

Comfort

Hope of glory is my comfort
Where my heart finds peace and rest
Secret harbour from the tumult
Precious refuge of the blessed.

Though the winds of trouble bluster
And the tempest gathers nigh
I remember how the Master
Made the wind and sea comply.

Though we sail the stormy ocean
Our great Captain's at the helm
For destruction's not our portion
There's no force can overwhelm.

Other ships reduced to driftwood
By the onslaught of the squall
All their compass points are falsehood
Destruction is their port of call.

Rest my head upon my pillow
Trust the Captain's sure command
Fear no storm or raging billow
We will make the promised land.

Vincent Lyons.