

A 'Miscellanea' is simply a random gathering of objects or writings. That's exactly what you will find in this collection of verse.

All I did was start at page one, of notebook number one. Most of these will be my earliest, so they may lack the polish of later writings.

I hope that you will enjoy these, and learn from them; as much as I have.

Timos

Thy Thoughts, In Means of Men

Each word I write, and note I pen,
They come, O Lord, from Thee;
As I sit here, the least of men,
You come, enabling me:
Empowering me to sit and pen,
Thy thoughts, in means of men . . .

Thy gentle soft brow's glow I pen,
Thy love, O Lord, from Thee;
All this—and more—to paint for men,
A trust Thou givest me:
Engaging me to sit and pen,
Thy thoughts, in means of men . . .

As even now, Thy thoughts I pen,
I come, O Lord, to Thee;
Accept, O Lord, the least of men;
And all Thou givest me:
They trust, and everything I pen,
Thy thoughts in means of men.

A Simple Prayer

May the wind buoy you,
And sing you to sleep;
Though waves toss about you,
On life's boundless deep:
The Spirit will buoy you,
You're safe in His keep;
When waves toss about you,
He promiseth sleep.

Tears

Lord; never, ever take away,
The power within to cry;
Take what You want, but let this stay,
Do not undew my eye.

Unless I as a child come,
I cannot see thy face;
I cannot, as grown up, love plumb,
But as a child, I KNOW Thy grace!

Lord, this is not an adult's prayer,
Although adult I be;
Kneeling in me, this my care,
The child within me see!

Salvation

Works cannot redeem my soul,
My sin is oh, too great;
Faith in Christ can make me whole,
My sin, He can abate!

Daniel In The Lion's Den

Daniel in the lions' den,
You know the story well;
But listen to this mortal's pen,
Weren't they in his as well?

Its stony walls had heard them roar,
It'd heard their victim's plead;
When cruel soldiers threw in one more,
To meet the lions' need.

So, when they threw this aged man,
And closed the tomb-like door;
They only saw the ancient plan,
'The lions feed once more'!

The Bible doesn't say a lot,
About what Daniel did;
Perhaps he knelt, but maybe not,
This from us is hid.

But I imagine this the scene,
The night is very cold;
He called them over, lay between,
His pillow, mane of gold.

All night long he slept secure,
Not shivering in the least;
They couldn't hurt him, this he's sure,
Not even half-starved beast.

The King, we do know, tossed and turned,
Upon his cushioned bed;
For it was his law Daniel spurned,
How stupidly he was led!

Ere morn was come, He came and called,
Daniel! Answer! Please!
And from the den where he was walled,
He answered back with ease.

The lions were in Daniel's den,
This they knew full well;
But have you read this mortal pen,
And claimed your 'den' as well?

The very lions that we fear,
Will roar, but in vain;
We only have to call them near,
And place our head on mane.

Then when the world sees our plight,
Imagines us consumed;
We can say, "I slept last night,
Secure, on head ungroomed!"

He Cares

In ways past comprehension,
He moves, but still He cares;
And though, at times, we question,
Our burden He still bears.

He never says He'll tell us why,
But quietly He cares;
And every heart ache, every sigh,
Our burden He still hears.

Even when our days are darkness,
We know our grief He cares;
And somehow, still reminds us,
Our burden He still bears.

Perfect Peace

Perfect peace from God alone,
Why should I ever fear?
Come what may, I'm never alone,
God Himself is near.

Granting all I need just then,
Sufficient for the hour;
He nears us nearer, nearer then,
Ah! Peace with endless power!

Grace

Just reach out and take it,
There's nothing else to do;
By grace, through faith, receive it,
The cost is not in you.

Works cannot attain it,
There's nothing else to do;
Just reach out by faith, receive it,
That's all He asks from you.

Carol of Christmas

Carol of Christmas, such a thrill,
Sung by the angels over Bethlehem's hill;
Telling the world that Jesus is born,
Jesus the Saviour, with men this morn.

The Beauty Seen

The beauty seen, the beauty heard,
To Heaven can't compare;
The poet's heart has been stirred,
To write of things up there.

The golden streets, the pearly gates,
Have oft been rhymed and sung;
Yet all that's writ of Heaven's gates,
Like ink blots they are flung.

At times, it seems, He gives a peek,
But even then words pale;
How can words from men so weak,
Describe even this detail?

If in six days He made the earth,
A beautiful sight and sound;
Then Heaven must be greater worth,
Two thousand years! Astound!

Psalms 11

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust,
Why should my soul say flee?
Though the wicked place arrow on bow,
In standing to shoot at me;
If the foundation should crumble to dust,
How can the righteous flee?

High in the Heavens, the Lord's on His throne,
Testing the children of men;
Trying the righteous, but hating sin,
The wicked with violent ken;
Brimstone and tempest in those not His own,
But loving the upright of men!

