

God's Word Divided Right

I see the hills of spring's bright day,
All shiny, green and new,
And note with joy along the way,
A freshness of the morning dew.

I think of how such wondrous life,
And freshness springs again
As year by year the world is rife,
With jewels of God in perfect blend.

With this view, my thoughts are brought to bear,
On other compositions of our Lord,
And I see types and shadows in spring's freshness there,
Of blended order of God's Word.

He meted out His gracious thought,
In writings that were Spirit sent,
That we might by this Word be taught,
And t'ward His holy will be bent.

But would-be teachers of that Word,
Presumed to tell men what He meant,
Concocting meanings so absurd,
That straight-line truth was sorely rent.

What was from God's truth pure and plain,
Became corrupted by derelict designs,
And where the harmony of truth did reign,
Cacaphony resounded from human minds.

So, now across this world we find,
Discordant doctrine sworn to be the very Word,
That's only echos of the human mind,
And not the truth that should be heard.

Yet amidst this twisted mass of waste,
The very truth of God lives fresh and sweet,
And sure His promises hold their place,
'Til all the earth bows at His feet.

The earth, and heaven too, shall pass away,
And all things mortal have their end,
But God's great Word is here to stay,
Unchanged by words that men may bend.

Right dividing of God's Holy Word,
By men empowered for the task,
Shall keep His truths sharp as a sword,
And glorify our Christ at last.