

Shadowed Valley

I crossed a verdant valley on a dark and cloudy day,
I walked along contentedly because I knew the way;
The mountains tall around me stood brooding in the cloud
The sunlight overshadowed as if mantled by a shroud.

My thoughts were turned to Scripture and the shadowed valley psalm,
Though gloominess surrounds me His word's a soothing balm;
The Shepherd goes before and I follow where He goes,
As Man He walked this valley and all its trouble knows.

Some think the shadowed valley trip begins when they are dead;
At funerals and requiems, I'm sure you've heard it said,
But Scripture says the curse of death hangs over every head,
Life journeys through this valley—It ends when you are dead!

The Shepherd came to shine His Light into this vale of death;
His rod and staff will lead you safe across its length and breadth,
And when your days on earth are done no darkness will enshroud
But you will dwell with Him above—The psalmist has avowed.

The sun's appeared, the mist has gone; I'm walking in the light;
The shadowed valley's far behind, in fact it's out of sight;
My trip is done, no fear or dread could halt my sure ascent
And I'm at rest in Christ my Lord, in God omnipotent.

Vincent Lyons.