

A Wonderful Savior

...and have covered thee in the shadow of my hand... - Is. 51:16

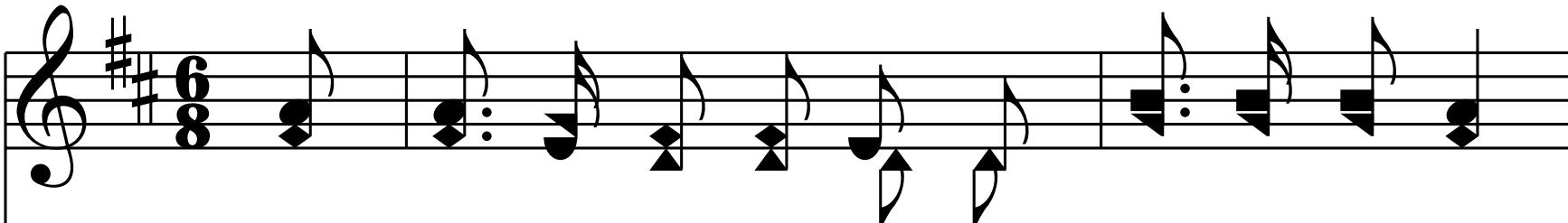
D - 2 - SOL

Fanny J. Crosby

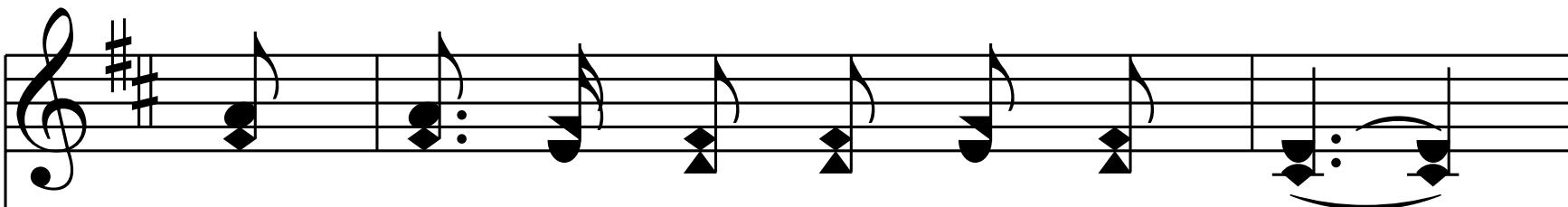
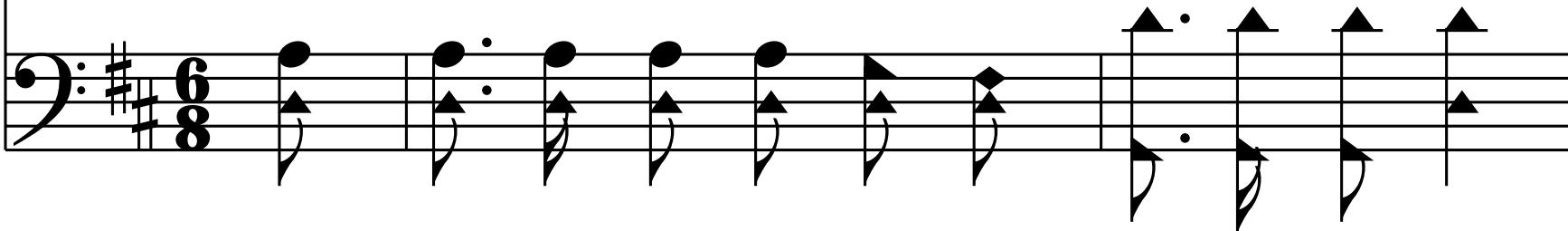
William J. Kirkpatrick, 1890

Public Domain

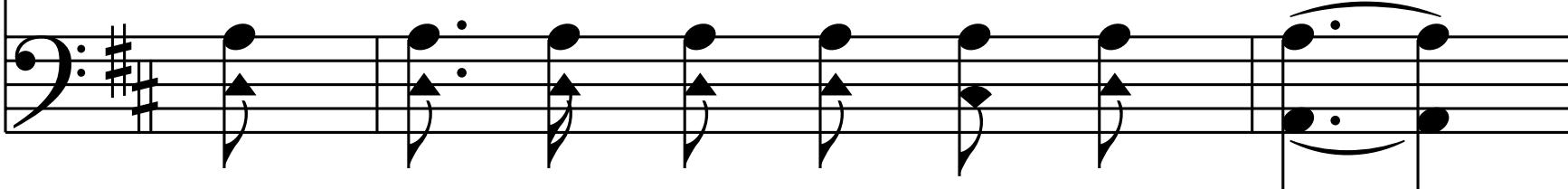
HymnsToGod.org

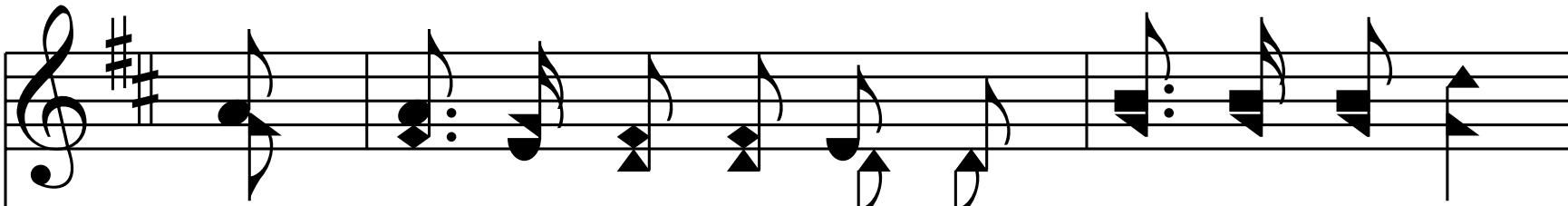


1. A won - der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord,

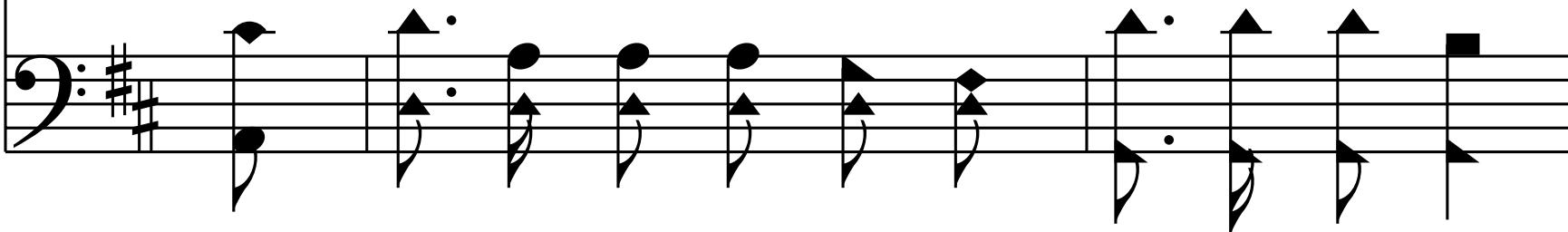


A won - der - ful Sav - ior to me;

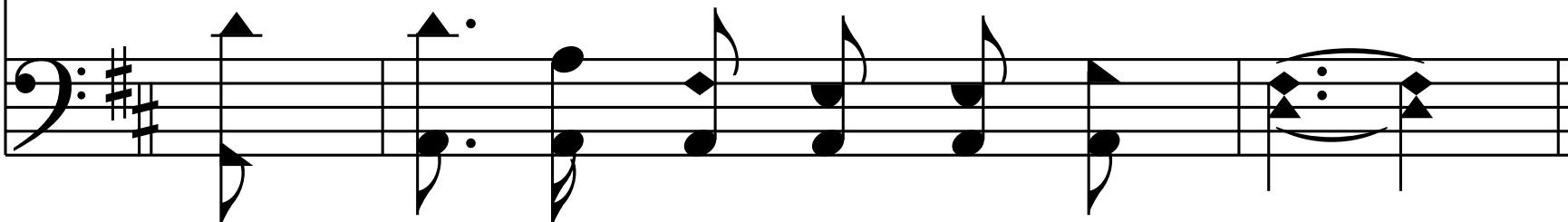




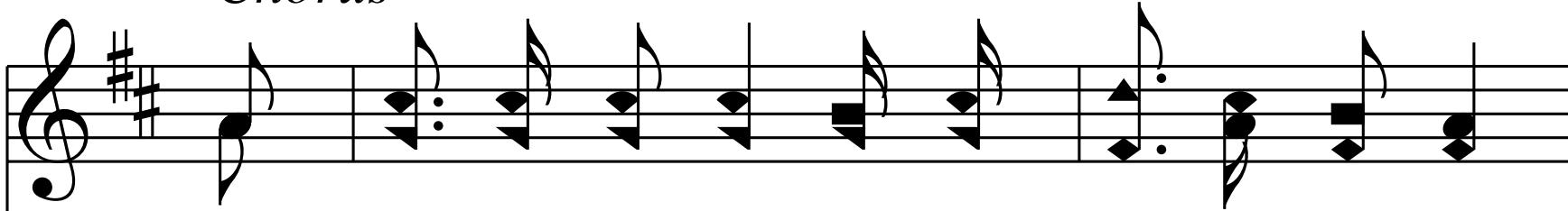
He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,



