

The Beautiful Colour of Love

What Colour is God,
Asked the child with skin so fair
Is he white like me,
Does he have light hair

Is God dark like me,
Asked the child with skin of golden hue
Has he hair that's dark and curly,
Are his eyes black or blue

I think God is red like me,
The Indian boy is heard to say
He wears a crown of feathers,
And turns our nights to day

Each one of us knows that God is there,
In all the colors above
But be sure of this, the one colour he is,
Is the beautiful colour of love

So when your soul goes to heaven,
When your life comes to its end
He will be waiting, and his hand to you
Will he extend

There will be no colours in heaven,
Everyone will be the same.
You will only be judged by your earthly deeds,
Not by your colour or your name

So when your time comes,
And you see God in his heaven above,
Then you will see the only colour that counts,
The beautiful colour of love.

Arnold Watts