



## Morning Song



by Dianne Gotay



O Guardian, dear angel,  
Wake me to the sunrise,  
Singing and in praise of God.  
The morning is all around me  
And I am alive in it.



Tiny bud, you open;  
Bee, you sip the dew;  
Bird, you burst yourself with song;  
What joy to be with friends like you!



O angel, lead His heavenly host.  
Earth, here below, come well along;  
And all in rhapsody we'll bring  
To God our thanksgiving song.