

Beams Of Heaven

Oleta Adams

Beams of heaven as I go, through this wilderness below. Guide my feet in peaceful way, turn my midnights into days. When in darkness, I would grope, Faith always sees a star of hope. And soon from all life's grief and danger, I shall be free some day.

I do not know how long 'twill be, nor what the future holds for me; but this I know, if Jesus leads, I shall get home some day.

Often times my sky is clear, joy abounds without a tear. Though a day so bright begun, clouds may hide tomorrow's sun. There'll be a day that's always bright, a day that never yields to night; and in its light the streets of glory, I shall behold some day.

Harder yet may be the fight, right may often yield to might. Wickedness awhile may reign, Satan's cause may seem to gain. There is a God that rules above, with hand of power and heart of love. If I am right, He'll fight my battle, I shall have peace some day.

Burdens now may crush me down, disappointments all around. Troubles speak in mournful sigh, sorrow through a tear stained eye. There is a world where pleasure reigns, no mourning soul shall roam its plains, and to that land of peace and glory, I want to go some day.