

IVES. 7s. Double.

E. IVES.

37

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly, While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tempest still is high.  
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee! Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the haven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.  
 All my trust on thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fenseless head, With the shadow of thy wing.

MARTYN. 7s. Double.

S. B. MARSH.

1. Ma - ry to the Savior's tomb Hasted at the ear - ly dawn; } { For awhile she ling'ring stood, }  
 Spice she brought, and sweet perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone. } { Filled with sorrow and surprise; }

D. C. Trembling, while a crystal flood issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled,  
 When she heard his welcome voice;  
 Christ had risen from the dead,  
 Now he bids her heart rejoice.  
 What a change his work can make,  
 Turning darkness into day!  
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,  
 He will wipe your tears away.