

466 Jesus, Lover of My Soul

You have been . . . a shelter from the storm. Isa. 25:4

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge 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; O re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad - ow 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. A - men.