

We Journey Through a Vale of Tears

Bernard Barton, 1845.

Berthold Tours(1838-1897)

We journey through a vale of tears,
By many a cloud o'ercast;
And worldly cares and worldly fears,
Go with us to the last.

Not to the last! Thy Word hath said,
Could we but read aright,
"Poor pilgrim, lift in hope thy head,
At eve there shall be light!"

Though earthborn shadows now may shroud
Thy thorny path awhile,
God's blessed Word can part each cloud,
And bid the sunshine smile.

Only believe, in living faith,
His love and power divine;
And ere thy sun shall set in death,
His light shall round thee shine.

When tempest clouds are dark on high,
His bow of love and peace
Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,
Betokening storms shall cease.

Hold on thy way, with hope unchilled,
By faith and not by sight,
And thou shalt own His Word fulfilled,
"At eve it shall be light."