

# Abiding, Oh, So Wondrous Sweet

Charles Benjamin Jencks 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.

