

♩=90

Tempted; but Fly ing to Christ the Refuge. Ps. 57. 1

C. Wesley

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,  
 2. [Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee;  
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; All in all in thee I find;  
 4. Plent - eous grace with thee is found; Grace to par - don all my sin;

While the rag - ing bil - lows roll, While the temp - est 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 - 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 hol - y is thy name; I am all un - right - eous - ness;  
 Thou of life the Fount - ain 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 - fence - 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.