



## **A Song I Love To Hear**

In the early light of morning  
With sparkling dew still on the ground,  
Quite suddenly without warning  
I hear a thrilling, trilling sound.

It's coming from a red oak tree  
That has stood tall for many years.  
Each note seems formed so perfectly.  
Such perfection brings me to tears.

I listen as the notes ring out,  
Each one tremulous on the air.  
In the mind not one single doubt  
That God was in charge and was there  
I simply stood there pensively  
And from that tree a robin flew.  
Its song had ended suddenly.  
I knew exactly what to do.

To God I offered heartfelt praise  
To be a recipient of  
The grandest song I'd heard in days,  
A true herald of His Great Love.

**Henry W. Gurley**