



## **And So, It Shall**

The sun shall rise, come what, come may,  
And it shall set at end of day;  
In streaming hues of melting gold,  
God's Beauty true I shall behold.

Tomorrow comes once more anew,  
Streaking crimsons shall reach unto  
The lofty heights of azure skies;  
Enlighten me with new surprise.

When comes the end of rarest day,  
Again, it sets, come what, come may;  
In vibrancy of scattered tones  
It makes its way to hidden zones.

And so, it shall, and so it must  
Relinquish light unto God's Trust;  
And rise anew another day  
As it must do, come what, come may.

**Henry W. Gurley**