



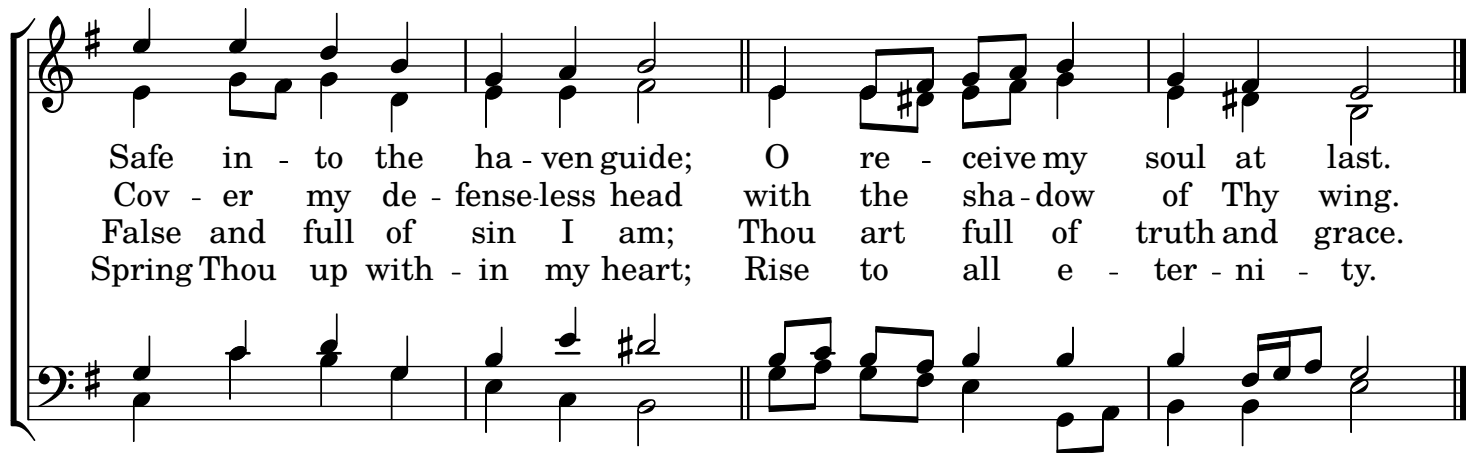
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,  
 2. Oth - er re - fuge have I none, Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;  
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;  
 4. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;



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 fal - len, 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 Sa - vior, 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 - righ - teousness;  
 Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O 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.