



A True Faith

In Him I own a thing called faith,
A bonded trust, a heartfelt state.
And to His Great Love I aspire.
One touch from Him? I can relate.

To honor Him and His Great Name,
In praising words to glorify.
To share His Love to places dark,
My faith in Him the reason why.

I rise each day and greet new sun.
I have Him near when comes the night.
No truer faith could I possess.
Oh! He is there! I see His Light!

To me He granted long ago
Precious thing at that fateful place.
Salvation's gift He guaranteed . . .
And with it there? His Touch of Grace.

Henry W. Gurley