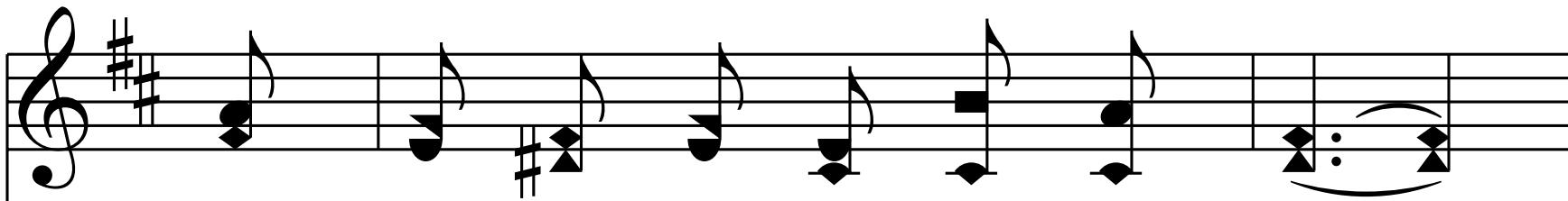
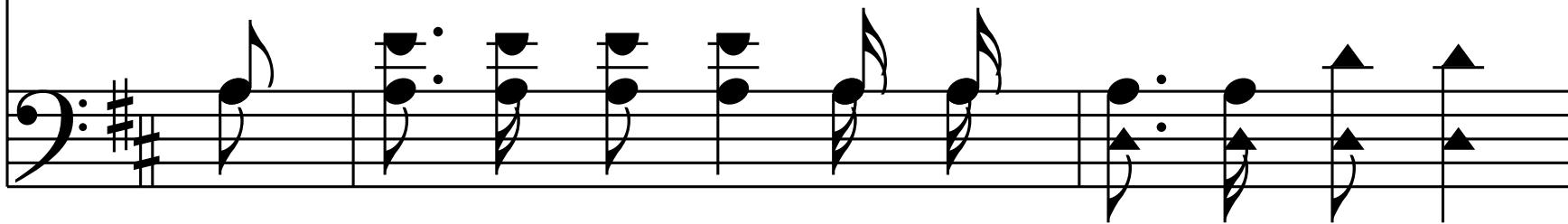
Where riv - ers of pleas - ure I see.



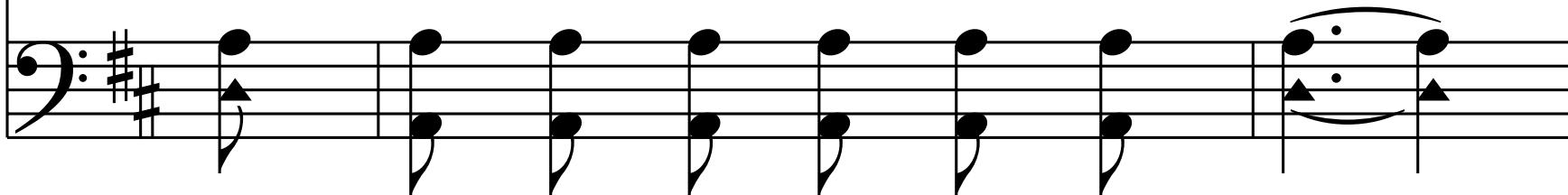
Chorus

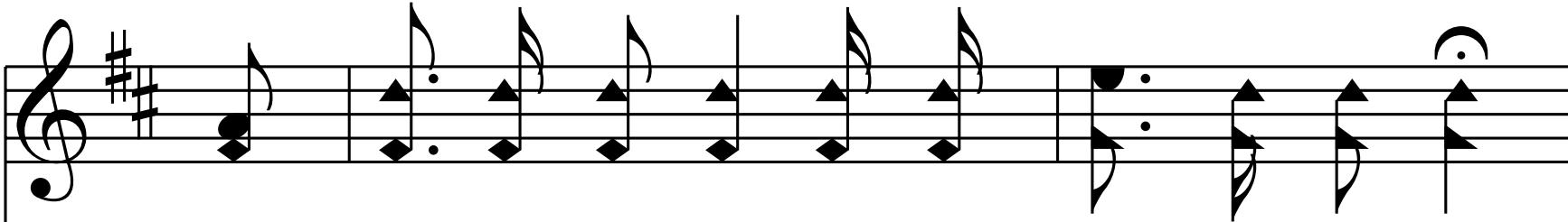


He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,

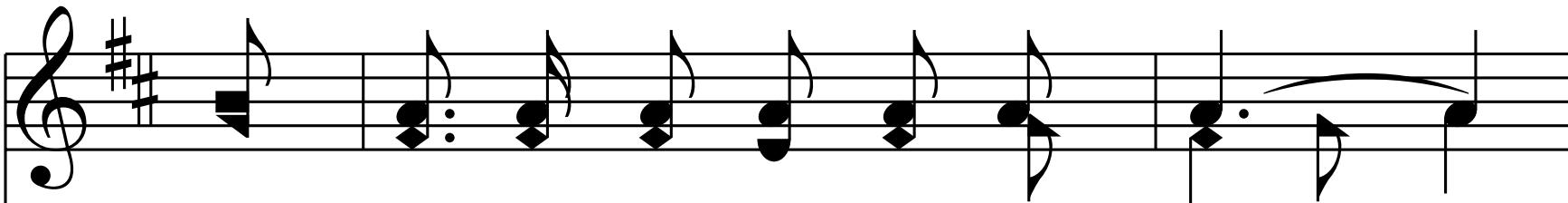
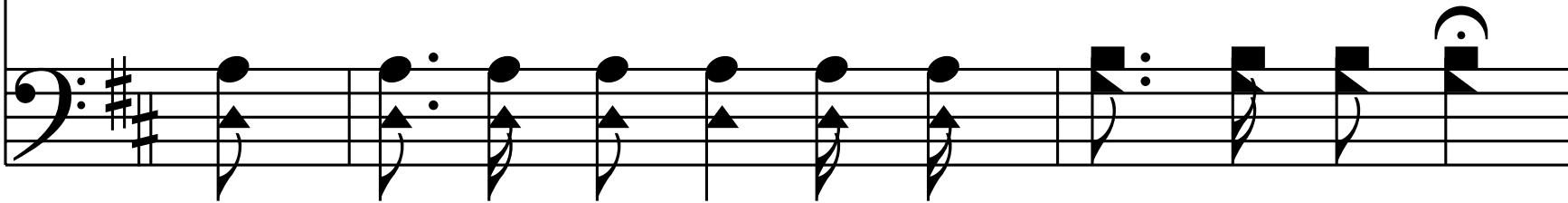


That shad - ows a dry, thirst - y land;



