



LAKE EUCUMBENE

Shades of Blue

by

GLADYS M. HAMILTON

1967

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*with all good wishes
Gladys M. Hamilton*

Printed for the author by

TO THE GLORY OF GOD

the author's name is printed

on the title page of the book

and to the memory

of

My Beloved Mother

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Page No.

1

2

3-4

5-6

7-8

10-11

12-13

14

16-18

17-19

20-21

22-23

24

25

26

27

28

29

30

31

32-33

34-35

36-37

38-39

40

TO THE GLORY OF GOD

and to the memory

of

My Beloved Mother

All the years your love was there
Caring, praying over me;
Now in death there is sure faith
Now your love is eternity.

List of Poems

Page No.

Music in my Heart	1
Our Heritage	2
John Flynn	3-4
So Let Us Not Forget Them	5-6
The Snowy Mountains Scheme	7-9
Shades of Blue	10-11
The Birdsville Track, December, 1963.	12-13
The Living Water	14
The Singing Leaves	15-16
Kadimurka	17-19
The Legend of the Blue Mountains	20-21
Mountain Devils	22-23
Summer's Gown	24
Homing Pigeons	25
Silence is Creation's Theme	26
Christmas Morn	27
The Holy Child	28
The Master's Work	29
Christmas Night	30
Think of Him	31
The perfect Love of God	32-33
"What shall it Profit a Man?"	34-35
Where to-day is Man?	36-37
Man's Knowledge and God's Love	38-39
Eternity	40

Music in my Heart

Music that is in my heart
 Leaps up on a soaring flight;
 Up and up to heights apart -
 Into realms of sound and light.

Music from the soul that springs,
 Touches all, and beautifies.
 Love inspired work it brings
 Ballads, songs, and symphonies.

Melodies that stir like leaves,
 Echo softly as they sing;
 And of all the dreams man weaves,
 Music is the sweetest thing.

Our Heritage

Cook's destiny
Made history,
For England's name
Australia's fame.

Land large and wide,
Unspoiled, supplied,
A sanctuary,
A treasury.

Where aborigine
Wild and free
Through flood and drought
Went walkabout.

In vast outback
They learned to track,
Speared kangaroo,
Played didjeridu.

Then white man came
Her wealth to claim,
To till the soil,
To take the spoil.

But let us save
What nature gave,
Our heritage
From history's page.

John Flynn

There stands a Church at Alice Springs,
A memorial to Flynn who came
With faith and vision in his eyes
And wisdom in a heart aflame.
Who worked to do the will of God,
And climbed the peaks of faith to see,
The great wide vision of the day
When fellowship and love should be.

This man of God with his buckboard
Drove far across the gibber plain
Where tufts of spiky spinnifex
Had sprung from showers of healing rain;
Where saltbush and the mulga grow
With vigour in a thirsty land.
Flynn's dreams became reality
On maps which showed what he had planned.

The "Inlander" published by Flynn
Had moved and touched a people's heart;
To give to all the right to live
In safety in the inland part.
He set it free from loneliness,
He led it into paths of peace.
That grace and wisdom's mantle fall
As manna for its great increase.

The "A.I.M." was formed for Christ,
By covering circles Flynn had planned,
With Nursing Homes and Hospitals
At Oodnadatta, Port Hedland;
Patrol Padres, to travel, preach
And Nursing Sisters serving there
Helped Flying Doctor's healing skill;
Such faithfulness of love and care.

Flynn planted kindness, gathered love,
He worked with head, and heart, and hand,
To give the pedal-wireless voice,
And spread its friendship through the land.
He broke down barriers of space,
Compassed it with wings of grace
To salve with balm the wounds of men
And bind with hope the human race.

For Flynn, like Christ, had sought to heal
Through God's Almighty Power above
To leave for others saving wings,
Give ease to sufferings with love,
His name still lives in Alice Springs
As part of God's great ministry,
"He spread the mantle of safety"
Love's all embracing memory.

Now in Australia's Central heart
Is built his Church, a holy shrine,
Where all may come with faith and love
To eat the Bread and drink the Wine,
To worship Christ - and see the Cross
Christ's Cross that tells of glory won,
Eternal hope of all the world,
Where Love's redeeming work was done.

