

Smalltown Poets, One Of These Days

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 joy 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