

BEDAN. S.M.

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Dr. L. Mason

1. O, cease, my wan - d'ring soul, On rest - less wing to roam; All this wide world, to ei - ther pole, All this wide world, to ei - ther pole, Has not for thee a home.

2. Be - hold the ark of God! Be - hold the o - pen door; Oh! haste to gain that dear a - bode. Oh! haste to gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.

3. There safe thou shalt a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest; And ev - 'ry long - ing sat - is - fied, And ev - 'ry long - ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.