

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

132B

"For Thou hast been a stronghold to the poor..." (Isa. 25:4)

CHARLES WESLEY

UNKNOWN

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;

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.

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;

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.

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