

Like a River Glorious

ISAIAH 66:12
Frances R. Havergal, 1876

WYE VALLEY
James Mountain, 1876

1. Like a riv-er glo-rious is God's per-fect peace, O-ver all vic-tor-ious, in its bright in-crease;
2. Hid-den in the hol-low of His bless-ed hand, Nev-er foe can fol-low, nev-er trai-tor stand;
3. Eve-ry joy or tri-al fall-eth from a-bove, Traced up-on our di-al by the Sun of Love;

§ D.S. Refrain

Per-fect, yet it flow-eth full-er eve-ry day, Per-fect, yet it grow-eth deep-er all the way.
Not a surge of wor-ry, not a shade of care, Not a blast of hur-ry touch the spir-it there.
We may trust Him ful-ly all for us to do; They who trust Him whol-ly find Him whol-ly true.
Ref—Stayed up-on Je-ho-vah, hearts are ful-ly blest Find-ing, as He prom-ised, per-fect peace and rest.

PUBLIC DOMAIN

1. Wie ein Strom von oben aus der Herrlichkeit
Fließt der Friede Gottes durch das Land der Zeit.
Tiefer, reicher, klarer strömt er Tag und Nacht
Mit unwiderstehlich wunderbarer Macht.

Friede meines Gottes, stille, tiefe Ruh,
Alle meine Sorgen, alles deckst Du zu.

2. Strömt der Friede Gottes über mich dahin,
Müssen alle finstern Mächte von mir fliehn.
Seine Fluten tragen Hast und Sorgen fort,
Friede meines Gottes, selger Ruheort!

Friede meines Gottes, stille, tiefe Ruh,
Alle meine Sorgen, alles deckst Du zu.

3. Wechselt auch hienieden Licht mit Schatten ab,
Strahlt doch meine Sonne warm auf mich herab.
Wunderbar getragen von der Friedensflut
Sing ich froh dem Ewgen: Herr, wie hab ich's gut!

In Dir ist verborgen stille, tiefe Ruh,
Alle meine Sorgen, alles deckst Du zu.

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