

IN TIMES LIKE THESE

is well—letters from home, good comrade, letters
from home!

God knew that some would never look
 Inside a book
 To know His will,
And so He threw a varied hue
 On dale and hill.
He knew that some would read words wrong,
And so He gave the birds their song.
 He put the gold in the sunset sky
 To show us that a day may die
 With greater glory than it's born,
 And so may we
Move calmly forward to our West,
 Serene and blest!

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