

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Valley of Roses



My best Father, my dearest Creator,
For You are magnificently gorgeous,
And majestically glorious in splendor.
You're the universe's endearing Darling,
A City where beautiful is harvested,
In Your favor, my dues have been met,
Your presence, is the zest sustaining me.
You, Lord, You're my Valley of Roses,
For I bow to none other or any bosses.

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City Called Beautiful



O, my God, today is a day of fast, a day of humility
To You and only You I come, in the name of Jesus,
I have never trusted in any other, thing or person
My eyes have only been for You, Lord my deliverer.
For who can save either by His words or His might?
Only You, my Lord, my Savior, You save brilliantly,
You prepare a sumptuous table for my enjoyment,
You set Your favors, in the City Called Beautiful.

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Victories after Victory



You have led me through victories after victory,
Not by might or power, but by Your Holy Spirit.
Your grace has been sufficient to me, in all things.
You will again defend me and acquit me early,
You will bring my enemy's accusations to naught,
You will quicken the mind of Dear Rose, and save me,
You will soften the feelings of the Just Society,
And You will favor me in my explanations,
That it shall be accepted at first value in entirety;
Oh Lord, the Spirit of God will lead me through,
The power of the Holy One will enlighten my mind,
And with the wit of God and of divine wisdom,
The allegations of those who plan my downfall,
The machinations of those who want me destroyed,
And the conspiracies of those who refuse to talk,
All will be frustrated by means of divine favor.

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Beauty for Ashes



Hear me, O Lord, when I pray, listen to my prayers;
For You have been faithful to me, and You are good,
 May the plans of the wicked all be led astray,
Let Your love and mercy shine brightly on my agenda,
As Your swift sword of protection strongly guard me,
 So that those who have meant evil for my future,
 Will be brought to nothing if they do not repent.

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A Feast for the Faithful



You will, O God, also look down on their evil threats,
And punish all those who refuse to obey Your word.
But the faithful and those who seek Your face, O Lord,
For them You shall prepare a feast of satisfaction,
You will also reward them with peace unspeakable,
And shower them with joy as of those who win trophies.
Those I serve diligently who have my contracts,
Lord, let them not rise any accusation, even once,
Let them be satisfied with the work I have provided,
And instead of finishing me, they will promote me.

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Like Dew in the Morning



And let no future clients be disgruntled over services.
Let it be like dew in the morning, like music to the ear.
And protect and confine me harmless, O Lord,
So that those who designate me to French avocat,
May be fulfilling a divine mission You've commanded,
That through Your help, my graduation may be sure –
Both from the undergraduate and postgraduate.
Then I shall teach nations the fear of the true God,
And sanitize governments of the need for justice,
So that, O Lord, the poor may be fended and protected,
The oppressed may be freed and orphans taken care of.
I will also, with your grace, enlighten the many unschooled,
To point them to the unveiled truth in God our Maker.

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Flower Every Hour



I pray, God,
For Your matchless wisdom,
Your energy,
So that I may rise like an eagle
And hunt like a lion,
In this, too,
Let there be found meekness
And also gratitude.
For You, Oh, Lord,
Brings me a flower
Every other hour.

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Unapproachable Glory



Now, Lord,
Hear the supplications that I make:
O Lord, my God,
Is there anything too hard for You?
For You pin Your authority
In mighty universe,
You order nature
So it cannot disobey Your will,
Even animals
All know their station and habitat,
And all creation,
Bows at Your unapproachable glory.

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Ancient in All, Present for All



You are ancient in all,
And yet present in all of us,
You will create
And You will also destroy at will,
You will make beautiful,
And also dull Your way;
You are God of all nature
And all creations are Yours.
You will shrivel this to its level,
You will make its shape
As one of a ready warrior,
You will put strength in its bones,
Fun in its muscles.
And it shall be said,
“The Lord brings shape to all!”

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Halleluiah, You Always Hear Me



I believe, Lord,
That You have heard my prayer,
Because You always hear me
When I pray,
Even when I pray amiss,
Your grace makes right.
It is well with my soul,
The tables are set with all goods,
The valleys are filled up
To their level plains,
The mountains have risen up,
Shouting, "Halleluiah!"

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White Flowers



You have put diverse qualities
 In human beings,
As You haven't in animals
 And the wild bushes,
So that for each excellence
 In an animal in the field,
There are more matching it
 In a single human being;
 All this is how
You have sanctified humanity above all,
 And You have seconded man
 To be a carrier of Your name,
 When You chose him
To bring up Your Son in the world,
 O Lord,
Isn't it all this too much,
 For a mortal man?

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Even Time Bows to You



Oh, God, when I consider man,
Whom You love;
Whom You have honored
With titles angels would whimper,
Whom You have provided
With wit for technology,
And wisdom to understand times
And predict futures.
Aren't You the one
Who has made man sophisticated,
Whereas he thinks with his brain,
Deliberates with his mind.
Aren't You the one who has given him
Senses to heal,
And has advanced him
From one epoch to the next.
You alone have done all these,
And You will do even more.

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Only One God



In times to come,
When my flesh would have been dissolved,
The sons of men
Would have discovered all Your make,
They would have made trips globally
In milliseconds,
And they would have prolonged man's death
To years yonder,
And even their young ones,
Would have learned issues early,
They will be a generation
Of those who may forsake God,
Because they might be tempted,
To think they are gods.
May it never be, O Great God, may it not.

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Intelligence Supreme



But my prayer, O Lord,
Is that You have preserved remnants,
You have through books
And the Internet supreme knowledge,
So that the daughters
Of men and women
Will read,
And so that
They would not go after their own civilizations;
They will know and trust
The Word of the Living God,
And thereby be blessed
Many more folds than those before.
In this, O Lord,
Be praised,
For You are from everlasting,
And Your dominion
Will keep on growing till eternity.

