



Where Eagles Gather

Matthew 24:28



*The following poems were composed by
Rosemary Page
of Blackpool, England.*

After the Battle... (Will You be There?) Eph. 6:10-18

Are you winning in the battle?
Have you put your armour on?
Did you hear the bugle blowing?
Now you know it won't be long.
But the battle is a hard one,
And the foe's a wicked one;
But the victory shall be ours,
On the side of Christ the Son.

But you cannot fight in battle,
If you haven't got a sword;
So, is yours bright and shining?
Is it fit to serve the Lord?
For the Word that's from Jehovah,
Never fails, and it is true;
So let's be sure to use it,
In the war there's lots to do!

We know the prince of darkness,
Comes 'round to lead astray;
All those not fit for battle,
With their armour disarrayed.
Is your helmet of salvation,
Firmly fastened on your chin?
To keep out all the bad thoughts,
But keep the good ones in.

And is your shield of faith quite large?
To ward off Satan's band;
As he fires his deadly missiles,
Do you bravely make your stand?
Are your loins now firmly girded?
Is your mind braced up with truths?
Are you keen to take in knowledge,
Whether elderly or youths?

Are your feet shod with the good news?
As the road of peace you tread;
Do you feed his little sheep,
Just like your Master said?
Yes, the Devil he is angry,
The Devil he is mad;
So don't forget your armour,
Or you'll make him really glad.

Always trust Jehovah,
And Jehovah will provide;
That very special "polish"
For his army by his side.
It isn't sold in bottles,
And it's only to be found;
By all Jehovah's people,
Who now earth-wide abound.

It's called the holy spirit
And it really works a treat;
On armour that is dingy,
Or that has a stubborn streak.
So if you want a sure supply,
Three things there are to do;
Never fail to do them,
And Jehovah'll see you through.

First, express your love, through prayer,
Yes, always give him thanks.
Second, meetings, don't neglect,
Our holy spirit "banks".
Thirdly, preach the good news,
For all the meek to hear;
Because we're in the last days,
The end is very near.

So, follow his instructions,
And none of them neglect;
Treat Jehovah's orders,
With the deepest of respect.
For when the fighting's ended,
And the Devil, he is dead;
You'll be glad you wore your armour,
The way Jehovah said!

Do Not Rush In ~ (...Where Angels Fear to Tread.)

Gradually, Jehovah God, reveals to us his plan,
Of all the wondrous things he'll do, to raise up sinful man;
How often in the past we've seen, so many rush ahead,
And lose out on the blessings that they could have had instead.

We do recall the bowl of stew that Esau rushed to eat,
And thereby lost the birthright-he cast it to his feet;
Saul rushed ahead of Samuel, offered up the sacrifice,
And so doing, lost the Kingship-he valued not the price.

Judas the betrayer, he rushed in to "meet the sword"
For thirty silver pieces, he so surely sold the Lord;
And Peter he did rush to say, "My Lord I'll ne'er deny,"
But later begged with deep regret, forgiveness from on high.

And even Lot's two daughters, rushed ahead to found the seed,
Lacking faith in God, who would, provide the One we need;
And not forgetting Moses, who rushed in and struck the rock,
The Promised Land was never his, for God held key and lock.

And though King David was a man after God's own heart,
He rushed ahead-against God's will-a census he did start;
Then, looking at Bathsheba, he did steal Uriah's wife;
And the price, he had to pay, was his offspring's life.

Ananias and Sapphira-rushed in and lived a lie,
They grieved God's holy spirit, and so they had to die;
Achan hid the garment, the silver and the gold
He was stoned for disobedience, back there in days of old.

So many lessons we can learn, by looking to God's Word,
For waiting on God patiently is much to be preferred...
To rushing in, where even...all God's angels fear to go,
So, let's follow their example, all God's people have below.

Like the Dove (That Dwells in the Rock) Jeremiah 48:28

When the days are cold and drear,
To the Lord, I can draw near;
Like the dove, who seeks her nest,
I fly back home to peace and rest.

Underneath my Father's wings,
I serve the Master, King of Kings;
Sweet solace for my heart I find,
Away from joys of earthly kind.

For heavenly skies, alone, can fill,
A heart that feels the unkind chill;
Of ones who seemed to be my friends,
Now faraway, their pathway tends.

The road is long and very dark,
But like the dove, inside the ark;
I know, one day, I shall fly free,
Away from all who trouble me.

Faint not, my heart, but do be still,
And look to God-your needs to fill;
For human minds do not aspire,
To that plane-oh, so much higher...

Higher than all earthly love,
The joy that comes from up above;
My Lord, be near, when others mock,
This little dove, inside the rock.

Six Diamonds (“Scripture Studies”)

I knew there were six diamonds,
But where Lord, could they be?
It seemed as if, someone had
Hid them far from me.

I looked and searched and hunted,
Over hill and over dale;
But in my heartfelt quest it seemed,
I was doomed to fail.

And so I lit my candle,
So it shone out in the dark;
And lo! I had an answer,
From another “tiny spark.”

For he had found the “diamonds,”
How did my heart rejoice!
The answer to my constant prayer,
Came through a page in “Choice”.

But still I wondered sadly,
Could there be just that one set;
Of sparkling precious diamonds,
For-I hadn’t seen them yet...

So hastily, with heart aglow,
To buy them I did strive;
And I did so leap with joy,
When my diamonds did arrive!

Brimful of joy, I raised the lid
Such beauty met my eyes;
My sparkling precious diamonds
They truly are a prize.

So never, ever, shall they go
Inside a hidden box;
Diamonds of such priceless worth
Have naught to do with locks!

Forevermore they shall remain,
In beauty on display;
So all the people, they can see
Each facet now arrayed.

The moral of this story is,
Diamonds must be seen;
So do your best to place them,
Where all can see their gleam.

I ever shall be grateful,
Unto that “tiny spark”
Who led me to my diamonds
That now light up my heart.

Heart Union

Matthew 17:1

Heart union so precious, so beauteous, so rare,
There is not one thing, that to it compares;
There are only a few, who know of its joys,
These are the workers, the Master employs.

Not all the twelve, were the same as those three,
Who stayed with the Master-where'er he would be;
Like a cord gently woven, throughout the heart's depth,
Each thread never broken, by angels is kept.

No matter the distance, between each dear heart,
A closeness does grow, hence none shall e'er part;
For the Master is weaving pure hearts to his own,
And these he will draw, to that heavenly home.

The Narrow Way

Matthew 7:14

Jehovah must despair of me,
I let him down so constantly;
But not like me-he's always there,
And listens to my every prayer.

Jehovah God, you are so wise,
Please, my heart, do not despise;
I know I fail-but yet I try,
And will so, till the day I die.

As you gaze down, to us below,
It must fill you full of woe;
We fail you almost every day,
It must fill you with dismay.

If only we could be so good,
Like Jesus was-we also should;
Keep constant to the narrow way,
Be regular in all we pray.

Forgive us please-for we hold dear,
The love you show to draw us near;
Give us your spirit pure and strong,
So we can praise you all day long.

Yes help us shine our Christian light,
So tiny tho'-in earth's dark night;
Guide us please to brightest day,
Please keep us to the narrow way.

Babylon ~ Gone! Revelation 18:2

Dear Jehovah...

You have helped me so much to see,
It's so amazing, how it's turned out to be!
For Babylon, yes, has come crashing down,
And never again, will she ever be found.

The purple, the gold, all her riches are gone,
Devoured by the beast that she sat upon;
And never again, will rejoicing be heard,
There's only the cry, of a lone unclean bird.

From out of her ashes, there arises the good,
Kingdom of Jesus-in her place he's stood;
To remove all the heartache, the tears and the pain,
For only the Kingdom can wash out the stain.

At last, Great Jehovah, it is your great hour,
The thousand year reign-under your mighty power;
For all of mankind, on earth here below,
Will have to decide by a yes or a no.

For no longer can anyone sit on the fence,
With Babylon gone-and all her pretence;
Yes, all that was false-it no longer remains,
Truth is forever-and all it attains.

I thank you, Jehovah, for keeping me clean,
From Bab'lon's false system-where some time I've been.
You opened my eyes-and washed me from dross,
My heart's filled with gold-not one piece is lost!

Welcome the King of Kings Revelation 19:16

The King of Kings has truly come,
The song of songs it must be sung;
Let heaven and earth come and rejoice,
The Lord has made the finest choice.

For Jesus Christ does reign at last,
So pain and sorrow, they must pass;
From God's footstool here below,
So all mankind must truly know.

So we must preach throughout the land,
Yes, come dear brethren make your stand;
Let us praise our Priest and King,
He rules now over everything.

The end has come to darkest night,
So come dear brethren, shine the light;
Let us praise our God above,
For on Christ's bride, he pours his love.

All wickedness has had its day,
Now Kingdom power does hold sway;
Let's spread God's message through the land,
We must obey the King's commands.

So do rejoice and raise a shout,
The meek from Bab'lon, must run out;
Let's bow before our Lord and King,
How our hearts do truly sing!

In Heaven's Gate

Earthly courtyards? Not for me,
In heaven's gate I want to be;
Forever, with my Lord and King,
So my heart can truly sing.

In the realm I love the best,
Where angels in white robes are dressed;
A golden harp each one does play,
Now the Kingdom rule holds sway.

I'm in a wilderness so bleak,
My spirit home is what I seek;
So, may I strive forevermore,
To enter through yon heaven's door.

So dear sweet Jesus, hear my prayer,
May I soon be, with you there;
Among your brethren, oh so dear,
My goal it is so crystal clear!

Yes, earthly joys hold naught for me,
With heavenly things I now must be;
A stranger-I remain below,
Until the time, has come to go...

To my Master up above,
Yes, the one I truly love;
Earthly courts hold naught for me,
In heaven's gate I want to be.

Praise the Lord Forever

Psalm 149:1

Praise the Lord, oh, my soul,
Praise him as in days of old;
The end it does come on a pace,
We near the ending of the race.

Gather closely, brothers dear,
There is no need to fret or fear;
Jehovah's camp is all around,
All those who have the carcass found.

Yes, praise his name forevermore,
As we approach yon heaven's door;
Soon all saints shall enter in,
Washed clean from every stain of sin.

Praise him, Praise him, Praise the Lord,
Him so many have ignored;
But soon now every knee shall bend,
And everyone shall be a friend.

Praise him in heaven and on earth,
The one who brought our Saviour's birth;
Praise the Lord, yes, oh my soul,
Praise him as in days of old.

But some old things will be as new,
And days of man shall not be few;
Praise him! Praise him! Our dear King,
With praise our hearts should ever sing.

Emmanuel Has Come

Matthew 1:23

So now has come Emmanuel,
Great Prophet, Priest and King;
No wonder Lord Jehovah,
That my heart does truly sing.

And now with all those harpists,
Upon the sea of glass;
The time has come to praise you,
Your Kingdom comes to pass.

Oh, how our hearts do quiver,
Brimful of joy so sweet;
Our King who reigns in glory,
And we gather at his feet.

Indeed there is great triumph,
With much evil put to rest;
Not till Christ's rule is ended,
Shall there be the final test.

For every heart must be refined,
And be of purest gold;
Conforming to the iron rule,
As God's Word has foretold.

So let all praise Emmanuel,
Great Prophet, Priest and King;
No wonder Lord Jehovah,
That my heart does truly sing!

The Wheat and the Tares

Matthew 13:30

All God's people here below,
To his Word they now must go;
They don't belong to sect or creed,
For all must seek the holy seed.

The dispensation has begun,
Brought about by God's dear Son;
Denominations all must go,
Each "grain of wheat" their God they know.

The tares will soon be in the fire,
Who led God's people through the mire;
But tribulation will wash clean,
All those who hate the harlot queen.

Yes, false religion-you must go!
You filled God's people with your woe;
We've wandered far from heaven's gate,
To win the crown we are too late.

So just a palm branch we shall wave,
For Christ Jesus he does save
All those who do repent in shame,
Who cling now to his glorious name.

For every true grain's gathered in,
God has cleared away all sin;
Let's praise our King, both day and night,
We know at last, we've won the fight!

No ~ not One

Hebrews 1:9

There's no one righteous, no not one,
Who is like God's own dear Son;
All are full of sin's deep stain,
We must be thankful that he came...

To pay the heavy ransom price,
Our loving Saviour Jesus Christ,
All must his Kingdom rule obey,
Truly now it does hold sway.

For sin and pain have had their day,
God's righteous rule is here to stay;
All must welcome-bow the knee,
Before the One who sets us free...

Free from bondage, free from sin,
None of these can enter in-
The hearts that are so free from guile,
A little flock on whom he smiles.

So what a Kingdom it shall be,
Everyone shall be so free;
For everyone shall be a friend,
Tears and pain are at an end.

Let all heaven and earth rejoice,
A righteous King-he is God's choice;
There is none righteous-no not one,
That's like God's loving righteous Son.

The Day of the Lord

Zephaniah 1:14

The day of the Lord is a day of gloom,
For all the wickedness, he'll consume;
He comes-he rides upon the clouds,
To destroy-all those so proud.

The day of the Lord is a day of sorrow,
But paradise-shall come tomorrow;
He comes in glory-he bears his arm,
But for the meek, there's no alarm.

The day of the Lord is a day of night,
For those who cannot bear the light;
He comes to break their heart in pieces,
His judgement, righteousness increases.

The day of the Lord is a day of pain,
For lovers of gold and lovers of gain;
He comes to skim away the dross,
So many, they will suffer loss.

The day of the Lord is clear and bright,
And now there shall be no more night;
Awake! Arise! And leap for joy,
Each man and woman, girl and boy.

The day of the Lord is a day of storm,
For all those-who do not warn
The wicked of their evil way,
Oh yes, it's true-they've had their day.

The light gets ever brighter still,
The time has come to do God's will;
Yes, God has come to judge the world,
The sign of truth-it is unfurled.

But the day of the Lord is a day of joy,
For all those he won't destroy;
He comes to give a due reward,
To those who truly love their Lord.

The King Christ Jesus reigns at last,
All our sorrows-they are past;
There's food and drink for everyone,
Oh yes dear Lord thy Kingdom's come!

With Satan gone a thousand years,
Now love replaces all our fears;
The prince of darkness won't mislead,
The world again, from God's true seed.

Soon all shall know Jehovah's name,
The light it shines to make things plain;
And all down through this reign of peace,
The goodness of the Lord won't cease.

What happiness we now can share,
We're in the land of no more care;
So praise the Lord for he is good,
As we truly know we should.

If You Are a Jewel ~ Shine!

Malachi 3:17

The jewels now are ready, to be set into the crown,
They've been cut, and shaped and polished-

Yes, the finest to be found;
You may say, "I am the Saviour's-and the Saviour he is mine,"
But you cannot be a jewel, if you haven't got a shine!

The King he now is ready, for he sits upon the throne,
The little flock are on their way, to their grand heavenly home;
You may say "I am the Saviour's, and the Saviour he is mine,"
But you cannot be a jewel, if you haven't got a shine!

The bride she now is ready-in beauteous garments now arrayed,
The bridegroom he is coming-to steal his bride away;
You may say "I am the Saviour's, and the Saviour he is mine,"
But you cannot be a jewel, if you haven't got a shine!

The virgins now are ready, and their lamps are burning bright,
The oil in their receptacles, ne'er failed all through the night;
You may say "I am the Saviour's, and the Saviour he is mine,"
But you cannot be a jewel, if you haven't got a shine!

All arrangements now are ready, for the marriage of the King,
Throughout the realm of heaven, how the happy angels sing!
You truly are the Saviour's and the Saviour he is thine,
You truly are a jewel, see how beautiful you shine!

What Sort Are We?

2 Peter 3:11

What sort of persons ought we to be?
This, our dear Lord is waiting to see;
As we draw, ever nearer, to the end of the race,
And if we do win, we shall see his dear face.

We know, long ago, there were many sorts then,
Of Christians, whose standards, were tested and when-
The many, who John said, were not of our sort-
Went out from the others, the Shepherd had bought.

Some persons are much like soft putty it seems,
They really don't know, what full sacrifice means;
So the evil one moulds them, to his great design,
And away from the Lord, all their efforts incline.

Some persons are much like a child's rubber ball,
And upon them the Lord's "mark," it is very small;
For a time such an imprint is easy to see,
But soon it wears off-now where can it be?

