

GRATITUDE (Version 2)

I'm thankful for the singing birds
That nest among the trees,
And for each breath of sweet perfume
That drifts on every breeze.

I'm thankful for the glowing sun,
And for the silvery rain;
For rippling rills and blossoms fair,
And fields of growing grain.

I'm thankful for the moon and stars,
For mountains, plains and seas,
And for the eyes to see and know,
And cherish all of these.

By Alice Whitson Norton

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