

THIRD GRADE POEMS

MUMMY SLEPT LATE AND DADDY FIXED BREAKFAST BY JOHN CIARDI

Daddy fixed breakfast.
He made us each a waffle.
It looked like gravel pudding.
It tasted something awful.

“Ha, ha,” he said. “I’ll try again.
This time I’ll get it right.”
But what I got was in between
Bituminous and anthracite.

“A little too well done? Oh well,
I’ll have to start all over.”
That time what landed on my plate
Looked like a manhole cover.

I tried to cut it with a fork;
The fork gave off a spark.
I tried and twisted it
Into a question mark.

I tried it with a hack-saw.
I tried it with a torch.
It didn’t even make a dent.
It didn’t even scorch.

The next time Dad gets breakfast
When Mummy’s sleeping late,
I think I’ll skip the waffles.
I’d sooner eat the plate!

GETTYSBURG BY EUGENE FIELD

You wore the blue and I the gray
On this historic field;
And all throughout the dreadful fray
We felt our muscles steeled.
For deeds which men may never know,
Nor page of history ever show.

My father, sir, with soul to dare,
Throughout the day and night,
Stood on old Little Round Top there,
And watched the changeful fight,
And, with a hoarse, inspiring cry,
Held up the stars and bars on high.

At last the flag went down, and then—
Ah, you can guess the rest—
I never saw his face again.
My father's loyal breast
Is strewn with these sweet flow'rs, I wot,
That seem to love this sacred spot.

The smoke of battle's cleared away,
And all its hatreds, too;
And as I clasp your hand to-day,
O man who wore the blue,
On yonder hill I seem to see
My father smiling down on me.

October 27, 1883.

THE GIFT OF FRIENDSHIP BY HELEN STEINER RICE

Friendship is a priceless gift,
that cannot be bought or sold.
But its value is far greater,
than a mountain made of gold.
For gold is cold and lifeless,
it can neither see nor hear.
And in the time of trouble,
it is powerless to cheer.
It has no ears to listen,
no heart to understand.
It cannot bring you comfort,
or reach out a helping hand.
So when you ask God for a gift,
be thankful if He sends
not diamonds, pearls or riches,
but the love of real true friends.

HE'S THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD BY HELEN STEINER RICE

All the world has heard the story
of the Little Christ Child's birth,
But too few have felt the meaning
of His mission here on earth...
Some regard it as a story
that is beautiful to hear,
A lovely Christmas custom
that we celebrate each year...
But it is more than just a story
told to make our hearts rejoice,
It's our Father up in heaven
speaking through the Christ Child's voice,

Telling us of heavenly kingdoms
that He has prepared above
For all who trust His mercy
and live only for His love...
And only through the Christ Child
can man be born again,
For God sent the baby Jesus
as a savior of all men.

THE AMERICAN FLAG BY LOUISE ADNEY

There's a flag that floats above us,
Wrought in red and white and blue –
A spangled flag of stars and stripes
Protecting me and you.

Sacrifices helped to make it
As men fought the long months through,
Nights of marching – days of fighting –
For the red and white and blue.

There is beauty in that emblem,
There is courage in it, too;
There is loyalty – there's valor –
In the red and white and blue.

In that flag which floats, unconquered
Over land and sea,
There's equality and freedom –
There is true democracy.

There is glory in that emblem,
Wrought in red and white and blue.
It's the stars and stripes forever,
Guarding me and guarding you!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN BY MILDRED MEIGS

Remember he was poor and country-bred;
His face was lined; he walked with awkward gait.
Smart people laughed at him sometimes and said,
“How can so very plain a man be great?”

Remember he was humble, used to toil.
Strong arms he had to build a shack, a fence,
Long legs to tramp the woods, to plow the soil,
A head chuck full of backwoods common sense.

Remember all he ever had he earned.
He walked in time through stately White House doors;
But all he knew of men and life he learned

In little backwoods cabins, country stores.

Remember that his eyes could light with fun;
That wisdom, courage, set his name apart;
But when the rest is duly said and done,
Remember that men loved him for his heart.

BE KIND BY ALICE JOYCE DAVIDSON

Just a little bit of kindness
Can go a long, long way.
Just a little bit of tenderness
Can brighten up a day.

Just a bit of praise where it's deserved
Can bring a happy glow,
Just a hand held out can give some hope
To someone feeling low.

A forgiving word, a handshake
A pat upon the head,
Can take away a heavy heart
And bring a smile instead.

Just a little bit of kindness
Can go a long, long way
In reflecting the benevolence
God shows us every day!

