

### THE SPENDTHRIFTS' SOLILOQUY

Never was there quite so many,  
What a problem we must be!  
Back in old times was there any  
Who could spend so lib'rally?

We can freely spend our money  
We don't have to look ahead,  
They'll provide us milk and honey,  
And a coffin when we're dead.

Helps received we cannot mention,  
They're too many here to tell,  
And in old age there's the pension—  
We are surely cared for well.

We are furnished with protection  
In a hundred ways or more,  
And because we lack perfection  
Wages earned, they hold in store.

We've been blessed with education,  
Yet can't manage our affairs;  
They're afraid we'll meet starvation,  
So relieved us of our cares.

Some among us use their senses  
And in spending they are wise,  
But they're counted "stingy cusses"  
And their presence we despise.

Yet it makes one feel like quitting  
When there's not a cent in store.  
Makes no difference what we're getting,  
We can spend it all, and more.

Though we don't possess a nickle  
We look smart, so finely clad.  
But we're always in a pickle.  
Short of cash and pleasure-mad.

It's the law in many cases  
Taking now us birds in hand!  
They are forming legal bases—  
Only props to help us stand.

### THE SAVIOUR IS WAITING

The Saviour is waiting, how long will it be  
Till visions of mercy shall break upon thee?  
In love He is willing your soul to release;  
His patience you've proven; why can you not cease?

Alone in sin's darkness, in danger you stand;  
And yet you're rejecting the help of His hand.  
In love to poor sinners, Christ died on the tree;  
In Him there is mercy, and pardon for thee.

By faith look to Calv'ry, and list to His call;  
Why yet do you linger? There's mercy for all.  
The Saviour is waiting; He welcomes today;  
There's no condemnation for sins washed away.

### MERCY

#### COMING JUDGMENT

When Jesus comes, all saints will go,  
Earth then reveals that man of sin  
And soon the judgment tide shall flow  
On every nation, tribe, and kin.

The Son of Man will then appear,  
God's righteous judgment to display;  
The wicked then shall stand in fear  
And will in vain for mercy pray.

The harvest then is truly past,  
The summer days are at an end;  
The doom of earth is sealed at last  
By One whose mercy would defend.

The way is broad to endless wrath  
And millions now are travelling there;  
While on the straight and narrow path,  
The few in Christ will Glory share.