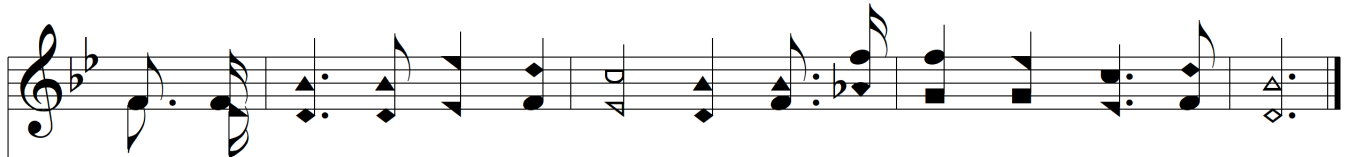
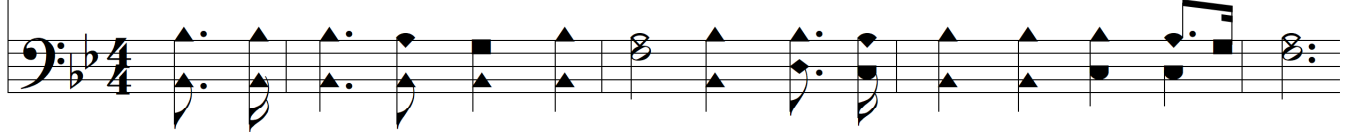


This Is Not My Place Of Resting

VESPERS 8s & 7s.



1. This is not my place of rest-ing, - Mine's a cit - y yet to come;
2. In it all is light and glo - ry; O'er it shines a night-less day:
3. There the Lamb, our Shep-herd, leads us By the streams of life a - long, -
4. Soon we pass this de - sert drear - y, Soon we bid fare - well to pain;



On - ward to it I am hast - ing - On to my e - ter - nal home.
Ev - 'ry trace of sin's sad sto - ry, All the curse, hath passed a - way.
On the fresh - est pas - tures feeds us, Turns our sigh - ing in - to song.
Nev - er - more are sad or wea - ry, Nev - er, nev - er sin a - gain.

