

Stonewall Jackson, Where Could I Go But To The

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...