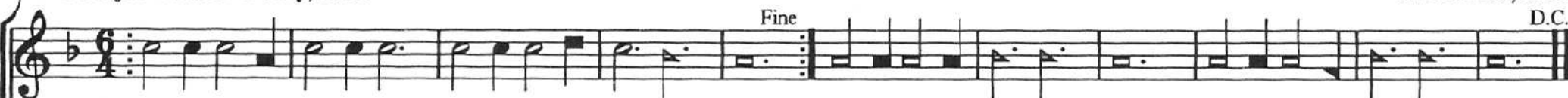


MARTIN. 7s.

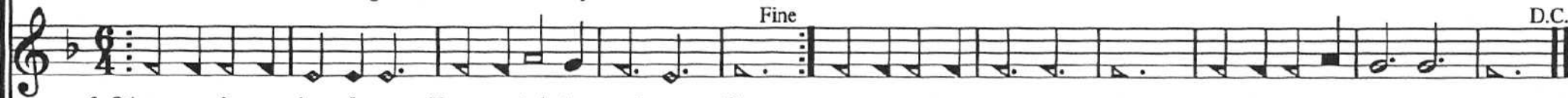
"A hiding place from the wind." -- Isa. 32:2.

F Major Charles Wesley, 1738.

S. B. Marsh, 1836.



1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
 While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 D. C. - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re - ceive my soul at last.



2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee:
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me; All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring,
 D. C. - Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.



3. Wilt Thou not re - gard my call? Wilt Thou not ac - cept my prayer?
 Lo! I faint, I sink, I fall Lo! on Thee I cast my care. Reach me out Thy gra - cious hand, While I of Thy strength re - ceive,
 D. C. - Hop - ing a - gainst hope I stand, Dy - ing, and be - hold I live!

