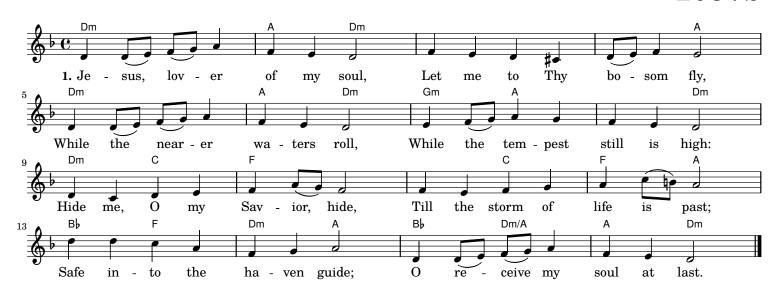
## Jesus, lover of my soul (Aberystwyth)

Gospel — Crying to the Lord

## 1057b



- 2. Other refuge have I none,
  Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
  Leave, oh, 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,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.