



His Ebb and Flow

Comes now His Spring! I love it so!
It is The Master's Ebb and Flow
That brings renewal to the land;
Everywhere one looks: God's Sure Hand.

On the green replacing the white;
Soft velveteen within my sight;
Delightful scents upon the air;
Indeed, I know my Master's there.

Buds and blooms reach up to the sun;
For sure! For sure, He is the One
Who brings such loveliness to all;
The earth once more has heard His Call.

Patterned rhythm, growth and decline,
God's Ebb and Flow . . . Oh, so divine!
My heart renewed, my soul soars high . . .
Comes now His Spring, and he is nigh.

Henry W. Gurley