

Flora Kirkland.

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I. H. Meredith.

1. Do the waves of trou-ble rise o'er-whelm-ing? Is thy sky with
 2. He will hear and heed thy cry ap-peal-ing, He will turn no
 3. There is balm for ev-'ry earth-ly sor-row In this won-drous

tem-pest o-ver-cast? Flee to God, thy nev-er-fail-ing Ref-uge,
 bur-dened soul a-way; What-so-e'er thy trou-ble, He can help thee,
 Ref-uge of the soul, And a hid-ing place from ev-'ry tem-pest,

REFRAIN.

He will shield thee till the storm is past.
 Wilt thou trust His might-y arm to-day? "The e-ter-nal God is thy
 Where no swell-ing tide of woe can roll.

Ref-uge, The e-ter-nal God is thy Ref-uge, And un-der-

neath are the ev-er-last-ing arms, the ev-er-last-ing arms."