

### REAPING WHAT WE SOW

Whate'er we sow, that shall we reap—  
It's for a harvest growing  
And at our feet ill things will heap,  
If to the flesh we're sowing.

We're either sowing good or ill—  
On good or ill we're feeding  
If it's with ill our lives we fill  
We're others downward leading.

But when we're truly born of God,  
And careless in our seeding  
In love, our God spares not the rod  
If we neglect the weeding.

When to the Spirit we can sow  
It's not in vain, our casting.  
In Christ we'll show the life we owe  
And reap life everlasting.



### WHY LINGER IN DARKNESS?

Why linger in darkness when Christ is the Light?  
He's longing to save you, and guide you aright;  
He bore in His body our sins on the tree,  
Procuring a pardon for you and for me.

Why linger in darkness? it may be your last;  
If death overtakes you, your chances are past.  
To shelter and safety, Christ still is the Door,  
But Him you pass by, and His mercy ignore.

Why linger in darkness, why do you not fear,  
When judgment you're facing for all your career?  
Your sins are recorded, each day's full amount:  
In darkness forever, you'll face the account.

Why linger in darkness? There's nothing to gain,  
But just a sad ending in sorrow and pain;  
Christ settled forever the question of sin:  
Consider His mercy, take shelter within!

### THE SPENDTHRIFTS' SOLILOQUY

(continued)

Helps will never solve the question,  
All we need is work to do.  
Then keep out is my suggestion,  
Let us row our own canoe.

Every man, with health and senses,  
On his own feet he should stand!  
He should pay his own expenses,  
And have surplus cash on hand.

Self reliance we are needing  
Linked with caution for each day.  
Why among the helpless feeding  
When we've strength to make our way?



### JAZZ

I don't know what they see in jazz,  
A squeally, squaking sound it has—  
They rake and file and thump and snort,  
And snap the words off mighty short.

Now if our kids made half that noise  
We'd make them stop, lay up their toys,  
No one enjoys that sort of thing  
When it so lacks the proper swing.

But jazz is music, so they say,  
The kind they love to sing and play,  
They keep the time but not the key,  
It sounds more like a chivaree.

Some people seem to think its fine  
To hear it played, they're right in line,  
But as for me I will confess,  
For music, it's a proper mess.