So Let Us Not Forget Them

Can you hear the sound of marching?
It's an army of the dead.
They are marching on in glory
By the prophets, heroes, led,
They gave youth and life for country
For their peoples' liberty.
So let us not forget them
For they died for you and me.

In their youth they heard the challenge,
Which they answered to a man,
And they left their life's ambition,
Gave their springing life's long span;
For the honour of their nation,
For their Sovereign, country fell.
So let us not forget them
But forever of them tell.

How defeat was met with valour,
With a torch of flame upheld,
Those men blazed the name of Anzac -
Far outnumbered - they excelled
By attack, and counter attack
On the slopes of Gallipoli.
So let us not forget them
For they died for you and me.

Let us try to be unselfish
To be mindful of their trust,
And as they proud of their country
Gave for love, and not power lust.
Do our best and so let there be
Greater vision, wider scope.
So let us not forget them
Let their courage be our hope.

And be sure that in the dawning
When the trumpet call shall sound,
They will still be marching strongly
In God's army will be found.
And their eyes will shine with glory,
For their courage God will pay.
So let us not forget them
As we march towards that day.

The Snowy Mountains Scheme

The majesty of God is here,
Vast Snowy Mountains Scheme
Displays the wonder of His work,
Gives promise of man's dream
To save the thirsty dry inland
From ravages of drought;
To let the healing waters flow
From channels faith worked out.

Surveyors rode to study land
Learn all there was to know,
Earth's secret of the mountain range
The way the waters flow.
Then scientists and engineers
Planned how to tunnel, where
To divert the Snowy River
What projects to prepare.

Australians and new migrants came,
Labourers, tradesmen of skill,
To work together side by side
With hands, and mind, and will
To guide into Lake Eucumbene
The water stored to fall,
Which flowing by tunnels, pipe lines,
Power generates for all.

Displacing of a whole township
Involved gigantic feat.
Removal of Old Adaminaby,
Of peoples' homes complete.
So artificial lakes and dams
Tame, harness nature's power,
By science and technology,
To help new pastures flower.

Steep slopes of undulating green
Where Mount Koscuisko stands,
New forests on the mountain side
As the Hydro scheme expands.
Huge underground power stations
For 'on peak' loads of power -
Which transmission lines convey
On steel high voltage tower.

New climbing meandering Highway
In rugged wild country,
Add man's artistic built design
To sublime scenery.
White snow gums with their twisted arms
Storm tossed by tempest blast.
Snow daisies, lilies, buttercups,
Give beauty unsurpassed.

From winter's mouth the blizzard's voice
Howls dismal on the range,
Thick ice snow blanketed the view,
Bleak weather brought a change.
Then skiers' run on Summit slopes
Formed snowscape tableau;
With action packed swift moving play
Enacted on the snow.

At World's End in the Alpine range
Life's hope failed crashing here,
Just where the 'Southern Cloud' was found
By a workman wandering near.
Through hazard squall of wind and rain
A tragedy of tears
Lay hidden in the dark dense scrub,
A mystery for long years.

Colossal working monument
Hewn from the earth and stone,
Shows Australian enterprise, how
Development has grown
Lush fertile plains for cattle, sheep,
More acreage of grain.
This great achievement of man's dream
Shall be the nation's gain.

Shades of Blue

All shades of blue reflect to earth
The gentle power of Heaven's worth,
And colour with the fairest hue,
The constant changing shades of blue.

The clear blue sky of azure sheen
Is mirrored in Lake Eucumbene;
Which calm and still in silence knew
All the true shade of summer view.

At Hallstrom Island sanctuary
Wild kangaroo and wallaby
Are fed by tourists cruising here
In gay and friendly atmosphere.

And underneath the waters deep
Old Adaminaby lies asleep.
Where new dimensions of the Scheme
Reveal the grandeur of man's dream.

Around the Lake the mountains stand
True silhouettes that God has planned;
Enveloped in a scattering haze
Of indigo on summer days.

With sapphire sky of deeper shade
High canopy of blue brocade,
While troubled waters, blue and white,
Show darker shades of winter's might.

And when the sky is grey and drear,
When heavy clouds of rain appear,
Then God's bright rainbow sign above
Displays the promise of His love.

So shades of blue reflect and light
The message of creation's might,
And hand in hand with beauty trace,
Tranquillity with power and grace.

