

# This Old Tent

By Steve Coyle



When I looked upon the days gone past,  
I'd thought this tent was built to last.  
For I'd stood it on some rocky ground  
Where stormy winds couldn't beat it down.

And with my pride and my own hand,  
I put my tent on shifting sand  
Where pegs pulled loose and my tent did shake,  
But I was young and I could take  
The unstable world that I was in  
I'd just up and move again.

So for many years I went this route,  
Shifting this old tent about.  
Till one cold day when my mind grew clear,  
This tent had an end and it might draw near.

So with much fear (such a heavy load)  
I looked for the One who had made this abode.  
Yes, the Tentmaker, He'd surely know  
Where one such rotting tent should go  
To have this canvas revitalized,  
To have these poles and pegs re-sized.

I went to Him on bended knees  
Begging Him, "Oh tentmaker please!  
Restore this tent I thought would last,  
This canvas house that went so fast."

He looked at me through loving eyes  
And merely pointed to the skies.  
"Please do not grieve over some old tent,  
Old canvas walls that have been spent.  
For this mansion that's been built by Me  
Will last you for eternity."