

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

CHARLES WESLEY

REFUGE

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1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos-om fly, While the
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee; Leave, O
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find: Raise the
 4. Plen-teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the

near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
 leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:
 fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 heal - ing streams a - bound; Make me, keep me pure with - in.

Hide me, O my Sav - iour, 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.