

# a.w. Tozer Reading Poetry

by A.W. Tozer

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*A.W. Tozer's sermon reflects on mortality and the hope of eternal life through the lens of poetry and faith.*

**Duration:** 8:19

**Scripture:** Psalm 95:6, Isaiah 53:5, 1 Corinthians 15:55, Ephesians 4:8, Philippians 2:9-11, Colossians 2:15, Revelation 5:12

**Topics:** "Poetry"

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## Description

The sermon transcript is a prayer-like invocation to God, asking for His guidance and power. The speaker asks for strength to overcome sin and to spread the message of salvation. The sermon emphasizes the victory of Christ over death and the power of His sacrifice to free believers from sin. The speaker also prays for the preacher, asking for protection from the devil and for his words to be impactful in convicting sinners. The sermon concludes with a plea for God to intervene in the lives of those who are on the path to destruction.

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## Transcript

The Last Leaf by Oliver Wendell Holmes. I saw him once before as he passed by the door and again the paving stones resound as he totters his cane. They say that in his prime ere the pruning knife of time cut him down.

Not a bend by the crier on his round through the town, but now he walks the streets and it he looks at all he meet one and he shakes his feeble head and it seems as if he said they are gone. The mossy marbles that he has pressed in their bloom and the names he loved to hear have been carved for many a year on the tomb and mama she has said poor old lady she is dead long ago that he had a Roman nose and his cheek was like a rose in the snow. Now his nose is thin and it rests upon his chin like a staff and he has a crooked melancholy crack in his laugh.

I know it is a sin for me to sit and grin at him here. Cornered hat and the britches and all that are so queer and if I should live to be the last leaf upon the tree in the spring let them smile at the old forsaken fowl. Go down death funeral sermon by James Weldon Johnson.

Weep not she's not dead she's resting in the bosom of Jesus. Heartbroken husband, grief stricken son weep no more. Left lonesome daughter weep no more she's only just gone.

Day before yesterday morning God was looking down from his great high heaven looking down on all his children. His eye fell on sister Caroline tossing on her bed of pain and God's big heart was touched with pity with ever and God sat back on his throne and he commanded that tall bright angel standing at his right hand call me death and that tall bright angel cried in the voice that broke like a clap of thunder call death call death and the echo in the streets of heaven till it reached way back to that shadowy place where death waits with his pale white horses.

Death heard the summons and he leaped on his fastest horse pale as a sheet in the moonlight up the golden street death galloped and the hoofs of air from the gold and they didn't make no sound up death rode to the great white throne and waited on God's command said go down death go down go down to savannah Georgia down to yamacro and find sister Caroline born the burden and heat of the day she's labored long in my vineyard and she's tired she's weary go down death and death didn't say a word but he loosed the reins on his pale white horse and he clamped the spurs to his bloodless side out and down he rode through heaven's pearly gates past suns and moons and stars on death road of the foam like a comet in the sky on death road leaving the lightning's flash behind straight on down he came

while we were watching she turned her eyes and looked away she saw what we couldn't see she saw old death she saw old death coming like a fall but this didn't frighten sister Caroline he looked to her like a welcome friend and she whispered to us I'm going home and she smiled and closed her eyes and death took her up like a baby and she lay in his icy arms no chill and death began to ride again up beyond the evening star out beyond the morning star in light of glory on to the great white throne and there he laid sister Caroline on the loving breast of Jesus and Jesus ended and wiped away her tears and he smoothed the furrows from her face and the angel sang a little song in his arms and kept us saying take your rest take your rest take your rest weep not weep not she's not she's resting

in the bosom of Jesus prayer oh lord we come this morning and body bowed before thy throne of grace oh lord this morning by our hearts beneath our knees in some lonesome valley we come this morning like empty pitchers to a full fountain with of our own oh lord open up a window of heaven and lean out far over the battlements of glory and listen this morning lord have mercy on proud and dying sinners sinners hanging over the mouth of hell who seem to love their distant well lord ride by this morning mount your milk white horse and rider this morning and in your ride ride by ride by the dingy gates of hell and stop poor sinners in their headlong plunge and now oh lord this man of god life this morning shadow him in the hollow of thy hand and keep him out of the gunshot of the devil this

morning wash him with hyssop inside and out hang him up and drain him dry of sin pin his ears and make his words sledgehammers of truth beating on the iron heart of sin lord god this my the telescope of eternity and let him look upon the paper walls of time lord turpentine is a magical motion in his arms fill him full the dynamite of thy power anoint him all over with the oil of thy salvation and set it up and now oh lord when i've done drunk my last cup of sorrow when i've been called everything but a child when i'm done traveling up the rough side of the mountain oh lord when i start down this steep and slit when this old world begins to rock beneath my feet lower me to my grave in peace great getting up morning amen the strife is o'er now is the victor's triumph won now be the song of

praise begun hallelujah the powers of death have christ their legions hath dispersed let shouts of joy outburst hallelujah that days are quickly sped he rises glorious from the dead all glory to our risen head hallelujah he bound chains of hell the bars from heaven's high portals fell let hymns of praise his triumph tell hallelujah lord by the stripes which wounded thee from death's dread sting thy servants free that we

may live and sing to hallelujah hail thou once despised jesus hail thou galilean king thou did suffer to  
release us salvation bring hail thou universal savior thou has borne our sin and shame by thy merit ever  
life is given through thy name worship honor power and blessing christ is worthy to receive loudest praises  
meet it is for us to give help us bright angelic spirits

bring your sweetest noblest lay to sing our savior's merits help to chant emmanuel's praise amen

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