## THOU ART OUR REFUGE



How vain, how puny are thy foes, O Lord, viewed from the heights with thee!
 How impotent their rage! thy glittering sword once waved, the host shall flee;
 but thou wilt let them restlessly contend until thy counsels bid their strivings end.

3. Wondrous those bygone days when thy dear Son walked on the earth below; the opened heavens proclaimed thy joy in One whom the world did not know; man heeded not the priceless gift of love, nor asked why God's Beloved had left his home above.

4. Hell's legions marshalled close in dire array; denser the darkness grew;
men dared, with wicked hands, thy Christ to slay, who came thy will to do.
Ah! for our sins his precious Blood was shed.
The Lord is risen: he lives who once was dead.

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