



His Touch of Beauty

Upon a bright, bright sunny day,
The skies reach out in deep, deep hues,
And puffy clouds in white array
Stand out against the azure blues.

I see this daily, never miss
Opportunity of seeing.
In awe I stand and look at this
In wonderment at its being.

This touch of beauty day to day,
Something God is attending to,
Stirs deep feelings in me some way . . .
These clouds of white 'gainst deep, deep blue.

Ere all this His Daily Sunrise
Streaming in space with carmine touch;
Each one varied, surprise, surprise . . .
His Touch of Beauty I love much.

Henry W. Gurley