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Glad in My Sleep



I will be glad in my sleep,
Knowing that You are still God.
I will also teach my children,
The perpetuity of the Divine,
They will spread like a tornado
In the presence of the Lord,
From one end of the globe,
To the other end of the world.

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Standing at Two Confluences



O Lord, I am like one,
Who is standing at two confluences;
At one,
You desire me to learn the knowledge of man,
And at the other,
You continue to fill my heart with God,
And in this, dear Lord,
May I be wise not to be silent.
I will not keep quiet,
I will write many more books,
I will leave behind
The wisdom of the loving God.

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Fountain of Knowledge



Hear me, now my Father,
And do not deny these to me,
That You will make a fountain
Of knowledge to many,
That all who come across me,
May acknowledge Your skill,
And rave
Into Your never-ending magnificence
Forever –
Let even the deaf hear,
The blind see and the mute talk,
For they shall hear, see,
And speak the mysteries of God,
They shall know
That apart from You, Lord,
There is nothing,
But that with You, O Lord,
There is everything we need.

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Beaming with Delight



O Lord, who is unto You,
Who can compare to You?
There is none,
Nobody can even come closer to You.
You are altogether bright, right,
And beaming with delight.

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Sings Eternal



My soul sings eternally
To my dearest Lord and God,
My voice within shouts out
To the victories to come,
For You have been enough to me,
And all mine,
Even all that I have
Is from Your gracious hands,
And all I will have or not have,
You have provided all.
May all the glory from men's mouth,
And women's hands,
Be Yours, and Yours also
Be the blessings forever!

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I am Loved



You are defined by constancy, faithful in all Your ways
So dear Father, I am humbled at the thought of You
To note that You think about me and You love me,
To ponder on this sound contemplation: That I am loved.
Oh, this revelation, how magnificent, how hilarious.
The God who is in Heaven is also here on earth with us,
And He orders all things – seen and unseen the same.

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Constitution of the Anatomy



How You have listened
To the simple cries of Your people,
You have heard their petition
For mercy and compassion,
For You know that to them,
What is insignificant to You,
Is what troubles their peace
And takes away their stance.
You are aware of their frailties,
That they are dust,
To remember
The constitution of their anatomy,
That although they may brag
And stand tall in regalia,
They are nothing
But powder that is about to be blown.

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Worthless Scale



Oh Lord,
You observe all humanity,
You see their weakness
When they are strong,
You reprimand their guile,
When they are venerated,
And You chide their pride
When think they're champions.
Only You, O Lord,
Know their end,
Their perfect full stop;
Only You, dear Lord,
Understands their end from living,
And You have weighed
Their worthless days on the scale.

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Pedestals of Renown



To You,
All men are just dust that will pass;
Even though they stand proudly
On pedestals of renown,
You count them as chaff
That will be thrown and burned.
For me, O Lord,
I have not despised Your tender mercies,
For in them,
I take refuge and I am comforted.
I know that without Your mercies,
My efforts are nothing.
You will not let me be put to shame,
You will stand with me.
You will not also let
Those who seek my end rejoice,
You will deny them
The consummation of their arrogance.

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Warrior of Warriors



Now rise up, O mighty One,
The Warrior of warriors,
And spread Your sword
For all Your enemies to tremble,
And vindicate Your servant
Who loves and trusts You.

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Trust in His Mercy



Do not, O Lord,
Allow the systems of adjudication take place,
And do not
Allow the vales of investigation go on further.
Stop them in their course
So that they can be forgotten,
And let those who pursue them
Lose track and be bored,
Let them say,
“We’ve found nothing implicating,
We have stopped.”

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Sweet Name



I will love You, O Lord,
I will say Your sweet name each day,
I will placate myself
As one mesmerized by a young lover,
I will be enchanted
By Your loving smack and be satisfied.
O Lord, it is, indeed, pleasant
To stand still in Your presence,
To learn to listen
To Your tender voice,
And be awestruck.

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My Genius



Oh, God, my genius,
I would rather
Be closer to You
Than to enjoy myself in evil;
I would prefer the company
Of those who fear You,
To belonging to the barracks
Of all God mockers.

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Only the Lord



Your name alone is to be feared
Above anything else.
For only the Lord is God,
And only to Him belongs all power.

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Smirked by God



And in Your everlasting power
I will take refuge and rest,
For I will easily open the mails
And read the contents,
I will also answer him
Who questions and probes me,
I will tell her who is searching
That it is now the end,
For the Lord is good
And He has answered my prayers.
In the mouth of babes and infants,
Oh, You smirk me in an instance.

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Daddy's Horsy



The Lord has said it clearly,
He has spoken strongly
To my investigators for His sake,
And He has commanded them
To put a stop to contentions.
I am forever thankful
That the Lord has done this,
I am on my knees
To give Him direct homage and praise,
Because to Him
And for Him
Belongs all authority.

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Lovely Like a Rose



Who can comprehend the mind of God,
Our Maker?
Who can ask Him to change His mind
Once He decides,
Who can advise Him,
As if He needed human intervention?

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Gargantuan Legs



And who can say to Him:
“The Lord erred on such a mission”?
For the universe
Is the work of Your genius,
O Lord,
And the deep of the sea
You created for Your pleasure.
The fishes should roam in spaces
Grandeur and spacious,
Leviathan spreads her gargantuan legs,
Across its precipices.
The small and as well as the big,
Both find their habitat,
The sailor does not know
What lurks beneath the anchor.
Yet, Your eyes are in everything,
You see even in darkest.

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Wiser than Magicians



You are wiser
Than all the magicians
Of the East,
And in all Your ways,
You excel in tact and strategy.
You are the Lord
Of all the living,
Keeper of all the dead,
To You, for You and unto You,
Belong the now and then,
And at Your silence,
The earth shakes,
And the sky sleeps,
When You shout,
Mountains flatten,
And rivers swirl.

