
2. A gentler stream with gladness still The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high:
God dwells in Zion, whofe fair towers
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers,
While His Almighty aid is nigh.
3. In tumults when the heathen raged, And kingdoms war against us waged, He thundered and dispersed their powers; The Lord of Hosts conducts our arms; Our tower of refuge in alarms,
Our fathers' guardian-God and ours.
4. Come, see the wonders He hath wrought; On earth what desolation brought, How he has calmed the jarring world: He broke the warlike spear and bow, With them their thundering chariots too Into devouring flames were hurled.
5. Submit to God's almighty sway, For Him the heathen shall obey, And earth her sovereign Lord confess. The God of hosts conducts our arms, Our tower of refuge in alarms, As to our fathers in distress.

