

Morning

by Tracey Rice

The morning woke and rubbed its eyes
And then began to light the skies.
Would clouds be there to shade its light
Or sunny rays to make it bright?

Then morning saw within its reach
A wond'rous thing that it could teach.
Each day of sun or clouds or rain
Would pass and ne'er return again.

So morning with its promised glow
Must 'waken all and make them know,
That life on earth will pass with haste.
There isn't any time to waste.

For in God's greatest Master Plan
The immortality of man
Gives only moments here on earth,
Eternity gives second birth.

That we with morning can survey
The miracle of each new day,
Its joys and sorrows, dreams and fears,
Its time that's wasted through the years...

And as we watch the world below,
Much wiser for at last we know,
Like Him we passed that way alone,
Saved--for our sins He did atone.