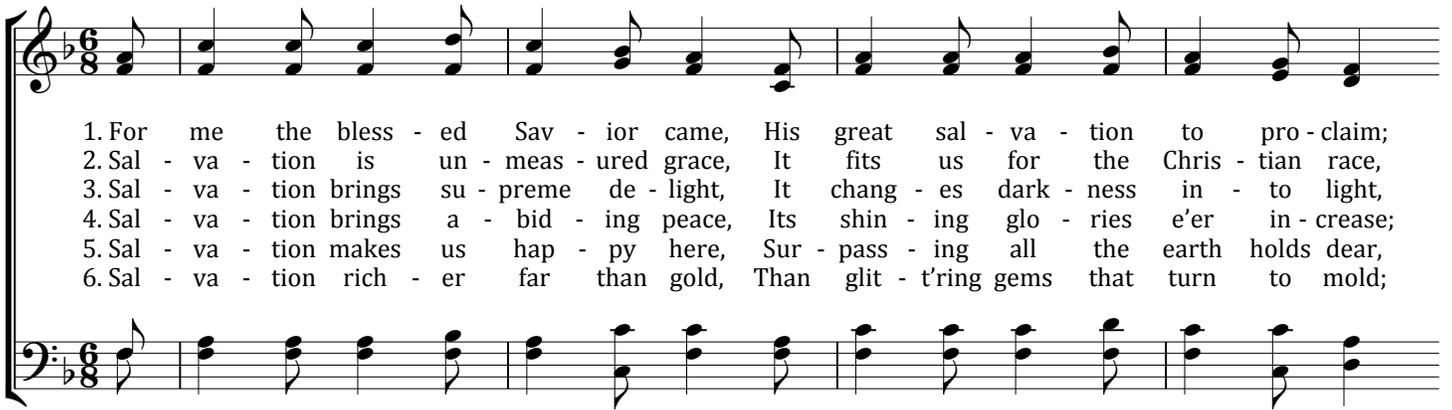
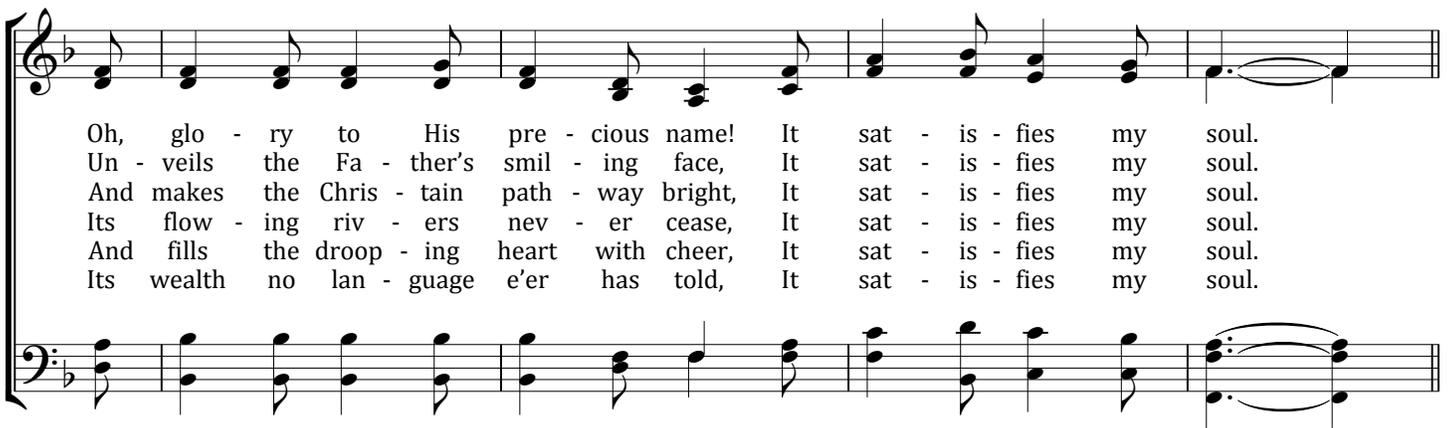


