“THIS EARTHLY TENT”

2 Corinthians 5:1

They tell me I am getting old but that’s not really so;

The tent I live in may be worn, and that of course I know.

It’s been in use a good long while and weathered many a gale,

I’m therefore not surprised to find it’s getting rather  frail.

You tell me I am getting old – you mix my tent with me –

You’re looking at the outside, that’s all that most folks see!

The dweller in the little tent is young and bright and free,

Continuing on a life that lasts throughout eternity.

The changing colour of the roof, the windows looking dim,

The walls a bit transparent and getting rather thin,

The guy ropes not so steady as once they used to be,

And that is all that you observe – but that’s not really me!

I patch the old tent up a bit to make it last the night

But soon I shall be flying to my Home of endless light.

I’m going to live forever there, my life goes on- it’s grand!

How can you say I’m getting old? You do not understand.

These few short years can’t make me old, I feel I’m in my youth.

Eternity lies just ahead, full life, full joy and truth.

We will not fret to see this tent grow shabby day by day,

But look toward the Mansion which never will decay.

I want to be made fit to dwell in that blest Home above,

Cleansed in the precious blood of Christ and growing in His love:

The beauty of that glorious Home no words can ever say,

‘Tis hidden from these mortal eyes but kept for me one day.

(Beth Coombe Harris: updated with minor  modifications)