No Higher Tribute

I seek no higher tribute paid,
When I have passed away;
Than have come see me, where I'm laid,
A child, who's not at play.

The tribute of that pensive face,
The thoughts He cannot say;
The tear that leaves its silent trace,
A child, who's not at play.

The tribute, of that little frame,
His thoughts, and his survey;
His silent tiptoes' rapt exclaim,
A child, who's not at play.

Though men might many tributes make,
As if a debt to pay;
Most willingly, just one I'd take,
A child, who's not at play.

Friend

'Friend' is all,
More than I deserve—
From Him, Whom glad I serve.

Oft I fall,
Yet He still loves me—
And from my sins absolves me!

My Times

My times are in Thy loving hands,
My path within Thy way;
At times it's hard to understand,
'Tis then I go my way.

I cannot stay within Thy will,
And choose another one;
My times, my path, Thou wantest still,
To Thee, Lord, they are one.

Lord, when I grope through fog obscure,
I dare not ask to see;
My times, my path, Thou knowest sure,
Oh Lord, encourage me!

I do not ask to see Thy face,
Or golden streets above;
You set the path—You set the pace,
And let me feel Thy love!

For A Spell

Mine's a destiny sublime,
A future full of power;
I cannot put it into rhyme,
Rhyming words just cover.

A future glorious and divine,
On both sides of the grave;
I cannot pen—I cannot line,
Though my words seem brave.

I cannot write, I cannot tell,
The words I cannot find;
I cannot do it for a spell,
Mortality is blind.

Heaven's Song

Ten thousand years in Heaven,
With Jesus Christ my King;
Of pierced hands, and side so riven,
Of love so great I'll sing.

I'll sing of grace past measure,
That made Him come to die;
Each second will I treasure,
Yet I fear that they will fly.

I'll sing of gifts so precious,
Unmerited, unearned;
Of God, the Great, the Gracious,
Of God, Who loved, not spurned.

I'll sing this song each second,
And when these years are past;
Time just won't be reckoned,
Its sands will be outcast.

Then I'll sing the chorus,
And say a big AMEN!
Then with time behind us,
Verse two, I will begin!

Psalms 122:7

God's promises encamped about me,
I've nothing now to fear;
Secure within I'll ever be,
They taunt, but cannot near.

These walls of stone on bedrock rest,
On Christ the solid Rock;
Its base beneath the sand's unrest,
The shifting sand to mock.

I thank thee, Lord, for walls that stand,
On bedrock, thick and tall;
Within, a spring; without the sand,
No siege can make them fall.

Secure within, our foe without,
Where erst while past times tempt;
From far below they call and shout,
While I'm within, exempt.

I laugh from ramparts high above,
Their arrows cannot reach me;
Seeing just how great His love,
Secure with Him I'll be!

A Little Verse

Seeking the Lord,
Listening;
Trusting the Lord,
Praising!

Yesterday

A child-like question then it seemed,
I knew not what to say;
He'd looked up at me, and had asked,
"Please, where's yesterday?"

"Once I thought it all was mine,
But then, it was today;
Tell me please, where did it go,
Does God have yesterday?"

I looked into his trusting face,
And said, "Its gone away;
I don't know the place its gone
Unless it's yesterday."

He joined the others in their game,
So rapt within their play;
I watched them for a little while,
And thought of yesterday.

Yes, yesterday is past and gone,
I realized its way;
It ended in a little book,
God wrote my yesterday.

He wrote my actions and my words,
And though I thought all day;
I realized, and gave a start.
THAT'S WHERE'S YESTERDAY!

Both his and mine are set aside,
But there they will not stay;
One day God will turn the page,
And show each 'yesterday'.

Yes, my child, I thought it cute,
But now, for you I pray;
Be careful what you say and do,
God DOES have yesterday!

God's Tomorrow

When in His fold we fall asleep,
We need not fear the morrow;
We wake up I another fold,
In God's eternal morrow.

Eternally with Christ my Lord,
No pain in this morrow;
No tears will ever dim the eye,
No sorrow on this morrow.

We need not fear to fall asleep,
In Jesus is my morrow;
Eternally to dwell and sing,
In God's eternal morrow.

Rejoice With Me

Rejoice with me, give praise and sing,
Christ Jesus lives, new life to bring;
Ring out, ye bells, in triumph ring,
From death is plucked her fearful sting.

A Lamb's Prayer

A shepherd goes before the flock,
To guide them to still water;
To watch and guard them, where they'll walk,
And bring them to green pasture.

A dog or two brings up the rear,
To keep the rear protected;
So nothing, NOTHING can appear,
But what is first detected.

O Jesu, Shepherd, go before,
My way down here preparing;
O Thou Beloved, mine Adore,
O Thou, of highest caring!