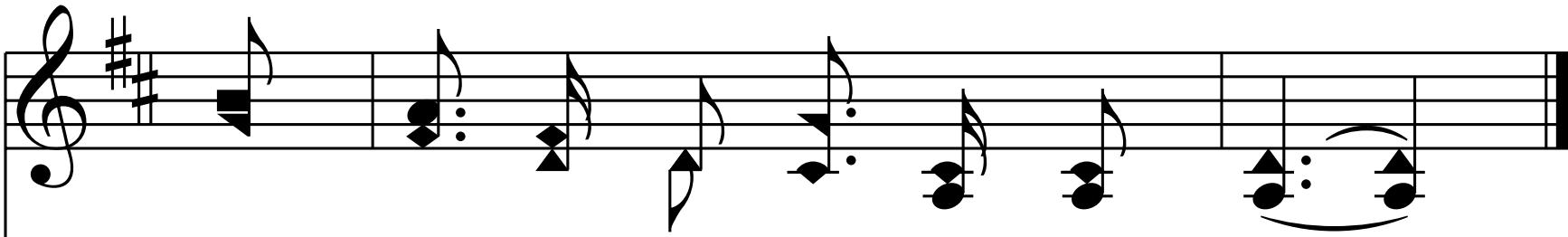


He hid - eth my life in the depths of His love,

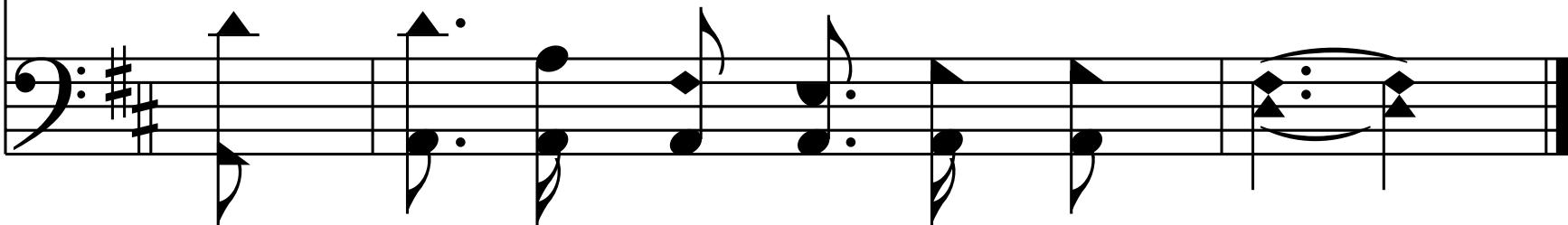


And co - vers me there with His hand,

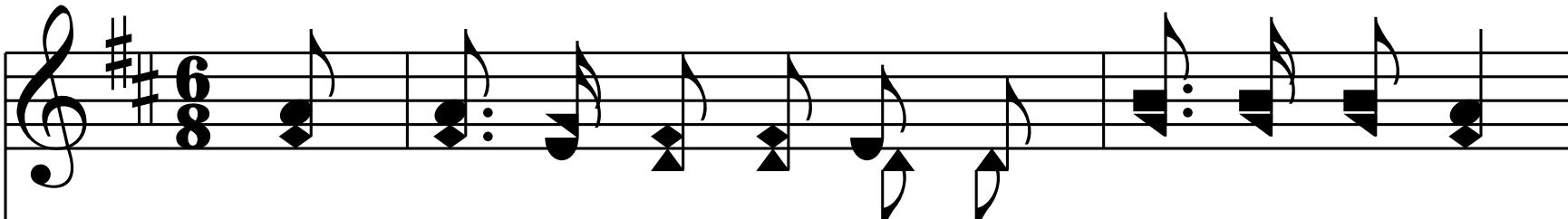




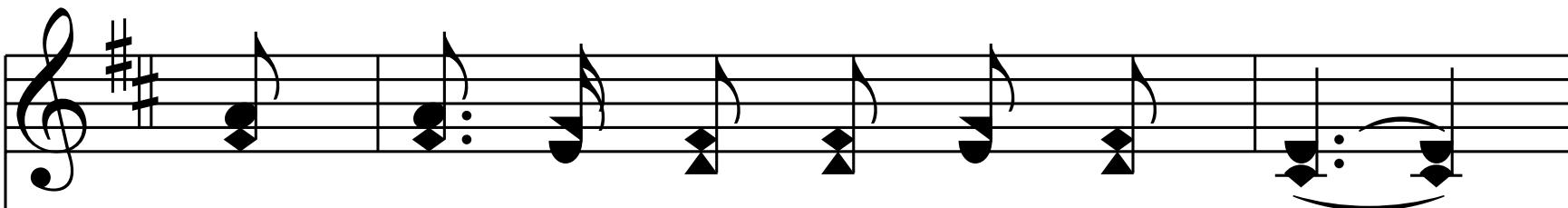
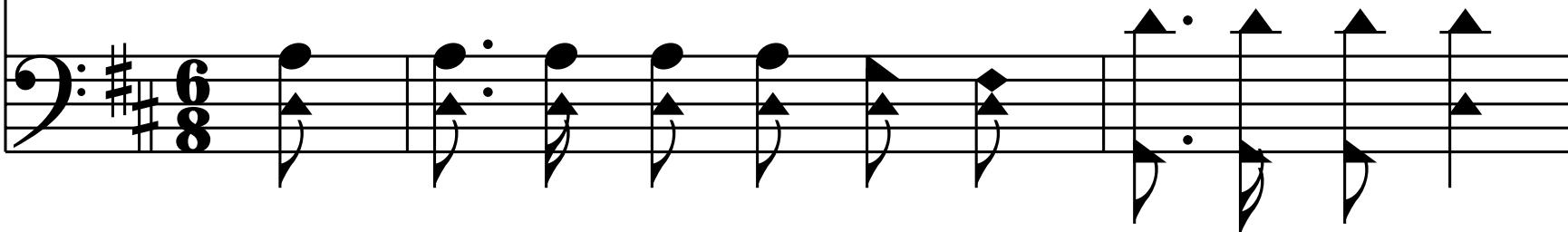
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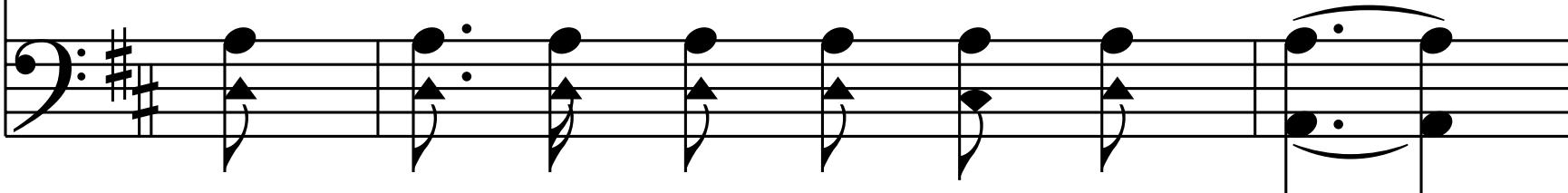
End of Verse 1

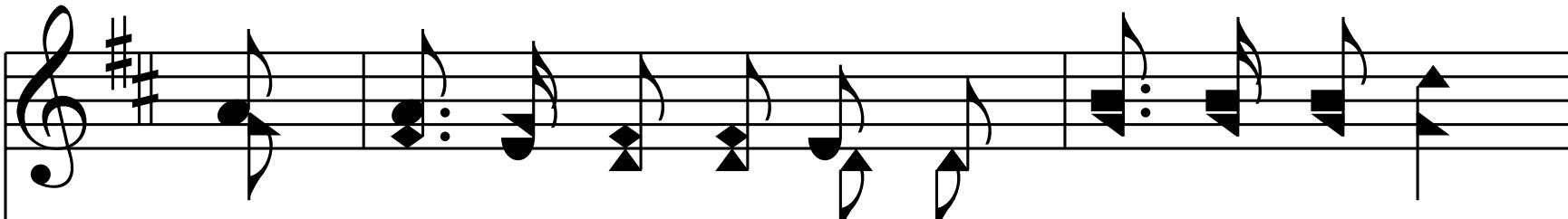


2. A won-der - ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord,

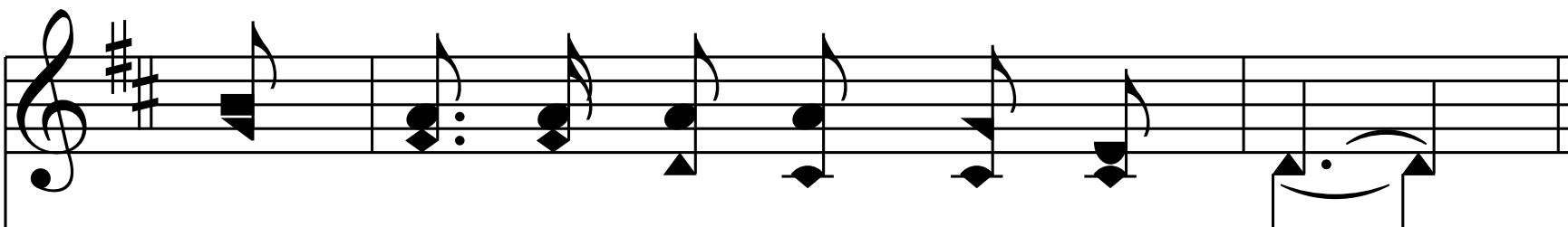
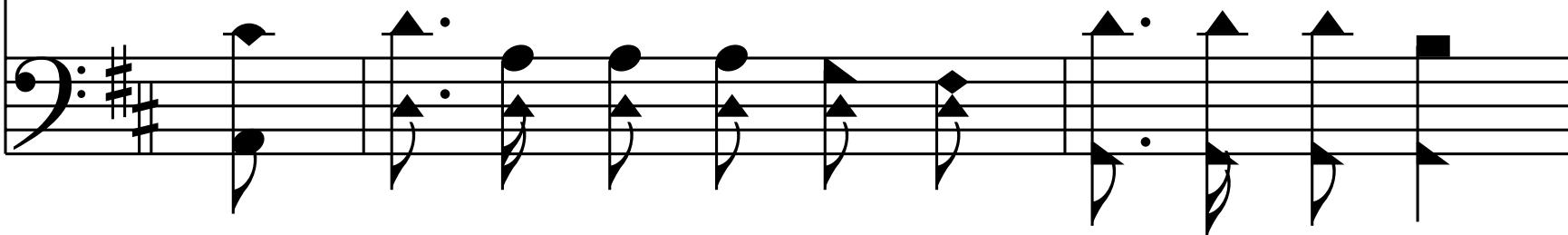


He tak - eth my bur - den a - way;

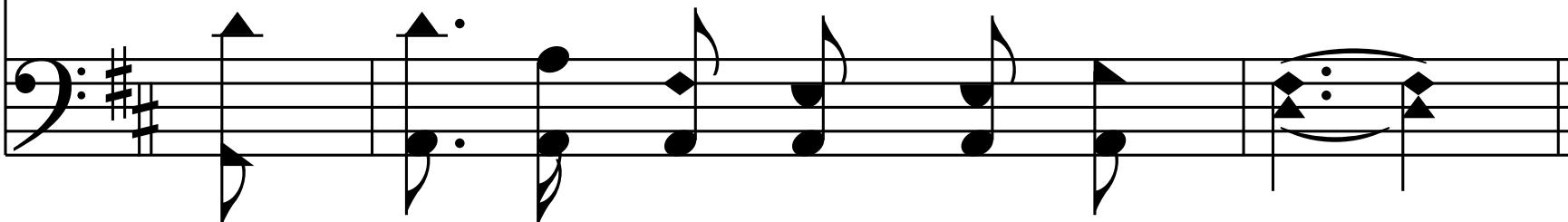




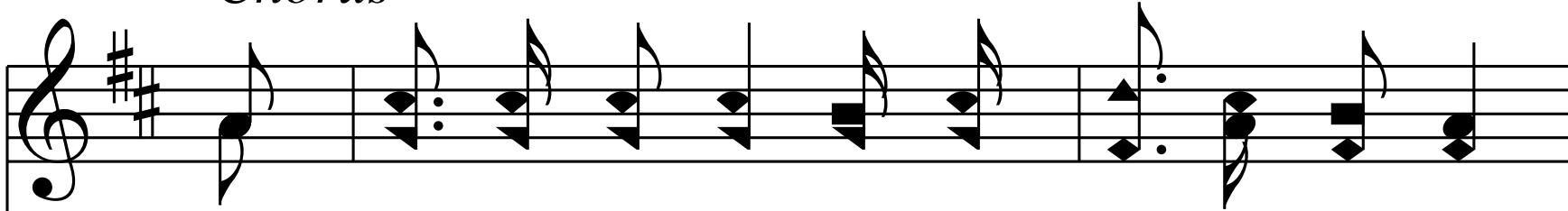
He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved,



