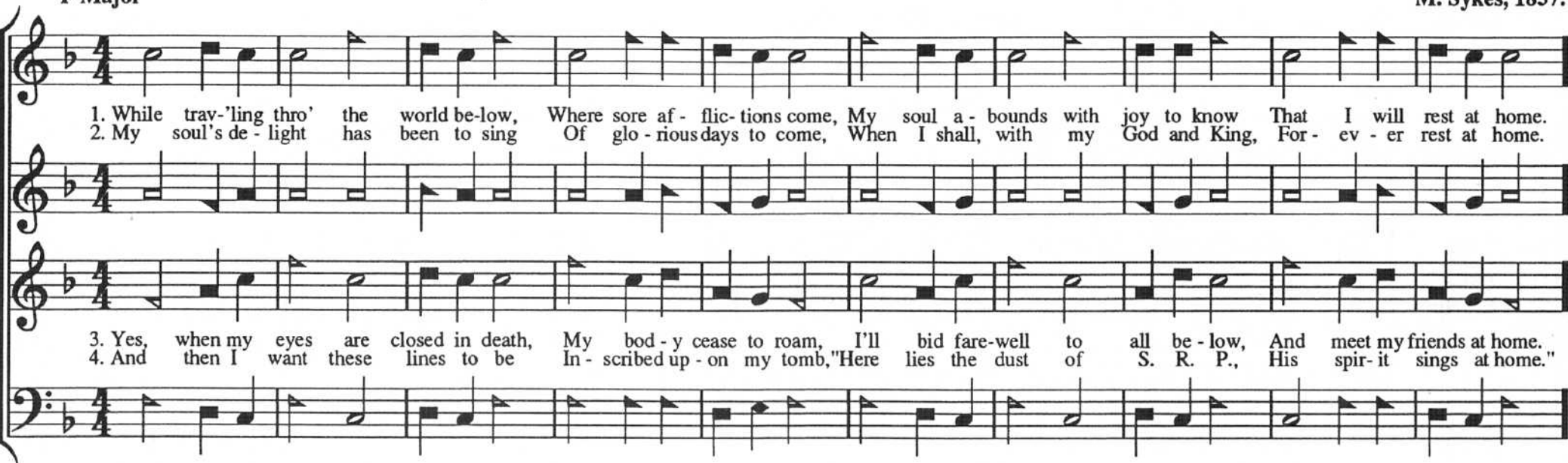


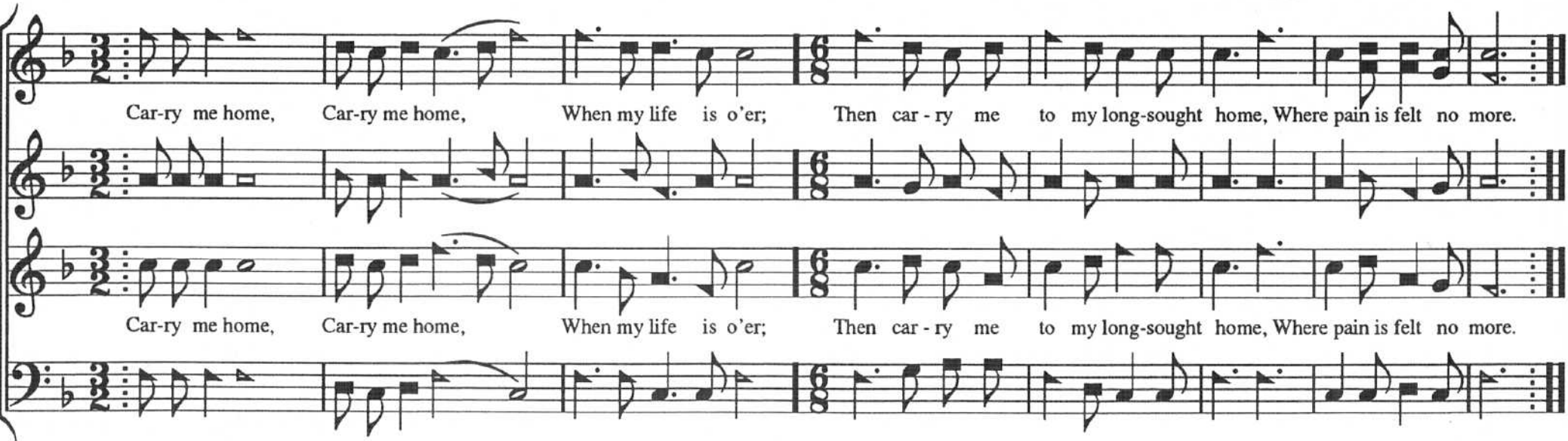
**PENICK. C.M.**  
"Shall find rest for your soul." -- Jer. 6:16.

F Major

M. Sykes, 1857.



1. While trav-ling thro' the world be-low, Where sore af-flic-tions come, My soul a-bounds with joy to know That I will rest at home.  
2. My soul's de-light has been to sing Of glo-rious days to come, When I shall, with my God and King, For-ev-er rest at home.  
3. Yes, when my eyes are closed in death, My bod-y cease to roam, I'll bid fare-well to all be-low, And meet my friends at home.  
4. And then I want these lines to be In-scribed up-on my tomb, "Here lies the dust of S. R. P., His spir-it sings at home."



Car-ry me home, Car-ry me home, When my life is o'er; Then car-ry me to my long-sought home, Where pain is felt no more.  
Car-ry me home, Car-ry me home, When my life is o'er; Then car-ry me to my long-sought home, Where pain is felt no more.