

OH CEASE, MY WANDERING SOUL

William Augustus Mühlenberg (1796–1877)

John E. Gould (1820–1875)

1. Like No - ah's wea - ry dove, That soared the earth a - round,
 2. Oh, cease, my wan - d'ring soul, On rest - less wing to roam;
 3. Be - hold the ark of God! Be - hold the o - pen door!
 4. There safe thou shalt a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest;

But not a rest - ing place a - bove The cheer - less wa - ters found;
 All this wide world, to ei - ther pole, Hath not for thee a home.
 Oh, haste to gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.
 And ev - 'ry long - ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.