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Praise Him Early



I give You praise, Lord,
Who neither slumber not rest,
I praise You early
And give You all that define me easily.
The benevolent,
The magnificent,
The admirable, is You.

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Reclining at His Pavilion



O, Most High,
Today,
Hear my supplication and orison,
Do, O Lord,
Rebuke the one who announces my doom,
Do, O Lord,
Diverge them from their path of blame,
That I may again stand peacefully
In Your presence,
That I may offer again the sacrifice
Of praise to You,
And that I may sing, with joy,
Because of Your victories.
That my soul and flesh
Should recline in Your pavilion,
That I may dance to the tune
Of Your heavenly rhyme.

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Blessed Generation



My God, my Father,
We are the blessed generation
We are the sons and daughters
Born in peaceful times,
We've measured and achieved
Serenity one with another,
And in our days,
We know the goodness of unity.

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Science of Worship



Let, Oh, Lord posterity,
Remember You,
Those who came before us
Would love our days,
They would busk
In our tranquil glory of sovereignty,
They would admire that for your sake,
The Gospel spreads,
And they would wish
They lived in tandem with science.
Yet, they would scold us
For forsaking Your honor,
They will not take kindly
To our vanity and arrogance,
How that we have taken
The name of God for granted,
And have forfeited Your grace
For the crave of conceit.

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Law's Magnificence



O Lord, I have reasoned and I have found answers,
That our recluse with justice and loyalty are vane,
For we selectively apply law to fit our positions,
And Counsels and Advocates pander for the tummy.
We have left Government to those who oppress,
And made laws in order to advance rulers' agendas.
The people are not given the right message to follow,
The young are lost and have no moral standards,
The elders have not sat them around wisdom's bench,
And they have no role models to emulate and learn.
Those who forsake the Lord will surely perish,
Their adventures will not be remembered forever,
And all they achieved will be burnt in patches of history;
They will be dust in the street and manure for animals.
But those who fear and worship the Lord God,
Their tents will ever stand, their wisdom will remain,
And their children will invent wonders and rule nations,
They will also take the glory of God as shield of honor.
God, our Lord, You have not left us without hope,
You have shown us how to love by Your holy Son,
And we will praise You in deed and in words.
Be blessed, O Lord, be mentioned in all disciplines,
And be sought after like precious, much pure gold.

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Your Excellences



Your excellences make me want to dance, O Lord,
The wealth of Your minerals makes many rich.
You provide rivers of capital under the soil men tread
And dreams of flowers in the wild people rarely grow.
When they sleep, You favor them with fresh dreams,
When they awake, You feed their bellies with goods.
You provide them with strength, their industries run.
When they are sick, You heal them with mere pills,
And when they fall, You lift them up without prayer.
O grace, O the dispensation of those God has favored,
As if what has been done in our times isn't enough,
You've also paid our debts with Your own blood.
You have redeemed us, and crowned us with glory.
Whom have You treated with such favor in all ages?
Whom have You treasured with such grace as us?
And who has not thanked You enough like us?
And who have taken Your free benefits for granted?
O Lord, may You live forever and Your wonder be,
For to You be all the rivers, the seas and the oceans,
And to You alone be all the trees, and the grasslands.
To You also, O Lord, be all the mountains and valleys,
And all the fauna and flora and all creeping things;
You spoke Your Word and created human beings.

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Blissful Feeling



My spirit is awake in me, though the flesh be weak
And, Father in Heaven, to this blissful feeling I awake,
And yet, not for the feelings, but for the faith in You,
For to believe in what has not been seen or provided,
Is to have faith in the true, the living Father of Grace.
I would have fainted, O Lord, many, many times over,
Until I believed that You are near me, closer to my soul.
You haven't left me desolate, You haven't forsaken me.
Your Spirit moves me to pray, fast and to wait upon You.
In this, I take tremendous respite and I am at peace.
Because I know, O Father, that You preside over life,
That You are the arbiter of all of nature and all in it,
And You issue judgments that are binding on all things,
For all the leanings in the world, are bent towards You;
To guard, direct and order them into compliance,
Even though You still grant them their own free will
And desire that they use it to glorify You, and You alone.
I will praise You, my Father, I will appraise Your name,
I will also lay down on my face in worship to You,
Among the gods, there is no-one like my Father,
And among the children of men, no-one is worthy.

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Happiest Pain



It shall go well with me, no matter who targets me,
I can still boast in this: That I know that You, my God,
You are merciful, slow to anger and abound in love.
This, though, I do not take for granted, O Father,
And I will not shun Your rebuke and discipline,
If and when it is deserved of me justly and fairly.
But today, O Lord, I am not been fairly targeted,
My complainant does want to see me punished,
They want to rejoice in my misfortune and pain,
Because they believe that it will be their revenge.
Yet this I know, Your mercy shines on me brightly,
You've given me plenty for naught, indeed, rightly.

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In a City Called Beautiful

My Soul's Show-Stopper



There are those who do not want me to succeed;
You know their machinations, Lord, You see it all.
You will not allow Your son to be unfairly treated,
You'll diffuse their stratagems and obviate their plans.
You will stop them in their tracks and redirect them.
You will frustrate their complaint and bring it to null,
And in that they will be met with justice from Heaven,
For You Lord knows how hard working I have been,
 You understand the sleepless nights I invested,
And You are aware of all my efforts to serve them.
You're also just, fair and an impartial adjudicator,
And into Your hands, I would prefer there to fall,
 To being abused into the hands of mortal men.
Therefore, I pray, O Just Judge, that You judge me,
 And not allow those who seek my end judge me.
For with You, there is mercy and grace in abundance,
 And with You, I know I can trust in Your mercies,
Which fortifies my resolve to overcome, like an eagle.

