



Heartache



"...put thou my tears into thy bottle: are they not in thy book?" (Ps.56:8)

Oh my heart, is longing for tomorrow,
Just to be, with those who've gone before.
Since they went, my heart is filled with sorrow,
And I miss, their company more and more.

Oh I know, they're now at home in glory
And rejoice, their sorrows are all 'ore,
Now to saints in heaven, they tell their story,
But down here, I struggle more and more.

How I long, to hear the Saviour call me
and to join, with those I love above,
Just to sing with them redemption's story,
And to glorify the God I love.

*"Having a desire to depart, and be with Christ; which is far better:
nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for you"
(Phil.1: 23-24).*

Nevertheless

I find myself in a strait betwixt two;
To depart this life and leave not a few.
I'm between a rock and a very hard place;
I'd like to leave and finish the race.
But my Lord has work for me to do;
To abide in the flesh is needful for you.
So I'll focus on Him whose blood was outpoured
and keep my eyes on my risen Lord.



John Ecob

