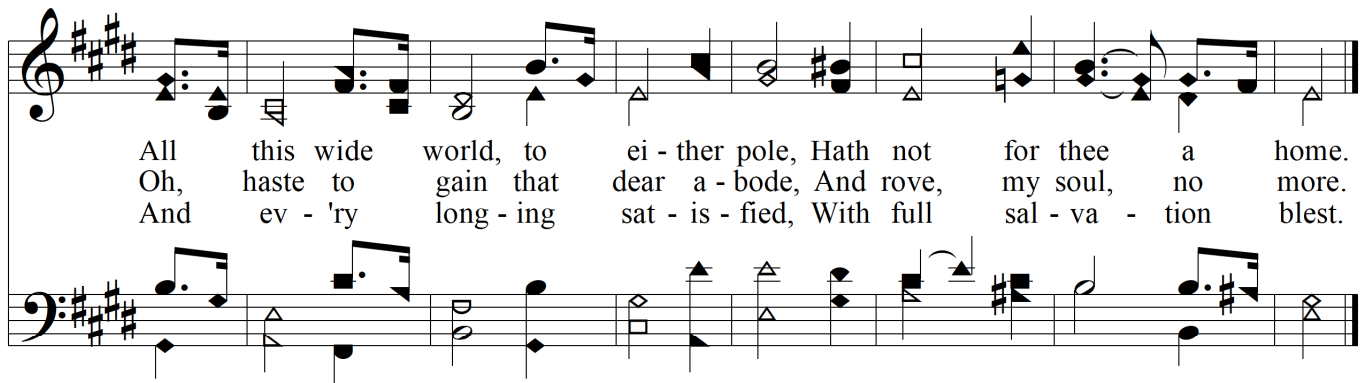


# Oh, Cease, My Wand'ring Soul

CORTELYOU S. M.



1. Oh, cease, my wan - d'ring soul, On rest - less wing to roam;  
2. Be - hold the ark of God! Be - hold the o - pen door!  
3. There safe thou shall a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest;



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.