

# He Hideth My Soul

Fanny J. Crosby, 1820 - 1915

William J. Kirkpatrick, 1838 - 1921



1. A won-der-ful Sav-iour is Je-sus, my Lord, A won-der-ful
2. A won-der-ful Sav-iour 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-ported, I rise To meet Him in



Sav-iour 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, "Oh, glo-ry to God For  
clouds of the sky, His per-fect sal-va-tion, His won-der-ful love I'll



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



That shadows a dry, thir-sty land. He hid-eth my life in the depths of His love,



And cov-ers me there with His hand, And cov-ers me there with His hand.

