

## **GRATITUDE**

For starry night and dawn of day,  
For breezes that waft cares away  
For gifts that come in grand array—  
I'm grateful.

For sunshine bright, and silvery rain,  
For harvest time and ripening grain,  
For joy that ever follows pain—  
I'm grateful.

For every flower from out the sod,  
For paths that I alone have trod,  
For faith that lifts my soul to God,  
I'm grateful.

By Alice Whitson Norton

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