

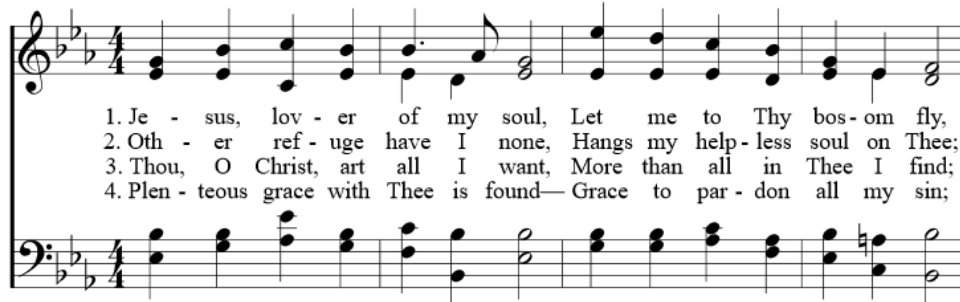
132A

## Jesus, Lover of My Soul

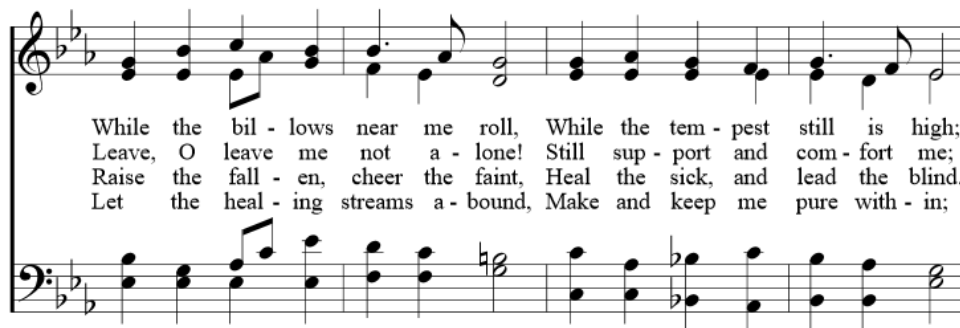
*"For Thou hast been...a shelter from the storm, and a shade from the heat." (Isa. 25:4)*

CHARLES WESLEY

JOHN B. DYKES



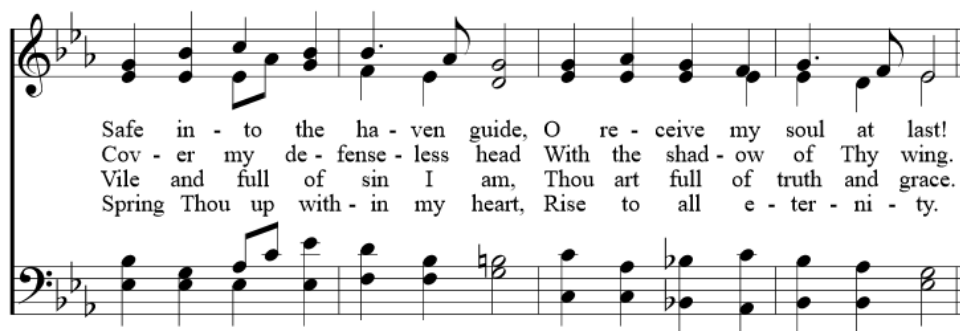
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,  
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;  
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;  
 4. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found— Grace to par - don all my sin;



While the bil - lows near me roll, While the tem - pest still is high;  
 Leave, O leave me not a - lone! Still sup - port and com - fort me;  
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in;



Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide! Till the storm of life is past;  
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;  
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;  
 Thou of life the Foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!  
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.  
 Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.  
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.