

# MC' CURDY C. M.

Key of Eb Major

Arr. by A. N. Johnson

1. There is an hour of peace - ful rest, To mourn - ing wan - d'ers giv'n;  
2. There is a home for wea - ry souls, By sins and sor - rows driv'n;  
3. There faith lifts up the tear - less eye, The heart with an - guish riv'n;  
4. There fra - grant flow'rs im - mor - tal bloom, And joys su - preme are giv'n;

1. There is an hour of peace - ful rest, To mourn - ing wan - d'ers giv'n: There is a tear  
2. There is a home for wea - ry souls, By sins and sor - rows driv'n; When tossed on life's  
3. There faith lifts up the tear - less eye, The heart with an - guish riv'n; It views the tem -  
4. There fra - grant flow'rs im - mor - tal bloom, And joys su - preme are giv'n; There rays di - vine

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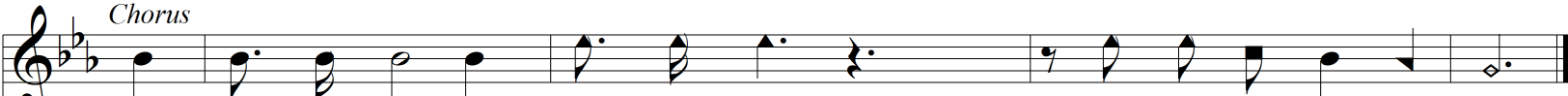
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for souls dis - tressed, A balm for ev - 'ry wound - ed breast,  
tem - pes - tuous shoals, Where storms a - rise - and o - cean rolls,  
pest pass - ing by, Sees eve - ning shad - ows quick - ly fly,  
dis - perse the gloom; Be - yond the dark and nar - row tomb,

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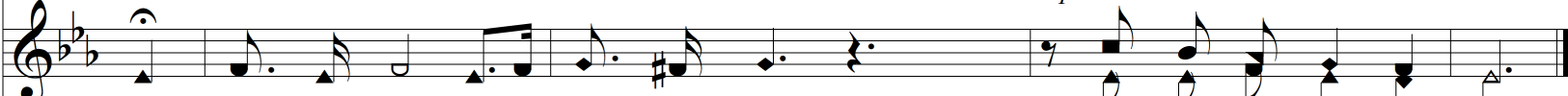
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*Chorus*




A balm for ev - 'ry wound - ed breast— 'Tis found a - lone— in heav'n.  
Where storms a - rise— and o - cean rolls, And all is drear— but heav'n.  
Sees eve - ning shad - ows quick - ly fly, And all se - rene— in heav'n.  
Be - yond the dark and nar - row tomb, Ap - pears the dawn— of heav'n.

*Soprano & Alto Chorus*

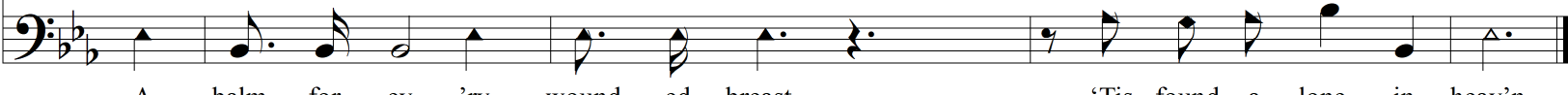


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*Soprano Solo*



8  
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