

TROUBLED WATERS

Though troubled waters wash over me,
and the fiery darts of hell do fly.
Though the corruption's of this body,
do pass before thy eye.

While I'm beaten down for the moment,
to the Lord my God, I cry.
Deliver me from this evil,
that the praises I shout may split the sky.

A drink of thy cool waters,
the bread of life I need.
The blood of my Lord Jesus,
to help this growing seed.

The seed of faith, you planted;
a couple of years ago.
Oh, God you have done all things well,
because Jesus told me so.

Dale F. Carr III