

# Massachusetts

Tr. 5 10

1. Had not the Lord, may Is - rael say, Had not the Lord maintained our side, When men, to make our lives a prey,  
2. The swelling tide had stopped our breath, So fiercely did the waters roll, We had been swal - lowed deep in death;

C.

3. We leap for joy, we shout and sing, Who just es-caped the fatal stroke; So flies the bird with cheerful wing,

T. 8

4. For ever blessed be the Lord, Who broke the fow - ler's cursed snare, Who saved us from the mur-d'ring sword,  
5. Our help is in Je - ho - vah's name, Who formed the earth and built the skies: He that upholds that wondrous frame

B.

Tr. 15 20

1. Rose, \_\_\_\_\_ Rose \_\_\_\_\_ like the swel - ling of the tide.  
2. Proud, \_\_\_\_\_ Proud \_\_\_\_\_ waters had \_\_\_\_\_ o'erwhelmed our soul.

C.

3. When, \_\_\_\_\_ When \_\_\_\_\_ once the fow - ler's snare is broke.

T. 8

4. And, \_\_\_\_\_ And \_\_\_\_\_ made our lives \_\_\_\_\_ and souls his care.  
5. Guards, \_\_\_\_\_ Guards \_\_\_\_\_ his own church \_\_\_\_\_ with watchful eyes.

B.