Let goodness, Mercy go behind,
To guard the rear securely;
To keep me headed, with Thee lined,
Lord, keep me, watch me closely.

One day You'll lead through Heaven's gates,
We'll leave his earth so dreary;
Lord Jesus, Jesus, till that day,
Lord, lead my footsteps weary.

Simple, Yet Rich

Simple, yet rich,
Was Christ's holy birth.

Simple, yet rich,
The love He did show;
Simple, yet rich,
The life we can know.

A Place to Hide

I bore a heavy burden,
Upon the mountain side;
The sun was fiercely burning,
No shade in which to hide:
I wearied 'neath my burden,
Upon the mountain side;
No shadow from the burning,
No shadow whence to hide.

I laid my heavy burden,
Upon the mountain side;
There, where all was burning,
I sought a place to hide:
I rested 'neath my burden,
Upon the mountain side;
Where, though all was burning,
I found a place to hind.

When your heavy burden,
Upon life's mountain side;
Increases with the burning,
Just seek a place to hide:
The shadow of your burden,
Upon the mountain side;
Your refuge from the burning,
The shadow whence to hide!

Midnight Prayer

He doth not beset us,
With problems we can't bear;
But ever stands beside us,
Saying, "See I care!"

Even as He tries us,
He bids us lean on Him;
And ever reassures us,
"I'm near when times are grim!"

The sunrise lies before us,
Why should we fear the night?
Sunset stays behind us,
We walk by faith, not sight.

He doth not beset us,
But ever, ever cares;
With sunrise far behind us,
We find He ever shares!

Willing

Worthy of death was I,
Yet He still cared;
Worthy of death was I,
Yet freely He shared.

Willing to die for me,
There on the cross;
Willing to die for me,
Suffering such loss!

Damien

The prophecies at one man aimed,
The time will come, the prophets claimed,
That one will come, in evil framed;
At first all violent acts he'll tame,
But then the Saints of God he'll blame,
And live up to his evil name.

Alas, that moment life's illumed!
Alas, poor maiden whence he's wombed!
How dark those months his body's loomed;
But can he help his fate, his doom?
When yet unborn, does he know whom . . .

His early years, has knowledge beamed?
Has any hint, or clue, e'er gleamed?
Just who he is, has he ever dreamed?
Unworldly legions round him team,
His teachers held in high esteem,
But does he know their evil scheme?

The moment comes for which he's primed,
How wonderfully the years are timed!
But has he sought his place he's climbed?
All Jesus did he seeks to rhyme,
And even His death he tries to mime,
Exalts himself, oh such a crime!

The very grapes of wrath are stummed,
The depths of evil, measured, plumbed,
The Saints of God, by death are mummied;
But then the One that he thought dumb,
The One he mocked with tongue and thumb.
The One that promised—I WILL COME . . .

The very One that he once momed,
Comes like a missile, armed and homed,
He shakes his fist, of paper, chromed;
The nation rally like the foam,
As Christ breaks through the cloudy dome,
All this foretold in Holy Tome.

I saw the Beast, and
the kings and armies of the earth—
gathering, and warring . . .
The Beast was taken, and
The Beast's worshippers were taken.

I saw the Beast, and
He was cast into Hell;
I saw the worshippers, and
They were killed with the sword—
birds came, and were filled.

I saw a great white throne, and
Him Who sat on it;
the earth, and Heaven fled . . .
I saw the dead, and
They stood before God.

In Hell, fore'er, the Beast, the damned,
Cast there by the One he shammed,
His minions, in there, with him crammed;
Will they regret they shunned the Lamb?
Will he implore the Great I Am,
As one once prayed to Abraham?

The Saints of God are diademed,
By the One the Beast condemned,
With royal garments, they are hemmed;
You have a choice, to be with them,
The time is now, His stratagem,
Will you hear praise or requiem?

It matters not, though tears be brimmed,
There's no parole, no sentence trimmed,
Eternity cannot be skimmed!
I wonder, will you be with him,
No end in sight, the future dim,
Eternally through fire to swim?

Given To My Father

I do not know the pathways,
These lines of verse may take;
I give them to my Father,
He maketh no mistake.

I do not know the people,
The lines of verse may reach;
I give them to my Father,
In sending them to each.

O Father, take these verses,
And send them on their way;
May the paths they travel,
End in Heaven one day!

The Banner

Let us rally round the banner,
Let our songs of victory swell;
Confident that He Who saved us,
Hath all evil forces fell:
Let the world array against us!
Let the foe unleash all Hell!
Let the enemy oppose us!
Christ hath conquered, all is well!

Let us ever keep the banner,
Flowing freely over head;
Given by the One Who saved us,
By the Giver, stained blood red:
Let the world ever see us,
As the ones by Jesus led;
Take it to where e'er He leads us,
In the Name of Him Who bled!