The Birdsville Track, December, 1963.

There came five migrants from Marree
In a car to find their way
Along the treacherous Birdsville Track
On a scorching summer's day.

Bogged down in Corowillannie sand;
Digging out of cruel sandhill;
Missed a signpost on the trail
Sixty miles from dusty Birdsville.

Through this they ran out of petrol -
Waited two hot days, but, in vain.
Wrote a note, left car and water -
Wandered off half dazed with strain.

Lost, staggering into the desert
Crossed by Sturt and his party
Who returned as living skeletons
In the nineteenth century.

Agonized by the searing sun,
Losing hope as the days passed by
Turning back as a last resource
Knowing now that they all could die.

And under a coolibah tree
A Cessna plane found the family
Had died in the merciless heat;
A twentieth century tragedy.

Sergeant Dowling buried the bodies
Together as they had died -
Under the "Coolibah tree"
In the lonely desert wide.

If only they'd not left their car
They might have been found alive.
If only the pitiless heat
Had not claimed these five.

Untamed the dead heart to-day
Explodes in the heat like a gun;
Chasms open in Stony Desert
When the thermometer bursts in the sun.

But when Lake Eyre fills again,
When the healing waters run -
Then the wilderness shall bloom
As the will of God is done.

The Living Water

I saw the spilling of the rain
 Splash life upon the earth,
And soon the little green shoots showed
 Where seeds had sprung to birth.

I saw the river fill and flow
 With onward, rushing strength;
Song birds and animals returned
 Inhabiting its length.

I saw the filling of the lake
 Where dearth and death had been;
While healing waters brought to life
 Wildflowers and grasses green.

So water brings new life to all
 The dry and parched land.
But God alone can make the clouds
 Create what man has planned.

Christ bids us drink to thirst no more,
 His precious gift of Love.
The everlasting spring that gives
 Us blessings from above.

The Singing Leaves

When gladness filled the world and there were trees,
Green leaves sang softly, dancing in the breeze.
Each day was new. Earth's seasons were unfurled
As time showed wonders in a changing world.

The leaves sang gaily spring and summer through.
Hardly they noticed that as Autumn grew
They had all slowly turned another shade:
Scarlet, brown, crimson - colour's cavalcade.

"Wise wind," they chorused, "Earth's Ambassador,
As you have travelled round the world and more,
What is the meaning of our changing tone?
Why do you sigh and wherefore do you moan?"

The wind's lamenting voice then gave reply:
"With summer passing, winter-time draws nigh;
In that dark season you will surely die,
Your singing cease - and that is why I sigh."

The leaves still sang but, now their song was sad!
No more they played and danced because so glad,
For they must part from trees that gave them birth
Slowly to wither upon mother-earth.

A mighty listening Spirit heard the song.
Immediately turned to right this wrong
And, as the coloured leaves began to fall,
He changed them into birds, to sing, to call.

So that the world might hear them sing each day,
The scarlet, orange, brown leaves in array,
When Autumn came were changed to birds that fly!
So earth's first birds went winging in the sky.

And that is why throughout the circling years
The birds flock to the trees, the tree still hears
Sweet songs of gladness, which first had their birth
Among the singing leaves at dawn of Earth.

Kadimurka

Kadimurka, evil one,
Stretches out his greedy arms
From Great Lake Eyre, where he now
Broods upon the land he harms.
Phantom spirit that was free
When the lake was dried and dead,
Has become a menaced threat -
His evil genius has spread.

He makes the whirling wind his slave
To rob the earth of soil and sand -
(Knowing that a duststorm lifts and
Blows away the choicest land.)
Then the wandering sands creep on,
Choking all the waterholes.
Swallowing a creek or two
As his progress onward rolls.

Desolate, the land now lies,
Listless, lifeless, so it seems -
But the hidden heart asleep
Beats and in its sleeping dreams ...
Dreams of when this land was free -
When Kadimurka was fast bound,
Buried under waters deep,
When the air was full of sound.

With the ghosts of long ago
Flickering visions form to show
Phantom pictures of time lost;
Mirages that flash and go.
All the past is mirrored here:
Forested serrated peaks.
While the rippling waters dance
Where the hungry wildfowl seeks.

