## Where could I go?

J.B.Coats



- Living below in this old sinful world, Hardly a comfort can afford; Striving alone to face temptations sore, Where could I go but to the Lord?
- 2. Neighbours are kind I love them ev'ryone, We get along in sweet accord; But when my soul needs manna from above, Where could I go but to the Lord?
- 3. Life here is grand with friends I love so dear, Comfort I get from God's own word; Yet when I face the chilling hand of death, Where could I go but to the Lord?