

Psalm of the Valley

William Heavner, 2005.

William Heavner, 2003.

Grant me a valley, far from the nations,  
Where I may dwell all my days.  
There peace attends me, 'mid tribulations,  
If I but walk in Your ways.  
While furies rage and tremble the ground,  
While fear and conflicts surround.  
In that calm valley, my generations  
Stand giving thanks, singing praise.

Where Your hand leads me, there shall I follow,  
Trusting Your Word as my guide.  
When others fail me, their pledge found hollow  
Your grace and love fast abide.  
Wilderness path or broad smooth highway  
I'll yield to You, Lord, the way.  
The present I see. Not so, tomorrow,  
Save that You walk by my side.

God the creator, who is and shall be,  
Present in all time and place.  
Be my defender, never forsake me.  
Never from me, hide your face.  
When cold descends and gathers the dark,  
When night stills even the lark.  
Be my protector, fold your hand o'er me.  
I'll shelter in its embrace.