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Free Freedom



My Lord, my Father, I feel how You feel
I understand how those You have created reject You,
Those who breathe the air that You created,
Those who drink the water You freely allow to flow,
And those who enjoy the sun's rays that warm them,
Yet, they turn against You, and plainly betray You.
They know they're mortal, still they brag about life.
They understand they will die, still they rebel,
And they have the evidence of weakness
And yet they stand tall and challenge their maker.
O Lord, as for me, I know that all things hold by You,
That without You, our pride is nothing but chaff.
But You're different, You're merciful, You forgive men.
You still supply Your generosity free without charge,
And You ingratiate the children of men with love.
You care for those who heap ungratefulness on You,
And You keep their children safe at night wholly.
Be praised, O Lord, the merciful, the blessed One,
From beginning of the end to the end of the start.

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Joyous Peace



Oh peace, mighty and wonderful peace, of God.
Only You, dear Father, can sustain us with peace.
In prayer, we find great joy and unspeakable peace,
And in serving You, there is abundance of joyous peace.
If we should follow our own whims and even caprices,
We will be like destitute children who have rebelled,
We will be buffeted by sleepless nights and anguish,
And we will forget what a moment of serenity feels.
But with You, O God, there is plenty of harmony,
As if our entire bodily, souly and spiritual mechanism,
Has been merged at the confluence of eternal bliss.
Give us, O Lord, this peace, this benefit of Heaven,
And fill our hearts with strength, interest and all joy,
So, we dance as we walk, and sing as we speak out,
So, we can embrace each coming challenge with grace,
And endure any wiles the enemy may shoot at us.
Oh, Father, You have given us this peace, this ember,
And we will let it bloom and blossom to its azure base,
We'll give You thanks for the comfort that You provide.

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Darling Savior



You have always been on time, my God, dear Father,
How could I have survived those who seek my fall?
How could I have answered them who question me?
But Your Spirit nagged my spirit, and made me recall,
Your voice was strong in me, it showed me the way,
And Your love made me find out what was needed,
For with Your help, I responded to their missives,
And because You know the details of all my life,
O Lord, You are able to see and know all my dealings.
Therefore, O, Holy Father, now sanctify my answers,
And release Your divine and holy favor in abundance,
So that Peter can accept my extensions to the very end,
And because of Your kindness, it shall be all well.
Awake, awake, all peoples of the nations of the earth,
Fear Him, bow before His throne and give Him praise,
For the Lord is constantly fending out for His people,
The Good Lord knows all and is present in all our dues.
Be praised again, and again, O Jesus, Darling Savior.

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Praise Time is Good Time



O God, You're eternal, immortal, invisible, and grand,
You are eternally, highly seated in unimaginable glory,
You're fervently adored by angels and by the 24 elders,
You receive praise and honor every eternal moment,
You speak favor, You breathe life and You give gifts,
Your movements swirl the winds and stay the sun,
The blink of Your eyes creates seasons and days,
Your laughter causes the waves in the oceans to rise.
Even when You're doing nothing, You're still working,
Even when You don't say a word, mountains tremble.
O Lord, God, how pleasant it is also to say Your name,
To come to the moment of praise and worship You.

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Church's Glorious



How divinely satisfying it is to belong to Your church,
To hear Your name being stated Sunday to Sunday,
And to be told time and time that, “God is very good!”
Oh God, Lord my Father, I am at the end of the road,
I have exhausted all genius and all that I am capable of,
And I have consulted within wherein I know I am over.
But, I know whom I have believed in, my Deliverer,
And in all the battles I engage, You have allowed them,
I shall emerge winner, for Your name is “Conqueror.”

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Desserts in the Desert



Oh, aren't You the One who makes ways in deserts?
The Lord, who raises the dead and gives back life.
Aren't You the Ancient of Days, the start, the finish?
With You I can scale a mountain and brave the waves,
And with You, dear God, those who see cannot see.
So, even to You now I make this humble petition:
That You cause the Law Society to accept my plea,
That where it is obviously wrong, they should omit,
And that where it is not obvious, they shouldn't see.
In the name of Jesus Christ, my Lord, I now do pray.

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Mortally Live



If it was a mere mortal man,
Whom I had approached,
And if it was just a human institution alone,
I dealt with,
I would have been despondent,
I would have lost heart,
I also would have fainted
And become as though dead.
But with You,
There is always a way out of the maze,
And with You,
Impossible situations become possible.
For You are God,
The self-made One, the Greatest!

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Breeze of Victory



The breeze of victory flaps assuredly across my core
And I know that, Lord, You have heard my prayers.
I rejoice in this great triumph, for again, You've done it;
You have lightened my soul with a song from above,
And You have permitted me to continue the lesson.
For in everything You've allowed me to pass through,
Oh, Lord, You have prepared a school of experience.
At 7:40 am, August 21st, 2020, You lit up my senses,
You confirmed and brought a great relief to my soul,
I now know that, my Dear Father has answered me,
My Darling Daddy has opened up His vistas of glory,
And has made me very glad with His gracious story,
Whence, I will give Him praise perpetually, forever,
I'll stand in His presence and proclaim, "Halleluiah!"

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Ten Thousand Halleluiahs



When the Lord begins a work, He brings it to pass.
Though men and evil may stand in its way of progress,
The Lord will overcome all and the end it will succeed.
I have trusted in the Lord; I have put my hope in Him.
With the Lord God is mercy, and blessings forever,
And at the right hand of God, stands my Deliverer.
In my deep, somber and odious agony, He heard me,
In my humble supplications, He came to my rescue.
Indeed, ten thousands fell on my right-hand side,
And, indeed, another thousand on my left side,
But the arm of the Lord stood strong and prevailed,
The Almighty, the Leader of the Hosts of Heaven,
He alone, the LORD Jehovah God, was in command,
And He annihilated them all in order to save me.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Big in Africa, I



