

A MOMENT IN THE MORNING

A moment in the morning, ere the cares of day
begin,
Ere the heart's wide door is open for the world to
enter in;
Ah, then, alone with Jesus in the silence of the
morn,
In heavenly sweet communion let your duty-day
be born.
In the quietude that blesses with a prelude of
repose,
Let your soul be soothed and softened as the dew
revives the rose.
A moment in the morning, take your Bible in your
hand,
And catch a glimpse of glory from the peaceful
promised land.
It will linger still before you when you seek the
busy mart,
And like flowers of hope will blossom into beauty
in your heart.
The precious words, like jewels, will glisten all the
day
With a rare, effulgent glory, that will brighten all
the way.
When comes a sore temptation, and your feet are
near a snare,
You may call the name of Jesus, Who will hear and
answer prayer.
A moment in the morning—a moment, if no more—
Is better than an hour when the trying day is o'er.
'Tis the gentle dew from heaven, the manna for the
day;
If you fail to gather early, alas, it melts away.
So in the blush of morning, take the offered hand of
love,
And walk in heaven's pathway and the peacefulness
thereof. —Arthur Lewis Tubbs