

THE
LYRICS

FOR THE
RECORDING

OF



THE LAND OF THE FEAR OF MEN
JOHN RAYMOND / JASON FRENCH / JESSE HARMS / STEVE GOOLD
JASON HARMS QUINTET

Jesus, Priceless Treasure

Jesus, priceless treasure,
Source of purest pleasure,
Truest friend to me.
Ah, how long in anguish
Shall my spirit languish,
Thirsting, Lord, for Thee?
Thine I am, Oh, spotless Lamb!
I will suffer naught to hide Thee,
Naught I ask beside Thee.

In Thine arms I rest me;
Foes who would molest me
Cannot reach me here.
Though the earth be shaking,
Every heart be quaking,
Jesus calms my fear.
Lightnings flash and thunders crash;
Yet, though sin and hell assail me,
Jesus will not fail me.

Satan, I defy thee;
Death, I now decry thee;
Fear, I bid thee cease.
World, thou shalt not harm me
Nor thy threats alarm me
While I sing of peace.
God's great power guards every hour;
Earth and all its depths adore Him,
Silent now before Him.

Hence, all fear and sadness!
For the Lord of gladness,
Jesus, enters in.
Those who love the Father,
Though the storms may gather,
Still have peace within.
Yea, whate'er I here must bear,
Still in Thee lies purest pleasure,
Jesus, priceless treasure!

The Land of the Fear of Men

The Land of the Fear of Men,
She lies near the Devil's den
In hollows foul
With praises' howl.

We'll travel her now and then,
In hopes to secure a friend.
But all are slaves
Or sunk in graves -
The Land of the Fear of Men.

When fears and anxieties
Form clouds that canopy,
Forfeiting Light's true guide,
We follow our compass, Pride.

The Land of the Fear of Men
Is haunting at every bend.
In oaks of grey
The nooses sway.

Her hills form a prowler's pen
Ensnaring the singing wren,
Where praises made
Disguise the blade -
The Land of the Fear of Men.

Man Will Find His Knee

Man's found a way that he can navigate the sea.
Man's found a way to comb the honey from the bee.
Man's found a way to live in outer space.
Man's found a way to make the horses race.
So why's it so hard for a man to find his knee?

A man will find time to slice one off the tee.
A man will find time to shine his Hummers, three.
A man will find time to dine his girl,
Treat her to the fair and the tilt-a-whirl.
So why's it so hard to find the time to find his knee?

There will be a day when God Himself decrees :
"Render every man according to his deeds.
Death and Hell for the wicked one,
All of Me if you loved my Son."
Yes, there will be a day when every man will find his knee.

w. m. Jason Harms

Yet Will I Exult in the Lord

Though the fig tree should not blossom,
And there be no fruit on the vine ;
Though the olive fails to yield,
And the fields produce no harvest, no harvest ;
Though the flock be cut off from the fold,
And there be no cattle in the stall ;

Yet will I exult in the Lord !
I will rejoice in the God of my salvation.
Yet will I exult in the Lord.
I will rejoice in the God of my salvation !

The Lord God, He is my strength,
And He makes my feet to be like the hinds` .
The Lord God, He is my strength,
And He leads me to walk the elevations.
So though the flocks be cut off from the fold,
And there be no cattle in the stall,

w. m. Jason Harms (from Habakkuk 3)

Satisfied

Satisfied
is the soul
who can put his trust whole
in his Maker
rather than his belly's craving for the baker's
pastry.
Sure won't be tasty,
come morning,
when that sugar's made its home
'neath the dome
round the waist. See
the problem with a misplaced
taste?
Won't satisfy.

Oh, what joyful bliss
flows from my Maker's hand.
This I will often miss
while I gaze on goods of the current land.

Satisfied
is the hide
with a roof over head
to keep the snow at bay.
A warm, dry bed
providing rest from a day's
hard labor.
You do yourself no favor,
if you labor
for the latest nik, another nak,
you buy with a broken back.
See the problem with a misplaced
pace?
Won't satisfy.

