

# Place Of Sacred Rest

D

1. There is a place of sa - cred rest, Far, far be - yond the skies,  
2. When tossed up - on the waves of life, With fear on ei - ther side,  
3. In that pure home of tear - less joy Earth's part - ed friends shall meet,

Where beau - ty smiles e - ter - nal - ly, And pleas - ure nev - er dies; -  
When fierce - ly howls the gath - 'ring storm, And foams the an - gry tide,  
With smiles of love that nev - er fade, And bless - ed - ness com - plete.

My Fa - ther's house, my heav'n - ly home, Where man - y man - sions stand,  
Be - yond the storm, be - yond the doom, Breaks forth the light of morn,  
There, there a - dieus are sounds un - known; Death frowns not on that scene,

Pre - pared, by hands di - vine, for all Who seek the bet - ter land.  
Bright beam - ing from my Fa - ther's house, To cheer the soul for - lorn.  
But life and glo - ries beau - ty shine, Un - trou - bled and se - rene.