This Is Not My Place Of Resting

VESPERS 8s & 7s.

1. This is not my place of resting,—Mine's a city yet to come;
   Onward to it I am hastening—On to my eternal home.

2. In it all is light and glory, O'er it shines a nightless day.
   Every trace of sin's sad story, All the curse, hath passed away.

3. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us By the streams of life along,—
   On the freshest pastures feeds us, Turns our sighing into song.

4. Soon we pass this desert drear-y, Soon we bid farewell to pain;
   Never more are sad or weary, Never, never sin again.