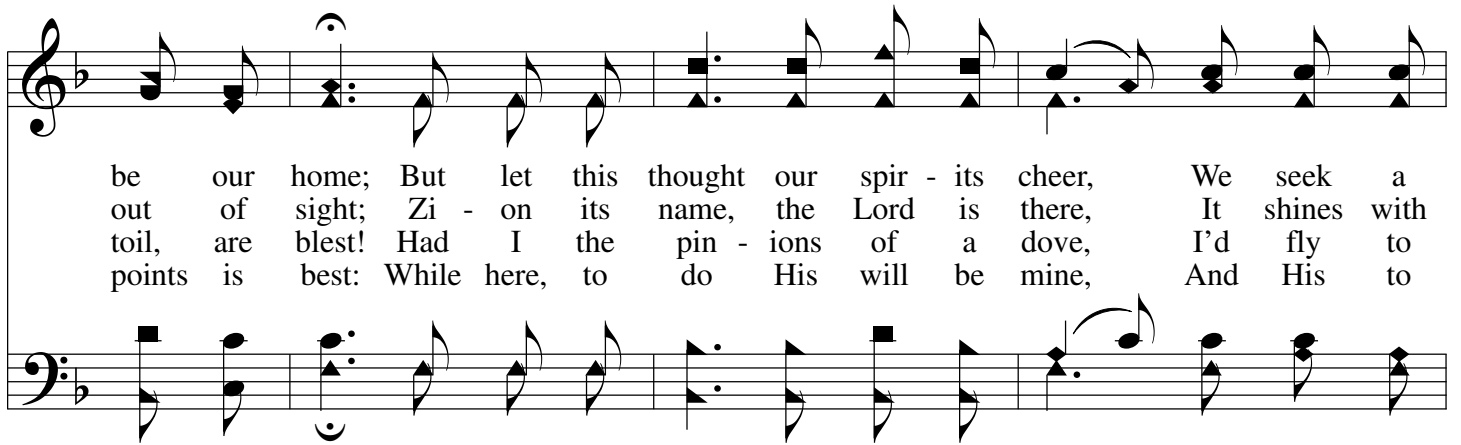


# No Abiding City Here

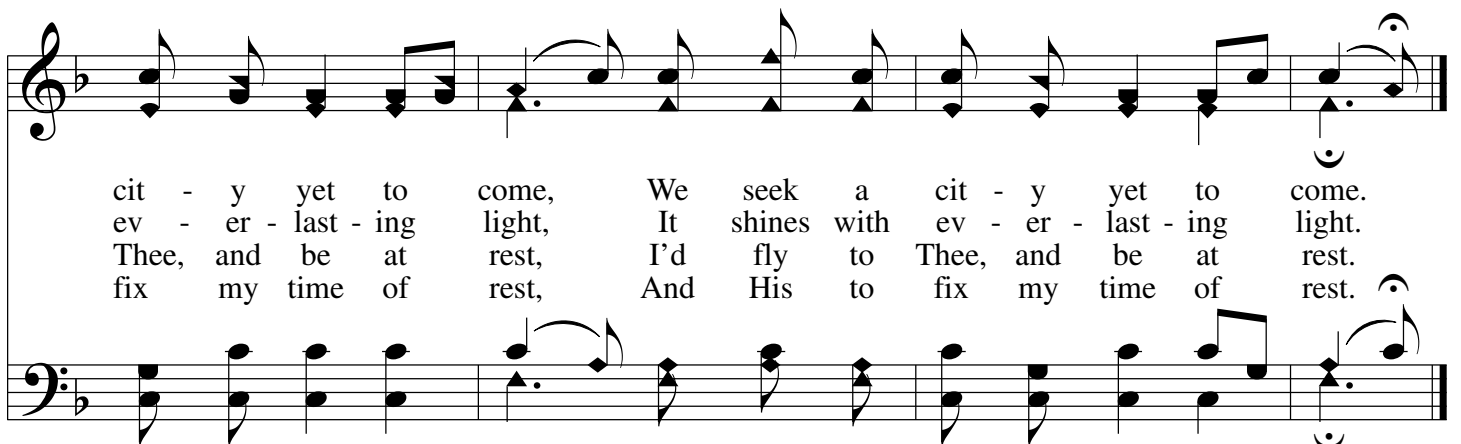
F/C - SOL



1. We've no a - bid - ing cit - y here; Sad truth, were this to  
2. We've no a - bid - ing cit - y here, We seek a cit - y  
3. O sweet a - bode of peace and love, Where pil - grims freed from  
4. But hush, my soul! nor dare re - pine; The time my God ap -



be our home; But let this thought our spir - its cheer, We seek a  
out of sight; Zi - on its name, the Lord is there, It shines with  
toil, are blest! Had I the pin - ions of a dove, I'd fly to  
points is best: While here, to do His will be mine, And His to



cit - y yet to come, We seek a cit - y yet to come.  
ev - er - last - ing light, It shines with ev - er - last - ing light.  
Thee, and be at rest, I'd fly to Thee, and be at rest.  
fix my time of rest, And His to fix my time of rest.