This Is Not My Place Of Resting

Words: Horatius Bonar
Music: Arr. from Flotow

1. This is not my place of resting, Mine's a city yet to come;

2. In it all is light and glory, O'er it shines a nightless day.

3. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us By the streams of life along;

4. Soon we pass this desert drear-y, Soon we bid fare-well to pain;

Onward to it I am hast-ing– On to my eternal home.
Every trace of sin's sad story, All the curse, hath passed away.
On the freshest pastures feeds us, Turns our sighing into song.
Never more are sad or weary, Never, never sin again.

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