

CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN

(In memory of a dear sister)

From earthly trials and sorrow here
The Lord has called her home.
No more to shed the falling tear—
No more to sigh and moan.

At Christmas time farewell to earth,
To meet her Saviour fair,
The one she knew of lowly birth
She'll now His glory share.

There to rejoice on Christmas day,
Not for His birth alone,
But for His cross—the blood-stained way,
That leads us safely Home.

She will rejoice with mother-love
Her dear ones there to see;
The family circle there above
Unbroken, was her plea.

To those bereft, the Lord is near,
With promised strength to bear
And when our trials are ended here
We'll, too, His glory share.



AN INDISPUTABLE FACT

All flesh is as grass,
In the Bible we're told
The tender blades die
Just as well as the old.

NO TICK

We work for cash and not for fun,
For what you get we want the mon'.
Our terms are cash, we need the dough—
So cough up, please, before you go.

Don't come to buy when you are broke,
For bills unpaid is not a joke.
Just pay the cash and then it's done—
You have the goods we have the mon'.

We want no list of bills unpaid,
Nor steps to take for legal aid,
No chance for loss, no cause to kick,
So, this is why we say "No tick."



TO OUR SCHOOL MAM

As you've resigned our village school,
The truth we can't ignore;
You have well done your daily task
From nine o'clock till four.

Our school will surely miss you now
When lessons they review;
In all their problems, for a friend
They could rely on you.

The good you've done for others here
We must not under rate;
It means more to each child you've taught,
Than we can estimate.

Our deep regret and gratitude
These tokens here will tell
And for your future, we as friends,
Can truly wish you well.