



The Dark Side Of The Opal

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Some lives are filled with trials, sorrows deep and vast
There scarcely seems daybreak, where shadows are not cast.
The sighs, the tears, the grieving, are always there on hand
And God, he seems so silent, seems not to understand.

If only He would speak to me, to let me know he's kind
But He doesn't even answer, thought I'd nearly lose my mind.
Amid life's deepening shadows, He seems so far away
And in the darkness of my life, I dread another day.

And then I look to Calvary, a darkness deeper far
Has overcome my Saviour in His dark and dreadful hour.
What burdens bowed His holy head, what griefs flowed o're His soul
How great the sorrows of His heart, Oh God, He loved me so.

And in the darkness of that hour when God was far away
In agony of utter grief His voice was heard to say
My God, thou hast forsaken me, Oh God how can it be?
Am I a child of sinful race, condemned upon a tree?

It was Thy love for me O lord, to lift to heights sublime
The darkness known upon the cross, exchanged to light divine.
For in eternal glory bright, I shall forever be
The subject of eternal praise, exalted God by Thee.

And thus the reasons for my tears, sent by a Father's hand
They lift me up to precious heights, my Father has now planned.
It is a place where few e're reach, its heavens native air
I thank Thee for my sorrows Lord, and the opal's darkness there.

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