

In the stillness and quiet,
Of the first morning light;
I wake to find the break of day,
And as I awake I chance to stray.

The peace of the morn so still and nice,
In the freshness of air to new blue skies;
I rise for the occasion of falling in love,
With the risen and waiting God high above.

And his message was sown to those he made known,
Of the coming and risen king from crown to crown;
What was thorns now gold and jewels and throne,
The sovereign lord now seeking out his own.

And the miracle is what all men will say,
Is the presence and present they get on the day;
For the roll to be called away up in yonder,
I'm waiting in the stillness and by chance I wonder.

Or if I'm disturbed by a plane overhead,
I look out my window while I lie in my bed;
For the beauty is right there is the life of the tree,
A marvellous green of such stillness so free.

And if a wind would blow with all of its might,
By chance there's a breeze instead such fight;
For all of the effort to blow and to blow,
Is worth more in waiting for the trees stillness of grow.

Signed,

A little more of the piece