

STANZAS.

There is a home of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wand'ers given;
 There is a tear for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast,
 'Tis found above in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
 'Tis fair as breath of even;
 A couch for every mortal spread,
 Where they may rest the aching head,
 And find repose in heaven.

There is a home for weeping souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven;
 When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
 When storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear but heaven.

There faith lifts up the tearful eye,
 The heart with anguish riven;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom,
 Beyond the confines of the tomb,
 Appears the dawn of heaven.