

## Sing a Hymn

Make a joyful noise to the LORD, all the earth.... Come into his presence with singing.

Psalm 100: 1-2

I spent much time when I was young  
At my dear grandma's place.  
And, oh, such precious hymns were sung  
Of mercy, love, and grace.  
Together we would laugh and sing,  
And dishes were no chore,  
For hymns such joy and smiles could bring  
When we would mop the floor.

The verses that we raised to God  
were musical sweet prayers  
As we our Lord gave praise and laud,  
Forgetting all our cares.  
Those old hymns made us feel renewed;  
"How Great Thou Art" was one  
That always brightened all our moods  
From morn to setting sun.

Dear Grandma's eyes would twinkle, yes,  
And my heart over flowed  
To share those moments, very blessed,  
As she her true faith showed.  
Though life to her had not been kind,  
She never would complain;  
She'd sing from memory and find  
A comforting refrain.

Oh, let us always sing God's praise  
No matter what may come.  
Raise songs to Heaven all our days;  
Let music fill each home.  
When morning breaks with glowing sun  
Or evening light grows dim,  
At noon or when the day is done,  
Praise God and sing a hymn! Patti Miller