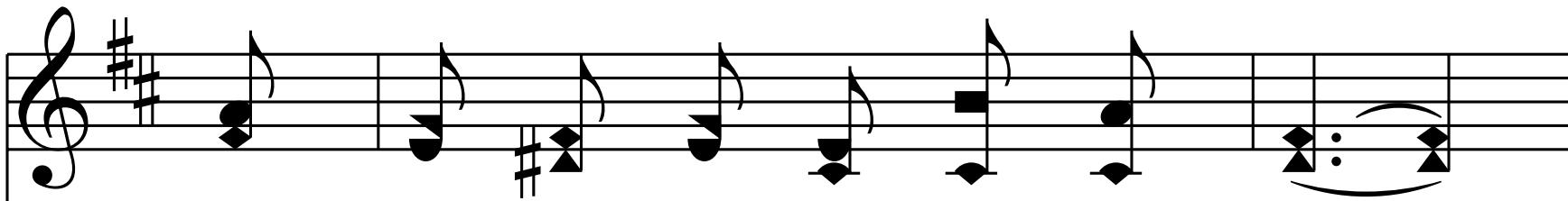
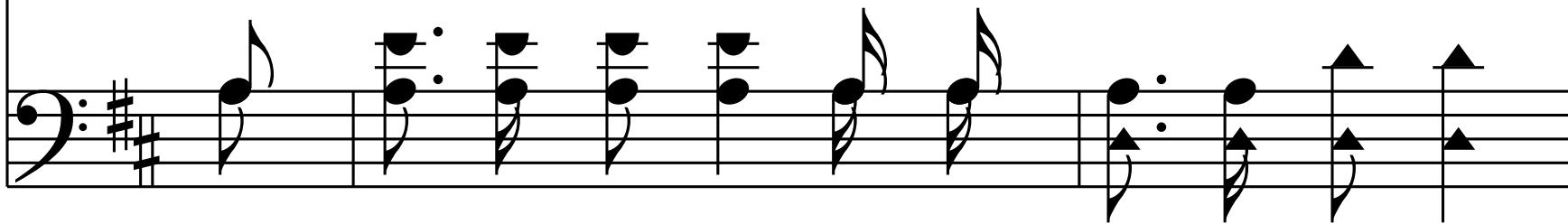
He giv - eth me strength as my day.



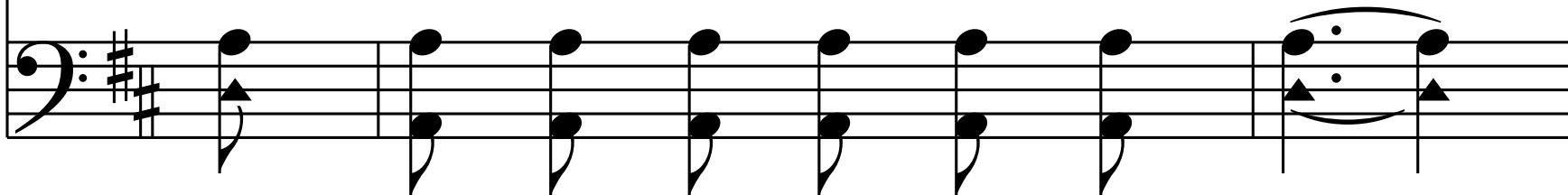
Chorus

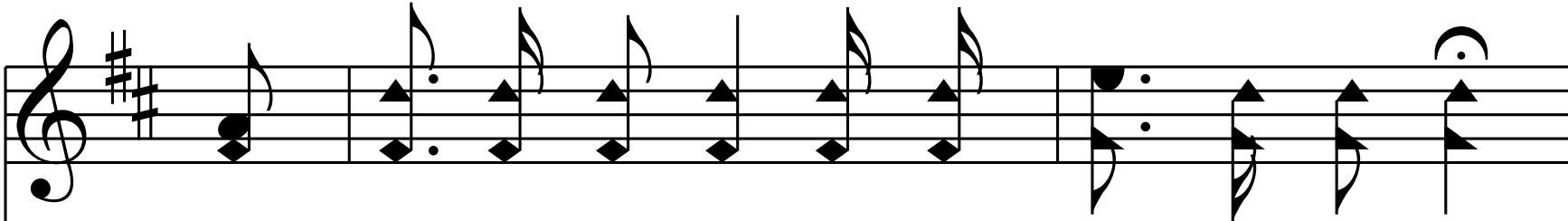


He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,

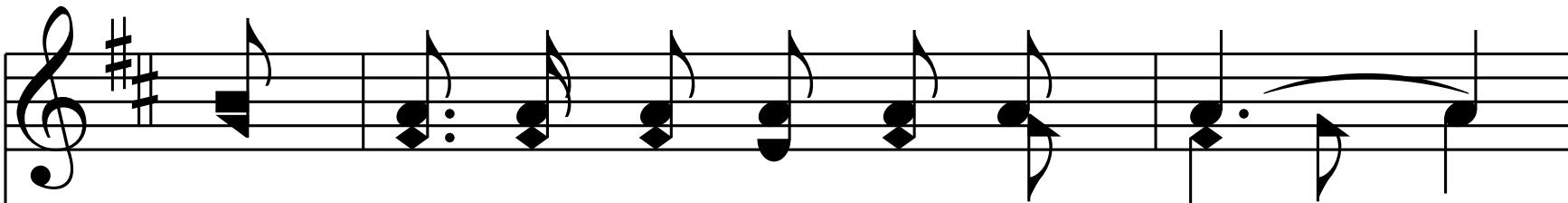
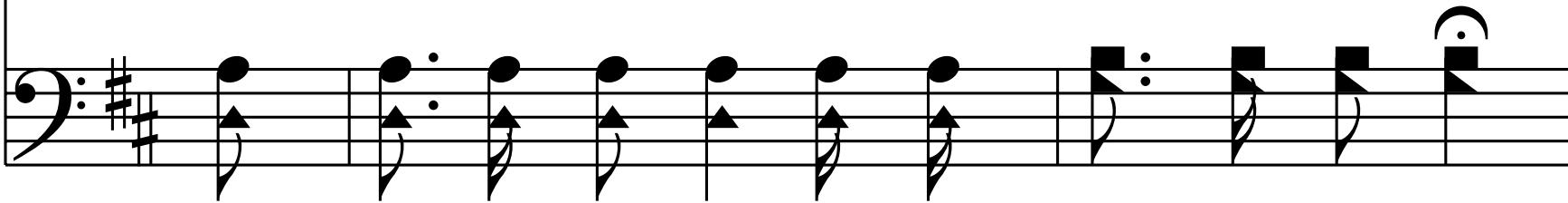


That shad - ows a dry, thirst - y land;



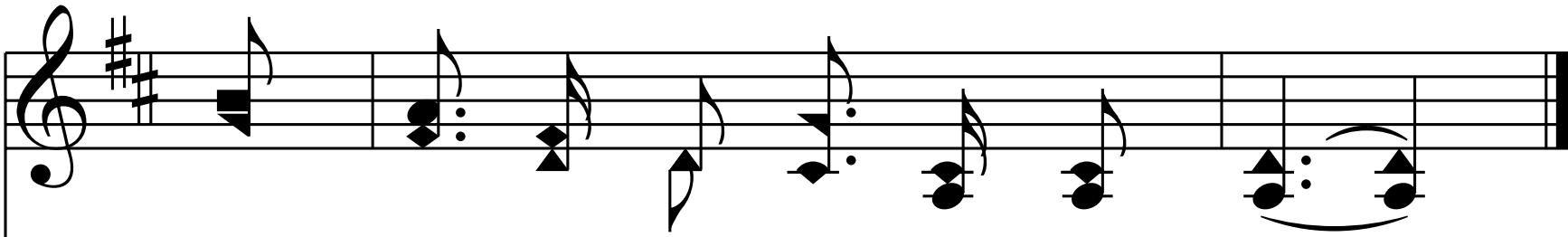


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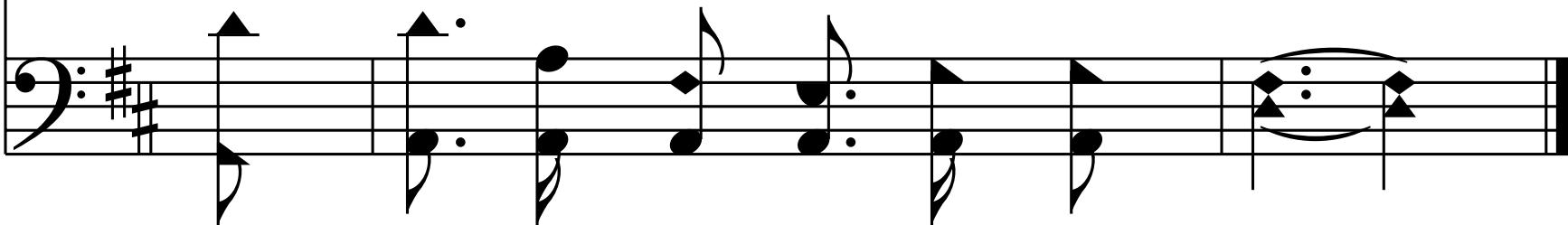


