

Not till the rain has ceased to fall,
And the tides of ocean cease,
And breaking hearts shall cry no more,
And Christ shall reign in peace.



The Calm of God.

O, calm of God most clear,
O, word of God most true,
O, thought of God most dear,
My filial force renew.

I rest in surest calm,
The bliss of sins forgiven;
What power can strike alarm
With pangs of doubtful heaven?

The pleading prayer for me
From Intercessor's throne
Lifts me among the free,
It marks me for His own.

The word, the way is Thine,
I only follow Thee;
The light of God is mine,
I wait Thy face to see.

With bright abiding calm,
Enduring might is given,
In every wound a balm,
A title clear to Heaven.