

LIBERATION

Thank GOD because He made me straight,
 In a crooked, perverse nation,
 From Romans seven, to Romans eight,
 Is a glorious LIBERATION.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

I used to live in ~~Romans seven~~,
 It was an awful place,
 To say the least (was far from Heaven,
 My Land-lord, law, not Grace,
 I moved into a street called straight,
 A glorious habitation,
 I'm living now in ~~Romans eight~~,
 Free from condemnation.

MR. SMOKER.

I know a man named Smoker,
 And he's certainly no Bore,
 For he's a jolly joker,
 When he comes into my store,
 But there's one thing's provoking,
 With Smoker and his type,
 They say when they are smoking,
 "Will you please excuse the pipe."
 But when swear words they're using,
 Or GOD'S name they take in vain,
 They think not of excusing,
 These things which give me pain.
 Now don't think I am joking,
 When this one thing I make known,
 I love the smell of smoking,
 In preference to BRIMSTONE.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

He heard his country's call,
 And would not disobey,
 He freely gave up all,
 And answered right away.
 His character was clean,
 He was loyal, brave and fit,
 Said he, "One thing I mean,
 And that's to do my bit."
 Beloved by all was he,
 Oh how we miss his face,
 Dear LORD we look to thee,
 To save him by Thy grace,
 We pray with broken heart,
 That peace may quickly come,
 And when he's done his part,
 LORD bring our loved one home.