

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,sith 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.