

Joy in Sorrow

Jane Crewdson, 1864.

Ira Sankey(1840-1908)

I've found a joy in sorrow, a secret balm for pain,  
A beautiful tomorrow of sunshine after rain;  
I've found a branch of healing near every bitter spring;  
A whispered promise stealing o'er every broken string,  
A whispered promise stealing o'er every broken string.

I've found a glad hosanna for every woe and wail;  
A handful of sweet manna when grapes of Eschol fail;  
I've found a Rock of Ages when desert wells are dry;  
And, after weary stages, I've found an Elim nigh,  
And, after weary stages, I've found an Elim nigh.

An Elim with its coolness, its fountains, and its shade;  
A blessing in its fullness, when buds of promise fade;  
O'er tears of soft contrition I've seen a rainbow light,  
A glory and fruition, so near! yet out of sight,  
A glory and fruition, so near! yet out of sight.

My Savior, Thee possessing, I have the joy, the balm,  
The healing and the blessing, the sunshine and the psalm;  
The promise for the fearful, the Elim for the faint,  
The rainbow for the tearful, the glory for the saint!  
The rainbow for the tearful, the glory for the saint!