

Stonewall Jackson

"Where Could I Go But To The Lord"

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Living below in this old sinful world hardly a comfort
can afford
Striving alone to face temptations far where could I go
but to the Lord
Where could I go oh where could I go seeking a refuge
for my soul
Needing a friend to help me in the end where could I
go but to the Lord

Life here is grand with friends I love so dear comfort I
get from God's own word
Yet when I face those chilling hands of death where
could I go but to the Lord
Where could I go...

Neighbors are kind I love them everyone comfort I get
from God's own words
But when my soul needs 'em from up above where
could I go but to the Lord
Where could I go...

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