



## I Looked

I looked upon a farm one day,  
That once I used to own;  
The barn had fallen to the ground,  
The fields were overgrown.  
The house in which my children grew,  
Where we had lived for years-  
I turned to see it broken down,  
And brushed aside the tears.

I looked upon my soul one day,  
To find it too had grown  
With thorns and nettles everywhere,  
The seeds neglect had sown.  
The years had passed while I had cared  
For things of lesser worth:  
The things of Heaven I let go  
While minding things of earth.  
To Christ I turned with bitter tears,  
And cried, "O Lord, forgive!  
I haven't much time left for Thee,  
Not many years to live."  
The wasted years forever gone,  
The days I can't recall;  
If I could live those days again,  
I'd make Him Lord of all.

-Theodore W. Brennan

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