

# The Dawn

Upon the dawn comes the morn  
To shine light on the poor and forlorn  
May it bring new hope to those in need  
And with its grace our mortal souls to feed

Rises of golden light shine bright  
Showing us His unending might  
Thought strong and powerful is His will  
To the delicate flower He is gentle still

Causing new life to come forth  
And us all our grief and sorrow to bare  
Through within His arms we shall rest  
When in death our arms are folded on our breast

The meadows glisten with morning dew  
Instilling in us a gift we never knew  
A gift to know our savior there  
To live without sorrow and without care

—*Devon Lyle Hardwick*