But some are like diamonds, that shine very bright,
They cut into all, who step into the light;
As "like attracts like", they draw oh so near,
To the "most precious stone" that they hold so dear.

It's ever so plain now, the way we should be,
The Master is saying, "Please, listen to me;
You must be a diamond, you must be a gem,
There's no putty or rubber in my diadem!"

Help me, Lord!

Phil. 3:14

Help me to attain the prize,
Loving Father, good and wise;
I'm casting off the worldly dross,
It truly is so small a loss.

I must throw off every weight,
If I would enter heaven's gate;
Dear Jesus hear my heartfelt prayer,
Tho' I'm on the bottom stair.

Help me climb to heaven's vault,
Overcoming every fault;
Till I shine like you my King,
You reign now over everything.

Let the world do what it will,
For my soul it ne'er will fill;
All Satan's trinkets cast away,
Yes, every one has had its day.

I'm on my way to Christ above,
He wraps me in his robe of love;
I long to hear, "yes, enter in,"
When free from every stain of sin.

So, Dearest Lord, King of my heart,
Now I know how great thou art;
By grace you save me-tho' I'm just,
A leaky vessel in the dust.

God's Evening Meal

Revelation 19:17

Tho' it is day-it is as night,
And all the birds do take to flight;
Now there burns your fiery zeal,
You call the birds to your great meal.

For everyone has closed their ears;
There's no regrets, and heartfelt tears;
And so you bear your mighty arm,
Now there is such great alarm.

The wicked-all do run for cover,
Man and woman-foe and lover;
There's no way out, there's no escape,
Except for those-who on you wait.

Great heaps of bodies all around,
A mighty grave-gigantic mound;
Now everyone will know your name,
To sanctify it-yes, you came.

There stands the angel in the sun,
For all lie dead-yes, every one;
He calls to all "lords of the air"
To eat their fill, till bones lay bare.

Yes, all shall know your mighty fame,
And of your war-all those you've slain;
For ne'er again will evil rise,
Your Kingdom's only for the wise.

Bright Clouds

Zechariah 10:1

Bright clouds are announcing,
The coming of the Lord;
Bright clouds oh so shining,
Just like his mighty sword.

Bright clouds they are gathering,
Like a woman in travail;
Bright clouds tell of anger,
For God's purpose will not fail.

Bright clouds they are hiding,
The great mirror of the King;
But this sign proclaims the glory,
That makes my glad heart sing.

Bright clouds yes so glorious,
You get brighter every day;
Bright clouds you do tell me,
There shall be now no delay.

For the storm is drawing nearer,
Yes the Lord has had his fill;
Of seeing those who suffer,
Because they do his will.

The Coming of the King

The tender grass is springing,
All the birds are singing,
Such heartfelt joy he's bringing;
Don't you really know?
It's the coming of the King!

More kindness all are showing,
The reason why-not knowing;
On God's highway, some are going,
Don't you really know?
It's the coming of the King!

From the dust he is now raising,
All of Zion, who are praising,
Our God who is amazing-
Don't you really know?
It's the coming of the King!

The people without thinking,
Are to the best way linking,
Now Satan's world is sinking;
Don't you really know?
It's the coming of the King!

So let us join together,
And thank God without measure,
For sending us his treasure-
Don't you really know?
You surely must now know!
It's the coming of the King!

Come, Lord Jesus

Revelation 22:20

Dear sweet Jesus come and claim me,
Take me from this earthly life;
I long to be up there beside you,
Be a part of your dear wife.

I hear the sound of heavenly voices,
Singing praises all day long;
How I truly long to join them,
In their glorious heartfelt songs.

Yes take me please, dear Lord and Master,
To ever serve beneath your feet;
No role would give me greater pleasure,
Soon to “change,” and never sleep.

It is time, to join your “jewels,”
Soon you’ll steal each one away;
And set each in a place of glory,
In your crown, on that sweet day.

So, bring your sword Lord, and do sever,
From me now, all earthly ties;
At your feet, I long to listen,
To your words so great and wise.

The great sword glistens in the sun now,
It comes to set my spirit free;
At last I’m with my Lord and Master,
Where I truly want to be.

The Choice of God

Revelation 1:14,15

Here comes the One with feet of brass,
He's speaking to a special class;
A little flock down here below,
Their Master's voice they surely know.

Here comes the One with eyes of fire,
Apart from God, there is none higher;
He judges not by sight alone,
The One God's chosen for his throne.

He comes, a righteous rule he brings,
The Lord of Lords and King of Kings;
His reign shall last a thousand years,
It comes to wipe away all fears.

He comes, the One God loves the best,
For God is in his time of rest;
Now everyone must bow the knee,
Before the One who set us free.

He comes the One who gave his life,
And soon there shall be no more strife;
With Satan gone-the blind now see,
The way God's earth was meant to be.

That Faithful and Wise Servant

Luke 12:42

Pastor Russell is the channel and the servant of the Lord,
He said we must be ready, for we'll need to use the sword;
For we must strike the Jordan, if we would not suffer loss,
We must strike it bravely, if we want to go across.

For Elijah now is reigning and the chariot draws near,
The little flock is going where the Master does appear;
The horses oh, so fiery, they are ready for the war,
Soon will come the vict'ry-we will sorrow then, no more.

So let us not be fearful, though the Jordan's deep and wide,
For we have our loyal Captain, bravely fighting at our side;
Yes, we must free from Bab'lon, all the captives of her realm,
So don't be frightened brethren-for the Lord is at the helm.

So forward then dear brothers, in the battle of the Lord,
Let us fight so proudly, as we bear the mighty sword;
For we must earn the penny-its payment now is due,
Though the workers in the vineyard-they are now very few...

Very few, oh yes, dear brethren-a very little flock,
But let us be so valiant, as we trust in Christ our Rock;
So safely in the garner now, is every grain of wheat,
The bride she is now ready-yes, she truly is complete!

The Little Flock

Luke 12:32

The little flock shall do the work,
From it they shall never shirk;
For they love the Master's name,
Ever thankful that he came.

The little flock shall bear the sword,
They don't forget the one ignored;
Pastor Russell is his name,
Who rejected wealth and fame.

The little flock must sound alarm,
Because of those who cause great harm;
To the sheep who are penned up,
Forced to drink a bitter cup.

The little flock know what to do,
To their Master-ever true;
None but they shall stand the test,
The smiting sword-it shall not rest.

The little flock they know the time,
Obedient now they stand in line;
Ready for the mighty shout,
When the Lord's sheep will run out...

From the walls of Babylon-
Soon confusion will be gone;
See! Little flock the Kingdom comes,
The Master says "Indeed, well done!"

Obedience

1 Samuel 15:22

Wherever you want to put me, Father,
That's where I long to go;
Whenever you want to put me there,
I long for-don't you know?

However you want your will to be done,
Please, let me have a part;
Whichever way you want me to share,
Just tell me in my heart,

Why ever you have, allowed me to be,
Part of your Kingdom grand;
I may never know-till I see the dawn,
The Millennial Reign commands.

So many things I'd like to know,
But, I must now wait and see;
For all the darkness will flee away,
As your new day comes to be.

Just like the glorious beams of dawn,
Your Kingdom I hope I see;
With chains of religious bondage gone,
We truly shall be so free.

No more Babylon to ensnare,
The hearts so meek and mild;
And all shall be forced to recognise,
The ways of a little child.

For the proud and haughty, shall have no share,
Of the wonders you'll perform;
The sheep-like ones will all rejoice,
In the day of Millennial Dawn.

So, hold my hand, Father so dear,
For truly I want to know;
Wherever the Shepherd chooses to lead,
I surely do want to go.

And so very soon, all pain and sorrow,
Will really be gone forever;
And all the lovers of your Word,
Will most certainly flock together.

All faces will shine, when the true light comes,
All darkness far gone forever;
And hearts will beat brim full of joy,
So filled with spiritual treasure.

Jehovah, there's none to compare with you,
Please, ever do be my friend;
And when this evil system goes down,
I hope to see its end.

I hope I shall walk in your beautiful light,
On down through the years;
In the land where love is the password,
No more pain or tears.

Then everyone will bend the knee,
To your dear reigning Son;
And everyone will come to see,
That Kingdom rule begun.

So may we keep our faith and shine,
Throughout this fading night;
We're on the threshold, there's no doubt,
The dawn it is in sight.

When every "jewel" is in its place,
Set there, by your mighty hand;
And all shall know your beautiful name,
Throughout the paradise land.

Your little flock, full of love and grace,
Will obey your every command;
And under a banner of heartfelt joy,
All the sheep-like ones will stand.

And shoulder to shoulder will work together,
And we'll see your purpose through;
For without the glorious Kingdom hope,
Whatever Lord, would we do?

For yours is the power and all the glory,
And your King he shall rule forever;
No more tears and no more pain,
In peace we shall live together.

Though sacrifice must be whole souled,
And we truly should count the cost;
For the daily cross must be borne with joy,
Or the prize, it will be lost-

But OBEDIENCE-ah-that is the greatest price,
That true Christians all must pay;
And every command should be carried out,
Most promptly, without delay...

For a model of our dear Jesus Christ,
In obedience-may we be.
So thank you my heavenly Father,
For the blessings I now can see.

Self Sacrifice

Romans 12:1

I live no longer now for self,
I've dedicated all my wealth;
Lock, stock and barrel, yes, my all
At Jesus feet, I hear it fall.

What a joy to feel so free,
Truly now that I can see;
For all my treasure, it does lie,
With the One who cannot die.

For the penny, I will strive.
I truly feel so much alive;
ALIVE!-yes, who could ask for more?
I'm on my way to heaven's door!

Air-walking is my greatest love,
Imitating him I love;
Jesus Christ, my Saviour King
Giving up now everything.

So now dear brethren, one and all,
Heed the loving Master's call;
He brought us all with such a price,
We truly are in debt to Christ.

I see now where true treasure lies,
My heart is set on heaven's prize;
Come sweet Jesus take my all.
How I rejoice, to heed your call!

The Lost Sheep

Matthew 18:12

It was a night so cold and bleak,
The Shepherd knew he'd lost a sheep;
A little one had wandered far,
The fold gate had been left ajar.

“I wonder what's out there?” she said,
Tho' mother sheep did shake her head;
“The grass looks fine, on yonder hill,
I'll take a look-oh, yes I will!”

The little sheep it then forsook
The Master's care and leading crook
The little sheep felt oh so free
The world that beckoned-soon she'd see.

And so she gambolled down the hill,
Into the forest, dark and still;
Night fell and took her unawares,
What knew she of fears and cares?

All at once she heard a howl,
It was a wolf upon the prow!
The little sheep froze in her tracks,
For night wolves often roam in packs.

Then Praise the Lord!-she heard the tone
That made her long to be at home!
She ran towards the Master's voice
How much the Master did rejoice!

New Wine

Matthew 26:29

Bran new bottles, for bran new wine,
Ones, to whom, my heart inclines;
With my spirit, fill them up,
Those who offer that small cup...

Of cold water, to the flock,
Oh yes, they come-a special stock;
For old wine skins, will not do,
To serve my purpose, so bran new.

For my purpose will succeed
I'll give my people all they need;
No more error-no more sin,
My new spirit enters in-

To the hearts I have prepared,
Those who are no more ensnared,
By that evil one of old,
Truth, no more, he can withhold-

From all those who groan and sigh,
To the One who reigns on high-
So Jesus fill such souls with joy,
Sweet wine for all-you now employ-

In your vineyard there will be,
Wine for all who shall be free-
For Satan's rule-its end has come
Let's welcome in God's Righteous Sun!

Water of Truth

Revelation 22:1

Bring flowing waters now of peace,
Such a torrent shall not cease;
The truth of God shall e'er increase,
We welcome now the Prince of Peace.

So let this water enter in,
And wash each heart so clean from sin;
Forever we must follow him,
Who fills our hearts now to the brim.

Hear the water flow so fast,
For God's Kingdom's here at last;
Rejoice and let us praise the King,
Who rules now over everything.

So give us truth and nothing less,
God's rule truly is the best;
Now every wise one-e'en the fool,
Must bow now to the iron rule.

So come sweet water clean and pure,
Do the work that will prove sure;
May you flow forevermore,
Each heart must prove an open door-

To God's Word-the Word of Life,
Now there shall be no more strife;
Peace shall reign, forevermore,
From God's throne truth's waters pour.

The Master's Knock

Revelation 3:20

I heard the Master knocking,
So I opened up the door;
I saw a bright light shining,
That I never saw before.

I felt a glow of spirit,
Soft and warm within my heart;
I knew the Master'd come to stay,
No-never would we part.

I looked inside God's Holy Book,
And wonders I did see;
The Word it is alive, you know,
And truly sets you free...

From all the false traditions,
And doctrines taught by men;
I'm so happy that I answered,
For he will not knock again.

God's Mirror

Has anybody seen the mirror of the Lord?
It's declaring his arrival-he really is abroad!
Like a mirror it is shining, like the finest burnished gold,
Reminding me of Malachi, who lived in days of old.

See its glory shining and the power of its rays,
Telling us to praise our Grand Maker all our days;
Like an oven it is burning, just like the prophet said,
Like the copper serpent-you must look-or you'll be dead!

For all must now acknowledge, the glory of our King,
Jehovah gives him power, to rule over everything;
Remember that he truly is, the great light of the world,
And during his great rulership, the truth it is unfurled.

So let us join together, and praise this glorious light,
It truly is declaring, an end to all the night;
Yes, let us praise forever, our Creator and our King,
For he shall reign forever-of his glory let us sing!

Our Humble King

Isaiah 53:3

Not in a coach of gold and glass
The Master-he came riding past;
But he chose a humble beast,
Our reigning King-the Prince of Peace.

They spread their cloaks upon the ground,
And there was gladness all around;
They waved a palm branch-every one,
All in homage-to God's Son.

As to Jerus'lem he drew near
All the people-they did cheer;
They little knew, what they would do,
Before this special week was through.

For on that sad and bitter day,
They all did turn their face away;
They all deserted-left alone-
The Great Messiah-for God's throne.

He came with love-he came to give,
He gave his life-that we might live;
Yet-multitudes, they knew him not,
So very few-a little flock.

Yes, carriages of gold and glass,
Belong to quite a different class;
For like the Master-we must be,
And follow in humility.

Now, Is the Time **Matthew 20:4**

Let us go into the vineyard, because the hour has come,
Let us be obedient to God's dear reigning Son;
It is time to strike the Jordan, for the waters they must part,
And the Lord will then reveal what is in each brother's heart.

What a privilege, what an honour, in the army of the Lord,
What glory there will be, in the using of God's sword;
Let us all be valiant-let none be shrinking back,
For the Lord, he will provide-and nothing will we lack.

Yes the sword is with Elijah, and he surely now must strike,
For the hour it is late, yet the hour it is right;
It is time to earn the penny of which the Master spoke,
And none of us shall fear now, beneath his kindly yoke.

So, forward then dear brethren in the presence of the Lord,
What a privilege, what an honour, to bear the mighty sword;
For the yearning hearts are waiting, for the time to gain release,
And to run inside the shelter, of our reigning Prince of Peace.

Three Mary's John 20:16

That greatest proclamation-a woman knew it first,
It was a simple Jewish girl, who gave the Saviour birth;
And when the Lord arose again, upon that happy day,
Unto a woman, once again, the glory was displayed.

Could it not be once again, a woman will be blessed,
With news, the Lord, he has returned-we're in Jehovah's rest;
For the Lord he does view womankind, as honourable as men,
If he used them much before-will he not, again?

The virgin Mary did not doubt, the good news on that day,
That soon a little baby, would be born upon the hay;
Inside a lowly cattle shed, with shepherds standing by,
The holy angels, they would sing, and praise his birth on high.

And Mary in the garden, was blessed with joy of heart,
For when the Lord said, "Mary" her sorrow did depart;
Tho' she took him for the gardener, before she spoke a word,
She knew her Lord and Master-the truth deep in her stirred.

And now there's yet a "Mary"-keeping faithful till the end,
Trusting Lord and Master-yet barely has a friend;
But then the Lord did warn us, of the price we have to pay,
If we would walk his pathway-unto the perfect day.

So all these blessed women-how they praise our God above,
For granting such great privilege-and proving his great love;
Indeed he blesses loyal ones, including womankind.
No greater God of wisdom, could we ever hope to find.