And co - vers me there with His hand,

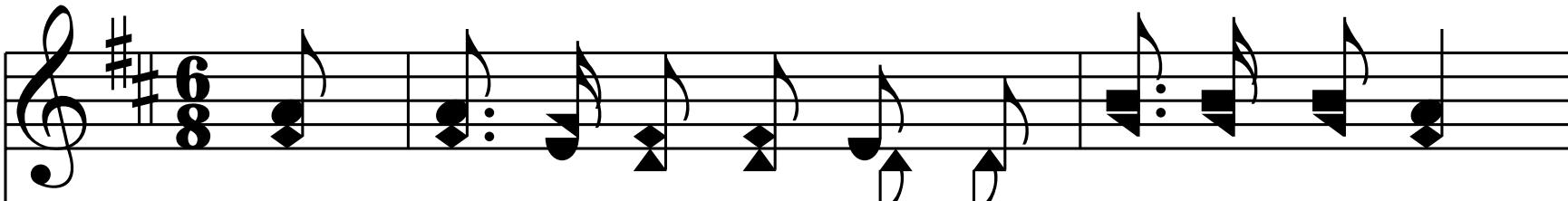




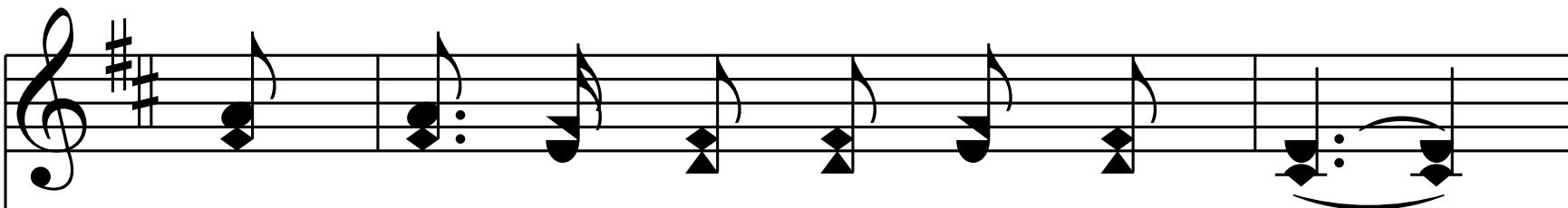
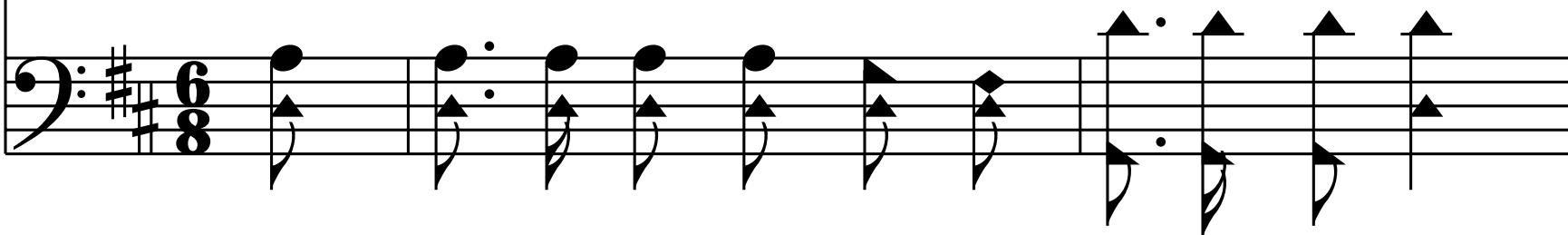
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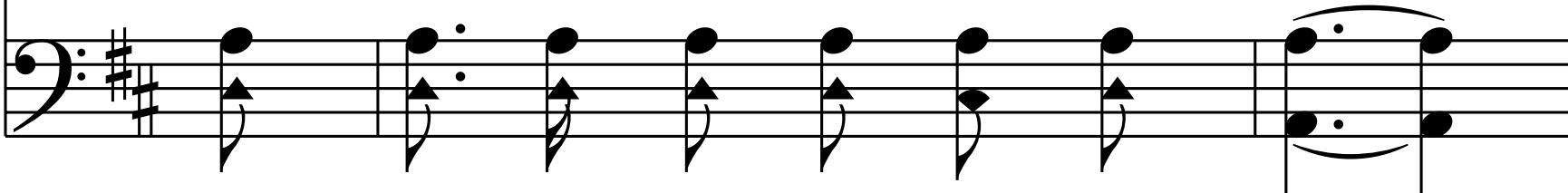
End of Verse 2

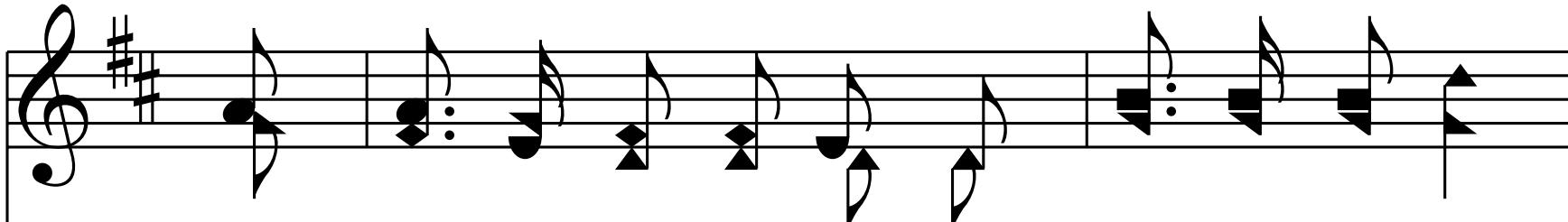


3. With num-ber-less bless-ings each mo-ment he crowns,

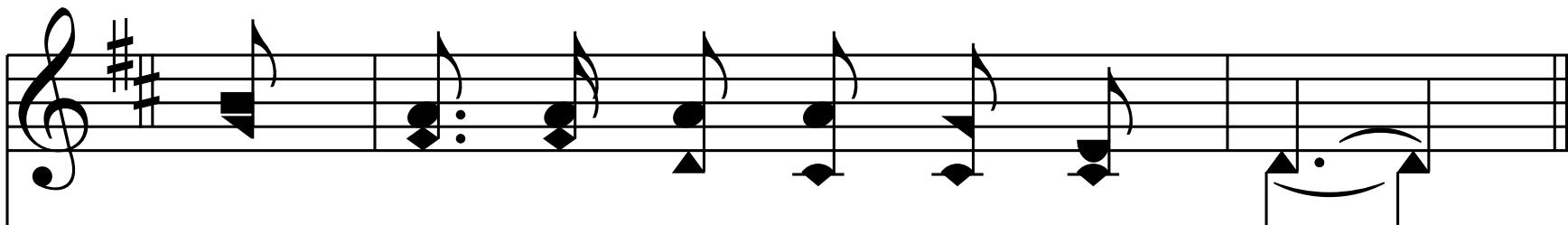


And filled with his full - ness di - vine,

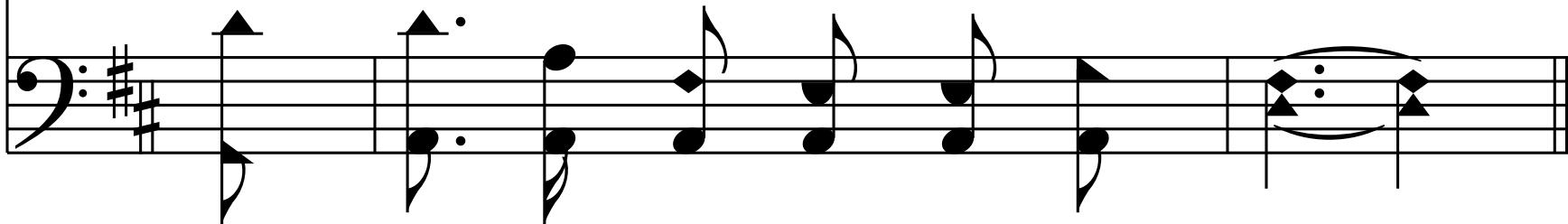




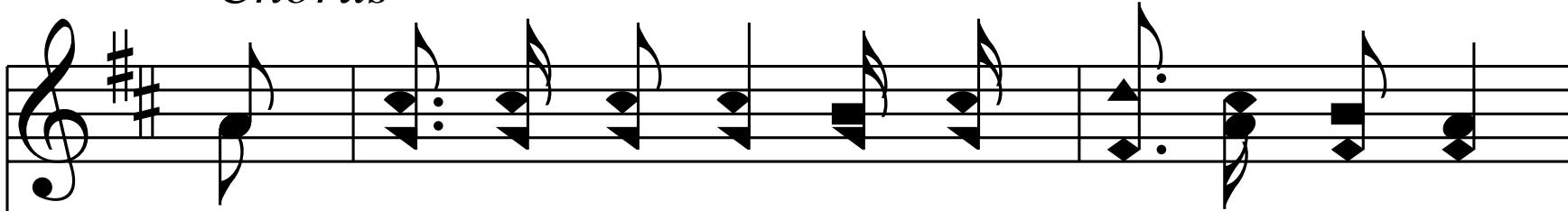
I sing in my rap-ture, "Oh, glo - ry to God,



