

KATE ULMER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Where shall I flee for ref - uge,      Hid - ing when storms are near?  
 2. Soft - ly I hear him call - ing,      "Come un - to me, and rest;  
 3. Bur - dens oft-times op-press me,      Bur-dens so hard to bear;  
 4. Thus would I ev - er jour - ney;      On tow'rd my home a - bove;



Where find a place of safe - ty,      Dwell - ing with - out a fear?  
 Here in my arms find shel - ter,      Close to my lov - ing breast."  
 Oh, then how sweet his whis - per,      "Cast up - on me thy care."  
 Rest - ing a - lone on Je - sus,      Whom tho' un - seen I love.



## CHORUS.



Je - sus a - lone can save me,      All of my joy's in - crease;



From ev - 'ry storm he'll shield me,      Giv - ing my soul sweet peace.

