

SACRED HARP SINGING #107 Russia

<http://www.sacredharpbremen.org/lieder/100-bis-199/107-russia>

(excellent site avec chaque pupitre + paroles + partition)

My spirit looks to God alone,
My rock and refuge is His throne.
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on His salvation waits.

Trust Him ye saints in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before His face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

False are the men of high degree
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glittering dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

RUSSIA. L.M.

"Looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith. . . (He sat) down at the right hand of the throne of God." -- Heb. 12:2.

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A Minor Isaac Watts, 1719.

Daniel Read, 1786.

1. My spir - it looks to God a - lone, My rock and ref - uge is His throne.

2. Trust Him, ye saints, in all your ways; Pour out your hearts be - fore His face.

In all my fears, in all my straits, My soul on His sal - va - tion waits, aid. 1. waits. aid. 2.

When help - ers fail and foes in - vade, God is our all - suf - fi - cient aid.

all my fears, in all my straits, My soul on His sal - va - tion waits, aid. 1. waits. aid. 2.

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