

# Take Courage

By Elo Bowman

When the tempest rages round me  
In a wild and stormy land,  
And it seems I'm all forsaken,  
Oft I barely yet can stand.

When the folks I counted loyal  
Falter back and leave me lone,  
Then I struggle feebly onward,  
Though the storm more fierce has grown,

Oh, I must, I must remember,  
We are mortals every one,  
And perhaps they took for-granted  
That I would not feel alone.

Or perhaps their strength has faltered,  
Or perhaps their courage failed,  
And they could not keep up longer  
As the storm around them wailed.

I must take it all to Jesus,  
He alone can understand.  
He was once alone, forsaken,  
Midst a mocking, wicked band.

Oh, perchance there is another  
Standing lone, where I think not,  
And he peers through gath'ring darkness,  
Down the road - but I come not.

Oh, his eyes with tears are blinded,  
And he scarce the torch can hold.  
And he needs my prayers more earnest  
As he struggles on t'ward Home.

Let's remember that the prophet,  
When he thought he stood alone,  
God rebuked him, "Men by thousands  
I have counted as my own."

Let us never cease our praying  
As we struggle on our way,  
May we be united yonder,  
In that blissful, endless day.

*I Kings 19:18 "Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel,  
all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal"*

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