

Tim Hawkins

"Beauty Of Your Peace"

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Your voice has stilled the raging storms
The wind and waves bow down before
Your still small voice brings hope to all
Who wait on You, we'll wait for You
To lead us to the place where You'll restore our souls
And all our earthly strivings come to cease
Take from our souls the strain and stress
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Your peace
The beauty of Your peace
Bright skies will soon be overhead
We'll enter in to Heaven's rest
There'll be no death, there'll be no pain
The things of old will pass away
You'll lead us to the place where You'll restore our
souls
And all our earthly strivings come to cease

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