



His Promise

His Promise made and guaranteed,
Blood-bought on that awful day;
A wondrous thing, a wondrous deed,
Showing me the rightful way.

Upon that cross He died for all,
And in the throes of His Death
His Promise, a clarion call,
Uttered on His Dying Breath.

Now I reap the benefits of
The gift He awarded me;
It is His Gift, His Gift of Love,
His Gift given from that tree

One day soon at Heaven's Grand Gate
I shall gain a mansion there;
A place sublime, the rarest state,
In view of His Grace so fair.

Henry W. Gurley