



The Pourings of God

Jeremiah 48:11

Yvonne Vernon

My child fear not the changes, which I in love have brought
It is a method by the which my lessons you are taught.

Now Moab was a country, no pourings had it known
No fragrance e're arose from it to the eternal Throne.

Oh Lord I need thy pourings, which thou in love dost bring
That I may know thy goodness, and in the darkness sing.

The sadness, pain and sorrow, are messengers from thee
Oh let me see them measured by the hands of Calvary.

It is not happenstance at all that these things fall on me
It is the molding of My God for wealth eternally.

And then shall I look back to see the desert pathway trod
The many pourings forth in grace, prepared for me by God.

There's not a single attribute, malicious, hard in thee
For naught but kindness fills thy heart in thoughts concerning me.

It may be a vocation, a family crisis too
A forced on obligation to see beyond the blue.

There see the throne of God supreme, controlling all below
He's pouring you my Christian friend, fresh fragrances to show.

But there will come a blessed day when I so changed shall be
There will be no more pourings out, for I shall be like thee.

With changed body I shall stand, alive to God above
My soul shall rise to worship Him for His unchanging love.

So in the pourings forth in life, the changes thou dost send
Oh help me Lord to faithful be until the journey's end.

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