



A Hope Everlasting

Dwells now my faith at lowest ebb;
Old doubts and fears assail me now.

My life is like a spider's web
Blown by the winds of fate somehow.

Fragile my heart in this process;
Lacking in substance rests my soul.

My life uprooted, I confess,
As it takes on defeated role.

But He is there to bolster me;
My web of strife He then reweaves.
Of a sudden, sweet victory,
As each old doubt, each fear then leaves.

My hope everlasting! It's He;
My faith returning, thanks to Him.
The winds of fate from which I'm free
Take my problems, each one of them.

Bides now my faith at highest peak;
No doubts, no fears dwell in my heart.
My spirit strong . . . No longer weak,
And He's granted me fresh new start.

Henry W. Gurley