



ZION'S SHIP.

*The little ship she wallowed  
On theory's brassy sea,  
Her sails limp and full of crimp.  
Sagged 'neath this evil scrutiny.*

*That leaden sea of psychology  
Had no wave nor current spare.  
It could not bear from earthly port,  
To our fair haven over there.*

*Becalmed, she seemed to falter  
Deep in that brazen sea  
Her freedom seemed so far away,  
Then the crew began to pray.*

*Blow, Wind of Heaven, blow.  
For we have failed to see  
To stinking creeds, we bowed down  
And to dogmas not our own.*

*Blow, Wind of Heaven, blow.  
Your Living Breath fill our sail  
Loose Satan's grip from Zions ship  
We believe you cannot fail.*

*Blow, Wind of Heaven, blow.  
Heaven's haven is our goal  
Pilot safe to Heavens shore  
There, our peace forever more.*

