

# Jesus, Lover of My Soul

ABERYSTWYTH

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, ah, 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 I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.  
spring Thou up with - in my heart, rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

WORDS: Charles Wesley, 1740

MUSIC: Joseph Parry, 1879

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