



2. I need not fear the awful night that prophet-pens foretell as near; for me there is no cloud nor gloom; my firmament is fair and clear.

3. It may be that the wrath may burst, and nations drink the cup of ill;I need not tremble at the storm;my summer shall be summer still.

4. Like the fair stars my peace shall be; my life is hid with Christ in God. My anchor is within the veil, and there my soul hath her abode.

5. The dark to me is only bright; calm, as the sea of glass, time's flood; all grief is joy, and pain is ease, and evil shall be only good.

Words: Horatius Bonar. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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