




He Will Hide Me

Miss M. E. SERVOS


JAMES McGRANAHAN




1. When the storms of life are rag - ing, Tem - pests wild on sea and land,
 2. Tho' He may send some af - fic - tion, 'Twill but make me long for home;
 3. En - e - mies may strive to in - jure, Sa - tan all his arts em - ploy;
 4. So, while here the cross I'm bear - ing, Meet - ing storms and bil - lows wild,


I will seek a place of ref - uge In the shad - ow of God's hand.
 For in love and not in an - ger, All His chas - ten - ings will come.
 He will turn what seems to harm me In - to ev - er - last - ing joy.
 Je - sus for my soul is car - ing, Naught can harm His Fa - ther's child.



CHORUS.



He will hide me, He will hide me, Where no harm can e'er be-tide me;
 He will hide me, He will hide me, Where no harm can e'er be-tide me;




He will hide me, safe - ly hide me, In the shad - ow of His hand.
 He will hide me, safe - ly hide me, In the shad - ow of His hand.

