

# One of These Days

## Smalltown Poets

When time shall slip its cog in place  
And spin its line of lovely lace  
Then love and peace come face to face  
One of these daysWhen sorrow can nowhere be found  
And greed shall lay its weapons down  
And hate give up without a sound  
One of these daysWhen love by tender instrument  
Through circumstance and incident  
Shall peace and love again invent  
One of these daysTo see this from within the soul  
We must be patient and consoled  
To know the joy that's ours to hold  
One of these daysAnd so with earnest inward eyes  
We man the post where duty lies  
And seek to win the precious prize  
One of these daysOne of these days

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