

"He's with You in the Fray"

An island in a raging sea
Is tested of its strength
By winds that blow and waves that crash
Across its width and length.
At times it might look hopeless
As the trees begin to fall,
Uprooted by strong gusts of air--
No diff'rence short or tall.
How does the island persevere?
Why does it never sink?
How does it hold its chin up high
When it is on the brink?
The answer's not a secret
One must search for until found;
The answer lies beneath the sea:
It's built on solid ground.
No waves can lift nor wind uproot
Foundation strong and sure;
The island's strength cannot be seen,
But always it endures.

Some day your life will face a storm
And put you to the test;
You'll feel like you are sinking, and
Your soul will be depressed.
Remember your Foundation
Who supports you ev'ry day;
You need not face the waves alone--
He's with you in the fray.

TRH
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