The Lamb on Zion's Hill

Revelation 14:1

The road is narrow-the night is long,
Dear Jehovah, hear my song;
I'm on my way to Christ above,
He sends to me now, all his love.

The fight is hard to win the crown,
But soon will Babylon's walls fall down;
Then all the true sheep will run out,
And there will be a mighty shout.

The Lamb now stands on Zion's Hill,
And all the wicked hearts are chilled;
He comes to war in righteousness,
His Father's will, he loves the best.

And now all those who take his side,
Avoid the road that's oh so wide;
They must keep to the narrow way,
As they approach the perfect day.

He'll tread the winepress quite alone,
The One God's chosen for his throne;
The Lamb, so pure, so kind, so meek,
How his face, I truly seek.

Soon now shall come the due reward,
For those whose "self" has been outpoured;
They're like their Master, every one,
How they'll rejoice to hear "Well done!"

Take Me, Jesus

Revelation 22:20

Come sweet Jesus here at last,
Come sweet Jesus take me fast;
Take me where I do belong,
Can you hear me sing my song?

Take me where I would remain,
Far away from earthly stain;
In paradise to do your will,
God's commandments to fulfill.

The clouds of trouble gather now,
I see the coming of that plow;
That overtakes the One who reaps,
Who forever my soul keeps.

But I do not fear or fret.
The Lord is at the helm-and yet
So very few do see the sign,
The hope to which all should incline.

Dark forces gather for God's war,
Soon tears and pain will be no more;
But before the trouble breaks,
I pray the Lord my soul he takes.

So come sweet Jesus-go before,
Lead me through that heavenly door;
I long to join your brothers all,
I hasten to obey your call.

Keep Out Strangers!

2 Samuel 6:7

Brothers, do you not recall
The time, the ark, about to fall.
Uzzah, he stretched forth his arm,
And it brought him such great harm.

There is a lesson we can learn,
And so not let God's anger burn;
Do we think before we act?
Wisdom-do we truly lack?

God has made the law so plain,
Yet those of Israel did disdain;
The way, the ark, it should be brought,
Respect for God's way, seemed but naught.

God's ways-they are not our own,
We truly reap what we have sown.
Do we too seek Uzzah's fate,
Stop and think-it's not too late!

Lift up the standard-that's the way,
For strangers, they do have no say...
In the plan of God we see,
We are so bless-ed, you and me.

So do not let God's standard drop,
Or we shall reap a bitter crop.
So lock Truth's door-keep strangers out,
It is God's method-there's no doubt!

Thy Kingdom Come

Matthew 6:10

Dear holy Father, full of grace,
How I long to see your face;
People way down here below,
Your thoughts and ways they hardly know.

But soon there'll be so great a change,
For your work, will be so strange;
The harvest draws now to a close,
And judgement comes on all your foes.

You send your Captain-loyal, true,
To rule your Kingdom, so bran new;
Now all must bow and kiss the Son,
His glorious reign has now begun.

So long your saints have had to wait,
They knew of no certain date;
Your day has come, yes, right on time,
The Sun of Righteousness does shine.

The wheat is in the garner store,
Exact in number-no grain more;
Each precious "jewel" you did choose,
A "little flock" you now will use.

So thank you, Father, up above,
For all the proof of your great love;
Your thoughts and ways, you shall make known,
To those who bow before your throne.

Prepare Ye the Way of the Lord

As John cried in the wilderness,
So must we do now;
Because the King is on his way,
And every knee must bow.

We may not dress in camel hair,
And locusts not consume;
But honey sweet, the message is,
And none shall be immune-

To the coming Kingdom rule,
So all must now repent;
The Kingdom truly is at hand,
To proclaim it we are sent.

So very few did hear John cry,
In that desert long ago;
And it's still the same today,
So few the Master know.

The Baptist-John, he was so bold,
Of man he had no fear;
And we now him should imitate,
The systems' end draws near.

Dear John, he loved the Lamb of God,
In proof he gave his all;
The little flock now, just like John,
Obey the Master's call.

The Bright Shining

2 Thessalonians 2:8

Bright, bright shining, oh so fine,
Bright, bright shining, so divine;
Dear sweet Jesus, here at last,
Now all shadow-it has passed.

Bright, bright shining, in my eyes,
Helps to make one, oh so wise;
Keeps faith and spirit, so alive,
For the Kingdom, I must strive.

Great Jehovah-loving, wise,
Ruling high above the skies;
You've sent for us, your guiding light,
Keeps us safe throughout the night.

Such a wondrous beaming light,
Oh, so beautiful, is the sight;
Soon now all shall know your name,
For this reason-yes, you came.

Like a bright and shining star,
Your healing beams, they travel far;
Like no other is your shine,
Is the Kingdom truly mine?

Almighty God, he does not lie,
His truth he pours down from the sky.
He fills my soul with every need,
On his Word I daily feed.

There is no need to reason why,
The great lamp shines above on high;
It comes to heal the damage done,
Great and glorious-Righteous Sun!

How can one ignore its rays,
I'll praise it's Maker all my days;
Very soon now all shall know,
This old system has to go!

Wake up! Foolish virgins rise!
Look up high, beyond the skies;
The bridegroom's come-the door is shut!
True-you may not enter-but...

Because the Lord is wise and good,
Bids you listen-if you would;
There is still a chance for you,
Yes! There's something you can do!

Flee!-you must!-from Babylon's gate,
From everything your Master hates;
For even though you've lost your crown,
Escape! Before her walls fall down!

Obey God's wondrous shining Light,
That now proclaims the end of night;
In nuptial chamber-Christ is King!
How my heart does truly sing!

“Get Out of Her, My People!”

Revelation 18:4

Baby-lon, has many daughters,
But everyone is soon to go;
Though she sits on many waters,
To them many people flow.

Baby-lon’s a cruel system,
By her I have been misled;
Captured by her false delusions,
I was just as good as dead.

Fettered by her many doctrines,
She holds you tight, as in a snare;
For years I meekly did obey her,
But now she’s desolate and bare.

But my Lord did not forget me,
Even though her end draws nigh;
He has sent a great reminder,
A ball of fire in the sky.

“Get out of her, all you, my people!”
I must obey the Master’s voice;
No time to stop and look about me,
I must flee! I have no choice!

Alas, there are yet many blind ones,
Still, they do not see the light;
Though I try my best to warn them,
They cannot see their dangerous plight.

Babylon’s full of gold and silver,
Will very soon now hit the dust;
But I shall not fear her ending,
For in the Master, I do trust.

With all her glory gone forever,
Never more her power shall rise;
For God’s great and holy city,
Will soon descend now from the skies.

No more lies or pain or sorrow,
Pure water of the truth shall flow;
And to Jehovah’s holy mountain,
All those obedient-they will go.

Though it will take a thousand years,
To reconcile mankind to God;
At last I’m on my journey upwards,
Along “the way” the Master trod.

I have no need of bricks and mortar,
In paradise-no temples stand;
All around the light is shining,
As I hold the Master’s hand.

Yes, Baby-lon - Goodbye forever,
Here comes sweet Jesus with his BRIDE;
There shall be now no more error
For TRUTH does flow on morning’s tide!

The Race

Hebrews 12:1

Let us cast off every weight now,
As we run to gain the prize;
Looking to our head and Master,
We shall win it, if we're wise.

God has now conferred the Kingship,
On the shoulders of his Son;
May we follow him forever,
Jesus Christ-beloved one.

The race it does require endurance,
So great a number did begin;
But how many gain the vict'ry,
Sacrificing, every-thing.

For overcomers, all must be now,
Yes, the pressure has been great;
But soon the Master'll say, "Well done,"
He'll call on time-we won't be late.

How we remember, our example,
That great man-Apostle Paul;
He threw off every sin and weight,
He truly heard the Master's call.

So many blessings on life's race course,
Our loving Master, he does send;
So, full of joy, lets run together,
For the great race nears its end.

The Day of Decision

Isaiah 1:7

Oh Jehovah, dear Jehovah, what am I to do?
For I love you oh so dearly, yes your Word is true;
I feel such desolation, there are strangers in your land,
They have eaten up your fruitage-they are such a hostile band.

Oh Jehovah, dear Jehovah, what am I to say?
For the night is well along-we near the perfect day;
I know your wrath is coming, there will be now no delay,
It will burn up all your people-our vows we didn't pay.

Oh Jehovah, dear Jehovah, what am I to think?
Your work will be a strange one, much nearer than we think;
There is such a flood of error that flows throughout the land,
Are there any ears to hear you, you stretch forth your hand.

Yes, there is desolation, nearly every place I look,
Excepting one small hidden place, inside your wondrous book;
For you show me where the carcass lies, and so I gather there,
And I wait for other eagles, to come down from the air.

Oh Jehovah, dear Jehovah, I know now what to do,
I must tell your people-that your word is true;
You'll remove the desolation and the strangers from your land,
They will have no portion, in your paradise so grand!

The Latter Rain

James 5:7

The latter rain is falling,
Just like Mount Hermon's dew;
And our Great God Jehovah,
Is making all things new.

We've reached the end of harvest,
And the gleaning must be done;
Let us go into the vineyard,
In obedience to God's Son.

Jordan's banks are overflowing,
And the priests are standing by;
They must step into the Jordan,
Then the seabed will be dry.

For Joshua, our Great Leader,
He now issues his commands;
We must be strong and of good courage,
We've approached the promised land.

We draw closer to Mount Zion,
Where God's heavenly angels stand;
Let's throw off weights of sin now,
As Joshua demands.

So brethren let's go forward,
Jordan's waters are a heap;
Let us stand upon the seabed,
As God's obedient sheep.

For our Leader gives assurance,
Of his backing and his love;
Let's praise his name forever-
Our glorious God above.

Arise, Oh, Zion!

Isaiah 60:1

Arise, oh, Zion, from the dust,
In the Master you must trust;
There is a great work to be done,
See the rising of the sun!

Let's sow the Kingdom seed with joy,
For only those he will employ
That give their all in sacrifice,
They've made the choice, to pay the price.

In beauteous garments now be dressed,
As we face yet one more test;
To prove we are God's promised seed,
So, come! The Master we must heed.

The harvest time is at an end,
And yet the Master, he does send
Us out to do a gleaning work,
From it now, we must not shirk.

The change of dispensation near,
Can you hear the angels cheer?
So step forth Zion, beauteous bride,
And join your Bridegroom, at his side.

Praise Ye the Lord!

Psalm 150:6

Praise the Lord, for he is good,
Praise him as you know you should;
Praise him in the heights above,
For he gives us all his love.

Praise the Lord for he is kind,
Praise him both in heart and mind;
Praise him on the earth below,
From him every blessing flows.

Praise the Lord for he is great,
Praise him for he won't be late;
Praise him you islands of the sea,
His Kingdom comes to set us free.

Praise the Lord for all his power,
For soon will come his holy hour;
Praise him all you his faithful sheep,
Your shepherd cares for all the meek.

Praise the Lord for justice too,
For he's making all things new;
Praise him all those who love his law,
He brings us peace-there's no more war.

Praise the Lord for he is true,
Praise him yes in all you do;
Praise him, Praise him, day and night,
Praise him yes with all your might!

God's Chariot 2 Kings 2:11

The chariot is waiting to ascend into the sky,
Waiting for the message from the One who rules on high;
Elijah strikes the waters with his mantel folded up,
The Lord will pass Elijah soon, a very bitter cup.

For a message of dire judgement comes from the little flock,
Yes they only are the ones to hear the Master's knock;
The great company they are troubled and decline the task at hand,
They will suffer tribulation for failing God's commands.

As Babylon starts to totter-she calls aloud for aid,
The harlot she has wandered, inside great mammon's glade;
Now the One who owns the cattle, upon a thousand hills,
Unleashes wrath upon her, as he, his word fulfils.

Get out, get out my people, before it is too late,
Yes, the world is in the church-she slipped in through the gate;
But she cannot fool Jehovah God-his judgment soon will come,
And the chariot will indicate that his will, it has been done!

Like Moses and Aaron

Exodus 4:27

Like Moses and Aaron, we have been chosen
To do the good work of our God;
Like Moses and Aaron, we have been chosen
To walk as the Master has trod.

Like Moses and Aaron, we're brought from the wilderness,
And we meet, as they did, with a kiss;
Like Moses and Aaron, our hearts sing in gladness,
For there never was work just like this.

Like Moses and Aaron, we walk on together,
And we do all that we are bid;
Like Moses and Aaron, our faith does assure us,
For under the Christ we are hid.

Like Moses and Aaron, we march up to meet Pharaoh,
And Jehovah, he does lead the way;
Like Moses and Aaron, in the bright light of Goshen,
We grow close to deliverance day.

Like Moses and Aaron, we must be so fearless,
Forever, we'll trust in the Lord;
Like Moses and Aaron, we see the fair Canaan,
Now that we smite with the sword.

Like Moses and Aaron, we've fled from dark Egypt,
Protected by pillar of cloud;
Like Moses and Aaron, our hearts are so joyful,
Sweet music it rings out so loud.

Like Moses and Aaron, our dear Lord shall bless us,
And the Red Sea we surely shall cross;
Like Moses and Aaron we love our dear Father,
And count all, not his will, simply dross.

Truth!~At Any Price!

Truth and error mixed together,
It repels me-such a sound;
Many yet are trapped in Babylon,
The Master, by them, is not found.

How, Lord may I try to help them,
To escape the deadly snare
Of confusion-false religion,
Thank God!-I am no longer there!

Penned up I see such frightened sheep now,
They look at me with fearful eyes;
They do not see the danger coming,
Fear of man, makes them unwise.

“Wake up! Wake up!” do heed the warning,
Nearer draws Great Babylon’s fate;
But most will suffer tribulation,
They fear to leave confusion’s gate.

Storm clouds gather all above now,
Soon our Captain, he will shout!
Those whose faith will stand the great test,
They alone, will then run out...

Run towards our Lord and Saviour,
THE great Shepherd, Christ the King;
With all error gone forever,
TRUTH-has conquered every-thing!

The Spirit Enters In Malachi 3:17

“Ye are mine,” the Lord has said,
“And so ye must be now as dead;
Dead to the world and dead to sin,
When my spirit enters in...”

Enters into Christ-like hearts,
Protected from the fowler’s darts;
Yes, in Christ, ye now are hid,
As ye obey—all ye are bid.

Jewels! Ye are, every one,
The bride ye are, of my dear Son;
Ye shall sorrow, not much more,
As ye pass through heaven’s door.

What a feast there soon shall be,
With my Son who set you free;
Jewels bought with precious blood,
That is the depth of Jesus’ love.

“Ye are mine,” the Lord has said,
How happy we—to feel so dead!
Dead to the world and dead to sin,
Rejoice! The spirit enters in!

Have I Really Changed?

Dear Father Jehovah-have I really changed?
My life-have you, rearranged?
My “dead” mother, now so alive,
Soon I shall be-on the other side.

A special day, has made me see,
Even more so, what your will must be;
To share in raising mankind up,
I choose to drink the bitter cup...

The cup that Jesus took from you,
He chose the Kingdom-so bran new!
So free from leaven-of this world,
The good news soon will be unfurled.

So lead me Father-take me from this life.
I’m ready now to be, part of the wife-
Of Jesus, your dear reigning Son,
We rejoice now, because his Kingdom has begun.

Begun to rule in righteousness,
And all fam’lies shall be blessed;
“Give in and know that I am God,”
We now tread the way the Master trod.

Not all can understand our joy,
Nor the work, for which we are employed;
But we accept-and we pay the price with love,
We long to be with Jesus-up above.

Oh, yes, dear Jesus-how I’ve changed,
My life, you truly have rearranged;
Life was never ever as sweet as this,
To do God’s will-it’s truly bliss!

A Palace of Strangers

Isaiah 25:2

A palace of strangers, I cannot enter in,
For it has become, alas-the biding place of sin,
For children are their rulers, they have wandered from the way,
Alas, my Lord Jehovah-they all have gone astray.

The strangers, they have eaten up the delicacies so fine,
And all you know is so profane, they call it so divine;
But soon you'll come to rescue all your people from this city,
For the strangers are so cruel, and know not any pity.

This used to be a refuge, for the fatherless and widow,
But now it has become also-another bleak Megiddo;
Alas, my Lord Jehovah-there are many tearful eyes,
And hearts become so desolate, with many weary sighs.

