

[In Trial's Vale](#) [1]

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The sky is dark; the night is cold;
But God hath pledged my hand to hold.
The trial's great, the valley low;
But God will show the way to go.

He has not planned an easy path,
But He indeed would save from wrath.
He loves me, yes, enough, I know,
That He has planned this way I go.

His best seems hard, but time will prove
T'ward me His everlasting love.
If I look up, He'll show His face --
Such love can never be replaced!

If through the storm I hold His hand,
Unmoved from Him I'll safely stand;
Then land my ship on heaven's shore,
And rest eternally secure!

Here sorrows crush my tender heart,
And here my dreams are pulled apart;
But up in heav'n I'll know no grief --
There I shall find a great relief!

The path's still rough, the way still hard,
But by God's grace my heart I'll guard;
For God has planned for me the best,
So in His will I now shall rest.

The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?"

Category: [Poetry](#) [3]

Remnant Issue: [Winter 2017](#) [4]

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Links

[1] <https://www.bereanvoice.org/article/in-trials-vale>

[2] <https://www.bereanvoice.org/name/susan-m-stalter>

[3] <https://www.bereanvoice.org/category/poetry>

[4] <https://www.bereanvoice.org/remnant-issue/winter-2017>