

In Days of Deepest Darkness

The storm clouds gather dark around  
It's dark - I cannot see,  
Despite the darkness I believe  
His hand still leadeth me.

To know His great and mighty hand  
When strong storms surge around,  
And hear His sweet consoling voice,  
My child thou still art mine.

Through many thorny paths He leads  
My feet are weary sore,  
And yet I know much greater still  
The sufferings which He bore.

I know that He is close to me  
My Leader, Guard, and Guide,  
His presence is so comforting  
And I am satisfied.

And though my eyes can see no light  
Thick darkness all around,  
I lean upon His mighty strength  
To lead to higher ground.

*Rowan Jennings  
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