Jesus, lover of my soul

Gospel — Crying to the Lord

(Guitar: Capo 2)

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 Saviour, 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 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.

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