# It Satisfies My Soul

*He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness. Psa. 107:9*

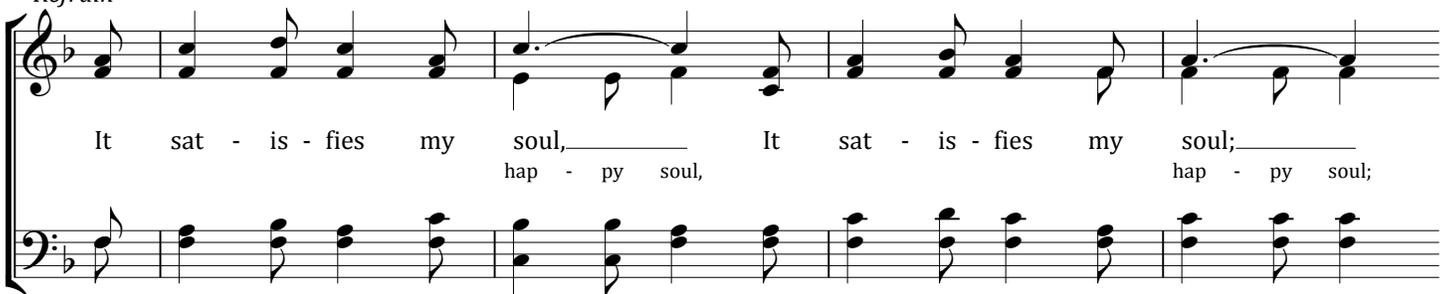


1. For me the bless - ed Sav - ior came, His great sal - va - tion to pro - claim;  
2. Sal - va - tion is un - meas - ured grace, It fits us for the Chris - tian race,  
3. Sal - va - tion brings su - preme de - light, It chang - es dark - ness in - to light,  
4. Sal - va - tion brings a - bid - ing peace, Its shin - ing glo - ries e'er in - crease;  
5. Sal - va - tion makes us hap - py here, Sur - pass - ing all the earth holds dear,  
6. Sal - va - tion rich - er far than gold, Than glit - t'ring gems that turn to mold;

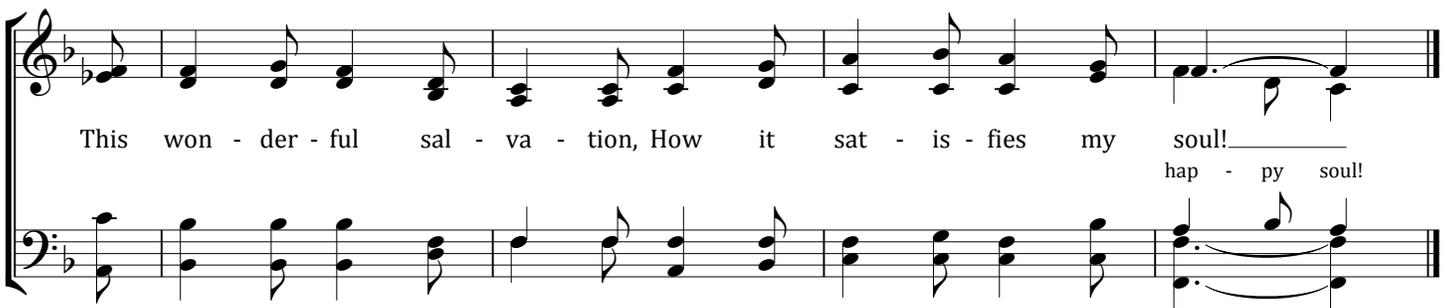


Oh, glo - ry to His pre - cious name! It sat - is - fies my soul.  
Un - veils the Fa - ther's smil - ing face, It sat - is - fies my soul.  
And makes the Chris - tain path - way bright, It sat - is - fies my soul.  
Its flow - ing riv - ers nev - er cease, It sat - is - fies my soul.  
And fills the droop - ing heart with cheer, It sat - is - fies my soul.  
Its wealth no lan - guage e'er has told, It sat - is - fies my soul.

## Refrain



It sat - is - fies my soul, hap - py soul, It sat - is - fies my soul; hap - py soul;



This won - der - ful sal - va - tion, How it sat - is - fies my soul! hap - py soul!