The locust and the cankerworm have really had their fill,
The palmerworm and caterpillar have gone in for the kill;
The land's a desolation, so your judgement soon must come,
And you'll remove the strangers-yes each and everyone.

Take me Lord

Take me, Lord-away from this,
Take me, Lord-to heavenly bliss;
Cut off from all earthly things,
Grant me please, angelic wings.

Let me fly to heavenly home,
Never more this earth to roam;
Let me dwell with brothers dear,
All those whose hearts are to you near.

Make me, Lord-just like thee,
From Satan's world to be set free;
No more, I long for things of flesh,
My feet, no longer-they enmesh.

Fill me, Lord, with all your love,
Let it pour down from heaven above;
So all your will I can obey,
As we approach the perfect day.

The end is growing ever near,
And no thing, dear Lord, do I fear;
I'm going to my Lord and King,
Providing me with every-thing....

With every thing I'll ever need
For only him-will I now heed;
So come, sweet Jesus-lead the way,
Welcome now-Millennial Day!

Ready, Now **Matthew 24:44**

Ready now, I am to go,
To the realm where angels flow;
The thought does set my heart aglow,
Dear sweet Jesus-he does know.

Ready now, I am to be
A part of heaven-oh so free!
From the snares of fallen flesh,
No more, they, my feet enmesh.

Ready now, I am to see,
What God's holy will shall be;
Through the veil to enter in,
Far away from world and sin.

Ready now, I am to do,
The work the Lord does call me to;
My heart, it is, so full of joy,
By Jesus, I shall be employed.

Ready now, I am to know
The things that set my heart aglow;
On God's Word I daily feed,
His truth supplies my every need.

Ready now, I bid goodbye-
And looking upwards to the sky;
Jesus comes-it is the day!
To steal his jewels-faraway.

My Redeemer Lives!

Job 19:25

He is mine, and I am his,
Oh yes my dear Redeemer lives;
Never more to die again,
And suffer shame, as he did then....

When he died upon the tree,
Now he comes to set all free-
From the deadly stain of sin,
Come sweet Jesus, enter in....

To the hearts that groan and sigh,
Whose eyes look upward to the sky;
Pour down upon us from above,
All the power of your dear love.

But mankind yet-they know you not
Just a few-a little flock-
And they will serve you till the end,
Their Lord and Master-kindest friend.

So dear Redeemer, set me free,
From earthly ties, I want to be,
Up there beside you evermore,
I pray I'll pass through heaven's door.

Yes, he is mine, and I am his,
Oh, yes my dear Redeemer lives;
Never more to die again,
And suffer shame, as he did then.

The Marriage

Matthew 25:10

The door is shut, the time has come,
The marriage of your reigning Son;
See the bride all clothed in white,
Most truly a most glorious sight.

From the greatest to the least,
They're gathered to the grandest feast;
See the bridegroom standing there,
And at his side-his bride so fair.

All the earth can now rejoice,
For great Jehovah's made his choice;
Of the bride class-every one,
Is at the marriage of his Son.

God's Son, now soon, shall be revealed,
And all the earth-it shall be healed;
Gone forever-trouble, sorrow,
Life eternal, on the morrow.

The time has come, to bend the knee,
To God's dear Son, who set us free;
Yes, all must bow before God's throne,
If we would share this happy home.

For that is what our earth shall be,
With blind eyes open-all can see!
Yes, God's Kingdom-here at last,
Tears and pain are truly passed!

The Master Calls

Matthew 4:19

The Master calls, and I must go,
To that place I love and know;
Dear sweet haven-quiet retreat,
To listen at the Master's feet.

The Shepherd calls, and I must go,
Where streams of living water flow;
He leads me to those pastures green,
And to the fold, so warm and clean.

The King, he calls and I must go,
To sit where others also know
The One they honour and obey,
To faithful serve him night and day.

The Saviour calls, and I must run,
To thank him for all he has done.
His life he gave, that I might live,
So all I have-to him, I give.

The Lord he calls, and I do hear,
How I rejoice as I draw near;
To the One I love the best,
He helps me pass the final test.

Sweet Jesus speaks and I am there,
Beside him-free from every care;
Never more shall we part,
He lives forever in my heart.

Guard My Heart

Guard the entrance to my heart,
Of the world I'll be no part;
For Jesus is my Lord and King.
Now my heart does truly sing.

Let no bad thought enter in,
For the Kingdom I would win;
Guide me, dear Lord, every day,
Keep me to the narrow way.

Yes, my Lord, I love the best,
He will help me pass the test;
This system draws now to a close,
He keeps me safe from all my foes.

Gentle Jesus let me be,
Obedient, loyal, just like thee;
Always be my friend and guide,
Keep me from the road that's wide.

How I love your holy name,
I'm so thankful that you came;
Rule forever in my heart,
Keep it free from Satan's dart.

Sparkle and Shine

Not all can be of the Kingdom,
Not all can be of the bride,
Not all can be of the jewels;
Who sparkle and shine by his side.

Only a little flock can be,
All chosen, all faithful, all true,
Only a few are invited;
Those who are creatures so new.

Every one is consecrated,
Every one does give their all;
Their sacrifice it must be wholehearted,
When the Lord God, he does call...

To be a joint heir with the Master,
To be a joint heir with the Lord;
One must be brimful of the spirit,
The sign must be there, of it poured.

So if you would be of the Kingdom,
If you would be of the bride;
If you would be of the jewels,
You must sparkle and shine by his side.

Guide Me Father

Jehovah, where do I go from here,
Please do come and make it clear;
I promise you I will not fear,
With your spirit-do draw near.

Please Jehovah, show the way,
When to you I kneel and pray;
For now we are within your day,
Forever in it-may I stay.

Your Kingdom now comes on a pace,
Soon joy will be on every face;
To your law we all shall race,
Your day shall all the darkness chase.

But where are all the sons of light,
Whose eyes should shine now-oh so bright;
Watchman-yes-what of the night?
Here is the day-a glorious sight.

With Sun of Righteousness so high,
Burning brightly in the sky;
No more falsehood, lies or error,
Truth above-remains forever.

The plowman overtakes the reaper,
Everyone's a real truth seeker;
No more sorrow-no more pain.
Welcome Great Millennial Reign!

The Evil Servant

Matthew 24:48-51

The evil servant has lost the thread,
And serves what is no longer bread;
Some of God's people now grow sick,
We beg you Lord, please do come quick!

There's starving millions all around,
Because the truth they haven't found;
They need the manna from above,
Served to them, by Christ, with love.

For husks of wheat they cannot fill,
Poor hungry souls to do God's will;
They need the kernel of the truth,
To lead them to eternal youth.

Their food it is so stale and dry,
And very many wonder why;
But yet they really do not seek,
For most are really fast asleep.

The Master said to keep awake,
You may be sure-he won't be late;
Just like a thief, so swift he'll fly,
And bind the "goodman" by and by.

An evil steward, he must be,
To keep the meat so far from me;
But I did search and look around,
Until the real meat I have found.

But there was a steward true,
To him-who listened?-very few;
He's gone to glory high above,
To Christ's Kingdom, full of love.

He left behind a banquet grand,
Provided by the Master's hand;
But it's been hidden oh so long,
To starve God's sheep is very wrong.

So evil servant the time's come,
To face the judgement of God's Son;
He'll crush your gates and raise a shout,
And all God's sheep will then run out.

My Heavenly Home

This earthly house must be dissolved,
This, the Master, has resolved;
I've said goodbye to earthly things,
For I obey, the King of Kings.

Take me, Master, where you go,
Where angelic music flows;
To dwell in light, with angels wings,
I'm longing for the heavenly things.

The change, it seems now, oh so near,
Come dear Jesus-make it clear;
This human house, must not remain
Death shall soon remove the stain.

I looked above-with eager eye,
To my home-in yonder sky;
A place for me God has prepared,
My heart, to earth, no more ensnared.

So, earthly house, to be dissolved,
Oh, yes, the Master has resolved;
Farewell, farewell, all earthly things,
I'm going to the King of Kings!

The Kingdom is Here

The preaching work is finished,
And the wheat is in the barn;
Every consecrated one,
Is truly free from harm.

For Satan now is locked away,
Inside the great abyss;
For a time now-none misled,
By a Judas kiss.

The tares have all been burned away,
And worldliness remains;
And from these, we must turn away,
To keep free from all stains.

Now has come the great Refiner,
The great company shall be purged;
And only those who do prove worthy,
Shall from this, vital trial, emerge.

So do guide me Great Jehovah,
For now your Kingdom rule begins;
May I have a share for always,
So safe, I feel, beneath your wings.

Almost There

Children of the Lord draw near,
Hear his orders-loud and clear;
There is a grand work to be done,
Down here, beneath the righteous sun.

Like John the Baptist we must be,
Now that we at last are free;
Free to tell the message out,
It shall be a mighty shout.

We must be fearless and so bold,
For the message must be told;
All must obey our ruling King,
With his praises let us sing.

The time remaining is now short,
It's time to give the last report;
With fire and zeal let's labour hard,
Inside the Master's grand vineyard.

Come faithful brothers one and all,
Let all obey this final call;
Be joyful in the work we do,
Though the workers are so few.

Though opposition will arise,
Let's look ahead upon the prize;
So come dear brothers, let us share
Time does show-we're almost there!

Jehovah~Our Great God

Great and wondrous God Jehovah,
From whom eternal blessings flow;
Grant to me your humble servant,
Your precious, wonderous, will to know.

What privilege Lord it is to know you,
And your obedient, loving, Son;
May I always tread his pathway,
Long after your grand Kingdom comes.

Soon this battle shall be over,
And everyone shall know your name;
All shall honour Christ the Saviour;
For all your glory, he'll proclaim.

The little flock's now safely gathered,
All the wheat is in the barn;
Four winds of tribulation blow now,
To the earth-they will do harm.

Soon every eye shall see Christ's coming,
Upon the clouds-he'll surely ride;
With righteous rule he comes to conquer,
His loyal army by his side.

Great God to you belongs the glory,
You brought us forth to do your will;
But all those who don't obey you,
The pits of hades, they will fill.

So heavenly Father, bear your arm now,
Of this world-we want no part;
Lead us along the path to glory,
As we draw near your loving heart.

Glorious God there's none above you,
Soon all shall know your mighty fame;
And every knee shall bow in honour,
To your beauteous, holy name.

Teach Me Father

Oh guide me great Jehovah,
The end is very near;
Teach me great Jehovah,
For I shall not quake with fear.

For though the very mountains
Should topple in the sea;
In you I'll trust forever,
Your Kingdom, I would see.

Oh show me great Jehovah,
The things that I should do;
To make your heart so happy,
Until this life is through.

For I long to be with Jesus,
My Master and my King;
To whom you gave dominion,
Over each and everything.

The days are flying quickly,
Soon will come the mighty crash;
And yet I will still trust you,
For I truly know I must.

I love you, dear Jehovah,
And soon now, all shall know;
Your grand purpose and your Kingdom,
And blessings soon shall flow.

So make me, great Jehovah,
Ever pleased to do your will;
For I'll rejoice forever,
Upon your holy hill.

Oh, yes, great God, Jehovah,
How I love your precious name;
How wonderful it soon shall be
They'll know why Jesus came...

And when this system's ended,
When every creature does your will;
I shall be glad dear Father,
That my vows, I did fulfil.

Truly Mine

A little piece of what's divine,
Holy Father, is it mine?
Shining there, way up above,
Coming from a God of love.

Loving Father, can it be,
When Jesus died upon that tree;
That I was part of your great plan,
Wonderous things in store for man.

Such a glorious shining light,
Came in my heart at dead of night;
And Jesus took my sins away,
And filled my life with brightest day.

Light shines out from heaven's door,
And it shall forevermore;
It shows me where my home shall be,
Now my spirit is set free.

So shine sweet light with power and might,
Announcing now-the end of night;
A little piece of what's divine,
Proves the Saviour's truly mine.

Christ's Return

Look at the wonderous glorious Sun,
The Kingdom of God has truly come;
To end all the crying, tears and pain,
The Christ he has returned again.

So sing and cry out loud with joy,
Each man and woman, girl and boy;
For righteousness does rule the land,
And all her borders, she'll expand.

The prince of darkness-gone at last,
His wicked reign-has surely passed;
So let us all now bow the knee,
To him who rules from sea to sea.

Millennial rule is here to stay,
The rule for which all Christian's pray;
With rod of iron in his hand,
All must obey his fine commands.

Obedient, yes, now all must be,
For Christ has come to set us free;
From the stains of death and sin,
Dear Jesus, we do beg, "Come in!"

Do fill our hearts with all your love,
You've come at last, from heaven above;
Restitution blessings flow,
Now everyone-shall God's name know.

Transformed

Transforming daily by the hour,
Knowing of the Saviour's power;
Kiss the Son and bow the knee,
Love the Lord eternally.

Upward, onward, we must go,
Obedient ever to the flow;
Of God's spirit in the soul
Like prophets in the days of old.

Happy more than one can say,
Darkest night-now brightest day;
Welcome Prophet, Priest and King,
Like dross I cast off everything.

So I shall not miss the mark,
To of the Kingdom, be a part;
To pass now soon through heaven's door,
Be with the Lord forevermore.

So goodbye now to earthly home,
No more on you shall I roam;
Heavenly gates are calling me,
With Jesus there, I want to be.

Run to Win

Run so fast, run to win,
I'm throwing off each weight of sin;
Loving Father good and wise,
How I long to gain the prize.

Now every day I leap with joy,
I choose the gold and not alloy;
My life with purpose now is full
I'm bowing to the iron rule.

So upward, onward, I must go,
This is the way, I surely know;
You set the pattern I accept,
So in your love I shall be kept.

What a privilege now to know,
The way all Christians have to go;
Yet in my heart I'm not alone,
He draws me to that heavenly home.

So run so fast, run to win,
I'm throwing off each weight of sin;
Loving Father good and wise,
How I long to gain the prize.

The Lesson

I hope and pray I'm not too late,
To pass inside great heaven's gate;
This final test has been so hard,
Inside the Master's great vineyard.

I did not expect to find,
A worldly heart that so inclined
Towards the trinkets of the world,
A poison dart-it has been hurled.

Oh please, Jehovah-rescue me,
For so long-I did feel free;
Is this test the final one,
Reminding me of your dear Son.

How he braved the vipers tongue,
Yet now we know, the vict'ry's won;
He overcame, yes-every foe,
On this wicked world below.

I see now Father, I must share,
All the Master had to bear;
Should it please you well to know,
I do rejoice at every blow.

Yes, every blow and every knock,
I know I'm safe upon the Rock;
Even though I feel the stain,
Deep within-you do remain.

So never leave me, never go,
From this mortal heart below;
I'm fighting still to win the crown,
Great Baby-lon, must yet fall down.

Although I may not understand,
Your high decrees and just commands;
Help me walk on through the night,
With faith alone-and not by sight.

I understand why I must feel,
As I bow myself to kneel;
The heartache of the Master dear,
The One that I shall never fear.

So thank you for this lesson great,
That moves me close to heaven's gate;
Like Lord and Master may I be,
And live with him eternally.

Where, Lord?

Where are your disciples Lord?
Where Lord, can they be?
I have been walking with the blind,
All those who cannot see.

Show me, Lord, I beg you,
The way that I should go;
For only you can read my heart,
You know I love you so.

The love of many has waxed cold,
The end it must be near;
Has every heart abandoned you?
There seems so little cheer.

The flock is severed from the pen,
Where can your dear ones be;
So lonely is the narrow road,
So hard it is, to see.

But maybe standing all alone,
Is really THE great test;
I plant my hope upon the Rock,
On One I love the best.

He Could

He could have chose a lion, a tiger, or a bear,
Or any of the greater beasts-years ago, back there;
But Jesus chose the donkey, when he rode as King that day,
A humble beast of burden-took him safely on his way.

He could have had a palace, or a castle, or a hall,
But Jesus Christ was born that day, inside a simple stall;
His mother could have been a Queen, a crown upon her head,
But 'twas a simple Jewish girl that God he chose instead.

He could have worn the robe of state, so regal and sublime,
And all the gem stones of the world, so beautiful and fine;
But garb of common man he wore, for still he wants as then,
To win the hearts of humble souls, the meekest of all men.

