

PLACE OF SACRED REST

(Oakley. C. M. D.)

Anon.

Wm. H. Oakley

1. There is a place of sa - cred rest, Far, far be - yond the skies,
 2. When tossed up - on the waves of life, With fear on ev - 'ry side,
 3. In that pure home of tear - less joy Earth's part - ed friends shall meet,

Where beau - ty smiles e - ter - nal - ly, And pleas - ure nev - er dies;—
 When fierce - ly howls the gath - 'ring storm, And foams the an - gry tide,
 With smiles of love that nev - er fade, And bless - ed - ness com - plete.

My Fa - ther's house, my heav'n - ly home, Where man - y man - sions stand,
 Be - yond the storm, be - yond the gloom, Breaks forth the light of morn,
 There, there a - dieus are sounds un - known; Death frowns not on that scene,

Pre - pared by hands di - vine, for all Who seek the bet - ter land.
 Bright beam - ing from my Fa - ther's house, To cheer the soul for - lorn.
 But life and glo - rious beau - ty shine, Un - troub - led and se - rene.