

A Blade of Grass

T.M.

Taylor McDaniel

$\text{♩} = 99$

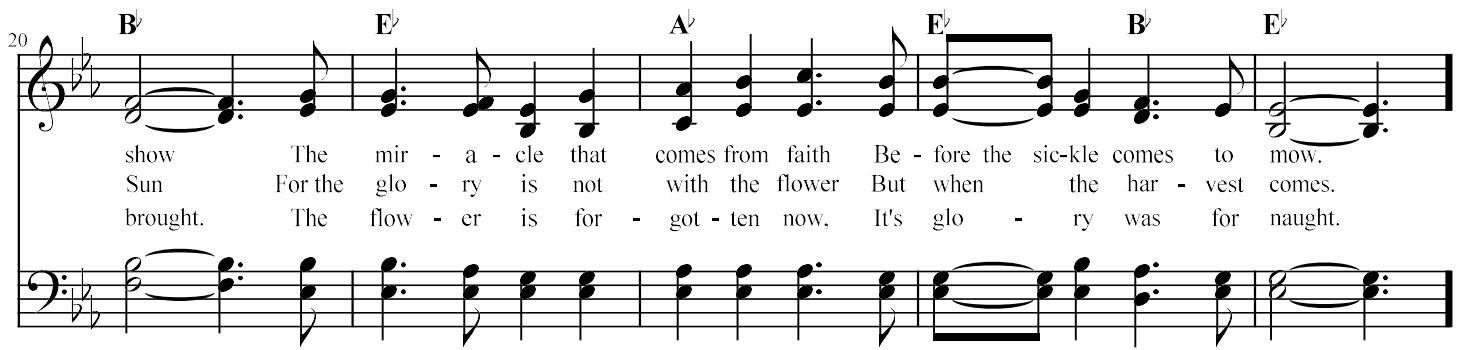
1. The mor - ning sun in faith does rise To fill it's place each day. To
2. The mor - ning flow - er of the gass It's good - ness does dis - play. The
3. The eve - ning hue of set - ting sun Brings cool eve - ning air. The

warm each ten - der blade of grass Which reach a - bove to say. My time is short, I
best it can it - self pro - duce Lasts on - ly for a day. It's time is short, it's
grass is wea - ry, strenght is spent. No ple - sure stan - ding there. It's days are short, the

am but grass And mil - lions with me grow Our time is short it soon will pass To
beau - ty fades The flow - er clos - es tight. The glo - ry and the good - ness dim One
sha - dows long. The rea - ping has be - gun. The ben - e - fits are re - a - lized Of

earth a - gain we'll go. Please help us make the most of each To stand up tall and
day, then end - less night. Please help me make the most of each And foc - us on the
time spent with the Sun. In care the blades are gath - ered up To store - house gent - ly

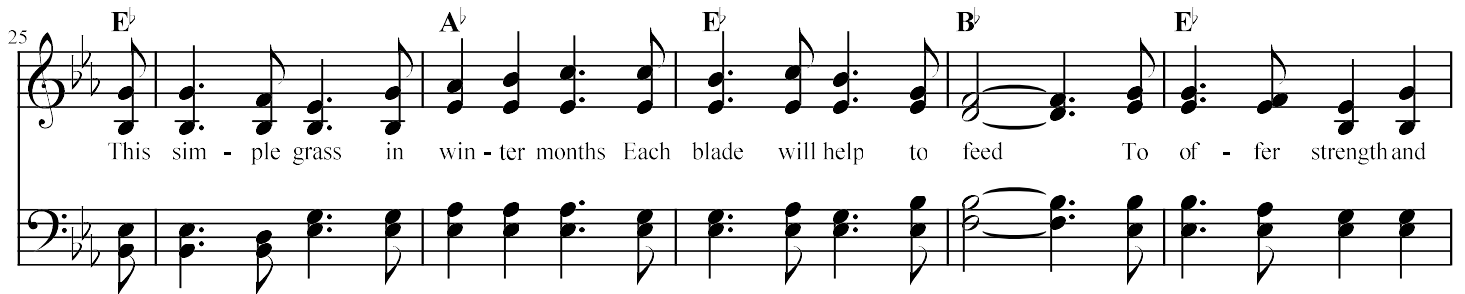
20



show The mir - a - cle that comes from faith Be - fore the sic-kle comes to mow.
 Sun For the glo - ry is not with the flower But when the har - vest comes.
 brought. The flow - er is for - got - ten now, It's glo - ry was for naught.

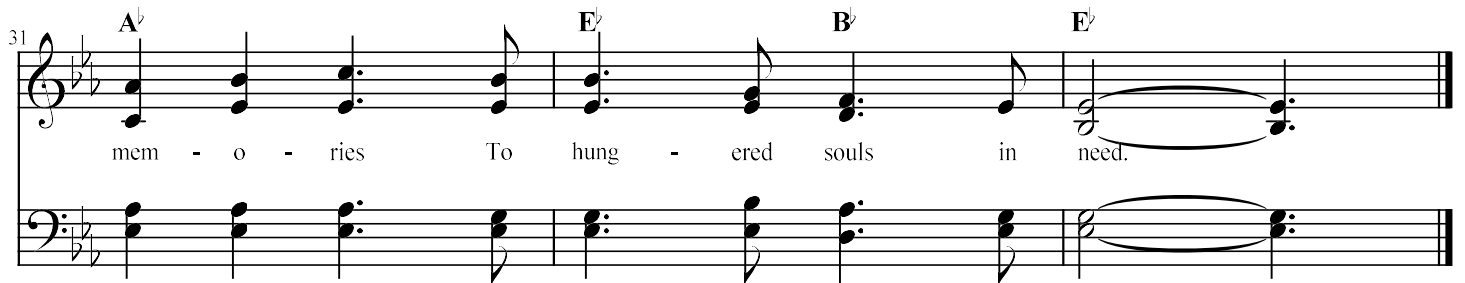
CODA (After last verse only)

25



This sim - ple grass in win - ter months Each blade will help to feed To of - fer strength and

31



mem - o - ries To hung - ered souls in need.