



Your Presence

Infinite sadness in my heart,
My soul lies hidden deep inside;
My being stretched too taut each day,
And I am crushed by life's cruel tide.

Then stranded on life's bleakest shore,
My darkest dreams I then recall;
Specters of woe personified,
A lasting grief my sure downfall.

Suffering this calamity,
I hear naught but the ceaseless rain;
It's at this time I call on You,
And to my side You come again.

Your Presence brings me sweet relief,
Loosened forever sin's tight hold;
Understanding where, when, and why,
I now bide safely in Your Fold.

Henry W. Gurley