



Where I Go

Early morning when comes the sun,
The break of day that I love so,
His gold and scarlet paint the sky . . .
You may ask me where I may go.

At highest noon comes bright, bright sun,
The peak of day when all's aglow,
His blue and white complete the scene . . .
You need ask me where I may go.

At set of sun comes brooding night,
The end of day in ebb and flow,
His gold and scarlet bid adieu . . .
You should ask me where I may go.

Comes morning and its early light,
I go to Him in thankful praise;
His gold and scarlet gifts from Him . . .
Again, the loveliest of days.

When noontime comes, I view deep blue
With white, white clouds so high above;
His skies aglow, a wondrous scene . . .
I go to Him and seek His Love.

When nighttime nears in dusky tones,
Delightful day He's gifted me;
Where I have been he shared His Love . . .
And that was where I yearned to be.

Henry W. Gurley