1. Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thee for refuge fly, while the storms of life is past; safe into the haven guide; O receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none, hangs my helpless soul on thee; leave, ah! leave me not alone, while the tempest still is high. Hide me, O my still support and comfort me. All my trust on make and keep me pure within. Thou of life the

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, more than all in thee I find; raise the fallen, cheer the faint, all my sin; let the healing streams abound, while the storm of life is past; is thy name, I am all unrighteousness; fountain art, freely let me take of thee; cover my defenseless head; false and full of sin I am; spring thou up within my heart;

4. Plenteous grace with thee is found, grace to cover bosom fly, while the nearer waters roll, soul on thee; leave, ah! leave me not alone, heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and holy make and keep me pure within. Thou of life the

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