Let us go beneath the banner,
Knowing that our cause is right;
Led by Him Who freely saved us,
Walking ever in His light:
When the foe comes out to meet us,
In Christ's strength, stand up and fight!
When we do, no foe can beat us,
Strengthened ever in His might!

Let us dwell beneath the banner,
Till He calls us to His throne;
There to dwell with Him Who saved us,
He Who died for our atone:
Dwelling here, much woe besets us,
Sent by Him, our lives to hone;
But in Heaven, nought can reach us,
When knowing Him, as we are known!

The Cross

Behind the cross of Jesus Christ,
I stand so very sure;
Where hung the One Who paid the price,
Salvation to secure:
In vain my way the wild winds blow,
In vain they tempt and lure!
They cannot reach me, this I know,
Behind the cross, secure!

Upon the cross of Jesus Christ,
A sanctifying stain;
Where hung the One Who paid the price,
With His Own blood and pain:
Washed whiter than the whitest snow,
Behind it, I remain:
With, without, I'm cleansed, I know!
Unworthy of such pain . . .

Below the cross of Jesus Christ,
There flows a cleansing fount;
Where hung the One Who paid the price,
Upon that skull-like mount:
Ah! Love divine that loved me so!
And love in such amount!
He'll keep me, cleanse me, this I know!
O precious cleansing mount!!

A Stranger

One night there lay a stranger,
In a hay-filled manger;
When He could have had a throne,
In the Heavens all His own.

Why did Jesus condescend,
To lowly earth to be my friend?

He Who made the stars above,
Came to earth to be my love;
He Who put life's breath in man,
Also brought salvation's plan.

Why did Jesus leave His glory,
Just to bring salvation's story?

Thank You, Jesus, for that act,
I believe it was a fact;
That You loved me deep in sin,
And did all this my soul to win.

Acronym

Power sufficient from God's endless store,
Raises from this room of mine;
Always ascending, blessings descending,
You know not the feeling divine:
Each moment with Thee, I long for one more,
Rejoicing with my hand in Thine.

Prayer can move mountains,
Or settle the roaring sea;
When I seek those fountains,
Each time that I bend my knee:
Rejoicing, thanking Thee.

Sleep On

I dreamed I saw an angel,
Beside my darkened bed;
His garments white and seamless,
He spoke, and this He said.

He said, "I've come to guard thee,
Until the break of day;
There's nothing that can harm thee,
Sleep on, till break of day."

I'd gone to bed discouraged,
My eyes were wet with tears;
He stooped, and with His garment,
He wiped away my fears.

He said, "I've come to cheer thee,
Until the break of day;
There's nothing that can harm thee,
Sleep on, till break of day."

I watched His patient vigil,
And when the morn broke through;
I saw Him go before me,
To cheer me all day, too.

He said, "I've come to guide thee,
When breaks anew the day;
There's nothing that can harm thee,
In night time, or in day!"

Shadow Love

The love we show each other,
To sweet heart, friend, or wife;
To father, cousin, brother,
Or any in this life:
The shadow of His love for us,
The sunshine from above for us . . .

For we can't another,
Unless we too, are loved;
So Jesus Christ, none other,
Became our own Beloved:
The sunshine from above for us,
The sunshine from above for us!

The Mountain

I faced a mountain, large and tall,
Defeat and doom both threatened;
I feared the climb, I feared I'd fall,
I cringed as shadows lengthened.

I heard the mountain creature call,
Their hissing, and their roaring;
Saw looming, rugged mountain wall,
The shadows' deepening, lowering.

I cried—O God, I dare not crawl,
The rocks will slip and crush me!

The mountain's beasts will kill or maul,
Send someone else, I beg thee!

* * *

One day I'll round the final bend,
Though far away or near;
I'll greet my Saviour, Lord, my Friend,
And all things will be clear.

I'll know the why for tears I shed,
I'll know, and understand;
I'll see the path my footsteps led,
And see the way He planned!

Death Be Not Proud!

Death be not proud, though claim me you might!
I do not tremble with thee in sight!
I do not fear thee, I dread not thy blight!
Death be not proud! Death be not proud!

Death be not proud, in vain boast, O grave!
I fear not thy chasm, I fear not thy wave!
I cannot oppose thee, yet thee I brave!
Death be not proud! Death be not proud!

Death be not proud, I fear not thy vale!
Nought do I tremble, nought do I pale!
Thou canst not detain me, though loud be thy gale!
Death be not proud! Death be not proud!

Death be not proud, I've life after thee!
Under thy curtain, it's sunlight I see!
Thou art the portal, this world to flee!
Death be not proud! Death be not proud!

Freedom

Holy Spirit, fall on me,
Holy Spirit, let me see;
Blessings unnumbered,
Thou hast in store:
Blessings unnumbered,
Countless, and more!

