

Abiding, Oh, So Wondrous Sweet

Charles B. J. Root, 1885

D. C. Wright

$\text{♩} = 130$

1. A - bid - ing, oh, so won - drous sweet, I'm rest - ing at the
 2. He speaks, and by His word is giv'n His peace, a rich fore-
 3. I live; not I; 'tis He a - lone By whom the might-y
 4. Now rest, my heart, the work is done; I'm saved thro' the e-

Sav - ior's feet, I trust in Him, I'm sa - tis - fied, I'm rest - ing in the
 - taste of Heav'n; Not as the world He peace doth give, 'Tis thro' this hope my
 - work is done; Dead to my-self, a - live to Him, I count all loss His
 - ter - nal Son: Let all my pow'rs my soul em - ploy, To tell the world my

Refrain

Cru - ci - fied.
 soul shall live. A - bid - ing, a - bid - ing, Oh! so won - drous sweet; I'm
 rest to gain.
 peace and joy.

rest - ing, rest - ing, At the Sav - ior's feet.