

WHEN THE CLOUDS ARE LOWERING.

Philip Ney, Pioneer Publishing, 8/11/09

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1. When the clouds are lowering and its Sunday,
D A
When the wind blows briskly from the west,
E A
I dread the coming of this gloomy Monday.
E A
Sitting by the fire I feel is best.
D E A
Think I'll take another little rest.

2. In the distance golden peaks are soaring,
But each day I'm bound to this bleak desk.
How could work so ever be so boring?
At home my little girl's a real pesk.
And my wife must always have a guest.

3. If I take off climbing I'll be lonely.
If I sit at home, I'll get no peace.
In this office I'm the workhorse pony.
Given more hard jobs without surcease.
Oh God please give me some release.

4. Now I'm older there's no climbing.
But my work I'm sure will never end.
Someday funeral bells will be chiming.
So what have I accomplished in the end?
All the work and prayers I did spend.

5. Oh God above can't you see I'm crying?
Although there's not a tear upon my face.
In the cold earth I'll soon be laying.
In the history of mankind I leave no trace.
Yet I count on Your amazing grace.

6. Forgive me God I know I'm just a sinner.
Although I tried to follow in the fray.
Now my body just keeps getting thinner.
They tell me I'll soon just waste away.
So now I'm getting ready for that day.

7. I hear that heavens a place of wonder.
But I don't feel my time is yet.
My family wants me sign a simple paper,
So all my money and possessions get.
"Now old grandpa don't you fret."

8. Doctor says now drink this, prove your mettle.
Then all pain and sorrow will be gone.
But God and I and family must matters settle.
Ere they put my body neath the lawn.
And before I face You at the dawn.