

# MARTIN. 7s.

225

Charles Wesley

S.B. Marsh  
D.C.



1. Je - sus, ref - uge of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,  
While the rag - ing bil - lows roll, While the tem - pest still is high: Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
*D.C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O, re - ceive my soul at last.*



2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone; Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;  
*D.C. Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.*

