1. O where shall rest be found, Rest for the weary soul?
2. The world can never give The bliss for which we sigh;
3. Beyond this vale of tears There is a life above,

'Twere vain the ocean-depths to sound, Or pierce to either pole.
'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.
Unmeasured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.