

My Voice Thou Shall Hear in the Morning

Laurel R. Frost

What thanks can I bring, in my sorrow, O Lord?
What gratitude, in my distress?
My pathway is thorny, yet Thou art my King,
And Thine is the name I shall bless.

My voice Thou shall hear in the morning, O Lord.
My song Thou shall hear at night.
The shadows withdraw as Thy peace fills my heart;
I praise Thee, O Giver of Light!

I thank Thee, that Thou art my Friend and my Guide;
I walk not alone in my pain.
Whatever my trials, whatever my grief--
Oh, consecrate all to my gain!

My voice Thou shall hear in the morning, O Lord.
My song Thou shall hear at night.
A sore-wounded warrior who rises again--
I praise Thee and take up the fight.

I thank Thee for taking my sufferings on Thee;
My burden Thou willingly bore.
Encircle me now in the arms of Thy love,
And bid me to stay evermore.

My voice Thou shall hear in the morning, O Lord.
My song Thou shall hear at night.
The kingdom and power and glory be Thine;
I praise Thee with all of my might.