

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

ABERYSTWYTH (7 7. 7 7. D.)
Joseph Parry, 1879

Charles Wesley, 1740

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;

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.

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 - 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.
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.

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

ST. AGNES (C.M.)
John B. Dykes, 1866

attr. Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091-1153
tr. Edward Caswall, 1849

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find,
3. O *Hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O Joy of all the meek,*
4. But what to those who find? Ah, this Nor tongue nor pen can show:
5. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;

But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
A sweet - er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - ior of man - kind.
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Jes - us, what it is None but His loved ones know.
Je - sus, be Thou our glo - ry now, And through e - ter - ni - ty.