

## 440 Jesus, Lover of My Soul

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; 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 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 - 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.

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.

Originally titled "In Temptation," these four stanzas (of five) call to mind how a spiritual and emotional tempest can move from turmoil to tranquility. This tune was first used with this text in a cantata by the composer in 1910, and since then has become the standard one.

# Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life 343

1 Where cross the crowd - ed ways of life, where sound the  
 2 In haunts of wretch - ed - ness and need, on shad - owed  
 3 From ten - der child - hood's help - less - ness, from hu - man  
 4 The cup of wa - ter given for you still holds the

cries of race and clan, a - bove the noise of  
 thresh - olds fraught with fears, from paths where hide the  
 grief and bur - dened toil, from fam - ished souls, from  
 fresh - ness of your grace; yet long these mul - ti -

self - ish strife, we hear your voice, O Son of Man.  
 lures of greed, we catch the vi - sion of your tears.  
 sor - row's stress, your heart has nev - er known re - coil.  
 tudes to view the sweet com - pas - sion of your face.

- 5 O Master, from the mountainside,  
 make haste to heal these hearts of pain;  
 among these restless throngs abide;  
 O tread the city's streets again;
- 6 Till all the world shall learn your love,  
 and follow where your feet have trod;  
 till glorious from your heaven above  
 shall come the city of our God.

Because dense populations always result in concentrated hardships, this vivid yet timeless evocation of urban need connects to our own day as well as to Jesus' lament over Jerusalem (Matthew 23:37/Luke 13:34). This tune was the first used with this text and is now customary.