



## Drifting Away

When comes softness of eventide,  
My bright, bright world fading away,  
I know God cannot be denied  
For all His Powers are in play.

He bids the darkness of nightfall  
To assume twilight's leading role;  
This world of gloaming heeds His Call  
And senses its heart and its soul.

A moonflower against the night  
Offers its whiteness to oppose  
The absence of the sun's warm light  
And dares the dark its bloom to close.

I, like the softness I admire,  
Seek my rest as I drift away;  
Tomorrow I'll witness sun's fire  
And thank God for His Gift of Day.

**Henry W. Gurley**