

NOT GROWING OLD

They say that I am growing old
I've heard them tell it times untold,
In language plain and bold!
But I am not growing old!
This frail old shell, in which I dwell
Is growing old, I know full well,
But I am not the shell!

What if my hair is turning gray?
Gray hairs are honorable, they say.
What if my eyesight's growing dim?
I still can see to follow Him
Who sacrificed His life for me
Upon the cross of Calvary.
Why should I care if time's old plow
Has left his furrows on my brow?

Another house, not made with hands
Awaits me in the Glory Land.
What though I falter in my walk?
What though my tongue refuse to talk?
I still can tread the Narrow Way,
I still can watch and praise and pray.

My hearing may not be as keen
As in the past it may have been. . .
Still, I can hear my Saviour say
In whispers soft, "This is the way,"
The outward man, do what I can
To lengthen out this life's short span,
Shall perish and return to dust,
As everything in nature must.

The inward man, the Scriptures say,
Is growing stronger every day,
Then how can I be growing old,
When safe within my Saviour's fold?
Ere long my soul shall fly away
And leave this tenement of clay.
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise

To seize the “everlasting prize”
I’ll meet you on the streets of gold
And prove that I’m not growing old!
—Author Unknown