He could have had the power to rule, all of Satan's world,
And all the nations would have bowed, beneath his rule unfurled,
But God, he chose the Kingdom, to bestow upon his Son,
For he knew that Jesus Christ would be the only one
who would do-All he could!

Here I am, Send Me!

Isaiah 6:8

Who will go-who can we send?
Who shall now-God's name defend?
Here I am, send me!

Who will raise a mighty shout?
So Bab'lon's captives can run out;
Here I am, send me!

Who will shine God's beaming light?
For the last time-in the night;
Here I am, send me!

Who will trust on God above?
Who through the hurt, displays yet love;
Here I am, send me!

Who will obey the Master's voice?
Admit there really is no choice;
Here I am, send me!

Who shall be loyal to the end?
Now that a sword divides one's friends;
Here I am, send me!

Here I am, send me, send me,
I love you, Lord, send me!

The False Shepherds

Ezekiel 34:10

Oh presumptuous servant, you have gone ahead,
You never really listened to what your Master said;
For you have made your own plans, to fit the Word of God,
You never put your foot inside, the way the Master trod.

Yes-you have truly led astray, all those who love the Lord,
Upon you now, will come at last, his bright and shining sword;
For you didn't feed his little sheep, just as the Master said,
And as we enter in God's day-you're really good as dead.

Yes, the sheep are weak and sickly, fastened up inside a pen,
All misled by doctrines, and traditions of mere men;
But the Shepherd, who in time has come, to set them free at last,
Every single one of those, your fetters held so fast.

And so false shepherds, every one-you now must face your doom,
The Great Day of Jehovah comes-so dark and full of gloom;
But the dear sheep of the Master, he will lead to pastures green,
They'll drink the water of God's truth-so pure, so good, so clean.

Give In...(and Know that I am God)

Psalm 46:10

I only wish to teach you right,
Why do you ignore the light?
You have to kick against the goads,
Clinging to your heavy load.

Will you not accept his way?
And praise him ever-all your days;
It truly is, son, for the best,
And then you would be really blessed.

You must give in and don't fight God,
Yes, tread the way the Master trod;
Be submissive-do his will,
With happiness-your days he'll fill.

He says "Give in, please do not fight,
To serve me you must know is right;
I am your Master, I am the Lord,
The one who bears the mighty sword."

And soon will come the reign of peace,
The will to struggle-it will cease;
For everyone shall know my name,
The reason why-Christ Jesus came.

For soon the iron rod will rule,
So listen please, don't be a fool;
For Jesus loves you-serve him now,
For soon to him all knees will bow.

Show Me The Way

Oh dear Father, Lord Jehovah,
Show me what I have to do;
The message it does seem so dead now,
Yet I know your word is true.

Guide me with your mighty spirit,
Use me please to let it flow;
To the hearts so sadly sighing,
Help me to remove their woe.

Where has the holy spirit gone,
So much it was relied upon;
But now the world's a desert bleak,
For no one does your spirit seek.

And yet I feel there must be some,
Who pray yes, let thy Kingdom come;
Help me please to guide them, do!
To the pastures green and new.

The word of God is so alive,
If in our hearts it does abide;
To our God we now must go,
If we want to feel the flow.

For all the world must now obey,
As we near the perfect day;
The Kingdom's come, there is no doubt,
It's time to raise a mighty shout!

Absent From Home

Psalm 119:54

Absent from home and yet the joy supreme,
Absent from home and yet we see the gleam;
The Sun of Righteousness about to shine-
To know that soon will come the time,
Of holy splendour-He is mine!
Absent from home-but not for long.

Absent from home-yet how our hearts do yearn,
Absent from home yet how our hearts do burn;
The iron rule about to reign,
To end all sorrow and all pain,
For Satan's rule is on the wane,
Absent from home-but not for long.

Absent from home-and yet he is so near,
Absent from home-yet nothing do I fear;
The bridegroom coming, for jewels one and all,
The bride is ready, and obeys the Master's call,
This wicked system is about to fall,
Absent from home-but not for long.

Absent from home-the days are flying fast,
Absent from home-soon all the longing will be past;
In heaven's gate I'll leap for joy!
With all his dear ones he'll employ,
There shall be crowns with no alloy,
Absent from home-but not for long.

Absent from home-yet now I see the sign,
Absent from home-and yes I know it is the time;
The Golden Age it has begun,
Let's bow the knee to his dear Son,
He is our Lord-that special one,
Absent from home-but not for long.

Absent from home-yet I'm rejoicing still,
Absent from home-and I live to do his will;
Into glory-we are soon to go,
Forsaking all-way down here below,
With such joy-that only God himself can know,
Absent from home-ah yes-but not for long.

No Place to Lay His Head

Foxes have dens and birds have roost,
But where did our Saviour lie
Down his sweet head-the one who spoke truth,
And for our sins he did die.

Yes, where did he lie-it was not with his own
Kindred-how sad it is now to think;
The one who gave ALL, was rejected by men,
So few could accept the great link-

The great link in the chain, that came from above,
When God then set up his great plan;
He sent forth a Saviour, and by his pure blood,
A new chance would be laid before man.

But who really cares at the end of the age?
Why, only a mere little flock;
Though many profess to be of his own,
They prove by their works-not his stock.

Is there a lesson that we can all learn,
From examples laid down by our Lord?
For if we follow on, in his footsteps we shall
Alas, be struck by the sword...

The sword that does sever-oh yes earthly ties,
Until like our Lord we're alone;
In that setting unique, must all jewels be set,
If worthy a place on his throne.

Heavenly Gleam

Forget about where you have been,
And set your heart on heavenly gleam;
Says the spirit, deep within,
For the prize, you want to win.

Forget about all earthly ties,
If you would meet in heavenly skies...
Jesus and the brethren dear,
When there shall be no more fear.

No more to fear, the taint of sin,
So far away, from Bab'lon's din;
How I thank great God above,
Who does bestow on me his love.

Forget about all pain and sorrow,
For it is, now as tomorrow;
When Jesus claims his jewels all,
I must be ready, for his call.

Goodbye, goodbye, to earthly dross,
You truly are so small a loss;
That heavenly gleam, I see so clear,
To home it draws me, ever near.

What God is Doing

God is op'ning heaven's door,
The light it shines a little more;
Upwards, onwards we must go,
The narrow way-we surely know.

God is wanting men to see,
What his rule is meant to be;
Right-eous-ness, the standard set,
Very few attain it yet.

God is looking for the meek,
Those whose hearts do ever seek;
Heavenly manna from above,
To fill their souls with Christlike love.

God is telling one and all,
It's time to hear the gospel call;
The little flock are in the fold,
Their precious faith, it shines like gold.

God is turning to the world,
The truth to them it is unfurled;
At last we know the Kingdom's come,
God's will on earth-it shall be done.

Yes!-God is op'ning heaven's door,
The light it shines a little more;
Upwards, onwards, we must go,
The narrow way, we surely know.

Only One

It wasn't two or three or four,
That knocked upon my humble door;
It was the dearest One of all,
And I rejoiced to hear his call.

It wasn't four or three or two,
That brought this feeling-so bran new!
It was the One that God loves best,
And I delight now in his rest.

It wasn't two or four or three,
Who broke the chains and set me free;
It was the One that now is King,
How my heart does truly sing!

It wasn't four or two or three,
Who shed such precious blood for me;
There is none like him-no not one,
God's loving, precious, perfect Son.

The Lord Is Risen

(also a hymn)
Matthew 28

It was the end of the Sabbath,
The very first day of the week;
To the sepulchre came the two Marys,
Their beloved Master to seek.
Behold there was a great earthquake,
From heaven an angel appeared;
He rolled back the stone from the doorway,
To see him, they were much a-feared.
His countenance it was like lightning,
His raiment it was white as snow;
For fear the keepers were shaking,
Then the angel he spoke soft and low,
“Fear not for I know ye seek Jesus,
But he no longer is here-

Chorus-

Come with me, don't delay,
Arise he is today,
See where the Lord did lay,
Do not be in dismay;
Go quickly and tell the news,
Surely you can't refuse,
The Lord he is risen today.”

From the tomb they quickly departed,
With fear but also great joy;
To take the news to the disciples,
Such a happy envoy.
And lo, on the way they met Jesus,
Saying in greeting “All hail”--
By his feet they did hold him,
And worshipped him there, without fail.
Jesus said “Do not be fearful.
But tell the brethren to be;
In Galilee-there I shall see them,
Please take this message for me.”

They recalled the words of the angel,
“Indeed he's no longer here-

Chorus-

Come with me, don't delay,
Arise he is today,
See where the Lord did lay,
Do not be in dismay;
Go quickly and tell the news,
Surely you can't refuse,
The Lord he is risen today.”

To Galilee went the disciples,
Into that mountain they knew;
Where they had first been appointed,
The eleven as faithful and true.
Then at once they saw Jesus,
So they worshipped their Master and Lord,
He told them the greatest of power
By God-was now on him poured.
Go ye therefore and teach now,
All nations throughout all the land;
Teaching them all the commandments,
So that they do understand.
So may we all join with God's angel,
Singing, “He's no longer here-

Chorus-

Come with me, don't delay,
Arise he is today,
See where the Lord did lay,
Do not be in dismay;
Go quickly and tell the news,
Surely you can't refuse,
The Lord he is risen today.”

A Rare and Special Love

Matthew 26:7

Into the room she gently stepped,
Upon her every eye was kept;
She knelt beside the Saviour's feet,
And there to pour that perfume sweet.

Atar of roses-such great cost,
The measure of her coming loss;
She broke the seal-it fell apart,
And then she felt the cruel dart-

"Why such waste?" she heard him say,
Her heart it trembled in dismay;
She waited for the Master's word,
How she rejoiced at what she heard-

"Let her alone!"-a strong rebuke,
For him-who all the money took
From the box-for all their needs,
A thief was Judas-yes, indeed.

And so dear Mary's heart did burn,
For great reward her gift did earn;
Her loving deed, the world does know,
That proved she loved the Master so.

So when we hear the Master call,
Like Mary do we give our ALL?
Holding nothing back of self,
Thus gaining priceless heavenly wealth.

My Prayer

Oh, Jehovah-
Let me be of your Kingdom please,
Not for me, a life of ease,
Nor the devil e'en to please,
Into his mould, he would me squeeze,
My soul he so much wants to seize,
But him, I'd never want to please,
Hear me Oh, Jehovah.

Oh, Jehovah-
Let me be of your Kingdom reign,
Far away from tears and pain,
And all that points to mankind's shame,
No more blind and dumb and lame,
Satan gone-no more to blame,
So glad I am, that Christ he came,
To remove all sinners stain,
I have not fought the fight in vain,
So hope-full-y I will remain,
Hear me-Oh, Jehovah.

Oh, Jehovah-
Let me be of your Kingdom great,
For I know it won't be late,
Great Baby-lon will meet her fate,
Gone will be all those you hate,
I'm thankful I stayed from her gate,
And that on you I've learned to wait,
Your glory yet I will relate,
In truth I will not hesitate,
Oh hear me-please, Jehovah.

Our Shepherd King

They sought him in the country,
They sought him in the town;
That One, the glorious Son of God,
The jewel in the crown.

He cried aloud not in the street,
He was both meek and mild;
He came indeed to comfort bring,
To king and little child.

He wore no crown upon his head,
But dressed as common men;
He came to free his little sheep,
Locked up inside a pen.

He came to knock upon the door,
Of all whose hearts are sad;
And all who heed his kindly word,
Rejoice and are so glad.

He healed the sick and raised the dead,
All sin our Saviour bore;
He gave his all-upon the tree,
So who could ask for more?

Do seek him now and homage give,
Our glorious shepherd King;
His rod and staff, great comfort are,
And cause our hearts to sing.

And may we sing forevermore,
The greatest song we know;
Then one day, shall all mankind
Rejoice on earth below.

Jehovah's Hour

Even to you all flesh will come,
And bow the knee, to your dear Son.
Jehovah-mighty, is your power;
Soon shall come-your great hour.

Hear the mighty thunder roll,
Soon there'll be a mighty toll;
Soon the price it must be paid,
For all the trouble man has made.

Armageddon draws so near,
Many people-they do fear;
Deep inside-they know you'll come,
And bring the rule of your dear Son.

So come great Lord of heaven and earth,
Force men to recognise the birth;
Of your Kingdom-come at last!
Beneath its light, all soon shall bask.

Respond To His Knock

It's life you need, that's life indeed,
And only God can sow the seed;
Can you hear his knock, his call?
It's time for you to give your ALL.

So come, dear brother, bend the knee,
If you truly want to see;
What the Lord would have you do,
As his creature-truly new!

Yes I know, you've travelled far,
But the door-it is ajar;
Throw it open-let him in,
And then the new life can begin.

You have the seed, but it must grow,
Oh dear brother you must know;
There must be death, to gain the life,
If you would be, part of Christ's wife.

So listen, listen-brother dear,
Christ the Lord stands oh so near;
Seize this moment opportune,
For this new creature-it must bloom!

And so at last, you know the need,
You must help God to grow the seed;
You must respond-yes right away,
Exchange the night for brightest day.

We Love the Brethren

Dear brother, no-we cannot sit,
With brethren fallen down a pit.
Pass the spade-let's dig them out,
So they too can raise a shout.

Why all the squabble on the deck?
Don't they fear complete shipwreck?
The storm clouds gather just ahead,
To stay alive-we must be "dead"...

Dead to all that points to self,
Casting off the world and wealth;
So shake off every trace of dust,
Have naught to do with moth and rust.

This whole system soon will go,
The breath of God-shall on it blow;
Each hill and mountain, all shall melt,
The iron rule shall soon be felt.

So come on brothers-wake up, do!
For God is making all things new;
Show Jehovah that you care,
And in his work, now have a share.

Trimmed and burning is your lamp?
Or is it dim-due to the damp?
Spirits that are damp won't rise
High enough to win the prize.

Yes come on, brothers-grasp the rope,
We want to help you get afloat;
In spite of all, it's not too late,
You still may enter heaven's gate.

With vim and vigour, let us strive,
And show our Master-we're alive;
Let's shine our light and let men know,
The Kingdom's come to earth below.

Whole Hearted Malachi 1:8

How can all the people,
Be the way they are?
For they ignore Jehovah God,
Yes, they have wandered far.

If they had a gov'nor,
They would honour give;
Don't they want eternal life?
Don't they want to live?

So what gift are they offering?
Is it lame or blind?
Jehovah looks into the heart
What there does he find?

Nine-tenths consecration,
Is not enough to pay,
Jehovah says NOT sacrifice
I want you to obey;

But many they are shrinking back,
Although they hear the call;
How it truly saddens me,
As I see so many fall-

Yet our journey's nearly ended,
Our goal is oh so near;
Very soon all faithful ones,
Shall hear the angels cheer.

So keep onwards-ever upwards,
Press on-my heart-press on;
We're nearly at fair haven's door;
That throne to sit upon.

Nothing Else Matters

Nothing else matters but serving Jehovah,
Nothing else matters but serving the TRUTH,
Nothing else matters but finding the meek ones,
They may be elderly-they may be youths.

Nothing else matters but shining the light now,
Nothing else matters but being so bold;
Nothing else matters but revealing the errors,
They may be quite new or they may be so old.

Nothing else matters but serving the Master,
Nothing else matters but giving our ALL;
Nothing else matters but work in the vineyard,
Our fruitage so large or quite very small.

Nothing else matters but winning the victory,
Nothing else matters but the battle ahead;
Nothing else matters but serving our King now,
We may be alive or we might be quite dead.

Nothing else matters but winning the crown now,
Nothing else matters but gaining the prize;
Nothing else matters but gaining the Kingdom,
We may be quite foolish or we may be so wise.

Nothing else matters but being like Jesus,
Nothing else matters but obeying his voice;
Nothing else matters but tracing his footsteps,
We may soon be in heaven-If we make the right choice.

Babylon Is Burning

Revelation 18:18

Babylon is burning-you can hear an anguished cry,
Babylon is burning-you can hear the people sigh;
Babylon is crumbling, you can hear her walls fall down,
Bab'lon's in her death throes-she's forever lost her crown.

No more a bride or bridegroom, shall walk her aisles again,
No more will kings admire her, like a rare and costly gem;
All around is darkness, you'll hear not a song or word,
Except the night time hooting, of a foul or unclean bird.

Babylon has fallen-like a millstone so cast down,
Never will she rise again, and every face shall frown;
As people look upon her ashes and declaring now "Too bad,"
The city that was oh so great-is now so very sad.

