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Jesus, Lover of My Soul

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall trouble or hardship or persecution or famine or nakedness or danger or sword? Rom. 8:35

Dm A⁷ Dm A Dm A⁷ Dm A

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, let me to thy bo - som fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, hangs my help - less soul on thee;
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; more than all in thee I find;
 4. Plen - teous grace with thee is found, grace to cov - er all my sin;

Dm A⁷ Dm A Dm C F C⁷ Dm A⁷ Dm

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

F B^b F B^b C⁷ F C⁷ F Dm A Dm C F E⁷ Am

hide me, O my Sav - ior, 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 - righ - teous - ness;
 thou of life the foun - tain art, free - ly let me take of thee;

B^b F Dm Gm A Dm A⁷ Dm 7

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.
 false 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.