



## **My Heart Sings**

I'm thankful for so many things;  
Each one He grants me, my heart sings.  
My soul soars high, embracing them;  
I love His Gifts; and I love Him.  
No day goes by without His Touch;  
I cherish it; I love it much.  
He grants me peace; I love it so;  
My Savior He! To Him I go.

When comes the night, I pause to pray  
And thank Him for my happy day.  
Still sings my heart, still soars my soul;  
I so love Him; He's in control.  
A lovely thing to walk with Him,  
Accepting blessings . . . All of them.  
Close to my heart He bides always;  
My glad heart sings; I offer praise.

When comes the rise of morning sun,  
I know indeed He is The One.

**Henry W. Gurley**