

*Thanksgiving.*

Yea, though I walk through the valley of death no evil will I fear.

I tread the path without a turn, without a doubt, without concern,

Toward the kingdom and the dove, toward the heavens and His love

That He bestows to overflow

My cup and spirit even though

I the sinner spat on Him, and I the sinner, limb by limb

Nailed Him firmly to the tree

He sacrificed to set me free.

Yea though I walk through the valley of death no evil will I fear.

For even suffering I have now, is cured because He made that vow.

I'm healed because He took my place and added never-ending grace,

For He is love and love is He and that's the Love that set me free.

If I should die or I should stay, it doesn't matter either way,

The cup is mine what e'er the fate, here on earth or heaven's gate,

Healed and saved to live my time, or in Your arms, the triumph's mine.

The valley has no fear for me, Thanksgiving my soul gives to Thee.

*Michael Vallins*