

WOODLAND 8,6,8,8,6

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers giv'n; There is a tear for souls distress'd, A balm for every wounded breast, 'Tis found alone in heav'n.

2. There is a home for weary souls, By sins and sorrows driv'n, When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise and ocean rolls, And all is drear but heav'n.

3. There faith lifts up the tearless eye, The heart with anguish riv'n; It views the tempest passing by, Sees evening shadows quick-ly fly, And all serene in heav'n.

4. There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom, And joys supreme are giv'n, There rays divine disperse the gloom; Beyond the dark and narrow tomb, Appears the dawn of heav'n.