Mystic sounds that come at night,
Eerie music of the past -
Long forgotten airs that stir,
Haunting strains, these still are cast.
While deep booms like guns resound
Echoing a forgotten age
Hidden in time's endless march:
Ghosts that peer from history's page.

When the stone-age man camped here.
Bound to nature by close ties
He lived a wild, nomadic life;
Learned to track and hunt supplies.
When he saw the great wide lake
Joyful his Corroboree!
Imitating birds and beasts
He danced and sang his spirit's glee.

Monster animals then roamed.
Creatures man has never seen.
Skeletons tell of those days
When our land was lushly green.
When the lake was nature's gift,
Man then watched the waters flow.
Time changed it, man, sun, and wind,
Now an arid desert show.

Life and hope again can spring
Through the arid land that lays
Asleep beneath the copper sun
Dreaming of those former days.
Kadimurka's power will end
When the will of God is done.
His great plan will live again
When Eyre's healing waters run.

The Legend of The Blue Mountains

In the faintest dawn of time,
When the great South land was born;
Earth was then a paradise,
Welcoming each happy morn.

Long ago in dreaming-time,
There was once a vast wide plain;
Where a glorious pool of light
Smiled at heaven's blue domain.

In this pool dwelt Garangatch,
Fish-reptile with scales of gold;
Light reflected from the sun,
As he frolicked, as he rolled.

Then in purple vault of night,
Twin eyes luminous in sight,
Huge flashlights in waters green,
Gleamed up from the pool blue-bright.

Garangatch was happy here,
Never knew the touch of fear.
Mirrigan came hunting near -
Giant Cat Man cast his spear.

Lightning quick! But, quicker still
Reptile plunged to blue-depths bed.
Hiding safely in the weeds
From the Wild Cat Man he fled.

Mirrigan then tried again.
Craftily he made a plan;
Tearing bark from wattle trees,
Poisoning water with its tan.

Horrid slime then slowly sank,
Settling in the waters deep.
Garangatch was very strong -
Overcame the poisonous seep.

Wild Cat Man then went away;
Hurried off to gather more.
Knowing if he found enough
He would kill the fish for sure.

The Reptile-fish knew death had come.
He swam up to the waters face,
Threw huge body on the bank -
Plowed through earth and furrowed place.

Moaning, groaning, forced his way -
Casting up, as though earthquake,
Gorges, valleys, chasms! Rose
Mountains of deep blue opaque.

Mist enveloped those sheer slopes.
But the great fish burrowing deep
Formed his cavern sepulchre,
Where the Blue Lake dreams in sleep.

Mountain Devils

I climbed my mountains of desire:
Through tanglements of the camphire
I watched the bush in silence wait
Its sacrificial, certain fate.

Far in the distance I could hear
The dancing devil coming near;
His orange light a glowing screen
Through which the crimson sun was seen.

As round about him bright flame roared,
While upward curling smoke-clouds poured,
He leapt and laughed his deadly game
To claim the bush with burning flame.

Close o'erhead the darkness streamed
Until the sun was gone, it seemed,
And dense smoke fog aflooding round,
Engulfed the dry, shuddering ground.

He threatened fragile homes of men,
Jumping from each cliff and glen;
Leapt the wide, red road to start
Another outbreak, far apart.

Where was beauty? Was all dead;
Swallowed in deadly flames that wed
The trembling trees? But see between,
A keen wind rushing, intervenes!

It turned the devil in his track
And whipped upon the giant back!
The rain poured down and soon in rout
The devil gone, the fire's out.

Then nature, like a wounded thing,
With scarred and tattered broken wing,
A sacrifice of searing pain,
Was hallowed by the cleansing rain.

Time, after quiet nights and days,
Heals with his nascent ways.
The living seed that devil left
Was softened through each broken cleft.

The bush sprang up, each small green head
Carried a tiny flower, red.
Turn now and see the mountain burn
As Mountain Devil flowers return.

Summer's Gown

Summer's gown is full of charm -
Spun with threads of shining gold.
Where gay colours interlace,
Browns, and greens and crimson fold.

In the early morn she comes
Dazzling, dancing swift and light;
Quickening round her feet there springs
Spangled, sparkling flowers bright.

Overhead her blue sunshade
Lends soft beauty to her face;
Choirs of birds and insects sing
Praises to her lovely grace.

