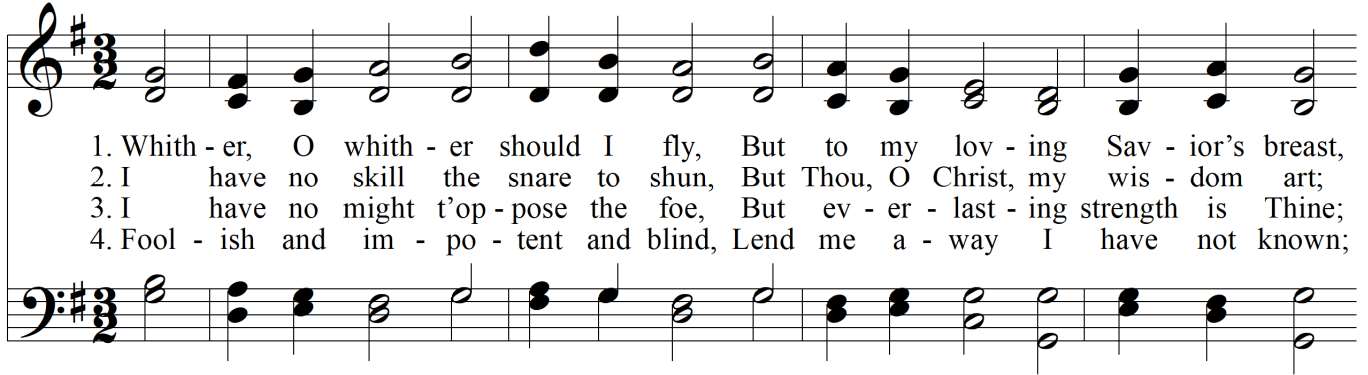
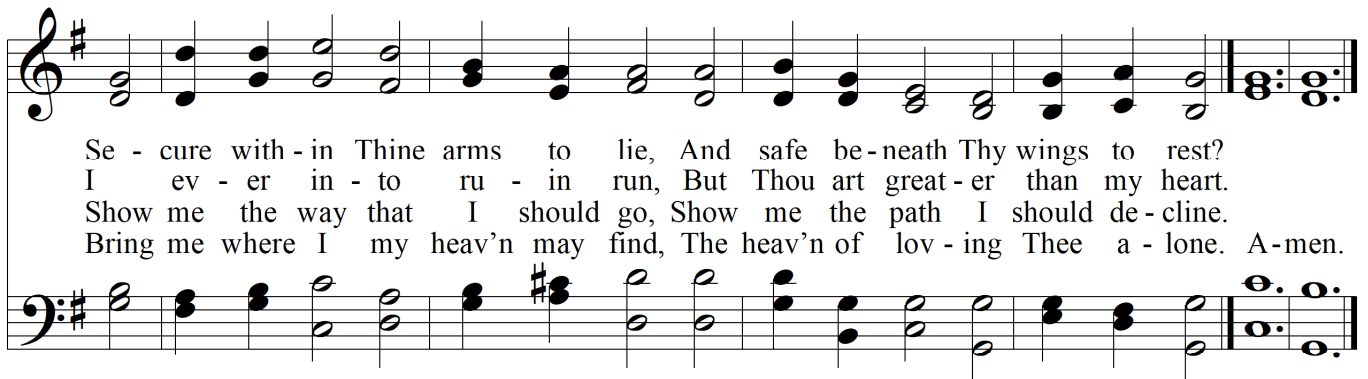


Whither, O Whither Should I Fly?

ROCKINGHAM L. M.



1. Whith - er, O whith - er should I fly, But to my lov - ing Sav - ior's breast,
2. I have no skill the snare to shun, But Thou, O Christ, my wis - dom art;
3. I have no might t'op - pose the foe, But ev - er - last - ing strength is Thine;
4. Fool - ish and im - po - tent and blind, Lend me a - way I have not known;



Se - cure with - in Thine arms to lie, And safe be - neath Thy wings to rest?
I ev - er in - to ru - in run, But Thou art great - er than my heart.
Show me the way that I should go, Show me the path I should de - cline.
Bring me where I my heav'n may find, The heav'n of lov - ing Thee a - lone. A - men.