Farewell forever Bab'lon, at last your slaves are free,
Gone are chains and fetters, that held such ones as me;
So desolate you stand now-at best a refuse heap,
You shall mislead no longer, all the dear Lord's little sheep.

Seeking Truth

So many wish for only truth,
But very few do tell;
For all the very greatest truths,
Lie deeper than a well.

So very few do have the time,
To knock, to ask, to find;
Yes, most of all mankind today,
Are very, very blind.

To find the greatest truth of all,
Great effort must be made;
Or one may never ever know,
Of him-who came to save.

Like treasure, truth is hid away,
From every worldly gaze;
And like the stories Jesus told,
It shall be as a maze.

For only all the truly meek,
Can hope to understand;
The wondrous things that come to pass,
And all his wise commands.

The starting point must be the heart,
And humble it must be;
And if that soil is far from good,
Then one shall never see.

For seeds of oh, such precious truth,
Can only hope to grow;
On fertile ground-so fine and good,
As every Christian knows.

So if you wish to know the truth,
And its glories you would tell;
Beg the Lord, to fill your soul
With water from his well.

I'll Not Conform! I'm Free!

Romans 12:2

Squeeze me not within a mould,
And force me to do what I'm told;
No matter how they chide and scold,
I'll not conform! I'm free!

They'll try I know to chain me down,
Each former smile is now a frown;
But I'll endure it for the crown,
I'll not conform! I'm free!

They say, "Oh, please don't rock the boat,
For we prefer to stay afloat;
Upon Great Bab'lon's mighty moat."
Abandon ship!!!- (That's me!)

"Sit down," they say "and hold your tongue!"
They try to prove I'm in the wrong;
But in my heart, I hear THE SONG,
I'll not conform! I'm free!

They say I'm changed and seem quite odd,
Since with yon sword I've had a prod;
It proves I really love my God,
I'll not conform! I'm free!

"The tracting work's a waste of time,"
Is now an oft repeated line;
But come what may-the light will shine,
I'll not conform! I'm free!

They say the Lord has not yet come,
So preaching now must not be done;
But I've been called by God's dear Son,
I'll not conform! I'm free!

Oh yes, I'm free-free as a bird,
How I rejoice to spread the word;
Moulds and chains shall ne'er restrain,
This leaky vessel, Christ reclaimed.

To Be With Jesus

To be with Jesus, that's my aim,
I'm so thankful that he came;
Came to us from up above,
And poured upon us his sweet love.

To be with Jesus-do God's will,
All my vows I must fulfil;
Dear sweet Jesus, hear my prayer,
Keep me safe from Satan's snare.

To be with Jesus that's my goal,
My sacrifice it must be whole;
No half measures it must be,
ALL I have--if I would be...

With my Lord, the One I love,
In God's Kingdom, up above;
How my heart does now rejoice,
For Jesus is God's only choice.

To be with Jesus I do long,
My happy heart is filled with song;
To be with Jesus evermore,
To pass at last through heaven's door.

Remember the Wife of Lot

Luke 17:32

Will you truly walk away?
On that great approaching day;
From everything you held so dear,
Jehovah now-does make it clear.

That only those who consecrate,
Their ALL upon his altar great;
Shall escape the final war,
Which all no longer can ignore.

For it shall burn those high and proud,
All those who praise themselves aloud;
All heads will hang down in their shame,
Before the One who bore the pain.

For Jesus Christ is now the King,
He reigns now over everything;
And everyone must bow the knee,
Before the One who sets us free.

Let's not forget Lot's foolish wife,
Who threw away her privileged life;
There she stood upon the shore,
A pillar-salt!-forevermore.

So can you truly walk away?
On that great approaching day;
From everything you hold so dear,
Jehovah now, does make it clear.

The Race Is Ended

There is a look upon the face,
That says, "I think I've lost the race;"
Back to the darkness-cast outside,
To the road, that's very wide.

Alas, my Lord, Jehovah God,
So few have walked where Jesus trod;
Into the new age, now, we go,
There are so few who really know...

The TRUTH-the message-in your Word,
To thousands it has not occurred-
To lay upon your altar grand,
The sacrifice, you do demand.

We cannot look, and then pass on,
Pretend we never pondered on...
The glorious blessings you held out,
Your precious TRUTH, we should not flout.

And now's the time to pay the wage,
The faithful of the Gospel Age;
The bridegroom calls now, "Shut the door!"
The race it shall be run no more.

Too Late!

Do not stand too close to me,
I really do not want to see.
Cover up that shining light,
I love the darkness of the night.

Don't you come and rock my boat.
I struggle much to keep afloat
On waterways of Bab-y-lon,
This is where I do belong.

Speak not truth into my ear,
You know I have to cope with fear;
I'm seldom fed-just now and then,
Inside this cramped and narrow pen.

Under a bushel, can't you stay?
Oh won't you please just go away?
And leave me here to take my ease,
Although myself I cannot please.

Leave me, please to be alone,
Sectar-i-an must be my home;
Chains and fetters are my fate,
I've lost my crown-it is too late!

To cruel masters I must bow,
To disobey I know not how;
I know for sure they'd cast me out,
If Kingdom truths I chose to shout.

For ERROR is the song I sing,
In my heart he rules as king;
And Babylon-his queen must reign,
For TRUTH does only cause me pain.

Tribulation-that's my prize,
I must admit-I am not wise;
My calling it will not be sure,
For Babylon has been a lure...

To those unstable just like me,
With eyes so blind, and cannot see;
Had I responded to his knock,
I'd now be founded on the Rock.

So-leave me please to be alone,
Sectar-i-an must be my home,
Chains and fetters are my fate,
I've lost my crown-it is too late!

Dear Jesus-Please Come In

I thought, indeed, I had it right,
I thought it day-it was the night;
It was all wrong without the light,
Dear Jesus-please come in.

Now I see-no longer blind,
I had to seek-if him to find;
That one so gentle meek and kind,
Dear Jesus-please come in.

I felt so dead-now I'm alive,
I trust him as a little child;
Like my Lord, I must be styled,
Dear Jesus-please come in.

I hear the knock, I know his voice,
So happy now, to have no choice;
Submissive heart-how you rejoice,
Dear Jesus-here-within.

Day of Salvation

Dear Father-

Let me know the words to say,
Don't let me be scared, or run away,
For I must speak your word today,
Today is the day of salvation.

Let me do the things you will,
Don't let your spirit e'er be stilled,
For I must be, yes! with it filled,
So, come day of salvation.

Let me know the thoughts to think,
As Satan's system nears the brink,
For I have broken from its links,
Come sweet day of salvation.

Let me tread the narrow way,
Ever in Christ's footsteps stay,
The prize, I must gain, come what may!
Today...oh, yes, salvation.

My Song to Jehovah

Dear Jehovah good and kind,
I used to be so very blind;
But now you guide my eyes to see,
My heart now sings in harmony...

With all your promises so grand,
Now we approach the beautiful land;
So glad I chose the spiritual treasure,
Such joy of heart, beyond all measure.

For Jesus he did enter in,
His blood has covered all my sin;
He rides to war in righteousness,
And all the meek he'll truly bless.

The light it gets yet brighter still,
My vows I know how to fulfill;
My hunger and my thirst supplied,
You heard me when to you I cried.

So come sweet Jesus do God's will,
For all his works you do fulfill;
Very soon now all shall know,
Your Kingdom reigns on earth below.

As Armageddon laps the day,
All shall tread the holy way;
No stranger there shall enter in,
Yes we'll see the end of sin.

Crystal Clear

“Use the frosted glass and see,
What God’s Word is meant to be”;
Said a brother-so misled-
Who looked alive, but he was “dead”!

“You may prefer a coloured glass
To see what now has come to pass”;
Said the sister-lead astray-
She did not sense my pure dismay.

Or some do think a fog will do
To bring about a thought that’s new;
They, in this way, the truth withhold,
And serve up tin instead of gold.

Brothers! Sisters! Hear my plea!
If clearly God’s Word you would see;
The “Scripture Studies” are the thing,
If you want your heart to sing.

So cast aside yon cloudy glass,
If through the veil you want to pass;
The “Scripture Studies” you must read,
They cover everything you need.

Our Treasure-Christ the Lord

Priceless bars of burnished gold,
My whole being does enfold;
I know at last the Master's will,
With jewels rare, my heart is filled.

Pearls and rubies, em'ralds bright,
Gems that shine throughout the night;
I'm richer than an earthly queen,
For with the Master, I have been.

I've traveled to his palace fine,
I've drank with him the sweetest wine;
No more to sip from Bab'lon's cup,
The true vine's yield does fill me up.

Lord of Lords and King of Kings,
Conveys the gift of angel's wings;
Upon that faithful little flock,
Who opened to the Master's knock.

I see the place prepared for me,
By the One who set me free;
From self, the world and Satan too,
He's making all things so bran new.

This treasure's not the earthly kind,
The world will seek-but never find;
For every piece I hold in store,
Is safe behind great heaven's door.

If you also want a share,
In this treasure-oh, so rare;
Then you must choose to stand alone,
With Christ-beside the heavenly throne.

Consecrate your all to him,
If the prize you want to win;
You'll find no treasure can compare,
With Jesus Christ, the Kingdom heir.

The Great Vail

There is a vail across the sky,
And many people wonder why;
Has God's Kingdom really come?
For it seems gone-that righteous sun.

But it came first-as a sign,
To gladden this sad heart of mine;
The vail has hidden her away,
Until it comes-Jehovah's Day.

For just the meek can really know,
That God's great day, comes without show;
The thief comes always in the night,
"So keep awake, you sons of light!"

For God, he always hides away,
From those who do not love his ways;
But he always does bestow
On all the meek ones here below.

So through the vail we cannot see,
Nor how that glorious day will be;
Our faith must really be so strong,
If to God's Kingdom we'd belong.

So fasten on your armour bright,
And keep it shining through this night;
Be ready for the Lord's great call,
For soon the vail is set to fall.

And when it does, all men shall see,
What God's plan is meant to be;
No more stumbling in the dark,
The light will be more than a spark.

Again we'll see that Righteous Sun,
And know Christ's rule-it has begun;
No more clouds to mar the skies,
But glorious hope for all the wise.

So do not worry-do not fear,
God's great Kingdom is so near;
The vail that hides it is a test,
Not all shall enter in God's rest.

My Heavenly Hope

One day soon I'm going home,
To the great white heavenly throne;
Never more to fade and die,
Way up there above the sky.

But for now-I must wait,
So far away from heaven's gate;
But soon all saints shall enter in,
Bid goodbye to death and sin.

I wonder what it shall be like,
To dwell up there in heavenly light;
Can so much joy be really mine,
So blessed living at this time.

Around that throne a rainbow fair,
Lord Jesus Christ, he will be there;
A golden crown upon his head,
Rewarded for the blood he shed.

Those pearly gates in my mind's eye,
Lay open in the azure sky;
They beckon me with beams of love,
I'm on my way to God above.

But yet I know I've far to go,
From God's footstool here below;
So I must wait-yes fight the fight,
If I would pass to day from night.

So dear Father, draw me near,
In a world with little cheer;
Help me attain my heavenly goal,
With heavenly hope do fill my soul.

The Feast

Matthew 25:10

Arise! Arise! And leap for joy,
For you-the Master does employ;
Farewell, farewell, to earthly dross,
My soul has learned to count the cost.

I say goodbye to earthly friends,
And take the road that never ends;
Sweet Jesus says it's time to go
To the realms where angels flow.

Rejoice my heart, what untold bliss,
For earthly joys are not like this;
I drink the cup of sweetest wine,
The bridegroom comes-and soon we dine.

There never was a feast so grand,
With every dainty close at hand;
The Master welcomes at the door,
All his friends, forevermore.

So come, dear heart, and don't delay,
For, oh so long-how you did pray!
There's work to do in heaven's gate,
Arise, Arise, do not be late!

Follow the Master

The Master calls and I do follow,
No matter when, no matter where;
Yesterday-today-tomorrow,
I bid goodbye to every care.

The Master calls and I do follow,
No matter why, no matter how;
Every minute, hour and second,
I strive to keep that sacred vow.

The Master calls and I do follow,
No matter what, the price shall be;
He died and suffered oh so gladly,
So long ago upon that tree.

The Master calls and I do follow,
Through earthly realm, to heavenly gate;
I run the race, to gain the prize now,
I hope and pray I'll not be late.

The Master calls, so will you follow?
At your heart's door, hear him knock-
Say goodbye to pain and sorrow,
Place all your faith upon the Rock.

The Master calls-so let us follow,
No matter where his footsteps tend;
Sunshine will replace all shadow,
Along the road that never ends.

Don't Hinder God's Sword

Hebrews 4:12

By our actions and endeavor,
We may fail to let it sever;
The Word of God, so sharp and fine,
In truth-to do the work divine...

A worldly taint it can remove,
Hoping brethren's hearts to soothe;
And in preventing, we may cause,
Them, not to see the faults and flaws...

That soil and stain imperfect flesh,
That hinder us and do enmesh;
Our feet, so that we cannot find,
The way to Christ-and thus we blind...

The "little ones" who need to know,
Only one road they may go;
If the prize they truly seek,
If their hearts are mild and meek.

So let us brethren, stand aside,
And let the cut be deep and wide;
That severs all foul worldly taints,
From the white robes of God's saints.

For our great God shall not be mocked,
The sword in sheath may not be locked;
Let us allow the sword to do,
The work our Lord did grant it to.

And only then we'll truly know,
The peace of God-and it shall flow;
Between those only-clean at heart,
Who let God's sword now-do its part.

In the Arms of God

Deut. 33:27

In the arms of God I want to be
Forevermore, eternally;
Could I ever want for more?
To enter soon through heaven's door.

In the arms of God I long to stay,
There'll be no night-just endless day;
Could I ever want for more?
To tread where angels go before.

In the arms of God, my one desire,
'Bove earthly plains-oh, so much higher;
Could I ever want for more?
To fill my heart with heaven's store.

In the arms of God-may it be soon,
Where holiness does fill each room;
Could I ever want for more?
To live with HIM, I do adore.

This Feeling

I've got this feeling, that I don't belong,
I've got this feeling-it can't be wrong;
The spirit is saying, "It's time to move on,"
If I want to go on, yes, singing the song.

The feeling it drives me more close to the Lord,
I feel it so close now-the blade of the sword;
The sword wants to sever-Lord, what shall I do?
I feel it is driving me closer to you.

Oh, dear Lord, I thought that this friend was so true,
I thought that like me-he wants to serve you;
Not just a little, but with all of the heart,
And still I do feel that one day we shall part.

Jehovah, dear Father, I love you the best,
I must overcome this-I must pass the test;
I must prove so loyal, I must prove so true,
For no one must come 'tween my bonding with you.

Dear Lord it is painful-when we find we are lost,
On a rough stormy sea-and by every wave tossed;
But if every storm carries me closer to you,
I pray for a shipwreck-with harbour in view.

This Feeling Divine

Where does it come from, this feeling divine?
There is no doubt now, Jesus is mine;
I drink at the fountain, the draught of new wine,
God's name be praised-Sweet Jesus is mine.

How does it affect me, this feeling divine?
It so fills my heart now, Jesus is mine;
Unspeakable joy now, each moment in time,
God's name be praised-Sweet Jesus is mine.

Why came it to me, this feeling divine?
Miraculous moment, Jesus is mine;
Such a great priv'lege, an honour so fine,
God's name be praised for-Sweet Jesus is mine.

What can it mean, Lord, this feeling divine?
It fills all my being-a celestial sign;
I sit down to supper-invitation to dine,
God's name be praised for-Sweet Jesus is mine.

A Child of Light

Something unclean does approach me,
I feel repulsed-“Get you gone!”
Do not touch my snow white garment,
Your like, must not be put upon...

This robe of Christ I hold so dear
Must hold no blemish-taint of sin,
I must flee to keep it spotless
For nothing foul must enter in...

To the place where dwells the spirit,
At all cost, it must stay pure;
For since I came to know God’s glory,
On me he’s poured his loving cure.

Be gone! Be gone! All worldly spirit,
I shall resist with all my might;
I shall not fellowship with darkness,
I’ll prove I am a child of light.

Who will hear my cry for help now?
The Lord above, he knows my way;
Did he not call me from the shadows
Into his resplendent day?

