

## The Don't Believers

The new - fangled churches that don't believe things  
Aren't the churches that satisfy me;  
I 'm firm in my notion that angels wear wings,  
An' Heaven is a place we shall see,  
I 'm an old-fashioned man, full of old-fashioned ways,  
An' these up-to-date doubtings seem odd;  
What they don't believe folks talk about nowadays,  
But I 'm still believing in God.

Some don't believe this, an' some don't believe that,  
Some don't believe Heaven is a place;  
The don't believe sermons they 're preaching are flat,  
For of old-fashioned faith there's no trace.  
They've torn up the Bible an' proved it's not so,  
They doubt man was made from a clod,  
What they don't believe seems to be all that they know,  
But I 'm still believing in God.

There isn't much left of religion today,  
The thinkers have busily swept  
Most all of the faiths that we once had away,  
An' few of us know what they've kept.  
It's ' don't believe this ' an' ' don't believe that,'  
An' blinded they 'd leave us to plod;  
An' old-fashioned man hardly knows where he's at,  
But I 'm still believing in God.

What men don't believe doesn't interest me,  
I 'd far rather learn what they do;  
I believe in the green of the grass an' the tree,  
I believe in the sunshine an' dew;  
I believe in the love that makes living worthwhile,  
I believe we shall rise from the sod  
To a mansion in Heaven where our dear ones shall smile,  
An' I 'm still believing in God.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881 -1959)