He Will Hide Me

Words: M. E. Servoss
Music: James McGranahan

1. When the storms of life are raging, Tem-pests wild on sea and land,
     I will seek a place of refuge, In the shad-ow of God's hand.

2. Tho' He may send some af-flic-tion, Twill but make me long for home;
     For in love, and not in an-ger, All His chas-ten-ings will come.

3. En-e mies may strive to in-jure, Sa-tan all his arts em-ploy;
     He will turn what seems to harm me In to ev-er-last-ing joy.

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

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

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