

The Morning Walks upon the Earth  
Stopford Brooke(1832-1916)  
Samuel Webbe, 1782.

The morning walks upon the earth,  
And man awakes to toil and mirth;  
All living things and lands are gay  
Dear God, walk with me through the day.

Sweet is the breathing of the world,  
As in Thy love it lies unfurled;  
And blue and clear th'immortal sky;  
'Tis Thine, and Thine its purity.

Now noon sits throned, her golden urn  
Pours forth the sunshine! Laugh and burn  
Corn-land and meadow, lake and sea!  
Lord of my life, pour love on me.

Slow comes the evening o'er the hill,  
The labor of the world is still;  
Homeward I go, and muse of Thee  
Father of home, abide with me.

Now crops the dark, but worlds of light,  
Hidden by day, fulfill the night!  
Infinite stillness, silent sea  
Of truth and power flow over me.