Isaac Watts, 1719; st. 2, Michael E. Owens, 2020

BOURBON
 8 8. 8 8.