

Enoch

Best thou art in the morning of thy day.

Enoch my son

And all around thee the rich sunlight lay

My precious one

Thy shoes are bright with all the glories of the day

That mark the glow over Gideon's sandals

Spring with its balmy breeze and sunny skies are

Best thou art in the morning of thy day

Enoch my son

And all around thee the rich sunlight lay

Thy shoes are bright

My precious one

Thy shoes are bright and full as gladsome smile

As those that hang over Gideon's lovely sandals

Thy lawns are decked with flowers of every hue

So rich and fair as those that Eden knew

And the sweet music of the zephyr's moan

In thy young soul awakes and answering tone