



When Come the Sounds

I love the sounds at eventide,
So resonant the tones, so sweet;
God's Orchestra plays dulcet chords . . .
Each note with heavenly heat.

The crickets chirp in unison,
Soft breezes caress tall trees;
The lowing cattle's plaintive moos . . .
Peaceful sounds that surely please.

A church bell peals, a call to prayer,
Its announcement, end of day;
I stand in awe of all of this . . .
As I bow my head to pray.

When come the sounds of eventide,
I reflect upon God's Gift;
I then await His Morning Sun . . .
More music that shall uplift.

Henry W. Gurley