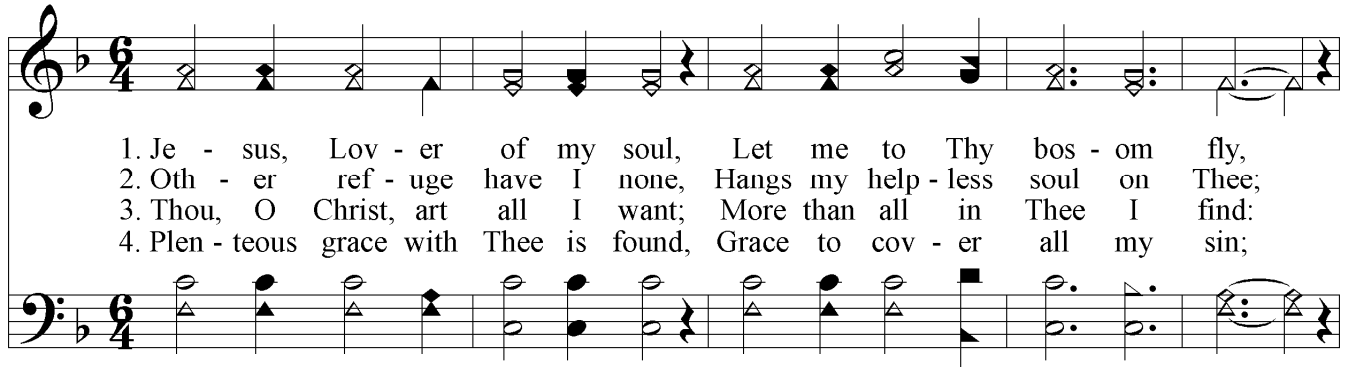
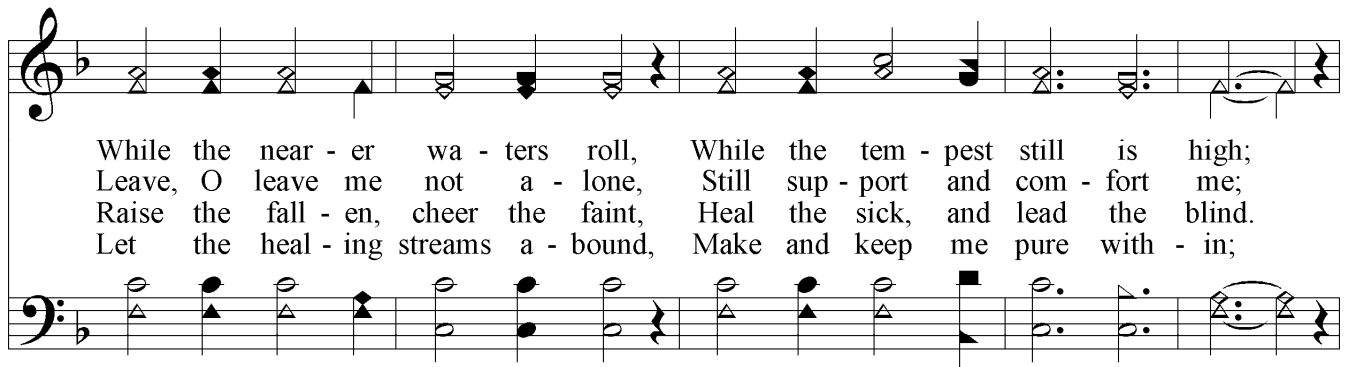


Jesus, Lover Of My Soul



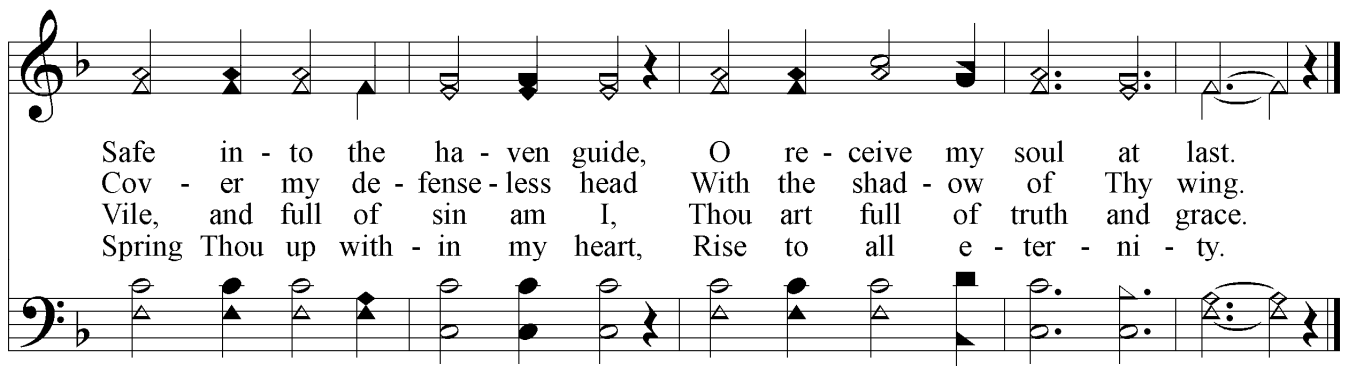
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
4. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;



While the near - er wa - ters 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 - ior, 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 am I, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.