

"GOD"

He touches the grass with his glances,
It turns to green and brown;
He smiles at the bed of roses,
They weave a wonderful crown.

He whispers in the tree-tops,
Whether in Spring or Fall;
They nod with their loaded branches
And heed His tender call.

He brushes the stirring streamlets,
That freeze, or run, or flow;
He paints with a thousand beauties
This dear, old earth below.

He fills the hearts of His servants
With gifts more precious than gold;
He carries them safe in His bosom
Until they enter His fold.