

# He Hideth My Soul

Fanny J Crosby

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A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, A  
A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, He  
With num - ber - less bless - ings each mo - ment He crowns, And,  
When clothed in His brith - ness, trans - port - ed I rise To



won - der - ful Sav - ior to me; He hid - eth my soul in the  
talk - eth my bur - den a - way. He hold - eth me up, and I  
filled with His ful - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap - ture, "O  
meet Him in clouds of the sky; His per - fect sal - va - tion, His



cleft of the rock, Where riv - ers of pleas - ure I see. He  
shall not be moved; He giv - eth me strength as my day.  
glo - ry to God For such a Re - deem - er as mine!"  
won - der - ful love I'll shout with the mil - lions on high!



hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock that shad - ows a dry, thirst - y



land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of His love And



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