
HOW SHALL I MEASURE THE MORNING



How shall I measure the morning
 With the gloaming relaxing its hold,
 With the dew diamond-like on the roses,
 With the eastern sky glowing with gold,
 While the night freshened air moves in rivulets
 Bearing perfume from new-opened flowers?
 Ah, the dawn, fresh spring of renewal
 Re-endowing the soul with its powers!

But the morn is not only for beauty,
 It's a foretaste of opportune hours.
 It's a new day of cosmic adventure,
 A vision viewed but from the towers.
 It's eternal potential encapsuled
 In the fleeting moments of time,
 So the aspiring heart is enabled
 To accomplish a purpose sublime.

I shall measure the morn by its prospects,
 For more than the beauty it brings.
 It reopens before us the privilege
 Of serving the Lord of all things,
 For He fashions all of the mornings.
 He causes the new day to be,
 Then fills it with hope and with promise
 Which faith at the dawning can see!

But many shall rise in the morning
 To another day burdened with cares,
 For yesterday's pain is persistent
 While vanished seem yesterday's prayers.
 They feel themselves mocked by the morning,
 For soon comes the heat of the day,
 Then anon the inexorable dimness
 With life itself slipping away.

For them, the light is like darkness,
 The dawn an intrusion as well.
 The notion that God engines nature
 Is nonsense -- like heaven and hell.
 Faithless, they move through the shadows,
 Thinking not that last morn soon shall be,
 When the life of the world is foreshortened
 At the dawn of eternity.

Yes, there shall come a morning more lovely,
 More beautifully scented than these!
 It will be the morning celestial,
 When all of the prospects shall please.
 The light of that morn will be fadeless,
 When we wake on eternity's shore,
 With ne're-ending day now before us,
 With joys that shall be ever more!

by Dave Breese