

OH, GLORIOUS HOPE.

J. P. WEBSTER.

1 Be - yond the clouds that o'er us form, Be - yond all earth - ly bliss, Hope paints a bow so
 2 Though torrents roar, and mountains frown. While oceans roll be - tween, Though tempests pour their

bright, no storm Will ev - er reach from this; So glorious and di - vine - ly fair, Its
 fu - ry down, To veil the glorious sheen; With crystal touch each polish'd beam Shot

blended hues ap - pear, We know that God hath plac'd it there, And dwells for - ev - er near.
 from thy ra - di - ant bows, Like twi - light stars doth brighter gleam, As night the dark - er grows.