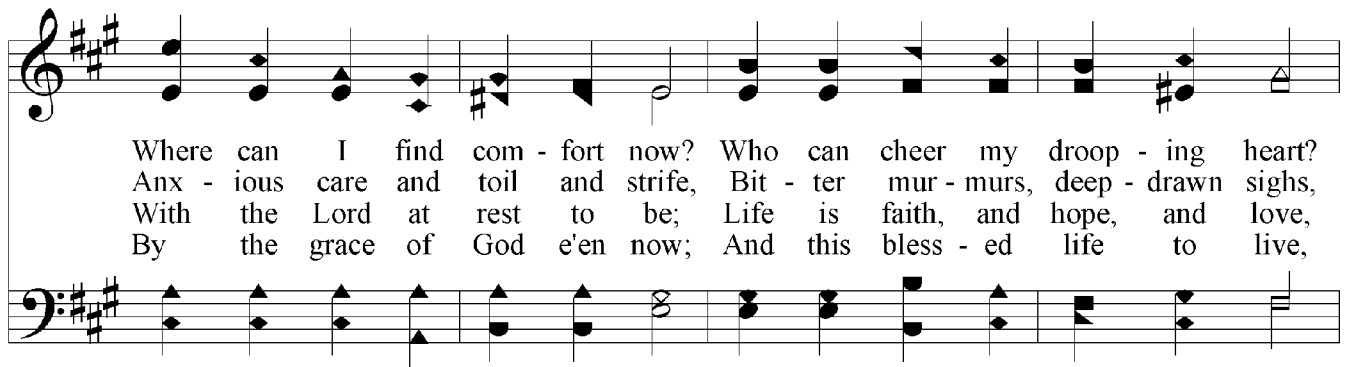


Whither, Savior, Shall I Flee

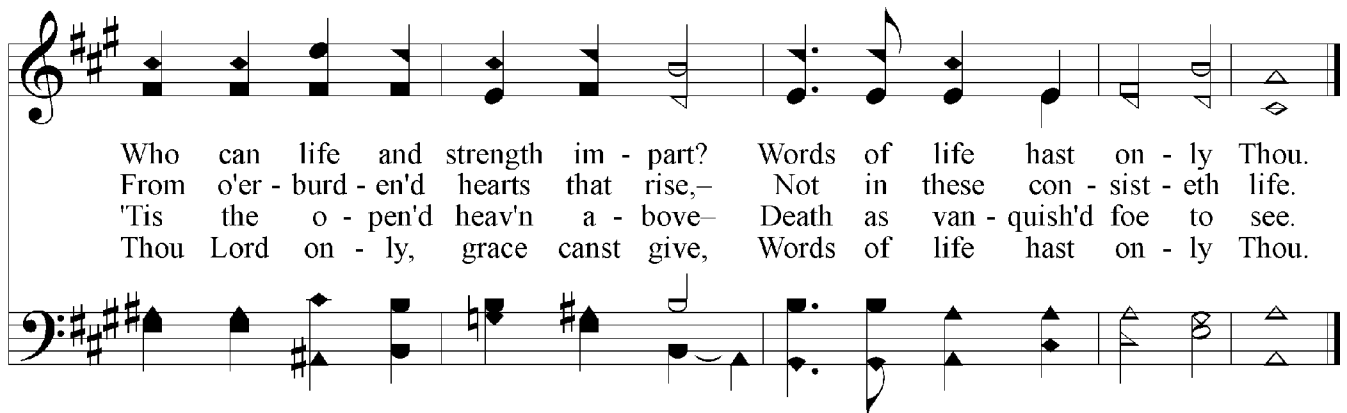
WALTER 8s & 7s



1. Whith - er, Sav - ior, shall I flee? Who my con - fi - dence shall be?
2. Earth - ly joys that pass a - way, Pleas - ures last - ing but a day,
3. 'Tis a con - quer - or to go Thru the storms of life be - low,
4. Life is on the nar - row way Press - ing for - ward day by day



Where can I find com - fort now? Who can cheer my droop - ing heart?
Anx - ious care and toil and strife, Bit - ter mur - murs, deep - drawn sighs,
With the Lord at rest to be; Life is faith, and hope, and love,
By the grace of God e'en now; And this bless - ed life to live,



Who can life and strength im - part? Words of life hast on - ly Thou.
From o'er - burd - en'd hearts that rise, - Not in these con - sist - eth life.
'Tis the o - pen'd heav'n a - bove - Death as van - quish'd foe to see.
Thou Lord on - ly, grace canst give, Words of life hast on - ly Thou.