WADDELL STREET. C.M.

Jesse P. Karlsberg, April 25, 2014 G. M., 1829 (?) When I shall lay my ar -And for thee I sigh: When will the mo-ment come 1. Oh land of rest, This world's a wil-der-ness woe, This When I shall lay my ar - mor When I shall lay my ar - mor This world's a wil-der-ness of This world's a wil-der-ness of When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And on earth I know, No peace-ful, shelt'-ring dome; 2. No tran-quil joy This world's a wil-der-ness woe, This When I shall lay my ar -When I shall lay my ar And mor by, mor by, This world's a wil-der-ness This world's a wil-der-ness of woe, of This dwell in peace at home, at home? When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home? And dwell at home, in peace at home? home? world is not my home, my home, my home! This world's a wil-der - ness of woe, This world is not my home. This world is not my home. home. And dwell in peace at home, at home? by, This world is not my home, my home! dwell in peace at home, at home? When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home? And dwell in peace at home? home? my home, my home! This world's a wil-der - ness of woe, This world is not my home. This world world is not my home, my home. home. is not dwell in peace at home, at home, at home?

world is not my home,

my home, my home!