

A Christadelphian Ramble To The Brushes

Stalybridge June 21st 1919.

1 It was on a summers afternoon

We rambled off together,
To sing God's Praise in joyful tune,
Midst hills, vales, moss and heather.

2 The morning had not promised fine,
Clouds hid the sky from view,

Yet with a willingness to shine,
The sun came peeping through:

3 Only the thin end of the wedge,

But it had come to stay.

It gave the clouds a silvery edge,

And soon they rolled away.

4 Our prospects then much brighter grew.

The sun shone on the scene,

The sky a lovely shade of blue,

The grass all shades of green,

5 Walled in with massive hills all round,

The Valley spoke of Peace.

That will with Christ on earth be found

When wars for ever cease.

P. T. over.