

### IS THERE NO GOD?

"There is no God," the fool hath said,  
In Psalm fourteen, of him I've read.  
He has no prayer, nor song of praise,  
No God to meet one earnest gaze.

How can a man be quite so blind,  
When Nature so displays God's mind?  
"But, there's no God, It's Nature's art,"  
Still says the fool within his heart.

He is depraved in all his works—  
A tool for all the Devil's quirks;  
But, with no knowledge from above,  
He knows not God, the God of love.



### IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

It nothing to you, all ye that pass by,  
At Jesus in sorrow did suffer and die?  
Are's no sorrow like His, the Scriptures declare,  
It nothing to you, how can you not care?

Is punishment due to a world that is lost,  
Whom you bore it in full; oh, think of the cost!  
Is, the cross He endured, despising the shame,  
Paid for sin, by sinners, was cruelly slain.

Why neglect or reject this wonderful love?  
Seek and to save us, He came from above.  
He left Heaven's glory to die on the tree,  
To save guilty sinners like you and like me.  
The depths of His sorrow can never be told,  
For the breadth of His love we'll ever unfold.

### THE POLITE THIEF

His entrance is by credit's door,  
He has no ready cash in store;  
Fair enough, he'll make a bargain,  
But his terms are always changin'.

None can go beneath his level,  
He's as slippery as the Devil,  
With no intent to ever pay,  
He'll take the goods and go away.

Everywhere in village and town,  
His name in shame is going down;  
He owes the firm, he hooks the clerks,  
From all attempt to pay he shirks.

Shame on the man with such device,  
Who self-respect will sacrifice!  
His selfish heart is hard as stone,  
All decency is overthrown.

Now such work consider ceasing,  
It's yourself that you are fleecing;  
Why sell yourself to be a crook  
And dodge around with guilty look?

"Well, I can't help it," some will say,  
"They all beat me and I can't pay."  
Oh, yes, sometimes it may be true,  
This need not make a crook of you!

The honest man without a pound,  
With open face will come around;  
Respect and mercy for that man,  
For he will do the best he can.

All bitten victims surely then,  
To these few lines can say "Amen";  
And if we still are not insane,  
We'll cut down on the credit game.