

Jesus, Lover of My Soul  
By Charles Wesley

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 defenseless head with the shadow of Thy wing.

Wilt Thou not regard my call? Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?  
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall Lo! on Thee I cast my care;  
Reach me out Thy gracious hand! While I of Thy strength receive,  
Hoping against hope I stand, dying, and behold, I live.

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.

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.