

A morning meditation

One morning walk
I saw familiar scenes afresh,
And gazed on all the lavish picture-work
Of Nature's Book, so fair,
And read the careful signature
Of its Unchanging Author.

I saw the cloudless morning's azure sky,
The wintry whiteness of a frosted field,
The blossom tints from heav'n's own
rainbow palette,
And traced within all these
The knowing wisdom
Of an angel's hand.

And if I had the cunning skill
To paint these moments on a page,
To realise my inward view,
I would but draw on all the wisdom
Of their Immortal Maker:
His the fulsome splendour of a rose,
His the unmatched beauty first,
His the ardent hues picked out
From Noah's rainbow – covenant-sure.

And if in fallen human frame,
Though marr'd by fallen Adam's mark,
I see some likeness to angelic form –
A mind to reckon up His power,
And hands to carry out His Will,
And feet to walk within His Way,
A heart, withal, to love Him still –
Like Caesar's penny, I owe my all
To Him.

Nicholas White