

OLIVE LEAF. S.M.

George O. Robinson

Gentle

1. Oh cease, my wan-d'ring soul, On rest-less wings to roam, All this wide world, from 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, And roam, my soul, no more.

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

From the *Casket*.