LET NOT YOUR HEART BE FAINT



- 2. 'Tis not the noiseless calm that bodes a tempest nigh, or lures the heedless mariner where rocks and quicksands lie.
- 3. 'Tis not fallen nature's sleep, the stupor of the soul that knows not God, nor owns his hand, though wide his thunders roll.
- 4. 'Tis not the sleep of death, low in the darksome grave, where the worm spreads its couch, and feeds, no hand put forth to save.
- 5. It speaks a ransomed world,a Father reconciled,a sinner to a saint transformed,a rebel to a child.
- 6. It tells of joys to come; it soothes the troubled breast; it shines, a star amid the storm, the harbinger of rest.
- 7. Then murmur not, nor mourn, my people faint and few: though earth to its foundations shake, my peace I leave with you.

Words: John A. Latrobe. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Copyright © 2013 Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Source: www.christmysong.com/903/