

The morning bright, with rosy light,

---

Has waked me up from sleep;

---

Father, I own Thy love alone

---

Thy little one doth keep.

---

All through the day I humbly pray,

---

Be Thou my guard and guide;

---

My sins forgive, and let me live,

---

Blest Jesus, near Thy side.

---

O make Thy rest within my breast,

---

Great Spirit of all grace;

---

Make me like Thee, then shall I be

---

Prepared to see Thy face.

---

To Father, Son,

---

And Spirit, One,

---

Great God Whom I adore,

---

All glory be,

---

My God, to Thee,

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Both now, and evermore.

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Amen.

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25 "Therefore I say to you, do not worry

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about your life, what you will eat or what you

---

will drink; nor about your body, what you will

---

put on. Is not life more than food and the body

---

more than clothing?

---

26 Look at the birds of the air, for they

---

neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns;

---

yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you

---

not of more value than they?

---

27 Which of you by worrying can add one

---

cubit to his stature?

---

28 "So why do you worry about clothing?"

---

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow:

---

they neither toil nor spin;

---

29 and yet I say to you that even Solomon in

---

all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

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---

Within a garden once there grew

---

A flower that seemed the very pattern

---

Of all propriety; none knew

---

She was at heart a wandering slattern.

---

The gardener old, with care and pain,

---

Had trained her up as she should grow,

---

Nor dreamed amid his labor vain

---

That rank rebellion lurked below.

---

A name sufficiently high-sounding

---

He diligently sought for her,

---

Until he thought that "Rebounding

---

Elizabeth" he should prefer.

---

But when grown up the flower began

---

To show the tastes within her hidden;

---

At every chance quite wild she ran,

---

In spite of being sternly chidden.

---

They told her beds for flowers were best;

---

But daily greater grew her failings;

---

Up to the fence she boldly pressed,

---

And stuck her head between the palings.

---

Then to the street she struggled through,

---

Tearing to rags her silken attire,

---

And all along the road she grew,

---

Regardless quite of dust and mire.

---

You'll find her now by country ways,

---

A tattered tramp, though comely yet,

---

With rosy cheek and saucy gaze,

---



All things bright and beautiful,

---

All creatures great and small,

---

All things wise and wonderful,

---

The Lord God made them all.

---

Each little flower that opens,

---

Each little bird that sings,

---

He made their glowing colours,

---

He made their tiny wings.

---

The rich man in his castle,

---

The poor man at his gate,

---

God made them, high or lowly,

---

And ordered their estate.

---

The purple-headed mountain,

---

The river running by,

---

The sunset, and the morning,

---

That brightens up the sky;

---

The cold wind in the winter,

---

The pleasant summer sun,

---

The ripe fruits in the garden,

---

He made them every one.

---

The tall trees in the greenwood,

---

The meadows where we play,

---

The rushes by the water,

---

We gather every day;--

---

He gave us eyes to see them,

---

And lips that we might tell,

---

How great is God Almighty,

---



As I wandered the forest,

---

The green leaves among,

---

I heard a Wild Flower

---

Singing a song.

---

'I slept in the earth

---

In the silent night,

---

I murmured my fears

---

And I felt delight.

---

'In the morning I went

---

As rosy as morn,

---

To seek for new joy;

---

But oh! met with scorn.'

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Once in a golden hour

---

I cast to earth a seed.

---

Up there came a flower,

---

The people said, a weed.

---

To and fro they went

---

Thro' my garden bower,

---

And muttering discontent

---

Cursed me and my flower.

---

Then it grew so tall

---

It wore a crown of light,

---

But thieves from o'er the wall

---

Stole the seed by night.

---

Sow'd it far and wide

---

By every town and tower,

---

Till all the people cried,

---

'Splendid is the flower! '

---

Read my little fable:

---

He that runs may read.

---

Most can raise the flowers now,

---

For all have got the seed.

---

And some are pretty enough,

---

And some are poor indeed;

---

And now again the people

---

Call it but a weed.

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