

JESUS OUR REFUGE.

---

Let me love Thee more and more  
Till this fleeting life is o'er ;  
Till my soul is lost in love  
In a brighter world above.

---

Jesus our Refuge.

WHEN my sins around me press  
In their guilt and bitterness,  
When the end of my wrong-doing  
Seems to be my utter ruin,  
Whither, Jesus, shall I flee,  
Flee for safety but to Thee?

When entangled in the snare  
Of the world and this life's care,  
And some earthly gain to win,  
I am tempted sore to sin,  
Whither, Jesus, shall I flee,  
Flee for safety but to Thee?

When wrong-suffering passions rise,  
And for vengeance loudly cries,  
And my foe unguarded stands  
Helpless 'neath my vengeful hands,  
Whither, Jesus, shall I flee,  
Flee for safety but to Thee?

When success my toil has blest,  
In enjoyment full I rest,  
And Thy goodness makes me less  
Heedful of my watchfulness,  
Whither, Jesus, shall I flee,  
Flee for safety but to Thee?

In each circumstance of life,  
In its toilings, in its strife,  
In its joy or in its grief,  
Long-enduring trial or brief,  
Ever Jesus unto Thee,  
Thee for safety will I flee.