TO A FELLOW TRAVELLER



2. Where do our spirits find refreshment and repose?When heart to heart, and mind to mind, we search those records God designed to medicine all our woes; and feel, as bright its pages shine, each line was traced by Love divine.

3. We look on all around as soon to disappear; we listen to the tempest's sound, as wildly now it sweeps around, without an anxious fear; we hear a voice amidst its swell which whispers – "All will soon be well!"

4. Yes, soon the Lord will come; then will all troubles cease; earth's kingdoms will his own become; proud antichrist will meet his doom, all will be joy and peace: these very storms prepare his way, and usher in that glorious day.

Words: Charlotte Elliott. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg.
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