

# Tim Hughes, Beauty Of Your Peace

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