Oh, give thanks, give thanks to God Omniscient,
In Africa long ago, they knew You as the Omega,
Although they had no history of Judeo-Christianity,
They observed Nature, and in it they discovered You.
They could be enchanted by how You made them,
They could be amazed at the meandering of rivers,
They could be astounded at the heights of mounds,
And in all these, they never stopped to be thankful.
They played drums, flutes and pipes for their God,
They knew You in their mother tongue as *Lesa* –
Or *Suku* or *Oluwa* or *Kalungu* or *Nzambi* or *Njinyi*.
They also knew You as, *Modimo* or *Urezwba* or *Leza*.
You were called *Imana* or *Nyame* or *Bore-Bore*.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Big in Africa, II



You are famously called *Yala, Ngai, Asis, Mungu*.
You are worshipped as *Zanabary* and as *Chiuta*.
You are grandly venerated as *Mulungu* and *Chuku*.
You aimed the name of *Kalunga, Mukuru* and *Pamba*,
And You display Yourself as *Ondo* and *Olodumare*.
Oh Lord my God, aren't You also known as *Inkosi*,
And *Mwari* and *Ukulunkulu* and *Yatta* and *Khuzwane*?
Surely our ancestors loved You, Oh *Kiibumba, Ori*!
You are as well-known as *Rugaga, Ruhanga, Wari*.
In Africa, You have a home, dear *Umkebulumncandi*!
As *Kyumbi, Ruwa, Mongu*, You achieved ascendancy,
Oh, *Chilenga, Tilo, Mwari*, Oh, God, Oh *Ukulunkulu*!
My people, in their diversity, know You to be BIG!

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Big in Africa, III



My people, the African ancestors, rivetted by You;
They praised You as owner of all the rivers and lakes,
They boasted that You made them cross bridges;
You flooded valleys with reptiles in awesome wonders,
You flattened their grasslands for their heavy booty,
And You fattened their bush mice with Your alacrity.
You also paraded the sky with colorful birds and sun,
You illuminated their night story time with the moon,
And You paved their paths with fluent wildflowers.
You, my God, inundated their savannahs with wild,
And graced their forests with canoe-making trees.
You were always attentive to their prayers in famine,
You caused Your rain to bloom their nuts and seeds,
And You helped them in their trade of goods for goods.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Big in Africa, IV



Oh, my ancestors, my ancient African ancestors,
They summoned You in their times of trouble,
They named You, “One called when days are tough!”
They enlarged You in inexpressible pomp and show,
And in Your providence, they placed their trust.
Even when Europeans traveled the continent for loot,
And even when explorers dissuaded them from You,
They did not disabuse the knowledge of their God.
But patiently, they learned the other names of God,
They understood that You alone was God Almighty,
And they gladly embraced You in other cultures,
And though they had no rabbis or imams or pastors,
They followed You by being grateful to Your love,
For You helped their men roar stronger and virile,
You, God, did cause their women give birth safely,
And You had made their gardens fruitful with fruit.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Big in Africa, V



Oh Lord, my God, aren't You the same always?
Aren't You the One who governs nature and space?
Aren't You the same in Africa, Europe and Asia?
And aren't You the God who preside over America,
The Pacific, the Islands, Arctic and Antarctica?
Indeed, You are from everlasting to everlasting,
You deserve worship in every language and tongue,
And in You, all the natives of the world find life.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Beautiful Word, I



They say it is darkest just before it is dawn
Oh, Lord, I now understand the meaning of it.
It is Your Word, that living and Eternal Word,
That food for my soul, that everlasting diet,
Oh, Lord, without Your Word, how can I live?

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Beautiful Word, II



You are God who saves, the Lord Wondrous;
For in the time when all seemed falling on me,
When the pangs of injustice, and of betrayal,
When it seemed like my dignity was at stake,
When dark clouds covered my summery days,
And long nights of sleeplessness awakened me,
Oh, Lord, my God, my Father, Your Word,
That spiritual nourishment of life and liberty,
Oh, my dearest Savior, did come to my rescue.
I am whole, and with the eyes of divine faith,
I will see the best of the Lord here on earth.
My pursuers will find no evidence against me,
And I will rest safely into the comfort of God.
Be praised, my faithful God, also be glorified,
You are God who saves, the Lord Wondrous!

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Keen Defender



My Father who is in the highest Heaven
I am again at Your door of grace and mercy,
To seek Your Kingdom, Your righteousness,
To look to You for all that my soul needs,
And to give You all the glory, for it is all Yours.
In the past, You have been my keen defender.
In the days gone, You have fended for me,
And in years far behind, You stood with me.
I remember Your mercies of the old days,
I will not forget how You have helped me,
And I will always know You never change.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

No Jamboree



You'll save me from accusers,
You will not allow them
To busk in their jamboree,
But You will show the favor
That You have towards me,
You will make my case insignificant
Before those who search,
And You will make them
To abandon their efforts.
For Lord, when they hear
Or read my name,
They will fail to see the faults
And seemly mistakes,
And they will see only the good
And the most favorable.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Oil of Toil



Oh, my Lord my God,
You have made all things,
You know all humans
And what they're planning,
You investigate those
Who investigate others,
And You will find those
Who check on others,
That their own records
Are wanting and base,
And You will cause them
To end all their digging.
Oh, Most Glorious, Amen,
Do relieve the pain
Of those who toil
Oh, Most Generous, Amen!

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Fellers in the Squalors



They may not be the strongest
They may live in squalors and favelas
They may not own any property
And they may be socially lowly;
But You have loved them still,
You have given them air to breathe,
And water to wet their thirsty tongues.
They continue to trade and love
And they know You care for them.
Oh, Lord my God, You're fair,
You're good to all, even to mockers.
May all the peoples praise You;
May they never forget Your mercies.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Spacious Places



My dearest Father,
Do favor Your me
Do grant my wishes, too.
Do bring me to spacious places.
And for those who hate me,
Do give me love to embrace.
You will discourage them,
Oh, Lord, from hurting me,
And You will use them,
As instruments for my good.
For You O Lord,
Shall make all things glow,
Even things done against me
Shall turn out well,
And those who mark me
Shall miss, serving Your purpose.
For to You and for You,
Be all the glory, Amen!

