

MARTIN 7s.

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

Charles Wesley, 1738 Key of F Major

S. B. Marsh, 1836

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly, Hide me, Oh my Sav - ior, hide,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!

2. Oth - er ref - uge I have none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee: All my trust on Thee is stayed,
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me;

3. Wilt Thou not re - gard my call? Wilt Thou not ac - cept my prayer? Reach me out Thy gra - cious Hand,
Lo! I faint, I sink, I fall Lo! on Thee I cast my care.

Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh re - ceive my soul at last.

All my help from Thee I bring, Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.

While I of Thy strength re - ceive, Hop - ing a - gainst hope I stand, Dy - ing, and be - hold I live!