



Dwell on Those Things

So many things to thank Him for,
Each gift from Him most precious thing;
Whether one wanders far or near,
Each gift shall make the heart sing.

The breath of life, a gift indeed,
The chance to live one's time for Him;
Without His Love, without His Touch,
Prospects of happiness slim.

Dwell on those things He gives each day,
With gratitude lift up your praise;
His Blessings shall come ten times ten
To brighten the darkest days.

And oh! The warmth of His Blessings,
His Sweet Love He offers to you;
You dwell on those things He's given . . .
Your destination now in view.

Henry W. Gurley