

Charles Wesley  
(1707-88)

# Jesu, lover of my soul

Joseph Barnby  
(1838-96)

77. 77. D

*cresc.* *dim.*

*rit.* *pp* *slower*

*cresc.* *f* *dim.* *p*

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,  
let me to Thy bosom fly,  
while the nearer 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;  
O receive my soul at last.

2 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 defenceless head  
with the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
more than all in Thee I find;  
raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is Thy Name,  
I am all unrighteousness!  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
grace to cover all my 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.