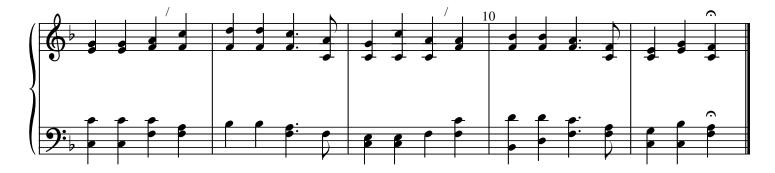
We've no abiding city here

William B. Bradbury, 1816-1868





We've no abiding city here. Sad truth, were this to be our home; But let the thought our spirits cheer. We seek a city yet to come.

We've no abiding city here; We seek a city out of sight; Zion its name, the Lord is there: It shines with everlasting light!

Oh, sweet abode of peace and love, Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest; Soon will our souls outspeed the dove And be within thy walls at rest.

But hush, my soul! nor dare repine; The time my God appoints is best; While here, to do His will be mine, And His to fix my time of rest.

Thomas Kelly

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