

O Cease, My Wandering Soul

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O cease, my wan - d' ring soul,
Be - hold the ark of God!
There safe thou shalt a - bide,
Ah, yes! I all for - sake,



On rest - less wing to roam;
Be - hold the o - pen door!
There sweet shall be thy rest;
My all to Thee re - sign;



All this wideworld, to ei - ther pole,
O haste to gain that dear a - bode,
And ev - 'ry long - ing sat - is - fied,
Gra - cious Re - deem - er take, O take



Hath not for thee a home.
And rove, my soul, no more.
With full sal - va - tion blest.
And seal me ev - er Thine.