Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Words: Charles Wesley, 1740
Music: Simeon B. Marsh, 1834

1. 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.

2. Other refuge have I none, Hangs my hapless 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 defenseless head With the shadow of Thy wing.

3. 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;
   Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. 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, Free ly let me take of Thee;
   Spring Thou up within my heart, Rise to all eternity.