Oh, what joyful bliss
flows from my Maker's hand.
This I will often miss
while I gaze on goods of the current land.

Cry My Brothers

Cry my brothers, and heal your soul.
A crying man's no less the whole.
Cry my sisters, but choose your tear
And weep with truth, but not with fear.
But cry to God and weep 'longside
A soul that's tempted, troubled, tried.
A tear diffuses, or, makes way
For light to bend her color ray.

Despairing tears will comfort not,
They bleed the well and breed the rot.
But let a tear in Mercy's bed
And Hope will fill what water's shed.

Cry my fathers for your sons.
A boy is as with whom he runs.
Cry my mothers for your girls
To know their beauty's more than curls.
But cry to God and weep 'longside
A soul that's tempted, troubled, tried.
A tear diffuses, or, makes way
For light to bend her color ray.

Sure, a sev'rance comes with pain,
But limbs are never lopped in vain.
Look 'round the garden while you cry
And trust the Pruner's shaping eye.

Cry my brothers for your soul,
Surrender pride to Calvary's knoll.
Cry my sisters, bend your knees,
And plead for ballast 'neath your seas.
Cry my fathers, lead the way
Away from errors of yesterday.
Cry my mothers, put on grace;
To follow's never second place.
But cry to God! He gave us tears
To float to Him unknowns and fears.
A tear, in faith, will prism be,
To color what you could not see.

If I Don't Cry, A Rock Will Cry Out!

If I don't cry, a rock will cry out.
Praise will happen whether you hear this man shout!
But, if I don't howl, then let it be heard,
"Foul!" from the creature, every boulder and bird.

Cry out! Cry out! Brother won't you?
Are you not affected when the Lord rides through?
Cry out! Cry out! Sister, what say?
Will the pebble beat your lips to Jesus today?

If I won't yell, well, what's there to fear?
"Hell's not a heater that you dare stand near.
If you won't wail, brother, angels still say,
'Hail to the Holy, Holy, Holy this day!'"

If you don't groan, still it should be known:
Man does not determine when the Lord's on His throne.
If you won't weep, then of you 'twill be said:
"The field stone's wiser than the rock in his head."

w. m. Jason Harms

Well Said, Rockwell!

Father. Father. Father. Praise Father.
Praise Jesus. Praise You Father!
Father. Father. Father. Praise Father.
Praise Jesus. Praise You Father!

Jesus said we should feed the poor,
And when we pray, we`re to close our door.
We should share with the needy, see!
With those less fortunate than we...maybe...?...

Father. Father...oh... Praise You Father!

w. m. Jason Harms

The One Who Wields

Should the axe begin to boast
O'er the one who charts it's aim?
Or the arrow dare to claim the most
Glory o'er the game?

No, there is a hand
Behind a tool
Working all that he plans.
Don't play the fool.
No, the one who wields will glory claim.
A tool not in hand knows no fame.

Can a jar boast of it's glaze?
Should the canvas swell with pride,
Or the brush lay claim to beauty praised
As if he the oils applied?

No, there is a hand
Behind a tool
Working all that he plans.
Don't play the fool.
No, the one who wields will glory claim.
A tool not in hand knows no fame.

w. m. Jason Harms

Mercy, Now, as Root and Core

A storm that drives one in for cover
May in time be blessed a lover.
Not as beautiful in face,
Or tender, nor possessing grace,
But an escort to the throne
Where mercy, now, her depths make known.

“Oh cursed wind!” I’d first proclaim,
Not knowing wind to bear the name
Of pilot, navigator, guide,
Each title acc’rately applied
While beaching me on humbled shore
Where self is less and Christ is more.

Brought to the refuge of your cleft,
Here I look ‘round at nothing left
And see how pride lies deathly still
When shown the limit of it’s will.
I cannot boast or roar again,
Save, in this cleft that’s hemmed me in.

What blinding light breaks through the rear!
This cleft’s a door whisp’ring, “Come near,
And watch God’s light illuminate
Where eyes of flesh could not make straight.”
Each trial sung in earthly score
Hears mercy, now, as root and core.

w. m. Jason Harms

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