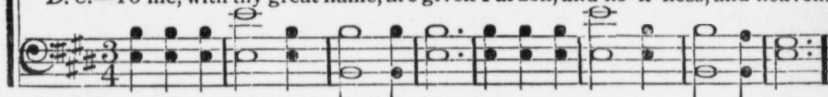


Thou Hidden Source.

Tune,
MARTILLO. 8s, 6l.
Fine.

1. Thou hidden source of calm repose, Thou all-suf-fi - cient love di - vine;
D. C.—And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame, I hide me, Je - sus, in thy name.
 2. Thy mighty name sal - va - tion is, And keeps my happy soul a - bove:
D. C.—To me, with thy great name, are given Pardon, and ho - li - ness, and heaven.



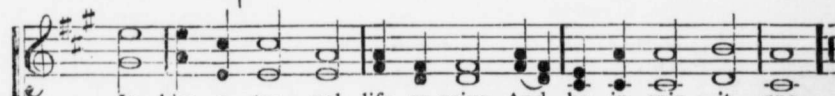
D. C.
 My help and refuge from my foes, Se - cure I am while thou art mine:
 Comfort it brings, and power, and peace, And joy and ever - last - ing love:

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 Jesus, my all in all thou art;
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
 The medicine of my broken heart;
 In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
 In shame, my glory and my crown:</p> | <p>4 In want, my plentiful supply;
 In weakness, my almighty power;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty;
 My light, in Satan's darkest hour;
 In grief, my joy unspeakable;
 My life in death, my all in all.</p> |
|---|---|

Jesus hath Died.

Tune,
AZMON. C. M.

1. Je - sus hath died that I might live, Might live to God a - lone;



In him e - ter - nal life re - ceive, And be in spir - it one.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
 The gift unspeakable;
 And wait with arms of faith to embrace,
 And all thy love to feel.</p> <p>3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
 The perfect bliss to prove;
 My longing heart is all on fire
 To be dissolved in love.</p> | <p>4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
 From every wish set free;
 Let all I am in thee be lost,
 But give thyself to me.</p> <p>5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
 Unless thyself be given;
 Thy presence makes my paradise,
 And where thou art is heaven.</p> |
|---|--|