

Let me ask you to look into Solomon's book.  
 At the lesson he teaches so plain ;  
 That though all else is blank, wisdom, riches,  
 and rank,  
 There are still richest prizes to gain.

For "the fear of the Lord," as revealed in His  
 word,  
 Is "beginning of wisdom" below ;  
 When this you have tried, though all "blanks"  
 beside,  
 A prize beyond rubies you'll know.

I once groaned like you, while proving how true  
 That all without God was a "blank,"  
 Now I sing with delight, both by day and by  
 night,  
 Since these living waters I drank.

Oh, attend to His voice, and your heart shall  
 rejoice,  
 It will meet all your troubles so rife ;  
 "Ye hungry ones, come ; at my table there's  
 room,  
 And partake of the banquet of life."

Then lift up your eyes, to a home in the skies,  
 All else with corruption is rank ;  
 And then you'll agree, my dear poet, with me,  
 His favour's a prize, not a "blank."

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