

Where Are The Street Preachers?

*Last eve' I perceived as I walked down the street,
Seven men of God as they went out to preach.
They went through the highways, the streets of the land,
Crying, "Repent, for the kingdom of God is at hand."
But where are their fellows that stood with them there?
Proclaiming God's word to all that would hear?
One year there were thirty and ten men of God,
Who "stood in the gap" with a sword and a rod.
Last year there were thirty: this year there is ten.
Now there is seven, O, where are the men?
Where are the Street Preachers God called to this place?
Where are the men that did once run the race?
Where are the Preachers that did cry near and far?
'We're too busy', they said...Miserable liars ye are!
Nay, but there was room when it came time for fun!
Only no time for this Jesus ye serve.
Save Sunday and Wednesday, for Him ye reserve.
Ye call yourselves 'preachers', Nay but ye are,
Cowards, chickens, women ye are!
Stand up for Jesus, ye true men of God,
And return to the highways with your sword and your rod.
For the people do perish, as sin takes its toll!
And no man careth at all for their soul!*

-1979, Pensacola, Fla