

One Of These Days

Smalltown Poets

When time shall slip its cog in place
And spin its line of lovely lace
Then love and peace come face to face
One of these days

When sorrow can nowhere be found
And greed shall lay its weapons down
And hate give up without a sound
One of these days

When love by tender instrument
Through circumstance and incident
Shall peace and love again invent
One of these days

To see this from within the soul
We must be patient and consoled
To know the joy that's ours to hold
One of these days

And so with earnest inward eyes
We man the post where duty lies
And seek to win the precious prize
One of these days

One of these days