Jesus, Lover of My Soul

1. Jesus, Lover of My Soul,
   let me to thy bosom fly,
   while the stormy fly,
   all my sin;
   while the temp-est
   still is high.

2. O other refuge
   have I none,
   leave, leave me not a lone,
   raise the fallen,
   still sup-port and
   heal the sick,

3. Thou, O Christ, art
   all I want,
   I am all un-righteous;
   see, I find;
   make and keep me
   pure with in.

4. Plen- teous grace with thee is found,
   grace to cover thee;
   cheer the faint,
   let the heal-ing streams a-bound,
   lead the blind,
   pure with in.

   Jesus, Lover of My Soul
   let me to thy bosom fly,
   while the stormy fly,
   all my sin;
   while the temp-est
   still is high.

   Jesus, Lover of My Soul
   let me to thy bosom fly,
   while the stormy fly,
   all my sin;
   while the temp-est
   still is high.

   Hide me, O my Soul
   till the storm of life is past;
   is thy name, I am all un-righteous;
   foun-tain art, free-ly let me take of thee;
   safe in to the ha-ven guide;
   false and full of sin I am;
   spring thou up with in my heart;

   with the shad-ow of thy wing;
   thou art full of truth and grace.
   rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.