When Things Go Wrong

When things go wrong,
And make us cry;
When nights are long,
And we ask why:

He sees each tear,
And dries each drop;
He hears each why,
And asks us stop:

When things go wrong,
It's He that sent;
When nights are long,
For us it's meant:

He takes each tear,
And troubles go;
He takes each why,
And helps us grow:

Each trouble sent—
For our good it's meant!

Ebenezer

(Hither to hath the LORD helped us.)
(2 Samuel 7:12)

I came to Ebenezer,
Tears o'er flowed my soul;
Beside an empty sepulcher,
My tears begin to flow.

Conflicts raged around me,
Conflicts raged within;
Conflicts, and a refugee,
Met where grace began.

This is one of the earliest poems I wrote . . .

Christ Is Here

Christ is here,
Let's all rejoice,
All the dear little girls and boys,
To whom He is so dear.
Sing His praises, little boys,
Little girls, raise your voice,
On your face His praises wear.

A Little Bird

A little bird fell from the sky,
Pierced by an arrow—
We cried:

He looks on us with tender eye,
Lover of each sparrow—
He cried:

Even as we ask Him why,
Hurting to the marrow—
We cried:

He gives us peace when troubles try,
When the way is narrow—
And cries . . .

Waiting

Kneeling oft in prayer,
Keeps you in good standing;
Christ is waiting for you there,
Waiting for your kneeling.

The Statue

Out in a 'somewhere' graveyard,
Christ's statue has been placed;
A little girl saw it,
But never fully faced—
She saw His chiseled feature,
His suffering, pity, love;
His cross, so heavy, massive,
Towering o'er above—
Her voice was almost silent,
"It's hard to lift my eyes,
And look upon my Saviour,
His tears are for my lies—
His sorrow for my sinning,
His wrinkles deep and long;
It's hard to look right at Him,
I've done so much that's wrong!"

I read this story and wondered,
For in me, He's been placed;
How oft have I been callous,
And Jesus fully faced?
His features have been chiseled,
By suffering, pity, love;

It's mine, that heavy burden,
That towers so high above—
I must say, as she whispered,
“How can I lift my eyes;
And look upon my Saviour,
These tears are for my lies—
That sorrow for my sinning,
Those wrinkles deep and long;
How dare I look right at Him?
I've done so much that's wrong!”

Yet this the very reason,
He's where He has been placed;
I need Him! How I need Him!
I see—not fully faced—
His chiseled features soften,
Ah! Suffering, pity, love!
His massive burden lightens,
Though still it towers above—
He speaks with voice so gentle,
“Lift up! Lift up your eyes!
And look upon your Saviour,
My tears are for your lies—
My sorrow for your sinning,
My wrinkles deep and long;
Lift! And look right at me!
Let Me forgive each wrong!”

Now from that moment onward,
Beside Him I've been placed;
I'll walk beside Him daily,
And see Him fully faced—
I know I'll still see sorrow,
And suffering, pity, love;
Still He bears that burden,
That towers so high above—
He calls, when I am wayward,
“Fear not to lift your eyes,
I'm still your loving Saviour,
My tears are for your lies—
My sorrow for your sinning,
My wrinkles deep and long;
Stand up and look right at Me!
Let me forgive each wrong!”

Based on a true story . . .

The Traveler's Song

I am but a traveler,
Within a foreign land;
My home is o'er the ocean,
Where one day I shall stand.

O'er here, my way is rugged,
I often slip and fall;
I often get discouraged,
And tire of it all.

But then I see His footprints,
His blood drops all around;
I see Him reaching downward,
To raise me from the ground.

He lifts me up beside Him,
Though pain shows in His eyes;
And walks a while beside me,
Beneath the threatening skies.

* * *

Someday I'll reach the ocean,
And leave this foreign land;
I'll find Him waiting for me,
Upon that golden strand!

A Greater Love

I put all love behind me,
All things I once held dear;
A greater love hath found me,
Yea Christ, I hold Thee dear.

No more shall these things blind me,
Or bind me up once more;
A greater love hath found me,
Yea Christ, I Thee adore.

In vain they seek me, find me,
I'm bound by Thy great love;
O greatest love, that found me,
Mine own, mine own Belove!

My Debt

The debt was mine,
The payment death,
It was not Thine . . .

It was for me,
You came to die,
To set me free . . .

I do not know,
Just why You came,
You loved me so . . .

If I . . .

If I could have the treasures,
That only the world could hold;
Of pleasures, would I any?
Or luxuries untold?
Nay, I would seek salvation,
All other would I shun;
All else, with time's negation,
Would pass with time's brief sun.

I seek instead a treasure,
That mortal shelves won't hold;
Eternal is its pleasure,
With luxuries untold:
This treasure is salvation,
That money cannot buy;
'Twill never see negation,
'Twill last as long as I!

