

OAK GROVE. L.M.

Adapted from T.J. "Stonewall" Jackson, 1863

John Plunkett



1. Come let us cross this riv-er deep, and rest be-neath the shad-y tree, Where bat-tle's haze and harm will flee, and fair - er days we soon shall see.



2. This swell-ing stream that sep - a - rates our lives from peace and joys that wait, A shad-y grove, a pleas-ant state, Where Won-drous Love will ne'er a-bate.

