Jesus, Lover of My Soul

1. Jesus, Lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly,
while the nearer waters roll,
soul on thee; leave, ah! leave me not alone,
thee I find; raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
all my sin; let the healing streams abound,

while the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my still support and comfort me. All my trust on heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and holy make and keep me pure within. Thou of life the

2. Other refuge have I none, hangs my helpless state.
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 tempest still is high. Hide me, O my still support and comfort me. All my trust on heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and holy make and keep me pure within. Thou of life the

3. Thy name, I am all unrighteousness; fount of art, freely let me take of thee;

4. Savior, hide, till the storm of life is past;
thee is stayed, all my help from thee I bring;
is thy name, I am all unrighteousness; fount of art, freely let me take of thee;

Text: Charles Wesley, 1740
Tune: Joseph Parry, 1879

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safe into the haven guide; O receive my soul at last.
cover my defenseless head with the shadow of thy wing.
false and full of sin I am; thou art full of truth and grace.
spring thou up within my heart; rise to all eternity.