

Jesus, Lover of My Soul



1 Je - sus, lo - ver of my soul, let me to thy bo - som fly,
2 O - ther re - fuge have I none, hangs my help - less soul on thee;
3 Plen - teous grace with thee is found, grace to co - ver all my sin;



while the nea - rer wa - ters roll, while the temp - est still is high;
leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, still sup - port and com - fort me.
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;
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.
co - ver my de - fense - less head with the sha - dow of thy wing.
spring thou up with - in my heart, rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Text: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)
Tune: Joseph Parry (1841-1903)



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