

MY PRAYER

Let me sing, O Lord, a happy song
Along the broad highway,
For life, at best, is wrapped about
With shadows dull and gray.

Let me speak, O Lord, a cheering word
Where'er I chance to go,
For cheery words will oft take root
Where nothing else will grow.

Let me see, O Lord, the best of things
As on and on I move,
And through my every word and deed
Thy blessed spirit prove.

By A. L. W.

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