



Each Day His Majesty

Comes now the rising of the sun,
The sky ablaze in streaming gold;
And as I watch I am humbled
To see His Majesty unfold.

And He is there, day in, day out
To share this magnificent sight;
Though humbled as I observe it,
My heart is filled with great delight.

Slowly, slowly the golden rays
Touch horizons in awe of it all,
My being in awe of it all,
As my soul embraces His Grace.

Tomorrow I shall await it,
The streaming gold, the sky ablaze;
Comes early morn, I shall arise
And offer His Majesty praise.

Henry W. Gurley