

Destiny

Before ever was the snow and ice
Which speaks of coldness everywhere;
And such discomfort which is never nice
Distorts the very feel of air;
Before the sun did ever shine
Or any warming wind could blow;
Before that presence I call mine
Could help me see, or think, or know;
Before the rain caused growth again
And clouds spoke of our present debt,
Dependent as we are on rain,
Without which so soon we learn to fret;
Before the brightness of a lovely morn
Could e'er replace that bleakest dark of night;
In such a time were my hopes born,
Not in myself, nor, in any sense, in my own might.
Before any man could think or move
To show his powerful presence anywhere;
A voice had spoken full of love,
"I'll pitch My tabernacle there".
He spoke before its rooms were made,
Anticipating each man's fall
And helping all, each to parade
Faith, in that He has made it all.
Our hope in covenants He gave,
His love to provide a saving way.
Before I close my eyes this night
And bring to an end another day,
I know a prayer to Him is right
To thank Him, before I fade away.

Bill Guy