

I thought I'd do something than nothing and wasn't getting very far at all,

And the earth was so big and my effort seemed so trivial and small;

So I worked and I waited and then worded it a bit different again,

And what do you know but this is what really came out of my pen.

I'm tired of being and doing nothing to get something from all,

And I'm no longer a little child but am becoming stronger and tall;

I know the autumn come and summer has been and gone its own way,

And I'm looking forward to the winter when spring will again show in day.

Now the beauty is in the freedom of God leading and showing the way,

That through all the grey clouds there is a bit of light in a grey ray;

And the love that comes in magic has a tricky tragic way of winning,

When God can beat them all and lead to turn to stop the world from sinning.

As the grand old duke of York had ten thousand men,

When marched them up the hill and marched then back down again,

So it is with God who through the rain leads back all the odd,

To put the sheep back in the pen to feed the child and spare the rod.

For it matters very deeply to the heart with passion to serve,

Who can write the verse of fixing and return to the right with words;

For with the right time and effort there is comfort to be withheld,

As the mare and stallion are mating for the foul that they will geld.

Well there's music as the money goes in the hat that is passed around,

And you can hear them whistle Dixie as there's no movement or sound;

For the listening is in the quietness with the ears to hear and smell,

To tell what they are saying and meaning in the spirit of being well.

Signed,

I don't know