

1. There is an hour of peace - ful rest To mourn - ing wan - d'rous giv'n; There is a

2. There is a home for wea - ry souls, By sins and sor - rows driv'n, When tossed on

3. There faith lifts up the tear - less eye, The heart no lon - ger riv'n, And views the

joy for souls dis - trest, A balm for ev - 'ry wound-ed breast: 'Tis found a - lone in heav'n.

life's tem - pes - tuous shoals, Where storms a - rise, and o - cean rolls, And all is drear - 'tis heav'n.

tem - pest pass - ing by, Sees eve - ning shad - ows quick - ly fly, And all se - rene in heav'n.