Sunset comes, the dancing stops
While she puts her sunshade down,
And the darkening evening hour
Dims the colour of her gown.

Morning's brightness disappears
Covered by the cloak of night,
Studded by a million stars
Summer's gown is hid from sight.

Homing Pigeons

Nearby a flight of young pigeons
Flew up into the air;
They swerved and turned with one accord -
A squadron training there.

Nose-diving they came gliding down -
Then wheeled and circled high.
Precision flying aeronauts
Up in the azure sky.

Above I heard a throbbing sound -
The fluttering of swift wings;
High up they fly, until I seem
Apart from worldly things.

For with the birds my spirit soars
Upward to faith's sure goal.
Then I am free from doubt and fear
With music in my soul.

With flying done, they settle down
On runway strip at home.
Birds safely land. Do they, as I,
Know joy when reaching home?

Silence is creation's theme

When the mind of man can think;

When the growing soul shall know

Truth is more than food or drink.

Christmas Morn

On Christmas morning bells ring out
To greet the happy morn.
For Love came down from Heaven to earth
When Jesus Christ was born.

On Christmas morning bells ring out
With joy for Jesus' birth;
And there is gladness everywhere
That He came down to earth.

On Christmas morning bells ring out
For Mary and her Son,
Who sheltered in a cattle stall;
God's gift to everyone.

On Christmas morning bells ring out
For gifts the wise men brought,
They followed where the bright star led
And found the King they sought.

On Christmas morning bells ring out
For shepherds in the field,
Who saw the shining angel throng
And heard what they revealed.

On Christmas morning bells ring out
The angels' song again;
'Peace on the earth, goodwill to men,'
Repeat the glad refrain.

On Christmas morning bells ring out
For God's Almighty Love.
While through the world the people sing
The praise of Him above.

The Holy Child

The Holy Child first spoke with love,
To Mother, Father, God above.

His smile was joy to everyone,
God's gift to men, His only Son.

Nailed to the Cross, at Calvary,
His love had been to set men free.

A gift for all, His love shall be,
Forevermore, eternity.

The Master's Work

I saw the Master's work of love;
Wide canvas of blue sky,
Rose smudges, where His light brush touched
The cirrus clouds up high.

I saw the splendour of God's grace;
A glorious abstract born.
Bright glowing cloud-formations flushed
The haze of breaking dawn.

I thought of Christ: how He was given
Through God's Almighty love;
The perfect planning of God's grace,
Descended from above.

Then as the angels sang of peace,
While shepherds watched their sheep,
The Star of Love, of Holy Light,
Shone on the Child asleep.

Christmas Night

Hours in flight
Through the night,
Star shines bright
Christmas night.

Mary mild,
With Christ Child,
Gift of Love
From above.

Wise men brought
King they sought,
Reverence,
Gold, incense.

Shepherds heard
Angel's word,
Joy on earth
For Christ's birth.

Think of Him

Be not ashamed of work stained hands,
Look for God's blessing there;
See how the nailed pierced hands of Christ
Reveal God's love and care.

For think of Him, the carpenter,
The Holy King above -
Who used His hands to toil and work,
Also to heal with love.

Watch Jesus feed the hungry crowd
With five small loaves, two fishes.
Twelve baskets they had filled with scraps
With Jesus there to bless.

Behold, ten lepers healed and clean
When asking Him for mercy.
And Lazarus who came from the grave
Risen for Jesus' glory.

Hear Jesus' words to repentant thief
As both were crucified;
"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."
For all of us He died.

So think of Him, and all He did
And praise Him and adore.
For now Christ's ransomed life can give
Us blessings evermore.

The perfect Love of God

Love holds the key to everything
It opens every door;
Love beautifies, it glorifies,
Lives on forever more.

Seen through its eyes all nature stands
Arrayed with flowing light;
The spectrum of the universe,
Of God's great glory bright.

The wonder of creation speaks
Through each migrating bird.
The breeding reaches of each fish
Are by deep calling stirred.

All living by the tide and pull
Of earth's rotating theme,
Abiding by a Father's care
In life's unending stream.

God's gift of Love, His only Son
Has dwelt on earth as man.
Christ crucified, to give man life;
Fulfilled God's mighty plan.

A Saviour sent to save a world
Where sin had entered in.
Christ rose and sits at God's right hand -
Love's victory over sin.

