



## **A Time of Singing**

Now comes the time of singing, Lord;  
Indeed, now dawns a springtime day.  
How glorious Your Greening Touch  
That You share now, sending my way.

I do recall Your Touch of White;  
I fondly recall wintry days.  
How glorious that crystal world  
You shared with me in lovely ways.

Before those days, with golden kiss  
Your Touch of Autumn came to call.  
I sang then of the world's rebirth  
And knew You were my All in All.

And yet I sing; I am alive,  
Renewed, refreshed in many ways;  
I sing to You with thankful soul  
And with glad heart so full of praise.

**Henry W. Gurley**