## **Noonday Evening Morning**

## **John Byron Shank**

Am

You are young, You are old Every age Your Eyes behold

Every life, every life

Every life Your arms enfold

And I love Your Shining I love Your Glory

In the noonday, in the evening

In the morning

Am

Time flows continually From the future to the past

The least become the greatest

And the first become the last  $A_{m}$ 

The future You have hidden Like the sources of a stream

The past is like an ocean

Never as it seems

Am

You've foreseen, You've foretold Every one and every move

But You never fixed us in our ways

D Em

You gave us the right to choose

And I love Your Shining I love Your Glory

In the noonday, in the evening

D Em

In the morning