Now faith in Him can set us free,
To worship and adore.
Give to our lives a purpose sure,
To serve Him evermore.

So when we look beyond the sight
And trace where Christ has trod;
We find the key His Cross leads to
The perfect Love of God.

"What shall it Profit a Man?"

In search of wisdom, or unmindful
Is man, and yet the difference so between
Is but the turning to the heights above;
Or else to pass unheeding down life's scene,
And ruthlessly to trample underfoot
The flowers of faith, the garden of the soul;
And recklessly to throw away life's hope
To hurry forward to a worldly goal.

Nor pause, but living physical to grow
To feed the growing tissues and the cell,
To reach maturity and prime of life;
Forgetful of the soul, the citadel -
Unseen but lying dormant in each man.
With store of power and memories that hold
And guide the thoughts and actions of each one;
Those things unseen that keep man's life controlled.

For where the weeds of selfishness and greed
Are growing in a wilderness of gain,
Where hate and envy spread their creeping vines
From where the cold characteristic rain
Spreads doubts that flood the mind with many fears
To rob a man of sureness and of peace,
Whose soul has sunk beneath the dark deceit
Destroying truth and beauty till they cease.

For love, and hate, and lack of moral law
Not equalled by the physical strength or force
Are drawn from the recesses of the soul.
Endurance that is more of spirit source
And goodness that holds fast to truth's ideal,
Is living far more wisely than can be
When man grows on and leaves his soul behind.

In solitude to hear the voice of God,
To find the peace that happiness supplies
In rising o'er adversity and trial,
And reaching upward where the spirit flies,
Helped by incense of prayer and joy of song,
To let the showers of blessings from above
Enrich and cultivate the soul of man
With flowers of hope, eternity and love.

Where to-day is Man?

Where do we travel? Where to-day is man?
What travail and what evil does he plan?
Where hope once led, now fear is in command
And makes us frightened and in terror stand
Before the threat of global nuclear war
Destroying all the world, like none before.

Man now must turn in faith, and do God's will,
Or else be slave to wickedness, until
The world is torn asunder from its way,
And knows alone the havoc of "that day"
When hope and faith lie buried by man's greed;
When love and brotherhood are lost indeed.

Each day is precious in this year and age,
When beauty lends her splendour to the stage,
And golden sunlight, streaming out from space,
Renews the life and growth of earth's great race;
For while the earth still circles in its place,
The stars and moon shine down upon its face.

And will the earth become a broken thing
When all the plants and trees and birds that sing
Are killed by man's destroying, awful war?
And will it then form what it was before
All void and empty, spinning out in space
Before man came as master of earth's race.

But love shall come and triumph even yet -
In spite of evil, God shall come and set
His Kingdom here below, and men shall see
How love and righteousness and truth shall be
The beginning and the ending of God's plan,
Fulfilling all the greatest dreams of man.

Then, man shall work and labour with his hand -
And reap a harvest from the pleasant land.
The lamb and wolf shall feed together, then;
They shall not kill or hurt each other, when
The love of God is ruling in each heart;
When man fulfills God's law in every part.

Man's Knowledge and God's Love

Transmitting we can trace

Man orbiting in space

Propelled by rocket force.

No one can know what course

This project of man's brain

Will lead to, grief or gain.

When astronauts return,

New secrets men shall learn

While speeding round the earth.

Space travel in its birth,

What mysteries behold

As galaxies unfold.

Will knowledge be man's gain

Or will it lead to strain

Of wars that stream from space?

As power wrecks earth's race.

And what shall be the price?

And what the sacrifice?

But when the Star of Love

Shone down from Heaven above,

It showed wise men the way -

Led to where Jesus lay;

The Magi who had brought

Gifts for the babe they sought.

They worshipped Him as King

The Saviour born to bring

God's Love to everyone;

To let God's will be done.

The Lamb of God who died

For sinner's crucified.

Christ sits at God's right hand

Risen as God had planned;

And when He comes again

He comes as Lord to reign;

Then all the world shall sing

And worship Him as King.

Eternity

Gold edges flamed as the evening turned
To close another day,
And I felt the power of Eternity
Behind the cloud of grey.

The glory of the Lord was there,
Unseen, His presence near.
What if the cloud were dark and grey?
What if the day seemed drear?