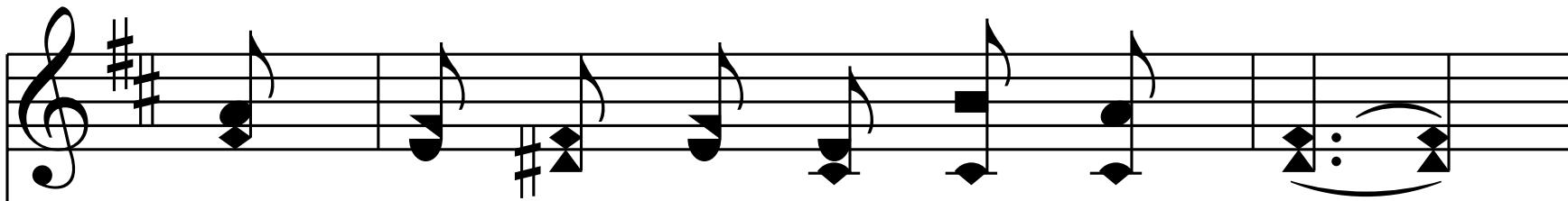
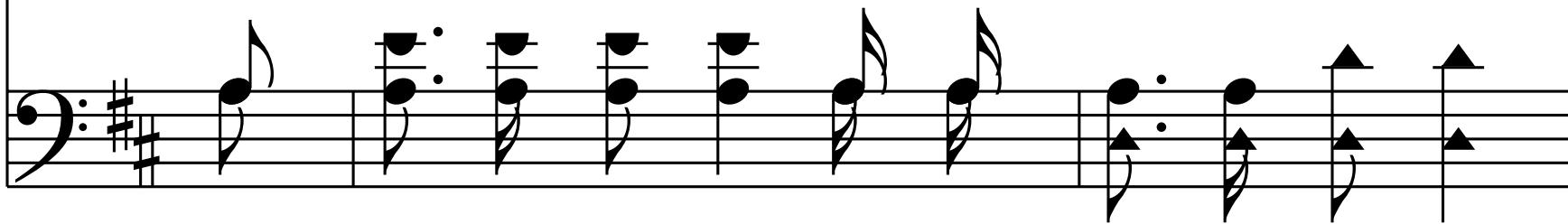
For such a Re - deem - er as mine!"



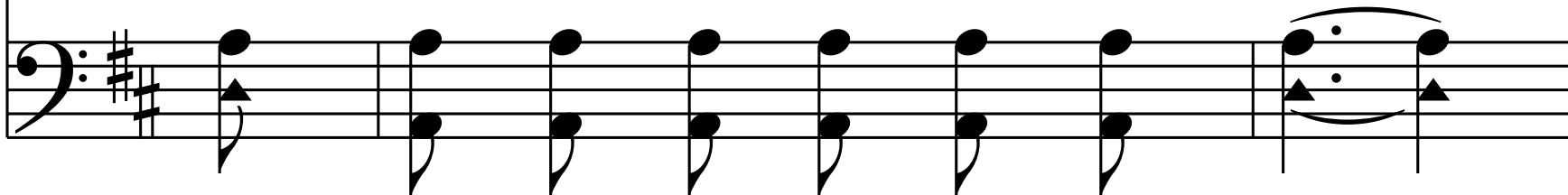
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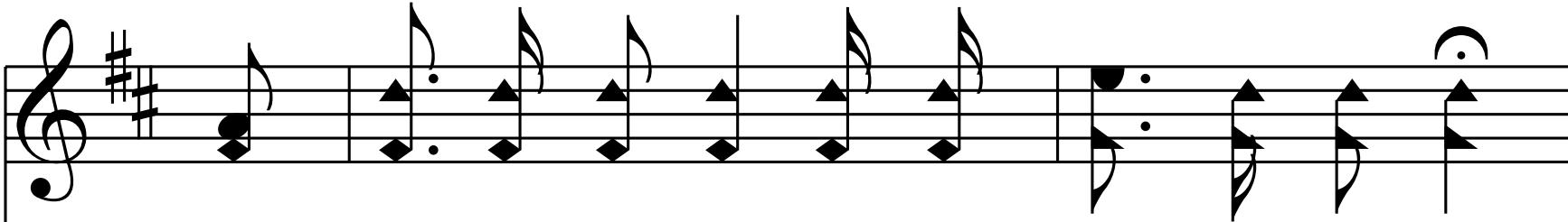


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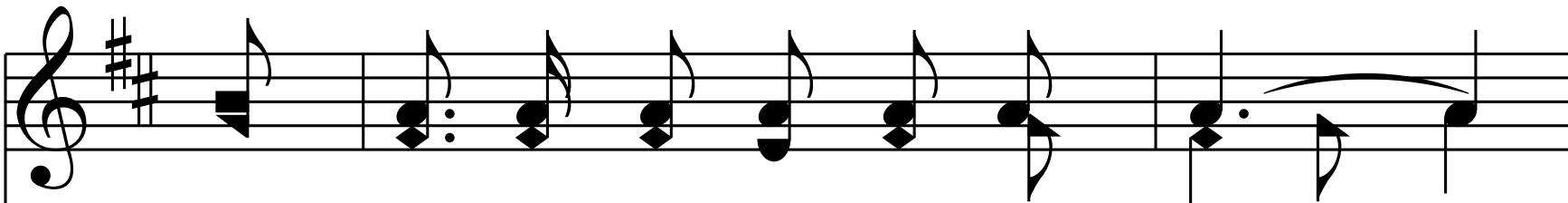
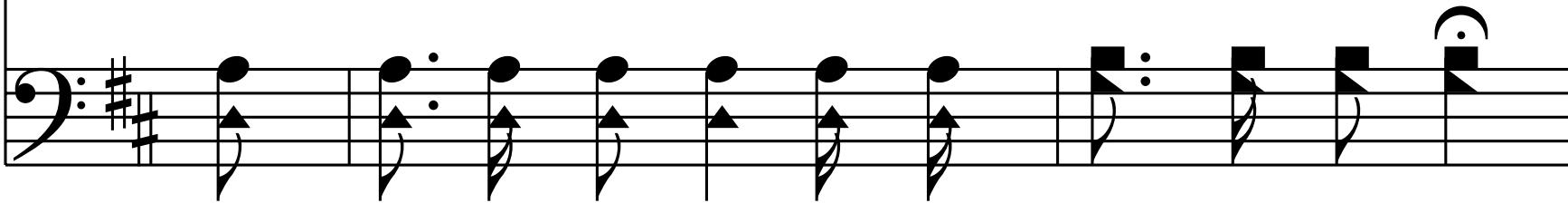


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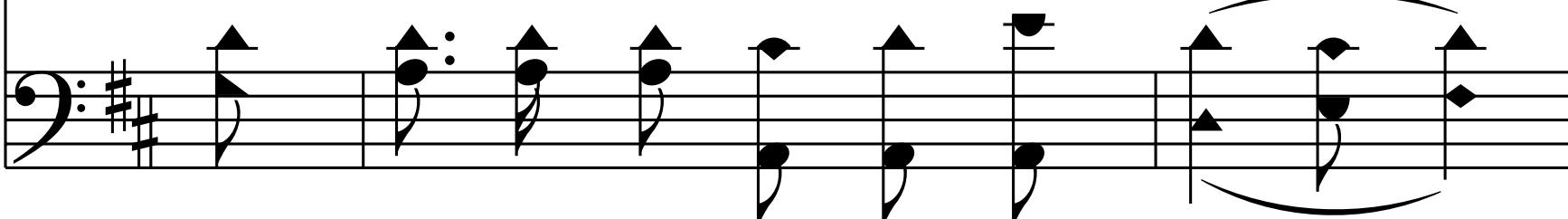


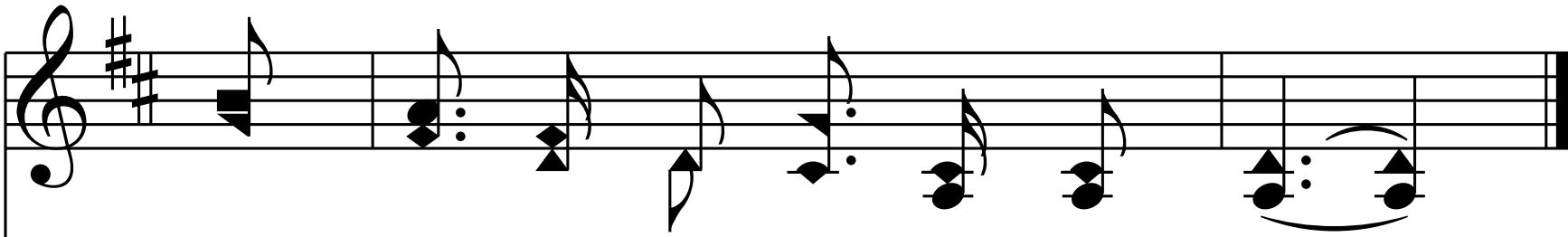


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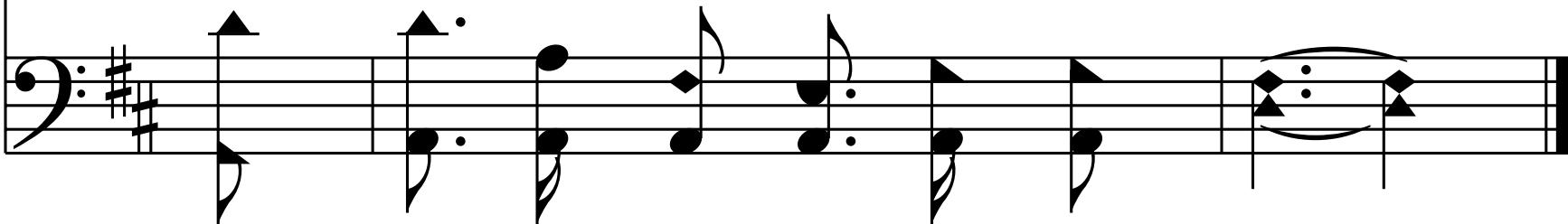


