Abiding, oh, so wondrous sweet



Abiding, oh, so wondrous sweet, I'm resting at the Savior's feet; I trust in Him, I'm satisfied, I'm resting in the Crucified.

> Refrain Abiding, abiding, Oh! so wondrous sweet; I'm resting, resting At the Savior's feet.

He speaks, and by His word is giv'n His peace, a blessed gift of heav'n; Not as the world He peace doth give, 'Tis through this hope my soul shall live.

Refrain

Now rest, my heart, the work is done, I'm saved through the Eternal Son; Let all my pow'rs my soul employ, To tell the world my peace and joy.

By whom the mighty work is done;

I live; not I; 'tis He alone

Dead to myself, alive to Him,

I count all loss His rest to gain.

Refrain

Refrain

C. B. J. Root