

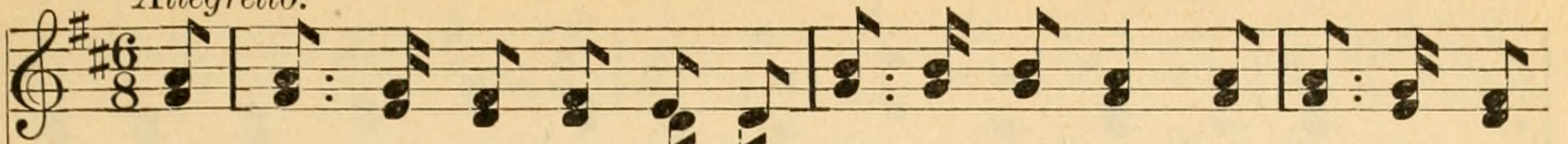
No. 187.

He Hideth My Soul.

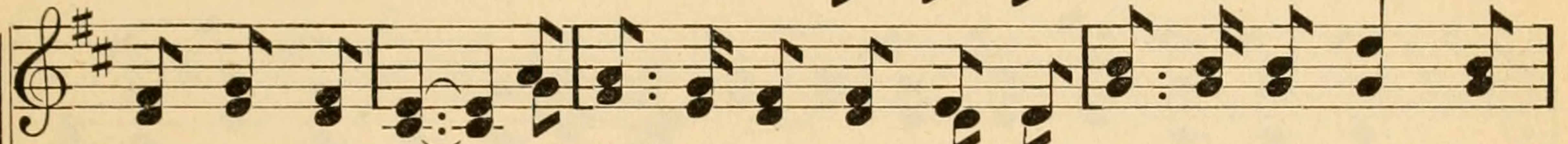
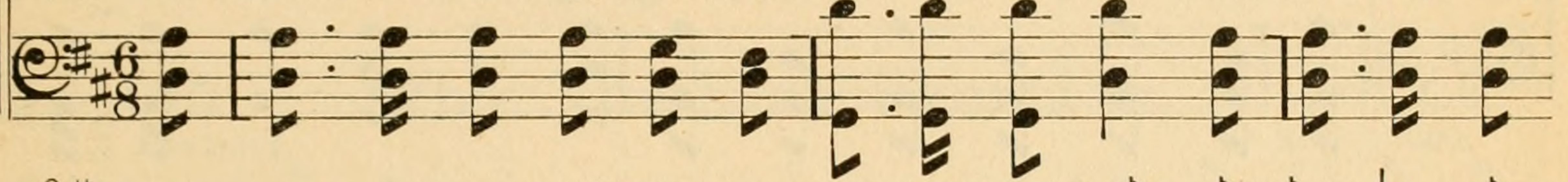
FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

Allegretto.



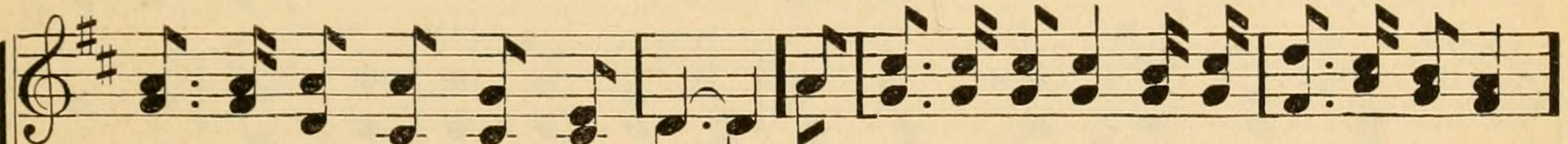
1. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der - ful
 2. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
 3. With num - ber - less bless - ings each mo - ment He crowns; And filled with His
 4. When clothed in His brightness trans - port - ed I rise To meet Him in



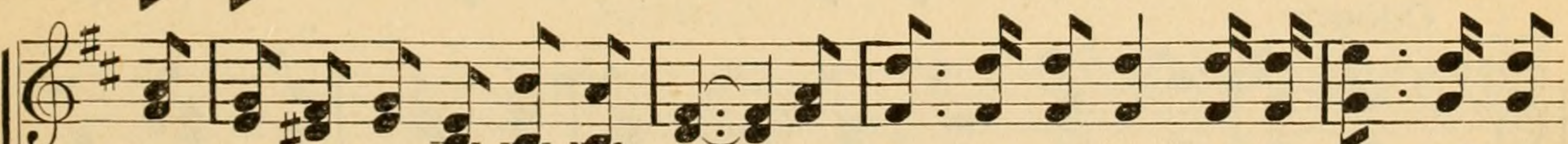
Sav - ior to me; He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where
 bur - den a - way; He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He
 full - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap - ture O glo - ry to God For
 clouds of the sky; His per - fect sal - va - tion, His won - der - ful love, I'll



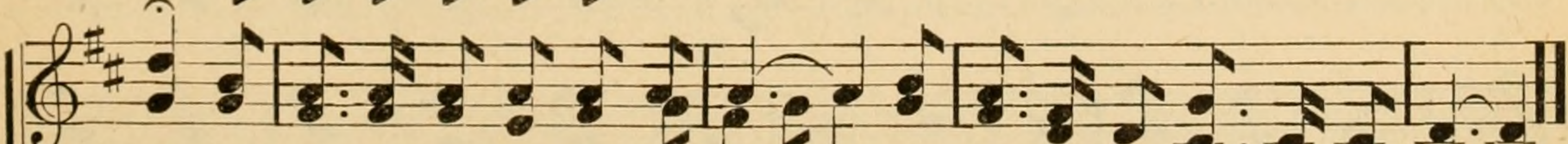
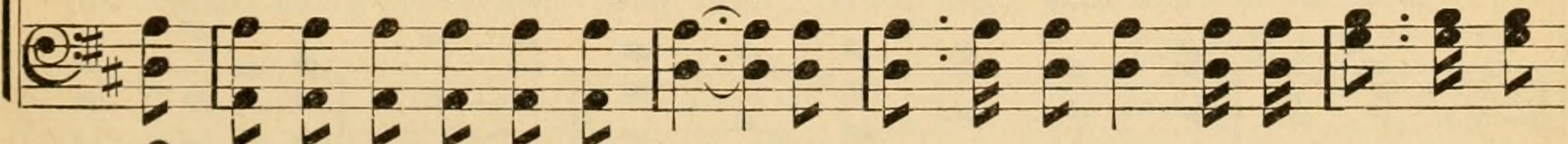
CHORUS.



riv - ers of pleas - ure I see.
 giv - eth me strength as my day.
 such a Re - deem - er as mine! } He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
 shout with the millions on high.



That shadows a dry, thirst - y land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of His



love, And covers my head with His hand, And cov - ers my head with His hand.

