There Is a Calm
Words: Ernest Rickman, 1887
Music: George Stebbins.

There is a calm beyond life's fitful fever,
A deep repose, an everlasting rest;
Where white-robed angels welcome the believer
Among the blest, among the blest.
There is a home, where all the soul's deep yearnings,
And silent prayers shall be at last fulfilled;
Where strife and sorrow, murmurings and heart burnings
At last are stilled, at last are stilled.

There is a hope, to which the Christian, clinging,
Is lifted high above life's surging wave;
Finds life in death, and fadeless flowers springing
From the dark grave, from the dark grave.
There is a crown prepared for those who love Him;
The Christian sees it in the distance shine,
Like a bright beacon glittering above him,
And whispers, "Mine!" and whispers, "Mine!"

There is a spotless robe of Christ's own weaving;
Will you not wrap it round your sin-stained soul?
Poor wandering child, upon thy past life grieving,
Christ makes thee whole! Christ makes thee whole!
There is a home, a harp, a crown in Heaven;
Alas! that any should Thy gift refuse!
The awful choice of life and death is given
Which wilt thou choose? Which wilt thou choose?