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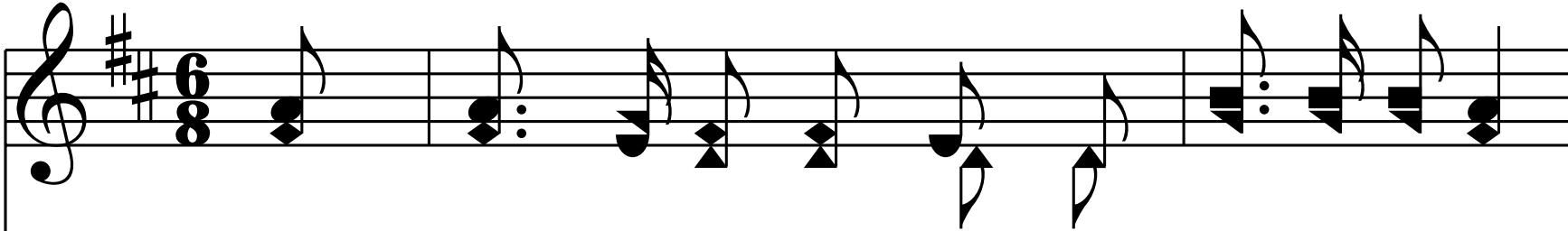




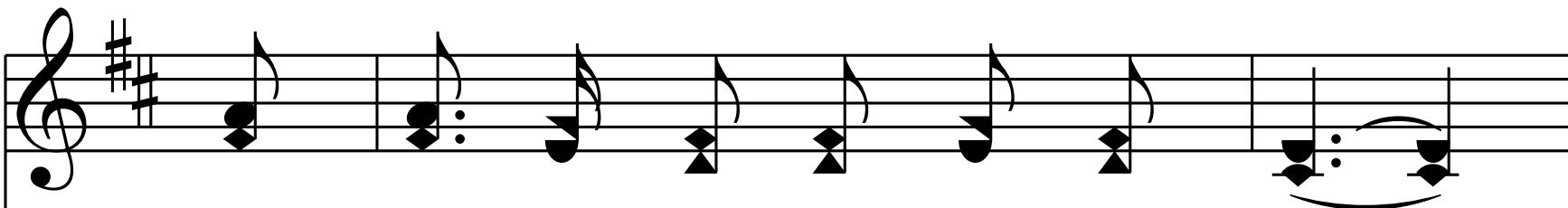
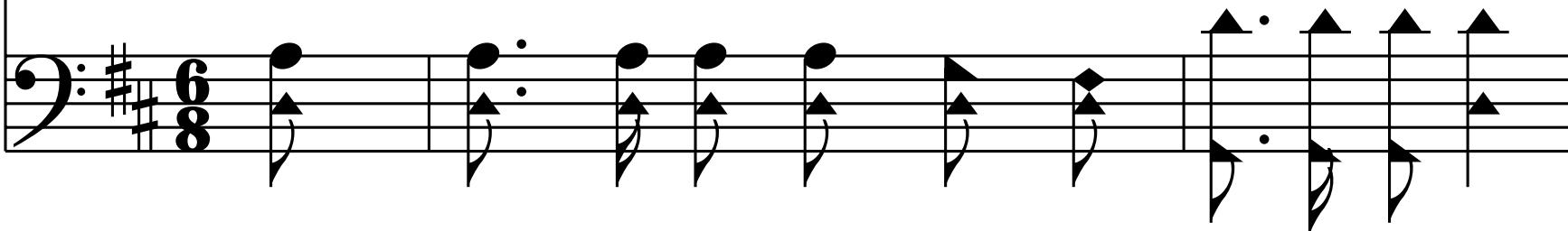
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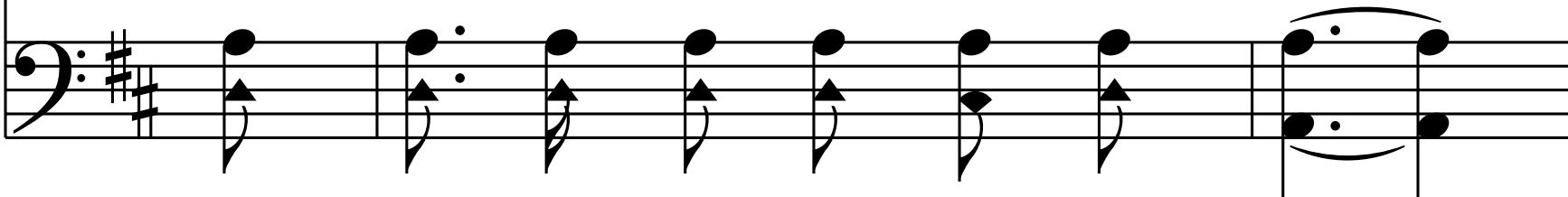
End of Verse 3



4. When clothed in His bright-ness, trans -port-ed, I rise,

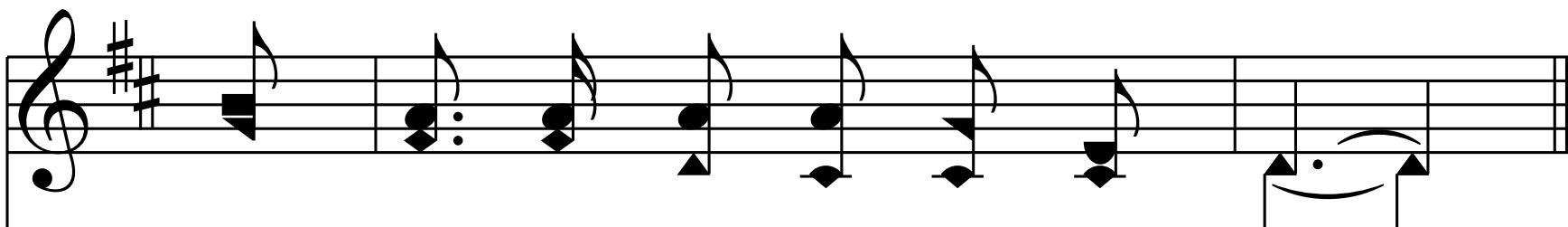
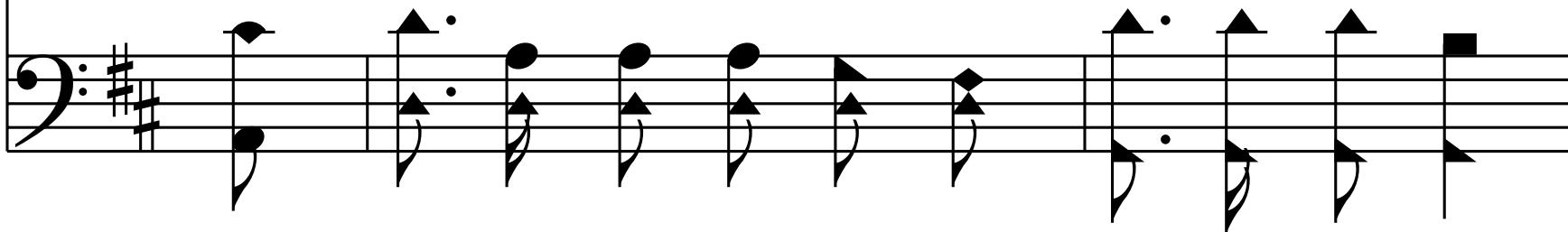


To meet Him in clouds of the sky;

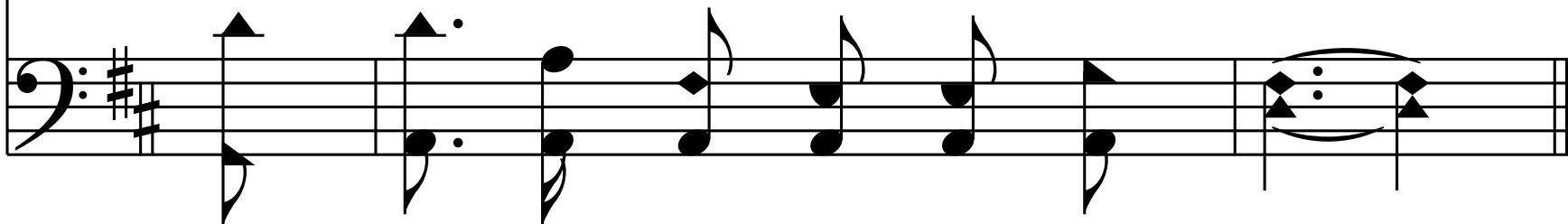




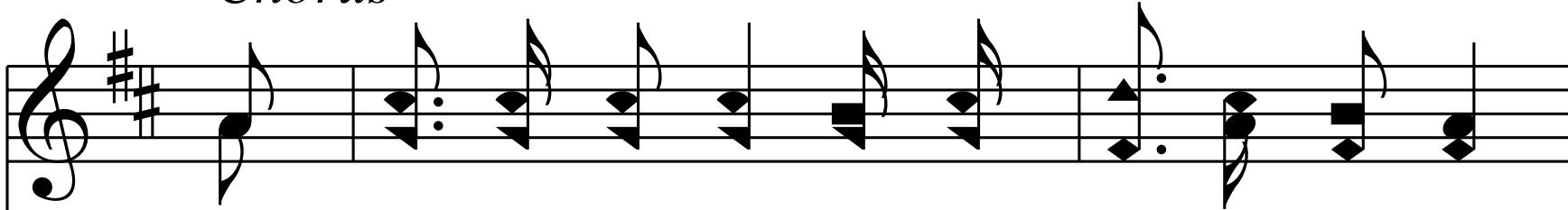
His per - fect sal - va - tion, His won - der - ful love,



