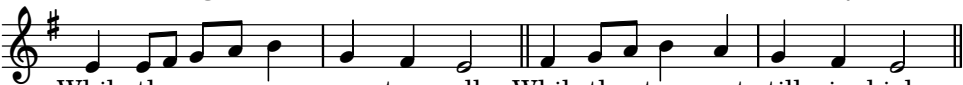
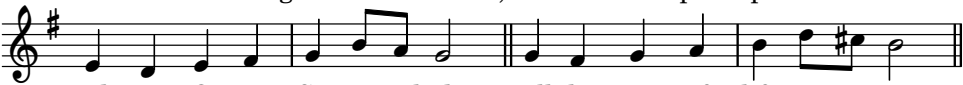




1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos-om fly,
2. Oth-er re - fuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plen-teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov-er all my sin;



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-fenseless 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.