

# The City of Refuge

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1888

Horace Neely Lincoln

*Earnestly and Boldly* *Tenderly*

1. O, guil - ty one, haste to the ci - ty of re - fuge, Where mer - cy a - waits thee, so  
2. O, guil - ty one, haste! for the day beams are fad - ing, A - far on the des - ert; say,  
3. O, wea - ry one, haste! for the night clouds pur - sue thee; How dark - ly they frown on the

*Pleadingly*

bound - less and free; O, haste with thy bur - den of sin and of sor - row; Thy  
why wilt thou roam? The arms of the Sav - ior will glad - ly en - fold thee; He  
cold moun - tain's brow; The voice of the tem - pest is wail - ing a - round thee, And

*Encouragingly* *Refrain*

lov - ing Re - deem - er is wait - ing for thee. O fly to the ref - uge!  
longs with for - give - ness to wel - come thee home. O fly to the ci - ty of ref - uge to - day;  
none but the Sav - ior can shel - ter thee now.

To the ref - uge sure and free; With thy sin and sor - row; Je - sus waits for thee.  
Come with thy bur - den of sin and of sor - row; He waits for thee.