When I Gaze

When I gaze upon His hands,
When I see His feet;
When I see His riven side,
When our eyes shall meet:
Will I have some golden bands,
To cast down at His feet?

Precious Refuge

(see Gen. 35:1-8 and Psa. 84:5,6)

A sturdy oak in Bethel grows,
Beside the wall of Weeping;
A shelter from dread sorrow's blows,
And watered by our weeping.

Allonbacuth, sweet Bethel's fame,
Thou, who art my keeping;
I come to thee, to refuge claim,
Ever be my keeping!

Though storms may rage in every place,
I lay beneath thee, sleeping;
Though wind may break thy branched face,
They cannot break my sleeping!

Allonbacuth, where Debrah lies,
I come, when grief comes sweeping;
You take the tear drops from our eyes,
And shelter from the sweeping!

One Step More

Just one step more,
Let Jesus ask;
He'll give me strength,
To do the task:
No more, no less,
No more, no less.

No matter what,
He bids me do;
He'll give me strength,
To see me through:
Enough, and more!
Enough, and more!

Jesu!

This poem has always been one of my favorites . . .

The simple joy of one brief hour,
In Jesus' presence spent;
The beauty of the desert flower,
E'er Sol starts his ascent:
Ah Jesu! May this one brief hour,
Transcend the succinct desert flower!

The pleasures found in perfect health,
These pale when Thou art near;
The treasures found in endless wealth,
Before Thee, turn austere:
Oh Jesu! Grant not perfect health,
Should I turn to endless wealth!

All earth would offer I deny,
If gaining would mean losing;

For only Thee doth satisfy,
And Thou art my sole choosing:
Jesu! Jesu! I deny,
These things that cannot satisfy!

The 152nd Psalm

Upon a rock secure I dwell,
Above the wind and wave;
Blow, ye violent winds from Hell!
In vain, ye oceans rave!

Within this rock on which I dwell,
Vast veins of promise lie;
Such riches! O, the pen can't tell,
Within this rock so high!

And from this rock on which I dwell,
A spring cathartic mounts;
O crystal clear, incessant swell!
Supernal of all founts!

Thou mighty rock; Oh, let me dwell,
And from thy fount let take!
I drink! And lo, my churning quells!
I feel thy peace awake!

O rock so high! Secure I dwell!
Content, in spite of station!
Unbounded fount from endless well!
And very sure foundation!

Friends

A friend is someone special,
They laugh with you—or cry;
They always stand beside you,
No matter what you try.

A helping hand when needed,
For trifling task—or great;
When asked for, gladly given,
Without hesitate.

You cheer each other's sorrows,
You joy when times are good;
Your very deepest feelings,
Unsaid—are understood.

Infinite Tenderness

Infinite tenderness,
From God's endless store;
The love of all mothers,
Time millions—and more!

Infinite, limitless,
Ah! Such caring for!
So unlike all others,
The One I adore!

Herculean hardiness,
That Heaven-forged steel!
The strength of all others,
And much more I feel!

Matchless its mightiness!
Mine own to anneal;
On earth there's no brothers,
In vain they congeal!

The feminine softness,
Of God's loving care!
As found in a mother,
Towards infant she bare!

The masculine firmness,
Of His strength to spare;
Ah! Both come together,
To comfort, prepare!

Psalm of the Nomad

I seek no place in this wide world,
In which to pitch my tent;
Save only one, and there to stay,
Until my Lord's descent.

Beneath the Cross is where I'd dwell,
Beside that precious fount;
From which to drink and never thirst,
On this side of the mount.

Content I'll be, until the clouds,
Like a scroll shall roll;
I'll leave this place for Heaven's courts,
To dwell till time is full.

And then, when time is past and gone,
And timelessness shall enter;

I'll dwell there still, beside my Lord,
My Saviour, my Presenter.

This mortal tent left far behind,
A mansion shall be mine;
So very grand, but better yet,
Within His courts so grand!

Morning Prayer

Saviour, go before me today,
Guide me in all I do and I say;
Until that day I wake to trod,
And find that I am home with God.

137th Psalm (The Harps)

We hung them on the willows,
In Babylon and wept;
Sitting by her rivers,
Where the branches crept.

Our memories were of Zion,
And songs we once had sung;
How our hearts ached within us,
Seeing where they hung!

Those who took us from her,
Taunting us, said play!
Sing your songs of Zion!
They laugh at our dismay . . .

How can we play that music,
On foreign soil, strange land?
Our tongues are lifeless, halting,
Uncertain is my hand.

I still hear Edom taunting,
Level every wall!
I still see shattered bodies,
So still, so very small.

Lord, visit those who hate us,
Repay them for their wrongs;
Then once again these fingers,
And tongue will form those songs!