Which Way Are You Going?

Are you going through the window?
Are you passing through the door?
Are you lagging far behind?
Or do you go before?

Are you a gentle sheep-like one?
Are you stubborn like a goat?
Do you skip across the drawbridge,
Are you far across the moat?

Are you seeking heavenly things?
Are you happy down below?
Are you looking to the prize,
Our Father-he does know...

Those who are the blessed ones,
Who follow Christ the King;
Who drink the cup of sacrifice,
Leaving everything.

So let us e'er remember,
What we reap is what we sow;
And this will bring us heavenly joy
If we forsake all below.

A Crown of Roses

“Here is a crown of roses,”
A dear friend said to me,
“Wear them for our Saviour,
Because he set us free.”

The roses fair I took from him,
But pain stabbed deep my heart;
And then the spirit told me,
That soon we both shall part.

“I do not understand, dear Lord,
How can it truly be?
That the beauty of fair roses,
Should bring such pain to me.”

“My child-remember Jesus,”
A voice spoke small and still;
“He wore no crown of roses,
For he vowed to do my will.”

“So cast away the roses fair,
And all I shall make plain;
For only thorns can draw the blood,
To cleanse the sinners stain.”

“Now Lord, I see what I must do,
Pass me my thorny crown;
For no scent of roses fair,
Can bring a snow white gown.”

The Lord pressed down the crown of thorns,
And then I felt his peace;
And through my heart there flowed such joy,
I know shall never cease.

And so dear friend if you prefer,
A crown of roses fair;
I bid you now a sad farewell,
With Jesus standing there....

Waiting there to welcome all,
Who choose the crown he wore;
For that is the only way
To enter heaven's door.

When the Froth is Gone

John 6:26

What a fuss and what a flurry,
When a new thing comes along;
Many hasten to the gath'ring,
Oh, ha, you think-they know the song.

But as you wait, there comes a silence,
You feel, oh yes, that something's wrong;
What's this, my heart-you feel so heavy,
There is no doubt-you don't belong...

To the courts of total strangers,
Who try to fool those with no guile;
But Jehovah, who is wiser,
Knows their thinking all the while.

The Master often taught a lesson,
To the meek so long ago;
After he had fed the thousands,
He did withdraw, so he could know-

Came they for the bread and fishes,
And not for the Word of God;
Came they for a selfish motive,
Choosing not the way he trod.

He waited for the froth to settle,
And soon it all did melt away;
Like the ones whose hearts were stony,
Who shrank back from the narrow way.

Let us be like those apostles,
Men so faithful and so true;
And even though some truly faltered,
Most did all they had to do.

And so when all the froth has settled,
And like the Lord you stand alone;
Remember numbers aren't the main thing,
The flock is LITTLE-for the throne.

Lilies and Carts

The tabernacle-it was made,
Just as Jehovah said;
The pattern Moses carried out,
Indeed as he was lead.

Every detail was exact,
Nothing more or less;
So perfect was the great design,
And naught was just a guess.

And though the lilies of the field,
Were fair in every way;
Was there a vase inside the tent,
We all do answer "Nay."

Earthly flowers don't belong,
Inside a holy place;
Just as we do pray to God,
We do not see his face.

The only lilies we should own,
Are those inside our hearts;
Pure and white, in good fine soil,
And now a word on carts...

Jehovah God, did specify,
The way the ark should go;
All the Levites-every one,
They did surely know.

Two staves especially, they were made,
They were the Lord's design;
And placed inside, the rings each side,
There could be no incline...

As there surely was, we know,
When David made a start;
To return the sacred ark,
And put it on a cart.

And how did God react to this?
Oh yes, we surely know;
Uzzah, he did lose his life,
God's answer, it was, "No!"

So let us learn these lessons well,
Of carts and lilies fair;
God's ways and thoughts are not our own,
Dear brethren-be aware!

Protestants Awake!

Isaiah 58:1

Blow the trumpet! Sound alarm!
Here comes the foe, to cause great harm;
“To me,” states he, “now all must hark,
For all must truly bear the mark...

On the hand or on the brow,”
That is why you must act now!
The image soon shall come to life,
Protest you must, or yield to strife.

Pa-pacy once ruled before,
A force that no one could ignore;
The power shall come from the beast,
And all shall know, from west to east.

Just like that image long ago,
Of burnished gold-how it did glow!
And only saints refused to bow,
Does there exist such “Hebrews” now?

So Prot-estants, gird on the sword,
For you really can’t afford;
To bow down to this fearsome beast,
Whether you be great or least.

All these things have been foretold,
By prophets in the days of old;
That beast, once wounded-now is healed,
God’s book is true-his plan is sealed.

So Prot-estants awake from sleep!
From your beds you now must leap!
The foe draws nearer with each hour,
Beware of such an evil power.

But take heart-it’s not the end,
For good shall triumph yet, my friend;
Messiah’s rule is on its way,
Beast-like rule has had its day.

The Joy of Jehovah **Nehemiah 8:10**

The joy of Jehovah is the jewel in the crown,
To what can I compare it-a gift of such renown;
It lifts me high above the clouds, to where the eagles soar,
How I long to have this gift, for now and evermore.

The joy of Jehovah is sweet balm for my soul,
It burns within my every bone, just like a fiery coal;
I feel like Jeremiah-I cannot hold it in!
Like new wine, it does burst forth with such vigour and such vim!

The joy of Jehovah the world can never know,
A wondrous cup filled to the brim that truly overflows!
I praise and thank my Father for such a perfect prize,
That keeps his spirit flowing 'till I see him with my eyes!

Please, Brother~Don't Be My Conscience! **Romans 2:15,16**

Remember when you bring your gift,
It is to be your own;
Keep your conscience really clean,
When you come to his throne.

On my altar goes my gift,
The same must go for you;
In all that we must do for God,
In conscience let's be true.

So please don't tell me what I should
Place upon my own,
I must answer to the Lord,
Yes I, and I alone.

We each may differ in our views,
We all are not the same;
But Christ he died for you and me,
We're both glad that he came.

If I bring but a turtle dove,
Yet, you, a thousand sheep;
Remember you are not the judge,
To your own conscience keep!

A Ribband of Blue

Numbers 15:38

The ribband it must be of blue.
For it is reminding you;
Of all the things that you must do,
If ye would serve the Lord.

The colour must not be of red,
Obey! Just as the Lord has said;
If not, then we must be in dread.
So shall ye serve the Lord?

The colour lesson is so clear,
If to the Lord we would draw near;
We must listen! We must hear!
If we shall serve the Lord.

The colour it must be of blue,
Let's be exact in all we do;
Jehovah's blessing be on you,
If ye shall serve the Lord.

Our Trial

1 Peter 4:12

Come into the furnace, brother dear,
Do trust the Lord, for he is near;
You must not faint, be of good cheer,
Our trial, it soon shall end.

Forget all thoughts of world or self,
And every coin of earthly wealth;
God's holy spirit-means good health!
Our trial, it soon shall end.

Cut all ties of earthly kin,
For the prize we want to win;
Farewell to every taint of sin,
Our trial, it soon shall end.

Though every friend should be a foe,
Our hearts, the Lord, does surely know;
He has no doubt-we love him so,
Our trial, it soon shall end.

With the Jewels Malachi 3:17

I shall not sit where I don't belong,
Holy Father-hear my song;
With the jewels I must be,
That is why you set me free...

From "the church" that now is dead,
I had no food-I was not fed;
But now I tread the pastures green,
I understand now, what you mean...

To be a part of Christ the King,
To be up where the angels sing;
Never more to seek the world,
Above me, TRUTH-I see unfurled.

The jewels-those alone I seek,
Just like the Master, kind and meek;
Far away from earthly joys,
And Satan's tinsel-covered toys.

Oh, yes, dear Lord, I see my place,
Way up above in realms of grace;
Where Jesus Christ the King does sit,
Now all my trials-they do fit...

Fit me for my role to play,
Where every night becomes a day;
Lead me to my home above,
Where every room is full of love.

I seek your mansion in the sky,
To live forever-never die;
So hear me Father, as I sing,
I love you more than everything.

The Day the Serpent Smiled at Me

Romans 5:12

I saw it glisten in the sun,
If I could have a bite-just one!
I took the apple from the tree-
The day the serpent smiled at me.

I saw the garment, oh, so fine,
And the gold-how it did shine!
I hid them where no one could see-
The day the serpent smiled at me.

I saw the land so lush and green,
Most beautiful, I'd ever seen;
I turned to salt beside the sea,
The day the serpent smiled at me.

I saw the woman...beauty, rare,
Bathing in the evening air;
I killed her husband-she was free,
The day the serpent smiled at me.

May all give heed-let's be aware,
A smile can be a subtle snare;
Be no part of Satan's plan,
The greatest foe of every man.

One Head-Christ! Ephesians 5:23

Europe being Papal-lies prostrate to the beast,
And soon we shall be seeing-a grand Belshazzar's feast;
Can any Bible student be in any doubt at all?
Right before our very eyes-the writing on the wall-

Is telling us this Gospel Age, is very near the brink,
Messiah's Rule, signs indicate, is nearer than we think;
And just as when great Cyrus marched, between the two leaved doors,
Now the Lord Christ Jesus comes-God's spirit on him poured.

It was 400 years ago-when martyrs like John Brown,
Stood before the Papal beast, and he would not bow down;
Because he recognized ONE HEAD-and that is Christ alone,
And one day faithful Christians all-shall meet before God's throne.

Break Camp!

When the spirit speaks-are you ready to move?
Are your loins well girded? Does your readiness prove...
To be a sign of your love for God?
With sandals on-are your feet well shod?

Or, do you rest, on laurels of green?
To the heavenly places, have you not yet been?
Do you shrink well back, when the Master cries,
"Time to break camp!-forget earthly ties."

Time now is precious-don't wander about,
Be ready to move-when you hear the shout-
"God's sword and Gideon's"-bearing vessels of light,
Let's do our best, and put Satan to flight.

Are you hot, cold or lukewarm-it's time to decide,
Is your road very narrow-or is it so wide?
There's no time to dawdle-make up your mind now-
Don't look behind-put your hand to the plough.

It's time to break camp-the spirit cries, "Move!"
Keep onward and upward, then faithful we'll prove;
If close to God's spirit we ever remain,
One day we shall live in that heavenly domain.

Who Touched Me?

Luke 8:45

With hand a-tremble reaching out,
Her faith so strong without a doubt;
The woman came with throbbing heart,
In hope that she could have a part...

Of Jesus' gentle healing rays,
She had been ill so many days;
A flow of blood-there seemed no cure,
How much more, could she endure?

"If only I could touch the hem
Of his garment-I know then...
I should be cured-I have no doubt"-
Just then, the Saviour turned about-

"Who touched me?" came the words so clear,
"Why-everyone-has drawn so near."
Said his dear disciples-all-
People pressing like a wall.

Then virtue from the Master flowed,
And holy spirit round him glowed;
It did its work! It found its goal,
It healed, and made the woman whole!

The Still, Small, Voice

1 Kings 19:12

It is time for all to listen, to the still small voice,
It is time to stand in silence, and think about the choice;
Shall we now embrace our brothers?
Or shall we shoot them down?
Will God smile with his approval?
Or shall we make him frown?

It is time for us to listen, to the cries of all the poor,
Who are starving and so helpless and naught in life is sure;
Half the world is starving, due to
Gigantic stores of wealth
Half the world is dying-so
Abysmal poor their health.

Immanuel is coming-as every Christian knows,
And soon, yes, every desert, will blossom as the rose;
God and Christ are waiting
To remove our selfish weal
And by their mighty Kingdom power
Every hurtful spot they'll heal.

God's Plan

What fills our hearts with diamonds bright,
Is doing your will day and night;
We love you Father mighty King,
You alone-make our hearts sing.

May we sing forevermore,
Even outside heaven's door;
Soon the day will come at last,
And through it Lord we pray will pass.

We have no love of earthly things,
We follow Jesus-King of Kings;
He's that one that set us free,
Our eyes are opened-now we see.

Oh yes, we see, your glorious plan,
And all you'll do for sinful man;
To have a share, we do rejoice,
We forsake all-we have no choice.

So may we shine forevermore,
Our shepherd always goes before;
And leads us to fair Canaan's land,
By means of your mighty hand.

Praise His Glorious Name

Thank you, Jehovah, at the end of the day,
For helping me walk in the so narrow way;
With very few pilgrims-I do have to say,
All praise to your glorious name.

Thank you, Jehovah, for giving me life,
And helping me cope with the toil and the strife;
I hope to be part of Christ's heavenly wife,
All praise to your glorious name.

Thank you, Jehovah, for feeding my soul,
On the wonderful gospel, a message so old;
So happy I've been, to see great truth unfold,
All praise to your glorious name.

Thank you, Jehovah, for the grand Kingdom reign,
How grateful I am, to Christ Jesus who came;
And when I am risen-I'll ne'er be the same,
All praise to your glorious name.

Thank you, Jehovah, for a chance in the race,
The privilege to grow, in both knowledge and grace;
And the glorious reward-to see Jesus' face,
All praise to your glorious name.

Judgement Day

Matthew 25:29

The Master has approached,
And made his presence felt;
And naught we have to show him,
All we have in way of wealth

Have we used our talents well?
Only he does know;
He's looking now inside our hearts,
The place where it does show.

Did you have five talents?
Did you gain another five?
If you did-then that is why,
You feel so much alive.

Did you have the av'rage three?
Did you work to gain three more?
Then you can hear the Master say,
"Why, step right through the door!"

Or did you have-merely one?
Did you work to make it two?
The Master, he is asking-
Because the time is due...

To show to him our talents,
So have we laboured hard?
Did we really do our best,
Inside his great vineyard?

For if the answer's "yes!" dear friend,
There's nothing more to fear;
The Master's great approval,
Does cause us to draw near.

So may now all God's workers,
Who used their talents, leap for joy;
For the Master gives the blessing,
To the few-he did employ.

What a joy it truly was,
All our labour for the King;
He comes now to reward us,
As he rules over everything.

So may we work forever,
In the vineyard of the Lord;
And never shall we fear to please,
The one who bears the sword.

The Man Clothed With Linen

Ezekiel 9:2

The man was clothed in linen,
With an inkhorn by his side;
He spread abroad the gospel,
The message went earthwide.

And now he sends a message,
From there-beyond the veil;
To all who will take notice,
From the One who never fails.

So can this be the smiting,
Of the Jordan, deep and wide;
From the man who wears white linen,
With an inkhorn by his side.

And is this Elijah's mantel,
Folded neatly and compact;
Such a large and mighty message,
Inside a little tract.

For it seems the man in linen
Is speaking now to me;
So from the sanct'ry lets go forth,
For we must set the people free...

From all religious bondage,
For Babylon must fall;
The end draws ever nearer,
Oh yes, I hear the call-

From the man in finest linen,
Pastor Russell is his name;
With great joy he serves the Master,
And we must do the same!

Quench Not the Spirit

1 Thessalonians 5:19

Quench not the spirit-Keep it burning bright,
Remember who you really are, children of the light;
Around you all is darkness-do not enter in,
What has now become-the dwelling place of sin.

Quench not the spirit-Keep your vessel filled,
Follow, yes, the Master-doing all he wills;
Look neither to the right or left-always straight ahead,
Look always for his leading-remember you are dead.

Quench not the spirit-Keep free from self and world,
Bear in mind, so very few, see the truth unfurled;
If along with kings and priests-you do want to share,
Keep yourself close to THE LIGHT-out of Satan's snare.

Quench not the spirit-you know the end draws near,
Soon an end of heartache-to every inward sigh;
So onward-ever upward, and hold your lamps up where...
All can truly see it-and God will know you care-

That you care about his purpose-that you care to do his will,
Then you will keep burning-our lamp he'll ever fill;
And when the bridegroom cometh, to take wise virgins all,
You'll be glad you did obey him, and responded to his call-

So, quench not the spirit-burn brightly as a star,
Let it shine both day and night-on all, near and far;
Quench not the spirit-be ever all aglow,
The time is fast approaching-to say farewell below-

Quench not the spirit-OBEDIENCE, that's the thing,
We must be like the Master-we must be like the King;
So shine on little candle-the Master's coming soon,
By the brightness of his presence-all the darkness he'll consume!

