

Abiding, Oh, So Wondrous Sweet

Charles B. J. Root, 1885

D. C. Wright

♩=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.