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

The Perfect I AM



Many times, I ponder and contemplate on Your mercies,
I think deeply about divine politics and Your own rule,
I see that You are the Lord of all lords, King of all kings,
I understand that You have the whole world in Your hands,
You command nature, animals and all manner of the wild,
You instruct mountains and tame all wild beasts,
You tell the weather when to change its course,
You preside over the universe, to guide its movements,
You direct the Heavens and sustain the grasslands,
You are the fountain of hope for the hopeless prisoner,
The healer of bodies afflicted by miniature microbes,
The restorer of health to those who are buffeted by disease,
The bringer of peace to troubled minds and souls,
The helper of those beaten by the trounces of misery,
The perfecter of the cause of those seeking for justice,
The illuminator of the minds in pursuit of knowledge,
The pathfinder to those lost in jungles and wide seas,
The provider of food to those without means or ends,
The supplier of free water and air in abundance to all souls,
The sojourner together with those in need of direction.
The Father to the fatherless, redeemer of broken lives,
The destroyer of all the aims and plans of the evil one,
The giver of eternal life, taker of the breath He apportions.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

God of Everything, I



You are General of all the generals, my Father
You created everything that is seen or is unseen.
If it was me, I would have repented of the evil I see,
I would have punished my creation and destroyed it all,
I would have said, “Charles, you can create it again.”
I would have lost patience, with the betrayals I see,
I would have slain all nations and whole peoples,
I would have bent or delayed justice for my own sake,
I would have economized the truth and lie occasionally,
I would have been bossy, arrogant, tilted to reason,
I would’ve demanded total obedience without excuses,
I would have punished the accused without trial,
I would have denied penance to those who prayed,
I would have been bored by the petitions of multitudes,
I would have forgotten to follow on my promises,
I would have let the limit rule of the oceans get loose,
I would’ve permitted the skies to wreak havoc on earth,
I would have lost heart with sinners and murderers,
I would have not forgiven perpetual law breakers,
I would not listen to those who serve my purpose,
And I would have been an unapproachable deity;
But thank You, my God, that You are not me.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

God of Everything, II



Surely, You are not like any other god or power,
You are fair, just, reasonable, impartial, unbiased,
You give a command to Yourself and You respect it.
You ordained order in the universe, which is Your rule.
You have been faithful to Your Word from start to end.
You are the same, yesterday, today and forever.
You restrain Your anger, even though You shouldn't.
You tolerate evil-doers even when they sneer You.
You give Your sun and moon to both good and bad.
You supply food, water and air to all, even to infidels.
You bear with injustice, for the sake of Your love.
You are generous with Your mercy, forgiving many.
You answer the prayers of those who make petitions.
You are close to those who are suffering or in pain.
You bind the wounds of those injured by injustice.
You protect children and those who seek Your help.
You defend the weak from their powerful investigators.
You acquit those who pray to You of all their charges.
You guide in righteous those who seek the path of good.
You do all these, and yet You are God of everything.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Glorywide



Oh, how lovely is this month going to be,
With the eyes of faith, I can clearly see
The Lord, Most Sovereign is on my side,
The blessings, He will unleash glorywide,
And from the very morning of the first day,
To its evening, His glorious loots will stay.
I rejoice in advance, before I see I receive,
Oh, Lord, let not Your bounty cease to give
For You will soothe the judgment of Peter,
And You shall exonerate me even so faster.
Oh, give glory, give it to the Ancient of Days,
And recall that He manifests in many ways,
For who on earth or in Heaven deserves glory?
Who among gods can restrain His eternal story?
But only He, who has no beginning or end,
He, whose truth will stand and never bend.
I praise You, O Lord GOD, for You are good,
Your love is everlasting, Your Word is food;
Till my last breath, Your wonders I'll rumble
And all the powers of darkness will crumble!

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Master



Oh, Master of the mind and creative powers,
You, O Lord, have the mastery only You can have.
I consider a crow, a hunter's worst nightmare,
First, it lures him towards a more vicious predator,
Then, when he is dead, it prowls on his carcass.
It is star of mimic – no voice can't it duplicate.
Yet, You have given to man all of nature's qualities,
You have set his genius to understand wildlife,
So that only man is able to tame its deadly threats.
Oh Lord, my God, You have made man unique,
For only man can outthink all other luminaries,
Only man has the capacity to reason abstractly,
Only man can exercise his free-will to worship;
Oh Lord, be glorified, be praised for this truth.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Breakthrough at Last



My soul whimpers, Father, my soul caregiver
I try to reason with the way I believe within,
I still do not come to believe You've heard.
Oh Lord, I will still believe before my senses do,
I will put my trust in You, in You only, Father.
I will say it loud: "He has answered me surely;
He has opened the door of favor in my paths,
And He has broken all grips of disobedience,
He's rewarded me with peace and an acquittal,
He has done all these for His name's sake."
Do not be weary within me, O my weary soul,
Do believe in God, trust that He keeps His Word,
Do worship Him and remember all His benefits:
He hears You when You call to Him for help,
He has answered You and delivered You before,
He will also deliver You again for His own glory.
Surely, Oh Lord, You are faithful to Your child,
You are my anchor, armor, favor and shield.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

I'll Pray, Always



You reminded me, Spirit of the Living God,
You brought it to my memory, a Scripture,
“Pray without ceasing,” it succinctly vibrated.
Oh Lord, prayer is like a breath of life for us,
It is the air that makes our lives keep on,
With it, O Lord, we are not left defenseless.
I will pray every day, I will whisper to You daily,
I will not relent in mentioning Your holy name,
I will not be tired of saying Your name loudly,
I will not keep silent even when I am quiet,
For without You, my soul cannot live, O God,
Without You, I am vulnerable, I am under threat.
Yet, with You, I know I can withstand the storm,
With You, I can stomp towards war like a horse,
With You, I can glide over the winds like an eagle,
With You, I can thrive in darkness like a serpent,
And destroy the danger that lurks in darkest night.
Oh Lord, You provide me with wings to fly high,
You prepare a lavish table before my enemies.
I will worship You now, and worship You forever,
Be praised, from sucking babies’, infants’ mouths,
And let everything that reasons, give You praise!

