As a Doe



Words and Music Copyright 2003 Mark D. Rhoads

As a Doe Whose Forest Home (Based on Psalm 42) AARON 11.11.11

As a doe whose forest home is scorched by fire Searches for a drop of dew or living leaf, So my thirsty spirit, parched from pain and fear, Seeks the dew of hope where hope seems lost in grief.

"Where is God?" they ask; my answer vague, unsure. "Are you there, my God?" is all my lips can trace. Day and night my tears have been my only food, And my stinging eyes desire to see God's face.

Memory stirs as I recall God's faithful care: Tender mercies, more than reason can explain. "Hope in God!" I say; my answer to despair, I will trust God's ceaseless love in joy or pain.

©2003 Mark D. Rhoads