

O Where Shall Rest Be Found

James Montgomery, 1818.

From the Church Hymnal.

O where shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.

The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears,  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love.

There is a death, whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath:  
O what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death!

Lord God of truth and grace,  
Teach us that death to shun;  
Lest we be banished from Thy face,  
And evermore undone.

Here would we end our quest:  
Alone are found in Thee,  
The life of perfect love the rest  
Of immortality.