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Battle's Won



My soul is elated, O my Father, my God,
Like one returning from a successful battle,
I hear the sound like rhythms of the war drum,
I perceive the sense as one who had wedded;
Indeed, there is jubilation in my heart's chamber,
There is bliss springing from my inner antennas,
Wherein I see the King's glory, though in part,
The foundation of love captivates my heart,
The bringer of joy enjoins me to laugh loudly,
The pacifier of broken souls assures me boldly;
I can run with a Persian horse and be victorious,
I can mount terrains and the win will be glorious;
Oh Lord, You have strengthened my resolve,
My problems You have also promised to solve;
I can do all things through the power of Christ,
I can do this by His strength, which I've priced;
For the Lord is my victory and my glory,
He has also become my success story.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

More Desirable



Your Wisdom reads: “A good name is
More desirable than great riches,
To be esteemed, better than silver or gold.”
Oh Lord, my God, there are those out there
Who seek to see me destroyed or devalued.
They will rejoice to see me fall or diminish,
They will laugh loudly; they will drink wines.
But You, O Lord God, protests my interests,
You are my willing guardian and my fortress.
You will whisper my name to my accusers,
You’ll frustrate the work of my mortal foe,
You will bring honey out of the lion’s shell.
Oh, Lord, You taste like the sweetest fruit,
When You speak, You are a soothing balm.
My hope is in You, shall not be disappointed;
For You are very good, O Lord, very good.
May all Your works bow down in adoration;
May all creation rave in Your amazing grace.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Life's Fountain



Of Your teachings, Father, let it echo piercingly,
They're a life's fountain; they save from death.
My Father, You have preempted death's pang,
You have given us double portion of blessings.
If I live, it is because of Your purposes to fulfill,
If I die, I'll awake again in Your glorious presence.
O death, You are my vehicle to my glorious home,
You'll be needed like sweet comfort when time is;
For now, however, I embrace the treasure of life,
The joy of getting up in the morning and praise,
The hilarity of whispering His name before sunset,
The rare honor of observing His creation's marvels,
And the miracle of family, the bliss of laughter.
Oh Lord, my Father, I love You, I am in Your mind,
For You have become my everything, my omen.
To You be honor – in all its glories and beauties,
To You also be majesty, in all flurries and duties.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Sweet Meandering



The river meanders across rocks and flatlands
It goes from one end to the other end freely.
It dances, yells, cries, laughs, even gets silent.
You have filled it with fishes, insects and reptiles.
You have tamed it with Your grace and life-force.
You have caused its neighbors to benefit from it,
And You've preserved Your creation through it.
It trusts You exclusively, to guide and protect it.
It does not worry about changes in the climate,
Because You are the source of its water springs.
Oh, Lord, let me be like a river of flowing waters;
Let me bring life wherever I go, wherever I am,
And let me trust You easily and unflinchingly.
For You know how to resolve every dilemma;
You'll figure out the best way to end an impasse,
And You will bring victory in ways unthinkable.
I rest, O Lord, I rest in Your everlasting arms.
I take refuge in Your sure eternal life's rotunda;
For You will take care of all my businesses,
You will deal with everything that concerns me.
Oh, my being, trust Your God unconditionally,
And praise Him for His endless guidance, Amen!

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Giving Up Aren't Me



I will not give up, I will continue to dream,
Oh, Lord, even when I have threats around,
When my mind wants to dwell on revulsion,
I will instruct my mind and will guard my heart,
I will say to them, "Take heart, trust in God."
For You, O Lord, have paved a way for me,
You Sovereign Lord, have made my path straight.
There's nothing that is thrown at me that'll stick,
No, nothing that men or the devil shoots at me.
For my boast is in You, O Lord, my strength,
And I will be confident in this, that You care.
You will give me strength to endure the storm,
And energy to soar above the clod of danger.
I'll also sing and dance for joy in Your presence,
For to You and from You belong all victory.
Oh, Lord, my Father, You are dearest to me,
You are my light and my excellence in this life.
I'll honor You with my first breath when I awake,
And I will magnify Your name even before battle.
In Your presence, I find all that life call good,
In Your Word, I get inspiration and motivation.
Be exalted, O Lord, above all gods and deities,
Be ululated for Your heroic deeds are marvelous,
For Yours will be the Kingdom and the power,
You'll be cited in songs from hour to hour.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Power's Hour



My Father, I am living at the edge of faith,
I am barely hiding in the fringes of grace.
I see a danger lurking, I hear voices of despair,
My soul is disquieted in me, I am at my end.
But what keeps me afloat is this trust I have,
This belief that no matter how the darkness,
Your presence will shine through to a blissful end.
You are the Lord who saved Joseph from a well;
The Lord who rescued Moses from Pharaoh's bars;
The God who saved Daniel from lions' wrath;
The power that parted the Red Sea into dry land.
You, O Lord, is the master at setting up traps,
And the genius at untangling evil's stratagems.
I will not fear what is planned ahead of me,
I will face my accusers with the Lord's strength,
And Lord, You will deliver me from all claims,
For You, O God, have saved me before twice,
And I know You will deliver me this thrice.
My Lord saves from fiery fires, dying waters,
He shows up for those in trouble, never falters.
As the Scripture declares: "There is a river,
Whose streams make glad the City of God,
The holy place where the Highest dwells.
God is in the midst of her, she will not fall;
God will help her at the break of day.
Nations are in uproar, kingdoms fall;
He lifts his voice, the earth melts."

