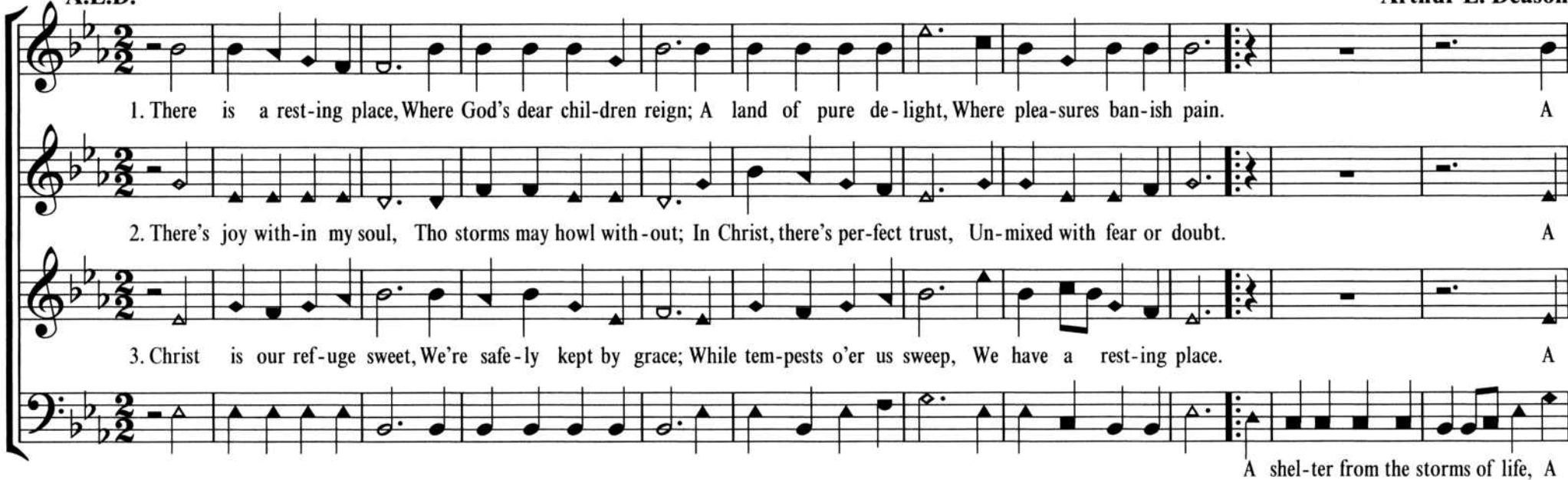


GOD IS OUR REFUGE.

A.L.D.

Arthur L. Deason

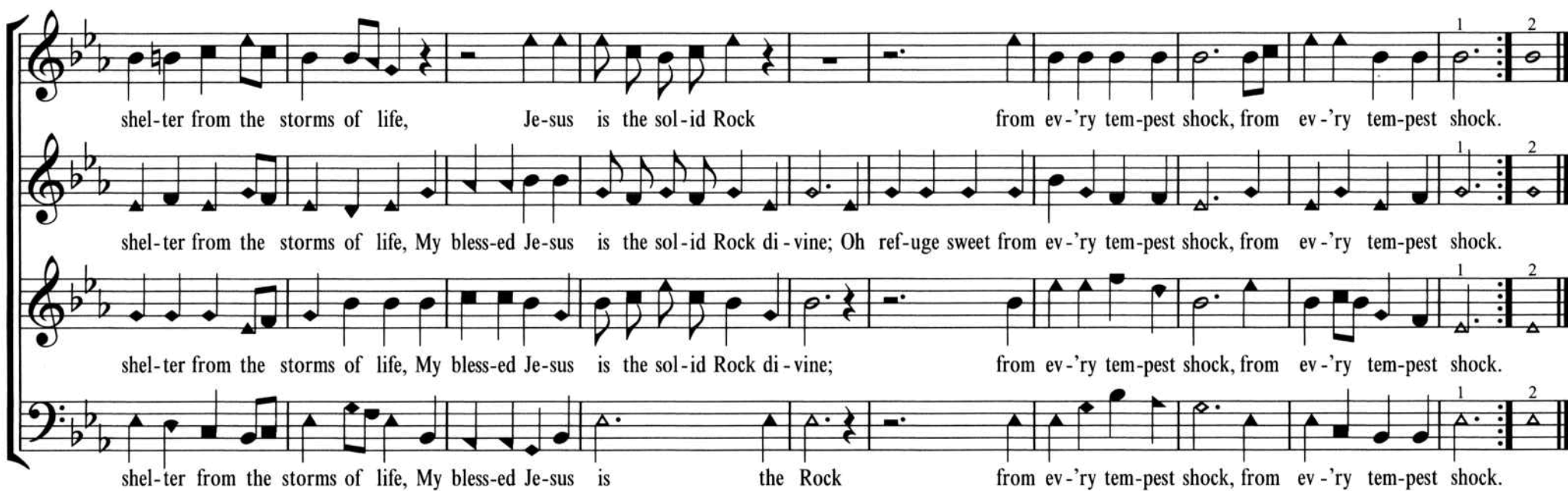


1. There is a rest-ing place, Where God's dear chil-dren reign; A land of pure de-light, Where plea-sures ban-ish pain. A

2. There's joy with-in my soul, Tho storms may howl with-out; In Christ, there's per-fect trust, Un-mixed with fear or doubt. A

3. Christ is our ref-uge sweet, We're safe-ly kept by grace; While tem-pests o'er us sweep, We have a rest-ing place. A

A shel-ter from the storms of life, A



shel-ter from the storms of life, Je-sus is the sol-id Rock from ev-'ry tem-pest shock, from ev-'ry tem-pest shock.

shel-ter from the storms of life, My bless-ed Je-sus is the sol-id Rock di-vine; Oh ref-uge sweet from ev-'ry tem-pest shock, from ev-'ry tem-pest shock.

shel-ter from the storms of life, My bless-ed Je-sus is the sol-id Rock di-vine; from ev-'ry tem-pest shock, from ev-'ry tem-pest shock.

shel-ter from the storms of life, My bless-ed Je-sus is the Rock from ev-'ry tem-pest shock, from ev-'ry tem-pest shock.