

For two-thousand years with sanctified tears
They've told us of a home up above
But here where we dwell they have made
it a hell
(The while they yet yodded of love).

Echo:

Too they promise you a heaven
And they frighten you with hell
Too they promise wings and golden harps
And other things as well
But they say that they would like to
Put a crown upon your head
They won't do a darn thing for you... until you're dead-dead-dead,
And now is the time for ring the new chime,
For I want my heaven right here
For the one in the sky in the sweet bye and bye;
Is a sandy clams story, fear.
Echo, etc.

We have no quarrel with church.

It is a fine example of cooperative effort. The contributors may sleep under bridges, live in hovels and subsist on second hand food but on The Holy Sabbath they gather among the better surroundings, fixtures and appointments of the House of the Lord. Which, same, goes to show what united effort can accomplish.

We cannot blame the Servant of the Lord if he wants his congregation to have as good raiment, food and shelter as he has himself. But if in a life time of spiritual leadership he finds his congregation still in rags, living on charity and using the sky for a blanket it is high time that he appraise ^{of} his stewardship. Rather than have a closed-shop ^{of} semi-well-to-do worshippers it might be a better part of valor for the preachers to step out in the by-ways and succor those that are in dire distress, despondency and despair — the cast-aways.