



I will shout for joy to  
Jesus, my King;

And of His wonderful  
love I will clearly sing.

I am His child whom He  
loves so dear,

He is the one who brings  
me cheer.

—Devon T. Sommers



For flowers that bloom about our  
feet,

Father, we thank Thee,

For tender grass so fresh and  
sweet,

Father, we thank Thee,

For the song of bird and hum of  
bee,

For all things fair we hear or see,

Father in heaven, we thank  
Thee.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson