



His Soft Voice

In the stillness of the morning
When my world in its softened glow
Announces that a new day dawns,
I hear a voice, soft and low.

It is a voice that I heed
Because it brings promises of
A blood-bought plan of salvation,
An eternal promise of love.

Both my heart and soul are gladdened
To be granted another day;
Accepting that the voice is He,
I set aside some time to pray.

Comes then onset of eventide
When my world bids daylight adieu,
I hear that voice, soft and low;
I'm reassured, God: It is You.

Henry W. Gurley