



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.