Jesus, Lover of My Soul

1 Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy
2 Other refuge have I none, hangs my help-less
3 Plenteous grace with thee is found, grace to cover

bo som fly, while the nea-ter wa-ters roll,
soul on thee; leave, ah! leave me not a lone,
all my sin; let the heal-ing streams a-bound,

while the temp-est still is high; hide me, O my
still sup-port and com-fort me. All my trust on
make and keep me pure with in. Thou of life the

Sa-vior, hide till the storm of life is past;
thee is stayed, all my help from thee I bring;
fountain art, free-ly let me take of thee;

safe in-to the ha-ven guide;
cover my de-fense-less head
spring thru up with-in my heart,

O re-ceive my soul at last.
with the sha-dow of thy wing.
rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.