



There are at times dark, grievous pains that plague the souls of men.

They sorely press upon the heart deep sorrows without end.

Through such a pain, I cried to God from trouble's deep despair. The ache of body, soul, and mind defied all comfort shared.

Adrift, I then complained to God; my spirit was o'erwhelmed. I anguished through black, sleepless nights, and words escaped my tongue.

When I considered days gone by and night songs filled with praise, both doubts and questions raged within. *"Where is the God of grace?"*

Then trust prevailed from out the script my Sov'reign penned for me. Though dark this chapter of my life, I humbly bowed my knee.

I thought upon the grace of God amidst past toils and tears. His faithfulness then held me fast with strength to persevere.

BLT 1996
Taken from Psalm 77



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