

WHERE COULD I GO  
(J. B. Coats)

Living below in this old sinful world  
Hardly a comfort can afford  
Striving alone to face temptations so  
Where could I go but to the Lord

Where could I go, where could I go  
Seeking a refuge for my soul  
Needing a friend who'd help me in the end  
Where could I go but to the Lord

Life here is grand with friends I love so dear  
Comfort I get from God's own word  
But when my soul needs manna from above  
Where could I go but to the Lord

Neighbors are kind, I love them everyone  
We get along in sweet accord  
But when I face the chilling wind of death  
Where could I go but to the Lord

C 1940 / 1968