

No Abiding City Here
Lizzie Underwood, 1917.
James Rosecrans.

We do not know, and can not tell
What path our feet may take;
We only know that all is well
When borne for Jesus' sake.

Refrain

We've no abiding city here;
We seek for one to come;
We strive to prove our title clear
To mansions fair, at home.

We lay our life, our little all,
In His dear guiding hand,
And hasten to obey the call
We strive to understand.

Refrain

A home, a harp, a robe and crown,
To faithful followers giv'n;
The trials, crosses, all laid down,
Then rest, sweet rest, in Heav'n.

Refrain