

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

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, O 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 be 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 shad - ow of Thy wing.
 Vile, and full of sin am I, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart; Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.