

Untitled Poem 3

I haven't got humility
If I don't show civility,
I have a lot of pompous pride
But I keep it covered, down, inside,
I've come to bring you fun and laughter,
There's nothing that I'm really after,
I do not ask the Lord for things,
But like an angel (without wings)
I praise the Lord from morn to night
Because everything gives me delight.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise all His creatures down below,
Act as if you are His genial host,
Then you can praise the Holy Ghost.

It's what I give my God, not what He gives to me,
That takes me from this earth, up to eternity;
It's what I bring my Lord, and what I hope to give
That makes it possible for me to live and live.

Every day is resurrection day, when you praise the Lord,
Every way is resurrection way when you praise the Lord,
Every breath is resurrection breath when you praise the Lord,
Thus you overcome the enemy, death, when you praise the Lord.

I have a simple message for you all to hear,
It's not printed on a page, it is for your ear,
I want you to share the blessings that are in my heart,
There is nothing further that I can impart.