



For the Simple Things

Thank you, Lord, for the simple things,
For the pure pleasure each one brings;
The gift of morning and sun's set
And the others I've not seen yet.

For ebb and flow of ocean's tide,
Crashing waves with the moon as guide;
And green of meadows, springtime day,
Your Guiding Light to show my way.

And autumn colors, red and gold,
Renewal's promise I behold;
Then comes the grip of wintry ice,
But even that, Lord, I think nice.

And comes new year, Your Promise of
A renaissance of Your Great Love;
I praise You for these simple things,
Delight and pleasure each one brings.

Henry W. Gurley