

Jesu, Lover Of My Soul

Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the gathering 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,
Oh, 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.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every 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.