

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

1 John 4:9-10

Charles Wesley, Trudy E. Poirier

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Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me flee unto your side,
While the waters o'er me roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the harbor guide,
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge I have none,
Hangs my helpless soul on you;
Leave, ah! Leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on you is stayed,
All my help from you I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of your wing.

You, O Christ, are all I want;
More than all in you I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is your name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin am I,
You are full of truth and grace.

Grace so full with you is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within:
Can I doubt your love for me,
When I trace that love's design?
By the cross of Calvary,
I am yours, and you are mine!

AM I A SOLDIER?

2 Timothy 2:3

Isaac Watts, Trudy E. Poirier

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Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,

Or blush to speak his name?
Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease?
While others fought to win the prize
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy Word.

Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.
The glory shall be Thine.