

Jesus, lover of my soul

Charles Wesley (1707-1788) alt. The Editors
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1. Jesus, lover of my soul,
let me to your shelter fly,
while unending 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,
oh receive my soul at last.

2. Other refuge have I none,
hangs my helpless soul on you;
leave, oh, leave me not alone,
lead me all my journey through.
All my trust in you I place,
all my help from you I bring,
hold me, by your saving grace,
in the shadow of your wing.

3. Plenteous grace with you is found,
grace to cleanse from ev'ry sin;
let the healing streams abound,
make and keep me pure within.
Christ, the source of life divine,
living water flowing free,
flow through this dry heart of mine,
rise to all eternity.

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