Jesus, Lover of My Soul

1 Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly,
while the nearer waters roll, while the tempest still is high;
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, still support and comfort me.
cover my defenseless head with the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found, grace to cover all my sin;
let the healing streams abound, make and keep me pure within.
spring thou up within my heart, rise to all eternity.

Text: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)
Tune: Joseph Parry (1841-1903)

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