

Jesu, 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.

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.

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.

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.