

Now, Thank We All¹

Bob Poe

The Lord looked down upon the Earth
And said, This man that I created
Has many faults and yet great worth.
His growth can be anticipated.

His selfishness will bring him ill;
Cooperation can bring great good.
But I will grant to him free will
That he may act just as he would.

Let him enjoy the morning skies,
Pinks, and reds, and noontime blues.
Glorious rays of morn's sunrise;
Billowing clouds and sunset hues.

Give him limbs to walk the Earth,
To plant fresh seeds in fertile soil;
Give him music for joy and mirth;
A mind for vision and saving toil.

Hand him wisdom from the ages,
Give Sun, and Moon, and sparkling star;
Brilliant paintings and written pages;
Shelter, clothing, food from afar.

Let him smile on all he surveys,
Then let him say, "I did it all."
Or bow his head in humble praise
And thank the Lord, most bountiful.

¹ Cf. William E. Henley, *Invictus*.
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