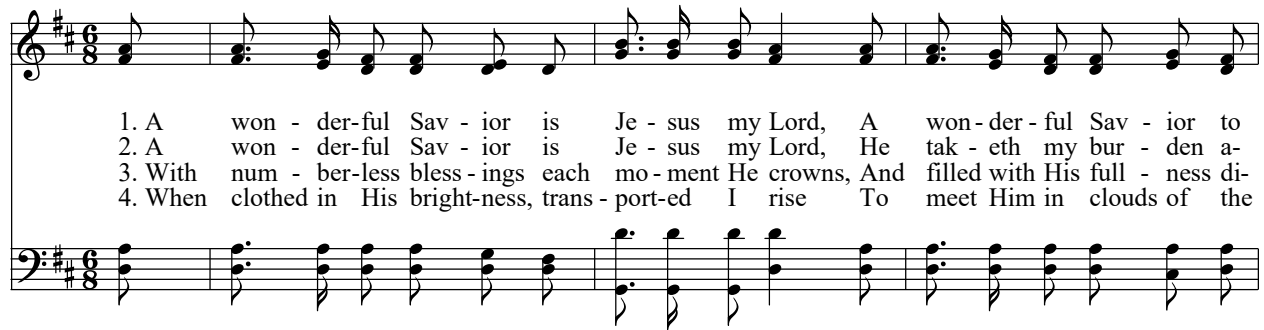


He Hideth My Soul

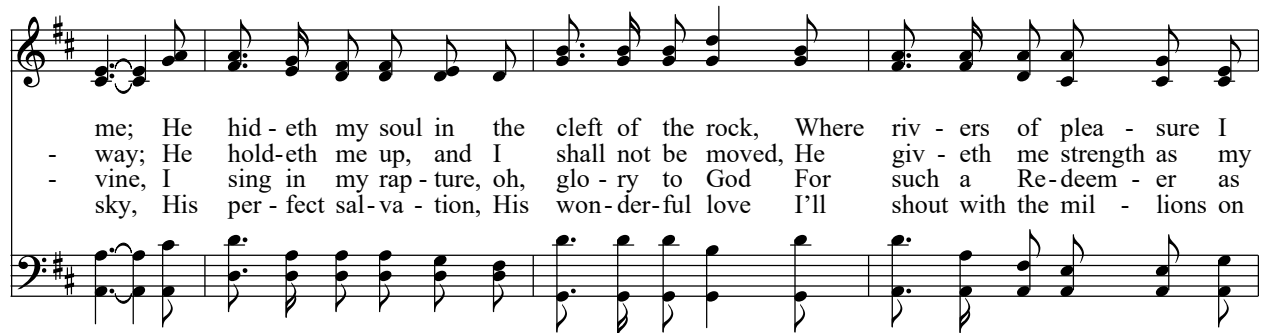
Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1890

William James Kirkpatrick

♩=85

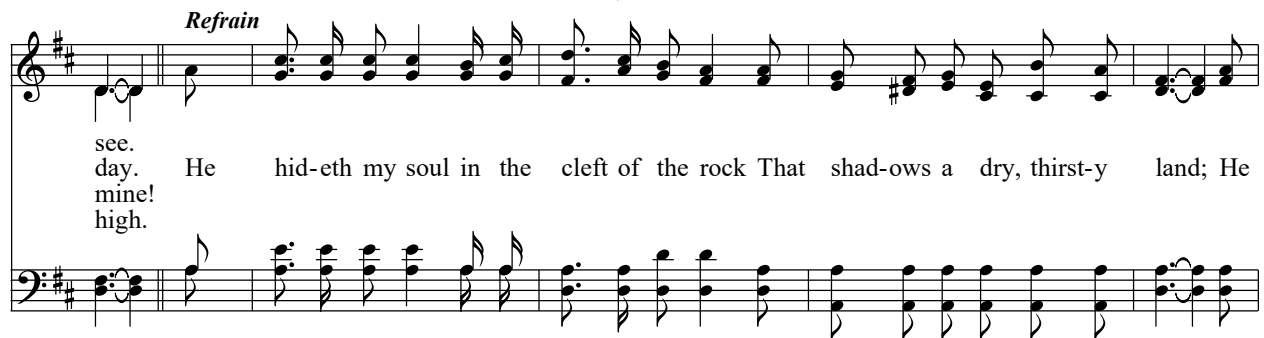


1. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der - ful Sav - ior to
2. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my bur - den a -
3. With num - ber - less bless - ings each mo - ment He crowns, And filled with His full - ness di -
4. When clothed in His bright - ness, trans - port - ed I rise To meet Him in clouds of the

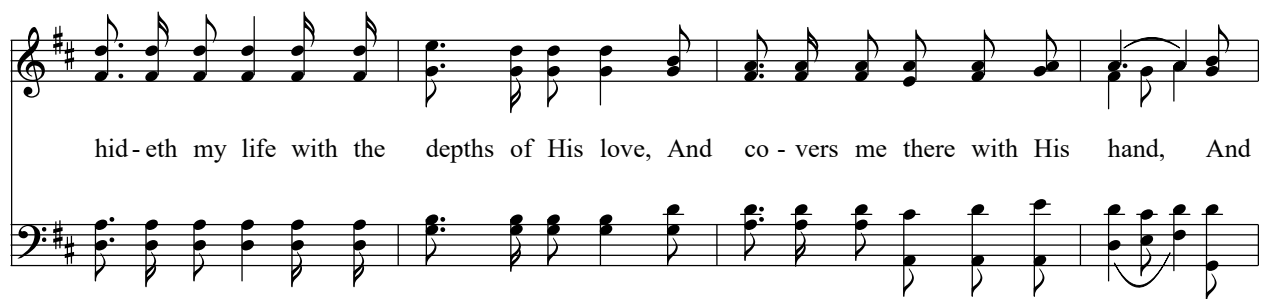


me; He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where riv - ers of plea - sure I
- way; He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He giv - eth me strength as my
- vine, I sing in my rap - ture, oh, glo - ry to God For such a Re - deem - er as
sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, His won - der - ful love I'll shout with the mil - lions on

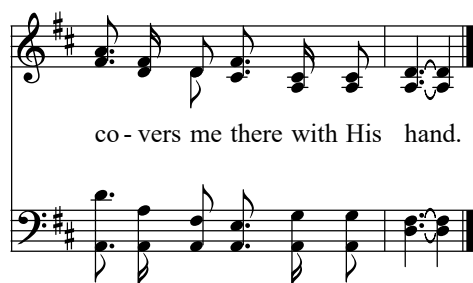
Refrain



see.
day. He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock That shad - ows a dry, thirst - y land; He
mine!
high.



hid - eth my life with the depths of His love, And co - vers me there with His hand, And



co - vers me there with His hand.