

NATURE'S MAGIC

When I behold a full-bloom rose
Upon a supple stem,
I think I feel the joy of God knew
When he created them.

When I hear soft-sighting winds
Or bird notes in the dawn,
I think God for the orchestra
Released upon my lawn.

To see a mountain bleak and bare
Or restless, raging sea,
Confirms my thought that He who cares
For sparrows watches me.

I'm glad that I can see and feel
And hear in common things
The beauty and God hid in them
To give my spirit wings.

by Alice W. Norton

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