

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,

Both now, and evermore.

Amen.

25 Therefore I say to

you, do not worry 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.

Within a garden once they

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,

And known to all as

"Bouncing Bet."

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,

Who has made all things

well.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for tracing and writing practice.

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.'

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.