



The Clock of Life

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The clock of life is wound but once,
And no man has the power
To tell just where its hands will stop;
At late or early hour.

To lose one's wealth is sad indeed,
To lose once health is more;
To lose one's soul is such a loss
That no one can restore.

The present only is our own -
To seek to do God's will;
Tomorrow holds no promise, for
The clock may then be still.

So why not this very minute prepare for eternity
by trusting Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour
Where will you spend eternity?