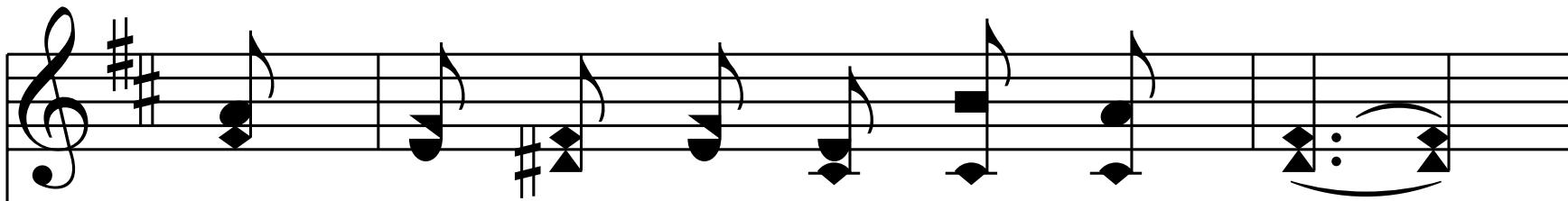
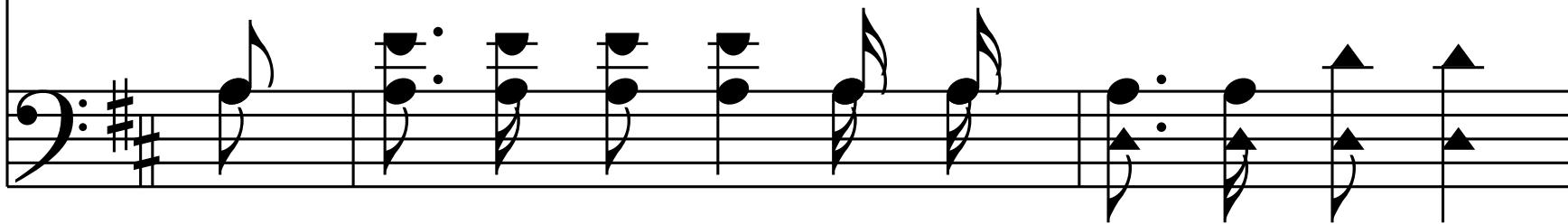
I'll shout with the mil - lions on high.



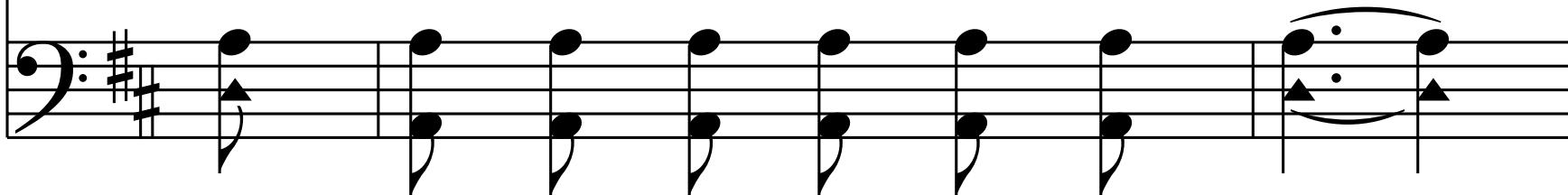
Chorus

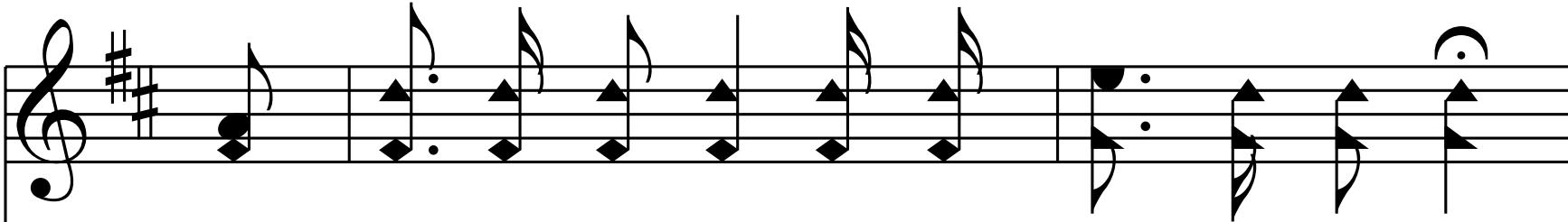


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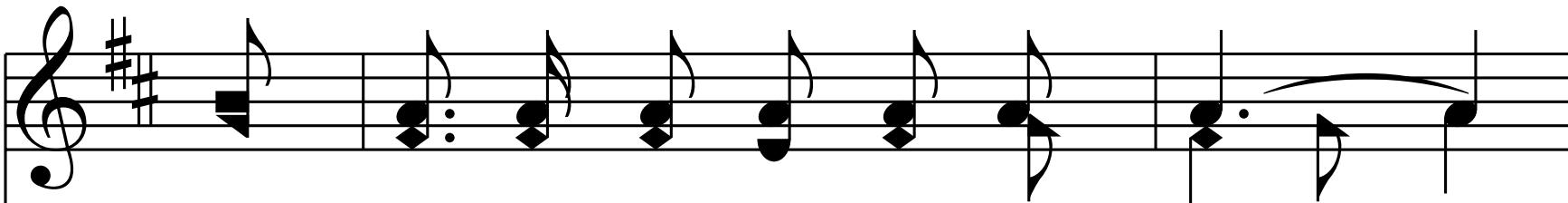
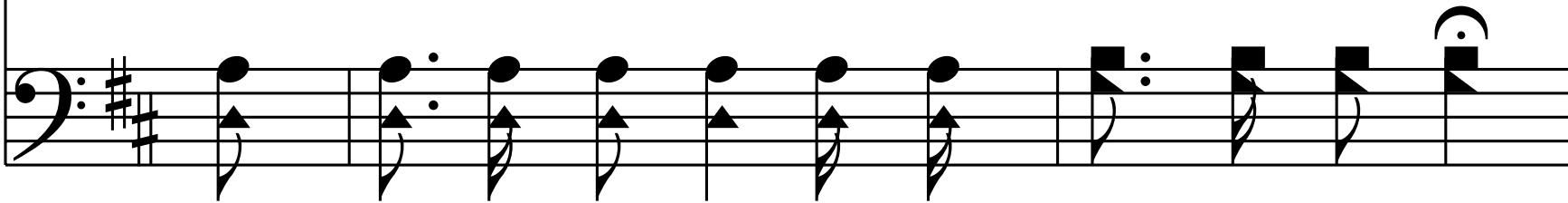


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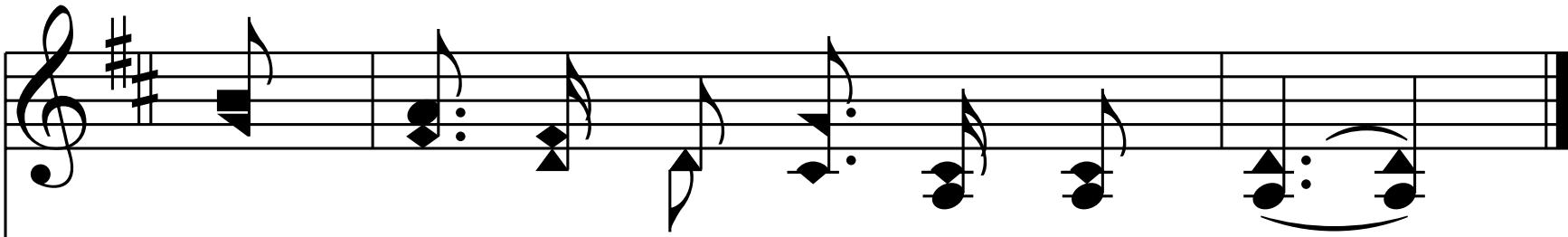


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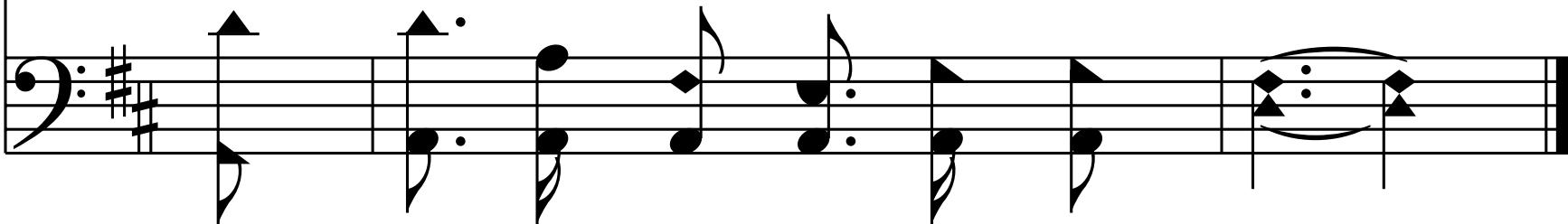


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End of Hymn