The Stranger

The Stranger came from Galilee,
On long and dusty road;
He knew the road's hard passage,
And groaned beneath His load.

The Stranger stood in judgment's hall,
Unjustly tried and mocked;
He heard the ones that called Him King,
How very cruel they talked!

The Stranger hung on Calvary,
An awful death, and shame;
So very few that dared Him own,
Most only mocked His name.

The Stranger speaks from Heaven's throne,
And speaks to hearts of men;
He longs to enter and reside,
So few will let Him in . . .

The Stranger saw the road ahead,
But still, for me, He came and bled!

Content

Content with what He gives me,
Yet longing for some more;
Not anxious for the morrow,
Yet looking through the door.

I need not fear the morrow,
The Lord knows what's ahead;
If it brings joy or sorrow,
So What? By Him I'm led!

Mountain-Top Music

Resounding from the mountain top,
I hear the music ring;
Where ever, whatever, it doesn't stop,
But keeps on, deepening.

While in the vale, down in the pit,
Or shrouded in the fog;
It comes to me where e'er I sit,
Or where my footsteps slog.

It breaks through clouds of deep despair,

When hopelessness assails;
It helps me to my burden bear,
When my own music fails.

A ray of light, a still small voice,
It finds me where I be;
And lets me, in that place rejoice,
Though it be agony.

A promise of a better day,
Around the unseen bend;
Above the clouds to always stay,
With Jesus Christ, my friend.

Let Jesus Be Love

Let Jesus be love,
The One Who so cared;
That He'd leave from above,
And humanity spared.

How Very Small

I see the starry Heavens,
The galaxies He hung;
The planets in their courses,
The meteors He flung.

I read of man's intentions,
Of standing on the moon;
Of figuring earth's forces,
And probing what is strewn.

I think of God's dominions,
And then consider man's;
While reading what He warns us,
How small our mighty spans!

Wisdom

We count our days, the ones we live,
God numbers them, each one He'll give;
Why boast ye then, ye little man,
If it happens, it's God's plan.

We know in part, and dimly see,
Pondering eternity;
But then we'll know, as we are known,
As we gather at His throne.

Forgive my doubt, my every boast,
You know I love Thee, Lord, the most;
That day you open up mine eyes,
And I shall finally be most wise!

One Nation

We stand one nation under God,
One nation proud and tall;
One nation, by the grace of God,
That shall never fall!

One nation! May she ever stand!
One nation as one soul!
One nation! May she proudly stand!
May each man do his role!

One nation! Raise her standard high!
One nation! Flag unfurl!
Raise Old Glory! Raise it high!
Let all see it fur!

Do it for a noble cause,
The grandest one on earth!
Let God and country be this cause,
The cause beyond all worth!

For God and country stand and fight!
Through God we stand up strong!
One nation! God for us will fight,
If we to Him belong!

One nation! She denies her God!
And does so, proud and tall!
One nation! Hear my prayer, O God!
If not, she'll surely fall . . .

Thou God, Art Present There

If I should search the ocean's depths,
Or probe the starry stair;
To find a place where Thou art not,
Thou God, art present there.

If I should make my bed secure,
Within a rocky lair;
All is vain, Almighty One,
Thou God, art present there.

If I should search the icy north,

Or study deserts bare;
From depths of Hell, to heights of Heaven,
Thou God, art present there.

On mountain high, in rocky lair,
I meet Thee everywhere;
I fear not where my path may lead,
Thou God, art present there!

Wrong Turn

You make a wrong turn,
As walking down life's pathway . . .
Long so to return.

Cry out to Jesus,
Just ask Him—Lord guide my way . . .
From wrong ways cease us.

With your hand in His,
You never can go astray . . .
Such peace there is.

The Touch of His Hand in Mine

When I come to the end,
Of a long dreary day;
And the sun sets so very slow:
When the night shadows creep,
When I'm trying to sleep;
To Jesus I have to go.

Though I hurt Him I know,
When I do what is wrong;
He never turns me away:
He forgives each transgress,
Though His eyes fill with tear;
And hears me each time I pray.

He is there every time,
Waiting for me to come;
Oh how gently He calls my name!
All my fears fade away,
As I fall at His feet;
And desperate His peace I claim.

Oh, the touch of His hand in mine!
Oh, the touch of His hand in mine!
It is joy so divine,
Just to know it is mine!

Oh, the touch of His hand in mine!

When I face Jordan's crest,
With its waves wild and high;
Of the crossing I'll have no fear:
With His hand holding mine,
He will bear me safe through;
To ever with Him appear!

Oh, the joy of His hand in mine!
Oh, the joy of His hand in mine!
'Twill be joy so divine,
To see Him Who is mine:
Oh, the joy of His hand in mine!!