NATIONAL HYMN BY DANIEL C. ROBERTS

God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
Our grateful songs before thy throne arise.

Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide, and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever-sure defense;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

MY LAND BY THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS

She is a rich and rare land;
Oh! She's a fresh and fair land,
She is a dear and rare land --
 This native land of mine.

No men than hers are braver --
Her women's hearts ne'er waver;
I'd freely die to save her,
 And think my lot divine.

She's not a dull or cold land;
No! she's a warm and bold land;
Oh! she's a true and old land --
 This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,
And virtue still reward her,
No foe would cross her border --
 No friend within it pine.

Oh! she's a fresh and fair land,
Oh! she's a true and rare land!
Yes, she's a rare and fair land --
 This native land of mine.

STAR OF THE EAST BY EUGENE FIELD

Star of the East, that long ago
 Brought wise men on their way
Where, angels singing to and fro,
 The Child of Bethlehem lay --
Above that Syrian hill afar
Thou shinest out to-night, O Star!

Star of the East, the night were drear
 But for the tender grace
That with thy glory comes to cheer
 Earth's loneliest, darkest place;
For by that charity we see
Where there is hope for all and me.

Star of the East! Show us the way
 In wisdom undefiled
To seek that manger out and lay
 Our gifts before the child --
To bring our hearts and offer them
Unto our King in Bethlehem!

VERY EARLY BY KARLA KUSKIN

When I wake in the early mist
The sun has hardly shown
And everything is still asleep
And I'm awake alone.
The stars are faint and flickering,
The sun is new and shy.
And all the world sleeps quietly,
Except the sun and I.
And then beginning noises start,
The whirrs and huffs and hums.
The birds peep out to find a worm,
The mice squeak out for crumbs.
The calf moos out to find the cow,
And taste the morning air
And everything is wide awake
And running everywhere.
The dew has dried,
The fields are warm,
The day is loud and bright,
And I'm the one who woke the sun
And kissed the stars good night.

THE LAMB BY WILLIAM BLAKE

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
By the stream and o'er the mead;

Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:

For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

WHAT IS A TEACHER BY GARNETT ANN SCHULTZ

What is a teacher? She's so much that's fine,
A precious companion, a mother part time;
She patches up bruises and wipes away tears,
With a kind understanding, she banishes fears.

A teacher is blessed with a patience so rare,
A voice soft and gentle, a heart sweet and fair
She lends of her knowledge that each child might see
The reason for learning, and accept graciously.

What is a teacher...a heartwarming smile,
A very good listener, so much that's worthwhile.
A playmate at recess, what pleasant delight,
A stern referee if someone starts a fight.

A teacher is laughter, she's pleasant and gay
Yet she disciplines firmly, should a child disobey;
An adult or a playmate, she has too much to lend
What is a teacher? A child's dearest friend.

THE WIND BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass --
 O wind, blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all --
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree
Or just a stronger child than me?
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song.

FIRST THANKSGIVING OF ALL BY NANCY BRYD TURNER

Peace and Mercy and Jonathan,
And Patience (very small),
Stood by the table giving thanks
The first Thanksgiving of all.

There was very little for them to eat,
Nothing special and nothing sweet;
Only bread and a little broth,
A bit of fruit (and no tablecloth);
But Peace and Mercy and Jonathan
And Patience, in a row,
Stood up and asked a blessing on
Thanksgiving, long ago.
Thankful they were their ship had come
Safely across the sea;
Thankful they were for hearth and home,
And kin and company;
They were glad of broth to go with their bread,
Glad their apples were round and red,
Glad of mayflowers they would bring
Out of the woods again next spring.
So Peace and Mercy and Jonathan,
And Patience (very small),
Stood up gratefully giving thanks
The first Thanksgiving of all.

THERE IS A TIME BY E. JOHNSON

A time to work and play,
A time to eat and sleep,
A time to study and to pray,
A time to laugh and weep,
A time for fellowship that's sweet,
A time for sacred songs,
But never is there time to treat a human
being wrong.

There is time to lift folks up and help
them on life's road,
A time to drain their bitter cup, and share
their heavy load,
A time to bless them with our grace and
boost them right along
But never is there time and place to treat
a human wrong.

There is time to help folks seek the God
who saves the soul,
A time to show them that the meek shall
reach life's highest goal,
A time to help them turn aside and leave
the wicked throng
But never does our God provide a time to
treat folks wrong.

SONG OF THE SETTLERS BY JESSAMYN WEST

Freedom is a hard-bought thing –
A gift no man can give,
For some, a way of dying,
For most, a way to live.

