

# About with God

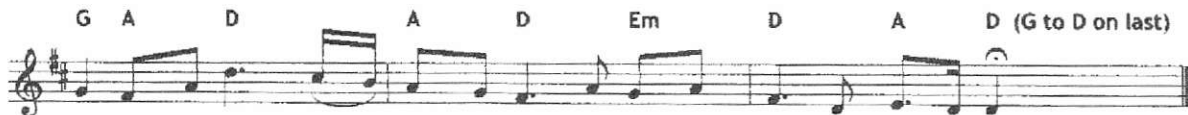
P. J. Batza



1. Do you ev-er walk a - bout with God, un - der-neath the shim - mer of mid - night skies;
2. Do you ev-er walk a - bout with God, thru the morn - ing mist on a wood-ed path;
3. Do you ev-er walk a - bout with God, 'long a roll - ing stream or a glass-like shore;



The end - less won - ders hang - ing there, pro - vide a feast for mor - tal eyes.  
The state - ly trees and gen - tle grass, a - round me flows this em' - rald bath.  
Re - flec - tions from a har - vest moon, the dis - tant cry of lone - ly loon.



And what a thought I dare pro-claim, the God who made them calls my name.  
A cha - pet filled with peace so fair, my heart looks up, I raise a prayer.  
A - midst His beau - ty I re - cline, a - lone with God, to ful - ly dine.