

The Magic of Morning

He can paint the morning purple
to display His majesty,
He can tinge it with a glory
that the dullest eye can see.
He reflects it from the mountains
that were sculptured by His hand,
And it guilds the plains and prairies
as it spreads across the land.
He may emphasize its beauty
with a silver-misted shroud,
Or conceal it's flaming splendor
in a somber cloak of cloud—
But the slightest hint of morning
breaking through the longest night
Fills the darkness with the prospect
That future could be bright;
For the sunshine of it's promise
coaxes flowers from the sod,
And the magic of the morning
bears the signature of God.

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