

In the morning I awaken to the sun's light
To the sound of birds singing in, bringing in, the dawn
A chorus calling the world to rise and be about
And I bless the lord for the gift of hearing and of sight

At the noon time I sit in the sun's heat
In the quiet of the resting garden, when all is still
When every living thing has had its fill of food
And I bless the Lord, for the gift of my quiet seat

At evening the blackbird's call tells me to end
My day's work, reminds the sun to set,
And invites the bats to begin their active night
I bless the Lord for all he sends

At night, as I turn again to sleep
The rain falls softly on the windowpane
And breezes stir the willows leaves
And I ask the Lord my soul to keep

Four moments when God breaks into the day
Moments when his world shapes my life
With wakefulness, and work and rest
Four moments when I bless the Lord and pray

And as I pray, he softly whispers, words and names and thought,
People and places are recalled, times remembered, and I know
That these are those to pray for, those on his heart and mind
So, I pray, as he says, as I ought.

And as he holds you on his heart, and thinks of you unceasingly
So, I will too, and pray and think and speak your name out loud
Echoing the words, he has prompted me to say,
Voicing the prayers which with his given wings sing out so pleasingly.

And in those prayers, he has guided me to say
Are friends and neighbours, known well or not at all
But he knows just who needs words, a thought, a call
And so, for you, and you and you, I pray. Amen