Jesus, Lover of My Soul

1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly; While the nearest thee I find, Raise the fal len,
2. Other refuge have I none; Hangs my help less all my sin; Let the healing stream a-bound; Make me pure with -
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; Make and keep me safe; Heal the sick and lead the sup-port and com fort.
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cover not a lone, Cheer the faint, streams a-bound;

Till the storm of life is past; I am all un righ eous ness; Free ly let me take of Then; Thee of sin I am,
Safe in to the ha ven guide; Co ver my de fense - less Spring Thou up with - in my heart,
O re ceive my soul at last. Head With the sha dow of Thy Thy art full of truth and grace. Rise to all e ter ni ty.

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