

SWARMING FRIENDS

When swarming friends come buzzing 'round,
There's many things they must expound;
Back in your cushions they will sag,
And fast enough their tongues will wag.

Then round the board, each in his place,
They poke the grub in through their face,
But if it takes your house and home,
It's better than to dwell alone.

They love to spend and cut a swell,
And to this end they argue well;
They say "We're young and what's the use
To save up for some other goose?"

The hobos too are at the door,
It's just a bite they'll ask you for;
You'll bring them in, prepare a lunch,
And in the kitchen they will munch.

The beds are full, upstairs and down;
It's like a hotel in the Town.
They prow! around both night and day,
And have a good time, so they say.

At last they're gone, you think you'll rest;
But look out here! Well, I'll be blest!
Another bunch is driving up;
They too, with you, would like to sup.

The same as ever you will do—
Invite them in, shove on the glue;
But when you're old and can't afford,
You'll hump around the pension board.

Now this is private, don't you see?
Don't show it to your company.
They'll say that we are Scotch or Jew,
And set us back a notch or two.

THE STORMS OF LIFE

We're homeward bound o'er ocean wide,
Tho' billows rise and fall—
With Christ our Saviour, Strength and Guide,
We'll ride above them all.

While rising tempests sigh and moan,
We hear the breakers roar;
But rest assured we're nearing home
On that celestial shore.

By faith alone we're standing fast,
Tho' now whate're betide,
Our faith is proved by every blast—
As gold we must be tried.

We'll stem the storms, tho' fierce they blow,
With Jesus always nigh.
In haven rest and morning glow,
We'll anchor bye and bye.

THE WAY

A WAY—"THE WAY"

There is a way that seemeth right
But ends in death and sorrow,
It seemeth right, but ends in night,
No sunrise, no tomorrow.

It's without blood like that of Cain,
With nought but works to offer—
And as with Cain, it's still in vain
And leads one down, a pauper.

God had respect for Abel's way—
A lamb upon the altar.
Now Christ "The Way" His blood did pay:
In Him none need to falter.

It is through faith in Christ alone,
For there remains no other;
Christ did, alone, for sin atone,
All sin His blood will cover.