

# Jesus Lover Of My Soul

Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high.  
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide;  
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False and full of sin I am;  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

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Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee;  
Spring thou up within my heart;  
Rise to all eternity.

-  
by Charles Wesley