

# WONDERFUL PEACE

Warren D. Cornell, Lyrics; William G. Cooper, Music; 1889

Warren D Cornell (1858-1921) was a Methodist Episcopal pastor. Born in Michigan, he received most of his religious training in Texas. He was

No. 31. Wonderful Peace.\*  
Rev. W. D. CORNELL. All. Dedicated to the W. C. Church, West Bend, Wis. Rev. W. G. COOPER.

1. Far a-way in the depths of my spir - it to-night, loils a  
2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied  
3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing  
4. And methinks when I rise to greet Chr - y of Peace, Where the  
5. Ah! soul, are you here without com - fort or rest, Marching  
met - o - dy sweeter than peoim, In ce - les - tial like strains it un -  
deep in the heart of my soul; So deep that no pow - er can  
sweet - ly in Je - sus con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by  
An - chor of peace I shall see; That one strain of the song which the  
down the rough pathway of time! Make Je - sus your friend ere the  
cess - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - si - nite calm,  
mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll,  
night and by day, And His sun - shine is flood - ing my soul,  
ran - somed will sing, In that heav - en - ly king - dom will be,  
shad - ows grow dark, Oh, an - cept of this peace no such - line.

CHORUS.  
Peace! peace! wonder - ful peace, Coming down from the Fa - ther a - love; Sweep  
o - ver my spir - it for - ev - er, I pray, In fath - om - less hid - lows of love.

\*Note - Vary the time to give expression to the verses.  
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appointed to a church in Wisconsin 1881, and soon started conducting a series of revival meetings around the state. He was often joined in these events by William Cooper, a pastor, organist and choir director, who was also a hymn writer and composer. One day in 1889 while they were conducting a revival in West Bend, Wisconsin, Cornell was sitting in the meeting tent, meditating. As he reflected on his message for that night about the peace of God, he jotted down some ideas that came to him on a piece of paper. When he got up to leave, he inadvertently dropped his notes on the ground, where they were discovered a few hours later by Cooper. Cooper was captivated by some of the phrases and imagery he found in

Cornell's notes, and began to flesh out the poetry of the words, and turn them into verses. When he had finished, he found they matched amazingly well to a tune he had been composing in his mind recently. He quickly organized an impromptu rehearsal of the local choir, and they sang it as part of the services that night.

~Tull