

Poems and songs in Prophecy_DEC 2020

A Pathway for Strong Men

There once was a man named Joe
And off to work he'd go,
Again and again, and back once more
Until it made him sore.

He had a friend called Steed
Who liked to smoke a weed.
But that was ill, his life it would kill.
It's not for me, Joe said,
For soon I too will be dead.

Joe thought once more
Why he went to the store.
"Do I need all this stuff? I wot.
It's nothing but trash that will rot."

One day he at last recalled
Why he'd even stalled
Doing the thing that was meant to be done
He had a commission from Christ God's Son.
So off he went to find the pathway again,
That led to the way for strong men.
"I'll stay on it now,
Not budge for a cow
Or whatever stands in my way.
I better make hay
While it's still called today
While the sun still shines at all
I better get on the ball.

The Joy of the Lord

The Joy of the Lord will get you through the day,
Just sing a little merry tune and carry on your way.
Don't wait for man's approval to say something good and true,
For everything you say and do, will come again to you.
The Joy of the Lord will lift you from the dregs,
Those things that bug and things that beg
And try to get you down
And dress you with a frown.
Just be lifted instead on the wings of praise
And rejoice in the Lord always.

Briers and Balloons

Keep your heart on the up and up,
Don't let it sink like a deflated balloon,
Pricked and popped and flop it falls.
Keep it filled with the lighter-than air Spirit of God.
And up you will go!

There are thorns aplenty ready to pop your joy,
Briers that will tear and tangle.
But if you are made of unpopable stuff,
Then up you will fly yet higher,
Away from the mire, Away from the briers.

Are you filled with your own sense of "right"? –That's air.
That will get you nowhere
But down on the ground,
Where pride is found and abounds.
Get up pumped, get high,
Filled with God's Spirit that won't let you down.

Don't quit, whatever you do!

Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice.
Folly will fall; and fain will be the vain
That falls like rain, into the muck it will go
Up will plants arise, from the dust where they lie
Bearing fruit again and again.

Tweet-a-lee-da-dee

Just a tweet-a-lee-da-dee
I'm just a little birdie
I may have wings
But it's the song I sing
That really gets me flying!

Tweet-a-lee-da-dee
The song I like to sing
Tells those around
That I have found
A mystery
In my tree
That, when I tweet-a-lee-da-dee
Joy comes back to me!

Sometimes my wings have to heal
When weariness or pain I feel
Then I sit snug in my tree
And just tweet-a-lee-da-dee
And health comes back to me!