

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly
 2. Oth - er re - fuge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee.
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find.
 4. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin.

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
 Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone; Still sup - port and com - fort me.
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide Till the storm of life is past.
 All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un - right - eous - ness.
 Thou of life the foun - tain art; Free - ly let me take of Thee.

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
 Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the sha - dow of Thy wing.
 False and full of sin I am; Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart; Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.