The Hay Appeareth

Proverbs 27:25

“The hay appeareth”-do you know what it means?
From the simplest of words-God’s message, it gleams!
Do you notice the “change,” to the herb in the field-
So much “springing forth,” much newness the yield.

Do you note how the blossom, does move on apace?
It does seem as though it is part of a race-
The daffodils come but not long do they last,
All life’s speeding up-the days fly so fast!

Can you see how the trees are all “clapping their hands”
Stretching forth to the sun-the “bright shining” it lands...
On all their arms nearest to his healing rays,
Let’s raise our hands too, and give God the praise!

What think you of “bright clouds”-so wondrous to see,
For God’s kept his promises of that prophecy-
That tells us of signs that foretell the new age,
But only those know who turn to the page-

So read it again-“there appeareth the hay,”
It’s a sign from the Lord-yes, we’re in the day-
When Jesus has come-’tis his promised reign,
And soon will be gone all the tears and the pain.

So let us rejoice and welcome the King,
With newness of life, hear the angels now sing!
Walk onwards and upwards, to reach perfect life,
Bid farewell forever, to heartache and strife.

Rome, Sweet (?) Rome

As good (?) obedient children,
So many are heading for home;
The church of old England can't hold them,
They must head back to "mother" at Rome.

And "mother" with glee and a welcome,
That only true papists can know;
Are deaf to the call of the Master,
Who warns of their great coming woe.

So Papacy's great final hour,
Is so very much on the way;
As the powers of the nations grow dimmer-
In Papacy, they seek a ray...

Of hope, to clamp down on the masses,
Who rage 'neath veneer wafer thin;
But soon this fine line, it will crumble,
Revealing great selfishness-sin.

It is the great malediction,
That Papacy never can heal;
For only the reign of Messiah,
Has the balm that will cure every weal.

Why Don't You Know?

John 3:12

Like Nicodemus, in the dark,
Not like Noah-in the ark;
Some cannot see the healing beams
Righteous sunlight!-golden streams.

His "shining forth," do you comprehend?
Do you feel the "bursts" that he does send?
To let us know his rule has come!
Jesus Christ-that precious one.

Free! At Last

John 8:32

I shall have to say, if she wants to know,
But not if she comes to force me to go;
To go to the place that makes me sad,
I want to remain in the place I am glad.

For now I come under my Father's wings,
Yes, he has revealed many wondrous new things;
Such beautiful gems-such spiritual treasure,
Bounteous, glorious, I am filled beyond measure.

From the bondage of sect, I have become free,
My once blinded eyes, now so clearly do see;
And the spiritual flow, has returned to my heart,
And no more, dear Father, from you will I part.

So even if Bab'lon does beckon to me,
I shall never return-I must remain free;
To serve with my all, my Redeemer and King,
All day-my heart-with his praises does ring.

And now in the light, I can say how I feel,
So happy before that great throne I kneel;
Such gladness and joy since he tapped on the door,
More happy than ever I have been before.

So, if you should ask for my reason to hope-
No longer in darkness with others I grope;
Only then, must I witness to my mighty God
And follow the way the good shepherd has trod.

Go Forth and Smitel

If the smiting isn't now-
When, then will it be?
It seems to me, the time is right,
Brother, can you see?

Great Bab'lon she sits a queen,
That is plain to see;
And lambs all to the slaughter go,
Over land and sea.

Brother dear-we have the TRUTH,
Let's get it to the sheep;
Can you not see their hungry eyes?
Can you not hear them bleat?

Behind those walls of Bab'lon great,
Poor sheep are kept in pens;
We need to lead them to the fold,
It's clear that NOW, is when!

We know there is a company class,
Very great indeed;
And Pastor Russell said that such,
Would truly sow the seed.

The time of trouble draws so near,
Dark clouds are all around;
It's time to help those poor blind sheep,
Whilst any may be found.

I know you feel their brains are washed,
But, brother dear, recall;
Jehovah never ever said,
That such we're not to call.

So come on brothers, one and all,
And raise a mighty shout!
Aim that sling stone of THE TRUTH,
And help God's sheep come out!

Unity~God's Blessing

Psalm 133:3

Like dew descending from Mount Hermon,
May your holy spirit flow;
Raising each one now to action,
All your people here below.

For we see a work to do now,
And we must really do our best;
As one man to work together,
Enter in your glorious rest.

For Satan he had so misled us,
We thought the work was truly done;
Now we hear the call to battle,
The rousing call of your dear Son.

So come, dear brethren, be obedient,
To the One we love the most;
Though we are so few in number,
Invisible-there is a host...

Of Jehovah's holy angels,
Come to truly spur us on;
In the battle-to the vict'ry,
Won't you join me in the song?

So with great joy let's raise the banner,
Step out bravely in his name;
Aren't we glad our King returns now,
Let's welcome now his holy reign!

What is Man? (That You Care For Him)

Psalm 8:4

Dear Jehovah, kind and good,
Why don't we love you as we should?
You are so good and sweet and kind,
Why do you keep us yet in mind?

We war, we sin, we let you down,
In each country-in each town;
Your loving works are everywhere,
If only we would stop and stare.

You do supply our every need,
We fail you still-so blind with greed;
We waste much time on getting "wants"
And all the things that Satan flaunts.

We take so long to understand,
Your wise decrees and fine commands;
For every one's a shining light,
To lead us through this long dark night.

Dear Jehovah, give us please,
Warnings of a life of ease;
We need to work, we need to fight,
The battles on-to do what's right.

So dear Jehovah, don't cast off,
These scum full hearts, so full of dross;
Refine us till we shine like gold,
Like prophets in those days of old.

One Brief Life

He did not live so very long,
Our dear Redeemer who has gone;
Back to his Father up above,
To a home brimful of love.

To follow him is what I pray,
Keep constant to the narrow way;
Sacrificing everything,
I love my dear Redeemer-King.

In those years so long ago,
When he came to earth below;
He taught us all so very much,
Our King who had the common touch.

And all who choose the narrow way,
Who follow Jesus day by day;
Must love to do God's will with zeal,
And yearn to heal mankind's great weal.

He did not live so very long,
The one God sent to sing his song;
Come, set your heart on Christ above,
Who died for you, and proved his love.

Jehovah's Way

Oh, Jehovah, now I see
The way that it is going to be;
All man's rule has had its day,
Christ's Kingdom is the only way.

Let the nations make their choice,
Their kings, they only have one voice;
Papacy shall rear its head,
To it, all must now be wed-

All except the little flock,
And like their Lord-all shall mock...
The stand they take against the beast,
It shall be like Belshazzar's feast.

The writing shall be on the wall,
And there shall come great Bab'lon's fall;
For, one hour, alone she'll reign,
And everyone shall know her fame.

Then Messiah's time will come
And how he'll shine, God's righteous Son;
So come now let us bow the knee,
Messiah's rule shall set us free.

Let the Dead Bury the Dead

Matthew 8:22

“Follow me,” says Jesus, “and look not far behind,”
“Follow me,” says Jesus, “with all your heart and mind;”
But alas so many with hand upon the plough,
Are like Lot’s wife, so foolish and lose the blessings now.

“Follow me,” says Jesus, “forget all earthly ties,”
“If you are free, come join me-if you are truly wise;
’Tis true the path is narrow and so few do enter in-
But it is the only way, if the crown you’d win.”

“Follow me,” says Jesus-“put your hand straight on the plough,”
The fields are ripe for harvest-you surely see that now;
Make no excuse to now beg off-obey the Master’s call,
For one day soon the door will close-take care you lose not all.

The Diamond and the Pebble

I offered you a diamond, but a pebble you prefer,
This indicates your heart’s love-and of what you care;
Selfishness as always, is rooted at the core,
I have learned the lesson-and there shall be no more...

No more lavish giving-no more special treats,
No more final touches, to make a life complete;
For what good is a pebble when the wolf is at the door?
Don’t you really understand-what a diamond’s for?

A diamond means the special smile, to say you are approved,
By your Heavenly Father-but you are still unmoved;
So cherish still your pebble-it will not take you far,
And leave the diamonds, all for those-
who know just what they are.

Gethsemane's Hour

Matthew 26:36

I am sorry dear Lord to feel so distressed,
Sorry, dear Lord, I feel so hard pressed;
Oh heaven's gate-how far are you?
You seem oh, so very, far from my view.

Gethsemane's hour seems oh so close,
How clear it is-who I love the most;
The One to whom the Master's gone,
On his dear face-to look upon.

Please send that comfort from above.
It really is the only love...
That helps my soul to so endure
In a world with nothing pure.

Compassion, kindness--all have fled
And now I know how much he bled;
My Saviour, Master-in his soul,
His sacrifice was truly whole.

Dear Lord, your handmaid longs to go,
Where holy angels ever flow;
My heart is broken-I long no more,
All earthly courtyards to explore.

I Know

I know now what you want me to do,
I know that my love is true;
I know now your way is best,
I know now how to pass the test.

All around is scummy dross,
Soon we shall suffer-a great loss;
All the towers-they will fall
And we shall know-just how small...
We really are-
As we do dwell-no gate, no bar.

With your broom you will sweep clean
Away, all that is vile and mean;
For your glorious day has come,
The reigning day of your dear Son.

The Look

Matthew 10:25

They must have looked at Jesus,
Exactly the same way;
When he tried to teach them
With all he had to say.

They cried “you have a demon!”
’Twas Beelzebub they said
Who cast out all the demons.
Oh, how they were misled!

They truly did not understand
The Master’s words and so-
They felt they had to ridicule,
For they were brought so low...

Before the Master’s teachings
That shed forth brightest light;
Showing they were oh, so wrong,
And Jesus was so right!

So when I see that “look” today,
It concerns me not at all,
Knowing what befell the Master
Comes to those who heed his call.

Angels Don't Stay Long

If an angel stopped by-what would you say?
How would you pass-that time of day?
For angels and humans live so far apart.
What it comes down to, is mostly the heart.

Angels live in a grand heavenly domain,
Every human desire, they do really disdain;
Their minds and their hearts are set on God's things,
They're so different, and not just because they have wings.

Have you noticed, in scripture, their visits are short?
When they come to the earth, to give a report;
They're so very prompt, and straight to the point,
Their feet, they never do set out of joint-

For angels tread only where they have to go,
You will rarely-if ever-see one below;
What a lesson they give us, so obedient they are,
As they shine for God's glory-each one a bright star.

Keep on the Watch!

It's happening-before our eyes,
And people do not realize;
The "quickenning factor" what it means,
Coming from the healing beams.

The Sun of Righteousness does shine,
We're living in a different time;
A dispensation-so bran new,
Yet people don't know what to do.

We're moving on-no going back,
We're living in a different track;
See the new life come and go,
All nature's in a different flow.

Though "global warming" is man's song,
Soon he'll know that he is wrong,
For Jesus Christ is in control,
He's taken up his kingly role.

The "quickenning factor" says it all,
This system's due for a great fall;
And in its place God's Kingdom's come,
Now God's will, truly, shall be done!

Jehovah's Way

Oh, Jehovah! Now I see!
The way that it is going to be;
All man's rule has had its day,
Christ's Kingdom is the only way.

Let the nations make their choice,
Their kings they only have one voice;
Papacy shall rear its head,
To it all must now be wed-

All except the little flock,
And like their Lord-all shall mock;
The stand they take against the beast,
It shall be like Belshazzar's feast.

The writing shall be on the wall,
And there shall come great Bab'lon's fall;
For one hour alone she'll reign,
And every one shall know her fame.-

Then Messiah-he shall come,
And how he'll shine-God's righteous Son;
So come now let us bow the knee,
Messiah's rule shall set us free.

Inside the Door

My dear Father is always waiting....
At the doorstep of our home-
Always looking out for our approach-
In prayer or in our spirit's return-
Ah-Home!-where else can a consecrated heart find
TRUE REST-TRUE PEACE?

Only a real Father can know his child through and through...
So unlike earthly fathers, who do not care-
OUR FATHER IS ALWAYS THERE.

Dear, loving, faithful, Father-how we love you-
How we do long to see your beauteous face-
How we long to embrace your dear heart-
A heart that looks to the good and is so willing to forgive
when we err.
How grateful we are for the glorious throne of grace-
Where we can lay down our burden and find help
in times of need.

Poor world-it thinks we are fools-how little it knows-
Of the spiritual paradise where all God's children dwell.
But what we long for, it is to be inside the door-
Inside the door of our heavenly home-safe with Father-
Never to roam on earthly plane again.

Diamonds in Refuse

I found a diamond in a bin,
I found some good advice for sin;
“Christ beside you!” That’s the way!
Such good advice-I’ll start today.

Sometimes we need to hold the tongue,
When angry words flare up like song;
And wear a smile when you feel blue,
Just as Christ would want you to.

Be helpful, patient and so kind,
Especially to the ones so blind;
Who cannot see the way to go,
And so their progress is so slow.

Look for ways to shine the light,
Keep Christ Jesus’ face in sight;
Use your tongue to bless each soul,
And follow Christ-that is your role.

All those so loaded down with care,
Point out the silver lining there-
Just behind the cloud so black,
Help all get on the happy track.

If on these things you follow through,
You never shall be sad or blue;
Let “GOD FIRST” e’er be your theme,
And always on his counsel lean!

The Golden Age....Is Coming!

Kindly step forth Evolution,
Can you explain the Revolution?
Standing at the very door,
Gone the days of shouting, "More!"

Combinations, Trusts, embrace,
Swirling in the downwards race;
Mammon looking deadly pale,
Repulsed by every coffin nail.

Moth and rust do clap their hands,
Tighter ever grow the bands;
To hold this system close together,
No stronger than a belt of leather.

Mourn you rich men in your gloom,
Darker days are coming soon;
When gold and silver fill the streets,
But there shall be no repeats-

Of this wild relentless storm,
We're heading for a bright new morn;
For on the ashes of the old,
Messiah's Kingdom shall take hold.

The Emperor's New Clothes

The tailors of Great Brussels,
Are busy at their loom;
So rapidly the shuttles move,
In fact they fairly zoom!

A wonderous suit is being made,
Of thread beyond compare;
But those rare souls who check the facts,
See nothing really there.

These tailors spin the finest yarn,
At least that's what they say;
And Britain follows like a lamb,
For she has lost her way.

With tape of red, all measures made,
It nearly is complete;
Britain she must shed the pound,
And cast it at the feet-

Of M.E.P.'s at Brussels, *
For they all call the tune;
And everyone must keep in step,
Because we know, quite soon-

Everyone must bear the mark,
If they would buy and sell;
That is what the Bible says,
And only time will tell-

Who shall stand and who shall bow,
Before the image great;
Protestants, you must wake up!
Before it is too late....

But all of those may rest at ease,
Who trust in God alone;
The Man of Sin's reign shall be stopped,
For Christ sits on the throne.

Jesus Has Come

Jesus Christ has come again,
Brother don't you know?
Taking up the Kingdom rule,
Over earth below;
It's time to give him honor,
Because he is the King,
And he shall rule forevermore
Over everything.

Jesus Christ has come again,
Sister don't you know?
Taking up the Kingdom rule,
Over earth below;
It's time to give him glory,
And every knee must bow,
The Prince of Peace is saying that
The time to act is now!

Jesus Christ has come again,
Children don't you know?
Taking up the Kingdom rule,
Over earth below;
It's time to seek to please him,
Because he cares for you,
If Jesus hadn't paid the price,
Whatever would we do?

Jesus Christ has come again,
Mankind don't you know?
Making his great presence felt,
On the earth below;
It's time to look to heaven,
This old system has to go,
Praise God above, that Jesus Christ,
Truly loves you so!

The Lord Will Take Us Soon

All the day is dark with gloom,
But the Lord will take us soon,
Very soon claim all his own,
Take them to their heavenly home.

So come dear brethren, do rejoice,
For we know we have no choice;
Christ alone-he is our King,
Can you hear the angels sing?

In that mansion far above,
Every room so filled with love;
Ne'er again to shed a tear,
Nor again to live in fear-

In fear of Satan's fatal traps,
As heavenly store falls in our laps;
Evermore to praise our King,
Who reigns now over everything.

So come on brothers, "Praise the Lord!"
To do aught else we can't afford;
Praise him, Praise him, evermore,
We are so close to heaven's shore.



*For wherever the carcass may be,
there shall the eagles be gathered together.*

- - Matthew 24:28
Young's Literal Translation, 1898 - -