

They'll Soon Be O'er
Fanny Crosby, 1896.
Lizzie Sweney.

There is a calm for ev'ry storm
We meet from day to day,
A hallowed peace that dwells within,
And smiles the clouds away.
The star of hope still brightly shines,
Though wild the breakers roar,
And in its beams the words we trace,
Life's dream will soon be o'er.

There is a friend, a constant friend,
Who slumbers not nor sleeps,
But safe within His tender care
The trusting soul He keeps;
His bow of love still spans the sky,
And points to yonder shore,
While on its beams the words we trace,
Life's cares will soon be o'er.

There is a morn when we shall wake
At home beyond the tide,
And in our Savior's likeness then
We shall be satisfied;
O hearts that yearn and bleed and break
For joys that come no more,
Look up and read the blessed words,
Life's tears will soon be o'er.