

Connie Dover, Who Will Comfort Me?

The darkness now is lifting
Dawn blushes in the sky
It lays a spread of gold and red
And breathes a lullaby
To a thousand quiet creatures
Of earth and sky and stream
Who cannot know that paradise
Will one day be a dream

When the last wagon rolls along
And fades into the west
And cuts a trail of progress
Through a singing skylark's nest
When the last woodland creature
Lifts her head to flee
And is snared by her protector
Lord, who will set her free?

When the boundless spirit
Has no place to roam
The heart will sadly whisper
This world is not my home
When the sweep of wind along the grass
Bows down to destiny
When the last bright star has fallen
Lord, who will comfort me?

When the last prairie flower
Gives up her yellow bloom
When the high cathedral skies
Give way to crowded rooms
When we parcel heaven
And fence eternity
When the wildness is all tamed and torn
Don't let me live to see

When the last campfire flickers
And is laid to righteous rest
When the ones who wander without fear
Are cursed who once were blessed
When all our deeds of glory
Are laid in front of thee
When you ask what man hath wrought
Don't rest your gaze on me

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Has no place to roam
The heart will sadly whisper
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Bows down to destiny
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Lord, who will comfort me?