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Immanuel



You are God's Son, You are Immanuel,
You are right now with me; I will not fear.
Though there be nothing in my bank account,
Though the fridge be empty with no food,
Though I am told, "It's over, you are fired,"
And though my businesses fail to earn profit;
Yet, I will not despair, I will not be shaken,
My faith in God of Love shan't be broken,
My trust in His mercies will not be forsaken,
And my resolve in His grace won't be shrunken.
When I am afraid, I will run to You and be safe,
In Your presence, I will find comfort and refuge,
You'll order Your mercies to blanket over me,
And Your divine wings will carry me to safety.
For You, God Almighty, You're my hiding place,
You, O Lord, You satisfy me with Your grace,
You, Lord Supreme, do keep me firm in the race,
And You, the Glorious One, do brighten my face.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Calmly Flowers



You thrill my heart, O Lord, with Your wonders.
You perplex me, You amaze me, You enthrall me.
Can a man worry and gain anything from such?
Can a woman fret and by so doing grow an inch?
Oh, Lord, the way You do things is above reproach;
You answer prayers in ways too high to realize.
You make my faithlessness look trivial, irrelevant;
You defeat my own lack of strong belief in You.
Since it is You, Lord, who put words in my mouth,
You, Sovereign Lord, who design my faith's pattern,
And then directs me to utter those sacred words,
Even answering me in methods too fantastic for me.
I know that You have ordered a defence for me,
And spoken favorably of me for all to follow suit.
I am glad, O Lord, for Your mercies and kindness,
I give You praise for Your miracles and goodness.
I boast in Your favor, I glow in the glory of Your love
And I am charmed by the good things from above.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Sun of Sweetness



You lead me, You open my eyes, O Lord
Even before a danger comes, I am aware.
You make me know my adversary's plans,
You remind me of important deadlines,
Oh, Lord, Your Spirit lives within me,
He guides me to the truth for Jesus' sake,
And He directs my faculties into blessings.
Oh, open, open the heavens wide for us,
Oh, Lord, seal, seal all the wicked clefts,
And disregard the works of the evil one.
For to the one who obeys Your precepts,
Him who puts His trust in Your commands,
To such a person, Your favor will increase,
His enemies will quickly see their destruction,
And their memory on earth shall perish.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Shadow of Sweetness



The woman who loves Your voice,
She who is attentive to Your directives,
Oh, Lord, nothing good shall You withhold,
And You will make their children fruitful,
You will satisfy their sons with virgins,
And decorate their souls with loveliness.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Sea of Sunsets



Oh, Heaven above, seas below, and earth,
Oh, you cloud that moves when He does,
And you sun's rays that adorn His coming,
Do stand still, and the King of Glory,
The LORD, He who is majestic in power,
The True Master, Ancient of Days,
The Maker of All, shall whisper His love,
Through the Holy Spirit that He gave;
Be sanctified, O Lord of life above,
Abandon not our legacies to the grave.
Amen!

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Moon of Mercy



I thank You, Oh, dear Lord and God
I thank You, that You answer prayers.
You pay attention to every petition
And You miss no supplication.
You are also infinitely a good listener
And when You speak, You are clear.
Thank you, Oh, Victorious One –
Thank You for You always hear prayer!

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Seasons of Sunrise



Oh, Lord God, I have revered Your name.
I glory in the glow of Your amazing fame.
I've gone out to frolic like a well-fed calf,
For You have done all well on my behalf.
Oh, God, You are my sun of righteousness,
The aura augmenting my morning, flawless.
I am healed by Your holy and rising rays,
I am perfected by Your love in all my ways.
You will make all things work for my good;
I love You, my foibles You've understood.
Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow,
And Your gentleness shall be my pillow.
Oh, Lord, it is Your love that defends me,
You're glorious, all praise belongs to Thee.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Center of the Sun



Oh, Lord, my God, my Father, my hope.
I love what I do, O Lord God, Almighty.
I love practicing the law, advising clients.
I love also working on long submissions;
I love arguing the law, applying it to facts.
I enjoy the miracle of justice and its power.
I'll do it for nothing if I would not choose,
And I'd give the world its just demands.
But, Lord, my practice has been threatened.
Oh, Hagos has brought a pernicious claim
And complained in order to thwart my work.
I pray, Lord, do not allow this to succeed.
I pray, curtail its tale and bring it to nothing.
That, Oh God, You give no sleep to Peter,
And You cause him to find no fault in me.
That the complaint be terminated instantly,
That after reading my answer, it be stopped.
I thank You, Lord, because You've heard me.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Wild of Wisdom



Oh, Lord, it is in Your mercy that I trust,
For my boast is only in Your love-kindness.
You will vindicate me for Your name's sake,
For there is mercy, grace with You, O God;
There is hope only in Your loving nature,
And You will preserve, sustain my business.
That through this grievance, promote me,
That through grace's miracle, You favor me.
I'll rise early in the morning to give praise,
I will not relent to magnify and glorify You,
For only to You and for You belong both.
Oh, in Your mercy I do trust, O Lord Father,
Do not disappoint me, for You have not;
From the rising of the sun, to its setting.
Amen.

VALLEY OF ROSES
In a City Called Beautiful

Sign of Soundness



Only hope, O dear Lord, my Father,
Only hope opens a gateway to glory.
The news of the refusal of Adeola's,
The inability to penetrate the 12th bar,
And the disorientation after pluses,
Oh, Lord, has consumed my inner soul.
I will have to disclose this bad news,
To a man who is already heavily crushed,
Oh, my Father, loving and gracious,
The One who comforts those in need,
The One who places Your arm around,
And soothes those burdened by loads;
My Good God and comforting Father,
I beg You, through Christ, Your Son,
That You will remember Patrick today,
That You will give him strength divinely,
And anoint him with Your holy grace,
Amen.