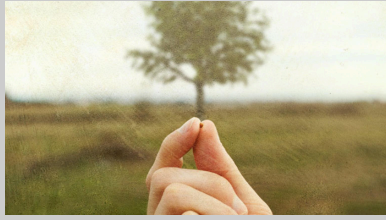


THE MIGHTY MUSTARD SEED



Behold the mighty mustard seed,
The smallest of the small;
When it is grown, becomes a tree,
Of herbs it stands most tall.

See Gideon in the winepress there,
Hiding, threshing wheat;
God said "Thou mighty man of valor,"
And he won the victory great.

Samson, once of all the strongest,
Shorn of hair and blind of eye,
Yet pulled down Dagon's temple
By strength which only God supplies.

See the Hebrew children three,
In the fiery furnace bound;
The fire was but the vestibule
To conquering Kingdom ground.

Joseph in the prison house,
Forsaken, all alone;
Soon would he a ruler be,
And gain a monarch's throne.

See Jesus hanging on the cross,
Dying, bloody, weak;
Now He lives all men to free,
All men to Him do seek.

Paul said, "When I'm weak, I'm strong,
On me rests the power of Christ;" (2 Cor. 12:9,10)
In distresses and infirmities
Grace was sufficient for life.

And we may be as poor, as weak,
Our lamp may burn but dim;
Tis not by strength we enter in,
But by closeness unto Him.

So chin up, mighty mustard seed,
The day is at the break;
More than conqueror thou shalt be,
All for Jesus' sake.

