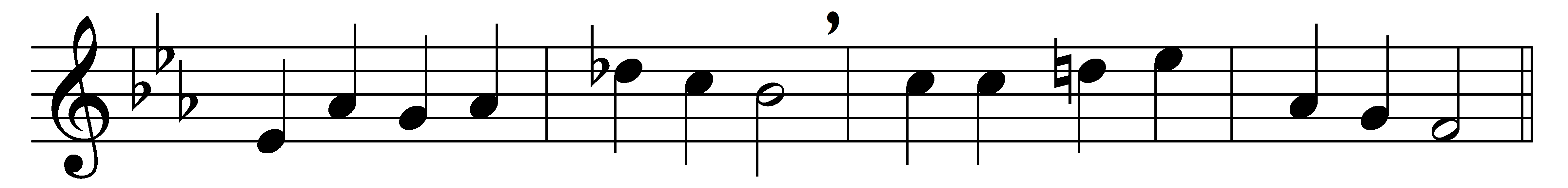
Jesu, lover of my soul AMNS 123 Melody: Hollingside 7 7. 7 7. D.



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 Saviour, hide,  
till the storm of life is past;  
safe into the haven guide,  
O 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 defenceless 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.

Words: Charles Wesley (1707-1788)

Music: John Bacchus Dykes (1823-1876)