



As I lay in the mud

(Psalm 40:1-3)

As I lay in the mud,
 On the floor
 Of the slimy pit
I waited patiently...
How long is patience?

I wasn't patient when I fell in;
I scrambled,
 I shouted,
 I struggled
 And I cried;
But my best efforts only made me sink deeper...
Until I was exhausted.

Then the rain passed,
 And the night came,
 And cold gripped my bones
 As I despaired.
Was that patience?

It wasn't gracious acceptance,
 Or faithful trust
But cold, hard recognition
That my position was hopeless.
And I needed help.

As dawn came
 I heard you coming by,
 Singing a song of hope.

So I called
 And you answered...
 by pulling me out.

Now I have a song of hope -
 And my song
 Is praise to you.