



Where A Softness Abides

Comes early morn and a softness
Touching eroding edge of night;
A pinkish glow and then bright burst . . .
The sun again in golden flight.

Moments before this wondrous scene
When my own world was fast asleep,
I cherished the softness of night,
Restfulness in my Master's Keep.

Serenity brought peace and calm
As darkness of night brought no fear;
Embraced by His Great Gift of Love,
I knew surely, He did bide near.

And then assault of highest noon
When my world becomes busiest,
No pinkish glow to comfort me . . .
It's not this time that I like best.

But soon, in rhythms all its own,
Harshness of day must disappear;
Then will come soft darkness of night,
And once more His Love will bide near.

Henry W. Gurley