Life's Pathway

We tread life's pathway,
Side by side;
Jesus Christ and I:
Within His shadow,
I can hide;
From the sun and rain:
I do not ask,
The 'where' or 'why';
Of Jesus Christ my Guide:
I'll follow Him,
Through ease or pain;
I'll trust Him to provide.

Heaven

I don't know much about it,
But Jesus made the way;
He's built for me a mansion,
Where one day I shall stay.

I don't know much about it,
But ever need He knows;
So, I simply trust Him,
Until the place He shows.

I don't know much about it,
But somehow, I don't care;
Jesus is preparing it,
And waiting for me there!

Step Out

Why pray when you can worry?
There's doctors, banks, and such;
Because then we're self-sufficient,
Because then our strength's so much!

It takes faith to walk on water,
That's deeper than we're tall;
In pride, we go on wading,
Or on the beach just crawl.

The depths are out there waiting,
Step out, and trust your feet;
Though you may hear laughter,
You'll sing—for Christ you'll meet.

Call On Him

Does your spirit fail you?
Does your murky path grow dim?
Does your burden seem too heavy?
He is waiting—call on Him . . .

Do your troubles seem prolific,
As you near the golden stand?
Give them to your blessed Saviour,
He is waiting—call on Him . . .

He's waiting for your burdens,
He's waiting for each care;
He says—If you but trust Me,
Your heavy burden I will bear.

I took my burden and my sorrows,
I took them to my Lord in prayer;
Trusting Him to bear them for me,
I took my every care to Him.

He took my every burden,
He took my every care;
He said—Because you trust Me,
Your burden I will bear!

Plan for Tomorrow

Plan for tomorrow,
But live for today;
But do so with God's plans in mind:
Worry brings sorrow,
And daydreams dismay;
When God's plans are left far behind!

I Must See Myself A Sinner

I must see myself a sinner,
If I heed my Saviour's call;
I will never be a winner,
If I never give Him all;
All my righteousness is futile,
It can but condemn my soul;
Lord, observe this sinful mortal,
Come and make me sinless, whole.

Lord, I am not wise or faithful,
In the several things I do;
I can be so great resentful,
At all others—even You!
Cast me in Thy fiery furnace,
Till my dross Thou canst remove;
Till I am as Thou art, thus,
This is Thy great behoove.

I would hear Thy faintest whisper,
I would heed Thy gentle call;
I would follow Thee much closer,
I would gladly give Thee all;
Purge me with Thy cleansing power,
Cleanse me to my very soul;
Even in my darkest hour,
Keep me perfect, sinless, whole!

Cleansed by Thee, I'll follow gladly,
Where I hear Thy footsteps call;
Even when I stray quite badly,
Saviour, hear me where I fall:
Keep me safe within Thy keeping,
Lord, preserve my very soul;
Let me feel Thy presence deepening,
Until I am sinless, whole!

Where Is The Scholar?

Where is the scholar,
And his books?
Where is the lawyer,
His loopholes, his hooks?
Where is the philosopher,
And his deeper looks?

The gospel seems foolish,
Not in the scholar's books;
The very thought of such as it,
Past loopholes, past hooks;

Mortals! Minds falter,
The deeper one looks.

Lord, never let me get so wise,
That my successes dim my eyes!

From Matthew 3:12

Will what I love and treasure,
Be gathered in, or burned?
What then will be my measure,
Will I have praises earned?

The 51st Psalm

Out of tender mercies,
Out of loving kindness;
Forgive me of my sin:
Wash me with Thy mercies,
Bathe with loving kindness,
My each admitted sin.

Against Thee, and Thee only,
Was evil done by me;
Forgive me of my sin:
I plead Thee, and Thee only,
Have mercy upon me,
For each admitted sin.

With hyssop, purge me wholly,
And make me clean once more;
Forgive me of my sin:
As snow, make me once more,
Cleanse each admitted sin.

A clean heart make within me,
Thy Spirit, Lord, renew;
Forgive me of my sin:
Restore Thy joy within me,
Salvation's thrill renew,
Blot each admitted sin.

Lord, I would sing Thy praises,
But YOU must give the song;
Forgive me of my sin:
(My spirit broken, mended,
Created o'er again;
My stubborn will now bended,
Completely gone, my sin . . .)
Then my soul sang praises,
An old, yet newer song—
GONE, each admitted sin!

None Other Book

(Psalms 138:2)

None other Name, none other Book,
None other place to go;
None other Person, none other Way.
None other, salvation to know.

None other death, none other Cross,
None other blood was shed;
None other plea, none other prayer,
None other place to be fed.

None other, none other, from God's Own Mind,
None other inspired can be;
None other, none other, this book that I read,
None other for you, and for me!

Christ, My King

Washed away, my every sin,
Set apart, to life begin;
Acquitted from my every wrong,
By Him to Whom I now belong.