



The Fearful Night

www.scripturaltruths.org

The skies are low and darkening, a breeze begins to blow
And to the shore just over there, our Lord has bid us go.
The waves are lapping lightly, there's freshness in the air
The gulls are winging homeward, the wind begins to stir.

We cross a league and then some, the winds now stronger blow
Our barque is rising, falling, the distant lights are low.
The rains come crashing downward, and sting the weathered face
But of the Lord who sent them, there is now found no trace.

Ah, then the winds grow stronger, and whistling in the air
It's cold, it's dark and frightening, stout hearts begin to scare.
So far away the shoreline, we're out here all alone
The icy rain is lashing, it's chilling to the bone.

Perhaps there comes a thought line, "Where is the Master now?"
He's with us in the sunshine, now waves crash o'er our bow.
Oh! why did we then listen?", He's not a fisherman!
It's foolishness to think now, I can, oh yes I can."

The other side gets dimmer with each successive wave
For hopes are dropping sharply, there's no one here can save.
And then a scream is piercing, the harbinger of death
Is coming, ghostlike toward us, one freezes in their breath.

A cry is heard from each one, as death stares in each face
We'll sink beneath the waves now, our bodies leave no trace.
There's no goodbye to families, and lumps rise in each throat
A ghost is coming toward us, perhaps he'll pass our boat.

And then above the fierceness of the cold and chilling blast
We hear the voice of Jesus, He came to us at last.
Oh, do not fear my children, it's me, your Friend in need
I never would forsake you, I never would indeed.

He walks upon the waters, the wind is in His face
It is supreme supremacy, we see the Lord of grace.
The Great I AM He comes now, there's naught for us to fear
For God Himself comes to us, the unseen God is near.

So then my heart be silent, fret not nor be afraid
The Lord Himself will come soon, and He will give thee aid.
The peace of God will fill thy heart, its joy you soon will know
The storm will soon be over, triumphant you will go.

The other side is clear now, it is a brand new day
The sun begins to rise now and sends a golden ray.
A song will burst then from thy heart, the fearsome night all past
For when the Lord is with us, we're home, we're home at last.

© Rowan Jennings
29th Sept. 2003

Based on the experiences of the disciples in Mark Chapter 6