

OUR TOWN

When people come to Tillsonburg,
They say it's quite a town;
We have the stores and factory floors,
Of credit and renown.

We have the highways in and out,
It seems that we are blest,
And railways, too, are passing thro,
To North, South, East and West.

We have the gas and hydro here,
Which keeps the town aglow,
The water line will any time
Give us sufficient flow.

We have the schools and churches, too,
The Bible and good books;;
But even then, all business men
Agree, we have the crooks.



LIVE IT DOWN

If by mistake or foolish move
You've caused disgrace and trouble
Stay in your town and live it down
And prove you're not a bubble.

It is the folk of lower grade
Who are the first to tattle.
With upright face stay in the place
And never mind their prattle.

They'll soon pick up another line
To string about some other;
And while they jest, you'll have a rest—
So don't lose courage, brother!

When by mistake you're in disgrace,
With care you'll rise above it.
If heart is right, you'll lose the blight
And gain a name they'll covet.

A GLAD FAREWELL

I'm going home to mansions bright,
On that celestial shore,
Where Christ, my Saviour, is the light
And death will be no more.

More fully then I'll understand
The myst'ry of His love,
When He fulfilled the law's demand,
That I might dwell above.

He loosed me from the jaws of Hell
And made me nigh to God,
And saved me from a sad farewell,
By virtue of His blood.

Now, when I see Him face to face,
On that celestial shore,
There, on the ground of sovereign grace,
I'll praise Him ever more.



AM I ON THE ROCK?

Have I really heard the story
Of the Saviour and His love?
Will I be with Him in glory,
In a mansion bright above?

Is He waiting my decision,
As the precious moments fly?
If I linger in derision
He will surely pass me by.

Am I free from condemnation;
Is His blood my only plea?
Yes, I'm on the rock foundation,
For I know Christ died for me.