



Until I Learned to Trust

Until I learned to trust,
I never learned to pray;
And I did not learn to fully trust
Till sorrows came my way.

Until I felt my weakness,
His strength I never knew;
Nor dreamed till I was stricken,
That He could see me through.

Who deepest drinks of sorrow,
Drinks deepest too of grace;
He sends the storm so He Himself
Can be our hiding place.

His heart, that seeks our highest good,
Knows well when things annoy;
We would not long for heaven,
If earth held only joy.

William Coltman