

Jesus, Lover Of My Soul

Charles Wesley, 1740

Simeon B. Marsh, 1834

Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy
Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless
Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in
Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er

bos - om fly, While the near - er
soul on thee; Leave, O leave me
Thee I find. Raise the fall - en,
all my sin; Let the heal - ing

wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is
not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort
cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the
streams a - bound, Make me, keep me pure with -

high. Hide me, O my Sav - ior,
me. All my trust on Thee is
blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy
in. Thou of life the foun - tain

Jesus, Lover Of My Soul

page 2

hide, Till the storm of life is
stayed, All my help from Thee I
Name, I am all un - right - eous -
art, Free - ly let me take of

past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide;
bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head
ness; False and full of sin I am,
Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart,

O re - ceive my soul at last!
With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
Thou art full of truth and grace.
Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.