

WHO CAN DENY

Who can deny there is a God,
Who has scaled the peaks, or tilled the sod?
Who has gazed at the oceans silent deep,
Or watched a new born infant sleep?

The bountiful fields of golden grain,
The emerald of the grass in spring.
The sun by day, the stars by night,
The steady twinkle of their light.

He speaks through the whispering of the leaves,
The gentle sighing of the breeze,
The tiny murmur of the brook,
The peaceful shadows in the nook.

Who can say that He is dead?
Only those who have been misled.

Frieda Shanks

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