

## Aled Jones

### "Aberystwyth"

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Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the gathering waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last!

Noddfa arall nid oes un  
Wrthyt glyn fy enaid gwan:  
Paid am gadael, bydd dy Hun  
Imi'n gysur ac yn rhan:  
Ti yw Gwrthrych mawr fy ffydd,  
Ti yw 'nghymorth, neb ond Ti;  
Cudd fy mhen digysgod, cudd  
Odan nawdd dy adain Di.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
Grace to cleanse from every sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art;  
Freely let me take of thee;  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

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