

God is our refuge in distress

New Version of Tate and Brady (1696)

Psalm 46

Fairfield, by Joseph Stephenson (c1723-1810)

Edited by Francis Roads

[♩=80]

Soprano

1. God is our re - fuge in dis - tress A pre - sent
 2. *A gen - tler stream with glad - ness still The ci - ty*
 3. *In tu - mults when the hea - then raged, And king - doms*
 4. Come see the won - ders he hath wrought, On earth what

Alto

Tenor [Air]

1. God is our re - fuge in dis - tress A pre - sent
 2. *A gen - tler stream with glad - ness still The ci - ty*
 3. *In tu - mults when the hea - then raged, And king - doms*
 4. Come see the won - ders he hath wrought, On earth what

Bass

7

S

help when dan - gers press. In him un - daunt - ed we'll con - fide
of our Lord shall fill, The roy - al seat of God most high:
war a - gainst us waged, He thun - dered, and dis - persed their pow'rs.
 de - so - la - tion brought; How he has calmed the jar - ring world:

A

T

8

help when dan - gers press. In him un - daunt - ed we'll con - fide
of our Lord shall fill, The roy - al seat of God most high:
war a - gainst us waged, He thun - dered, and dis - persed their pow'rs.
 de - so - la - tion brought; How he has calmed the jar - ring world:

B

15 [♩=100]

S

Though earth were from her cen - tre tossed And moun - tains in the o - cean lost
God dwells in Zi - on, whose fair tow'rs Shall mock th'as - saults of earth - ly pow'rs,
The Lord of hosts con - ducts our arms, Our tow'r of re - fuge in a - larms,
 He broke the war - like spear and bow; With them the thund' - ring cha - riots too

A

T

8

Though earth were from her cen - tre tossed And moun - tains in the o - cean lost
God dwells in Zi - on, whose fair tow'rs Shall mock th'as - saults of earth - ly pow'rs,
The Lord of hosts con - ducts our arms, Our tow'r of re - fuge in a - larms,
 He broke the war - like spear and bow; With them the thund' - ring cha - riots too

B

God is our refuge in distress

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Soprano: Torn piece - meal by the
While his al - migh - ty
Our fa - thers' guar - dian
 In - to de - vour - ing

Alto: Torn
While
Our
 In -

Tenor: Torn piece - meal by the roar - ing tide, Torn
While his al - migh - ty aid is nigh, While
Our fa - thers' guar - dian God and ours, Our
 In - to de - vour - ing flames were hurled, In -

Bass: Torn piece - meal by the roar - ing tide, Torn
While his al - migh - ty aid is nigh, While
Our fa - thers' guar - dian God and ours, Our
 In - to de - vour - ing flames were hurled, In -

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Soprano: roar - ing, roar - ing tide. tide.
aid is nigh, is nigh.
God and ours, and ours.
 flames were hurled, were hurled.

Alto: piece - meal by the roar - ing tide. tide.
his al - migh - ty aid is nigh.
fa - thers' guar - dian God and ours.
 to de - vour - ing flames were hurled. hurled.

Tenor: piece - meal by the roar - ing tide. tide.
his al - migh - ty aid is nigh.
fa - thers' guar - dian God and ours.
 to de - vour - ing flames were hurled. hurled.

Bass: piece - meal by the roar - ing tide. tide.
his al - migh - ty aid is nigh.
fa - thers' guar - dian God and ours.
 to de - vour - ing flames were hurled. hurled.

5. Submit to God's almighty sway,
 For him the heathen shall obey,
 And earth her sov'reign Lord confess:
 The God of hosts conducts our arms,
 Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
 As to our fathers in distress.

Notes and emendation:
 Edited from Stephenson's *Church Harmony Sacred to Devotion* (London 1760)
 Circled numbers correspond with lines of text
 Bar 15: The change of time signature indicates a faster tempo
 Bar 25 soprano: repeat the underlined word
 Bar 25 alto note 1: ♩. in score, making a five-crotchet bar