Freedom is a hard-bought thing –
A rifle in the hand,
The horses hitched at sunup,
A harvest in the land.

Freedom is a hard-bought thing –
A massacre, a bloody rout,
The candles lit at nightfall,
And the night shut out.

Freedom is a hard-bought thing --
An arrow in the back,
The wind in the long corn rows,
And the hay in the rack.

Freedom is a way of living,
A song, a mighty cry.
Freedom is the bread we eat;
Let it be the way we die!

ANSWERING HIM BY EDGAR A. GUEST

“When shall I be a man?” he said,
As I was putting him to bed.
“How many years will have to be
Before Time makes a man of me?”

And will I be a man when I
Am grown up big?” I heaved a sigh,
Because it called for careful thought
To give the answer that he sought.

And so I sat him on my knee,
And said to him: “A man you’ll be
When you have learned that honor brings
More joy than all the crowns of kings;

That it is better to be true
To all who know and trust in you
Than all the gold of earth to gain
If winning it shall leave a stain.

“When you can fight for victory sweet,
You bravely swallow down defeat,
And cling to hope and keep the right,
Nor use deceit instead of might;

When you are kind and brave and clean,
And fair to all and never mean;
When there is good in all you plan,
That day, my boy, you'll be a man.

THE WIND BY E. RENDALL

Why does the wind so want to be
Here in my little room with me?
He's all the world to blow about,
But just because I keep him out
He cannot be a moment still,
But frets upon my window-sill.
And sometimes brings a noisy rain
To help him batter at the pane.

Upon my door he comes to knock.
He rattles, rattles at the lock
And lifts the latch and stirs the key --
Then waits a moment breathlessly,
And soon, more fiercely than before,
He shakes my little trembling door,
And though “Come in, Come in!” I say,
He neither comes nor goes away.

Barefoot across the chilly floor
I run and open wide the door;
He rushes in and back again
He goes to batter door and pane,
Pleased to have blown my candle out.
He's all the world to blow about,
Why does he want so much to be
Here in my little room with me?

COLUMBUS BY LARAIN ELOISE JACOBSON

In fourteen-hundred-ninety-two
Columbus sailed away
To try to reach rich India
By a much shorter way.

Columbus said, “The world is round.”
But others said, “It's flat --

If you sail far you might fall off.”
Columbus laughed at that.

And yet he found out that his trip
Took longer than he planned,
For it was many, many weeks
Before they sighted land.

Any then they weren't in India
For when they stepped ashore
They found no silks or spices --
But they really found much more.

Yes there Columbus stood upon
An unknown continent --
Columbus found America,
And quite by accident.

A WINDY DAY BY WINIFRED HOWARD

Have you been at sea on a windy day
When the water's blue
And the sky is too,
And showers of spray
Come sweeping the decks
And the sea is dotted
With little flecks
Of foam, like daisies gay;

When there's salt on your lips,
In your eyes and hair,
And you watch other ships
Go riding there?
Sailors are happy,
And birds fly low
To see how close they can safely go
To the waves as they heave and roll.

Then, wheeling, they soar
Mounting up to the sky,
Where billowy clouds
Go floating by!
Oh, there's fun for you
And there's fun for me
At sea
On a windy day!

A WRECKER OR A BUILDER BY EDGAR A GUEST

I watched them tearing a building down,
A gang of men in a busy town.
With a ho-heave-ho and a lusty yell
They swung a beam and the side wall fell.

I said to the foreman,
“Are these men skilled,
And the ones you’d hire
If you had to build?”

He gave a laugh and said, “No, indeed,
Just common labor is all I need.
I can easily wreck in a day or two
What builders have taken a year to do.”

And I thought to myself,
As I went my way
“Which of these roles
Am I trying to play?”

Am I shaping my life
To a well made plan,
Patiently doing the
Best that I can?

Am I doing my work
With the utmost care,
Measuring life
By the rule and square?

Or am I a wrecker
Who wrecks the town
Content with the labor
Of tearing down?”

BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE BY HELEN STEINER RICE

We cannot all be famous
Or listed in “Who’s Who,”
But every person great or small
Has important work to do,
For seldom do we realize
The importance of small deeds,
Or to what degree of greatness
Unnoticed kindness leads --
For it’s not the big celebrity
In a world of fame and praise,
But it’s doing unpretentiously

In undistinguished ways,
The work that God assigned for us,
Unimportant as it seems,
That makes our task outstanding
And brings reality to dreams –

So do not sit and idly wish
For wider newer dimensions,
Where you can put in practice
Your many good intentions --
But at the spot God placed you
Begin at once to do
Little things to brighten up
The lives surrounding you,
For if everybody brightened up
The spot on which they're standing,
By being more considerate
And a little less demanding,
This dark cold world could very soon
Eclipse the Evening Star
If everybody brightened up
The corner where they are.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC BY JULIA WARD HOWE

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible
swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews
and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows
of steel:
“As ye deal with my condemners, so with you my
grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel,
Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his
judgment seat:
O, be swift, my soul to answer him! Be jubilant,
my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea,
With glory in his bosom that transfigures you and
me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,
While God is marching on.

He is coming like the glory of the morning on the
wave,
He is wisdom to the mighty, he is honor to the
brave,
So the world shall be his footstool, and the soul of
wrong his slave,
Our God is marching on!

A MOTHER'S LOVE BY HELEN STEINER RICE

A Mother's love is something
that no one can explain,
It is made of deep devotion
and of sacrifice and pain,
It is endless and unselfish
and enduring come what may
For nothing can destroy it
or take that love away...
It is patient and forgiving
when all others are forsaking,
And it never fails or falters
even when the heart is breaking...
It believes beyond believing
when the world around condemns,
And it glows with all beauty
of the rarest, brightest gems...
It is far beyond defining,
it defies all explanation,
And it still remains a secret
like the mysteries of creation...
A many-splendored miracle
man cannot understand
And another wondrous evidence
of God's tender guiding hand.

THE LIBRARY BY BARBARA A. HUFF

It looks like any building
When you pass it on the street,
Made of stone and glass and marble,
Made of iron and concrete.
But once inside you can ride
A camel or a train,
Visit Rome, Siam, or Nome.
Feel a hurricane,
Meet a king, learn to sing,
How to bake a pie,
Go to sea, plant a tree,
Find how airplanes fly,
Train a horse, and of course
Have all the dogs you'd like,
See the moon, a shady dune,
Or catch a whopping pike.
Everything that books can bring
You'll find inside those walls.
A world is there for you to share
When adventure calls.
You cannot tell its magic
By the way the building looks,
But there's wonderment within it,
The wonderment of books.

REAL SINGING BY EDGAR A. GUEST

You can talk about your music, and you operatic
airs,
And your phonographic record that Caruso's tenor
bears;
But there isn't any music that such wondrous joy
can bring
Like the concert when the kiddies and their mother
start to sing.

When the supper time is over, then the mother
starts to play
Some simple little ditty, and our concert's under
way
And I'm happier and richer than a millionaire or
king
When I listen to the kiddies and their mother as
they sing.

There's a sweetness most appealing in the trilling
of their notes:
It is innocence that's pouring from their little baby

throats;
And I gaze at them enraptured, for my joy's a real
thing
Every evening when the kiddies and their mother
start to sing.

The Mole and The Eagle
By Sarah Josepha Hale

The mole is blind and under ground,
Sung as a nest her home is found;
She dwells secure, nor dreams of sight --
What need of eyes where all is night!

The eagle proudly soars on high,
Bright as the sunbeams is his eye --
To lofty rocks he wings his way,
And sits amid the blaze of day.

The mole needs not the eagle's eye,
Unless she had his wings to fly --
The light of day no joy would give,
If under ground she still must live.

And sad't would for the eagle be,
If like the mole, he could not see,
Unless you took his wings away.
And shut him from the hope of day.

But both live happy in their way --
One loves the night - and one the day --
And God formed each, and formed their sphere,
And thus his goodness doth appear.

“ONE NATION UNDER GOD” BY HELEN STEINER RICE

Thanksgiving is more
than a day in November
That students of history
are taught to remember,
More than a date
that we still celebrate
With turkey and dressing
piled high on our plate...
For while we still offer
the traditional prayer,
We pray out of habit
without being aware
That the pilgrim thanked God
just for being alive,
For the strength that He gave them
to endure and survive
Hunger and hardship
that's unknown in the present
Where progress and plenty
have made our lives pleasant...
And living today
in this great and rich nation
That depends not on God
but on mechanization,
We tend to forget
that our forefathers came
To establish a country
under God's name...
But we feel we're so strong
we no longer need FAITH,
And it now has become
nothing more than a wraith
Of the faith that once founded
this powerful nation
In the name of the Maker
and the Lord of creation...
Oh, teach us, dear God,
we are all PILGRIMS still,
Subject alone
to your guidance and will,
And show us the way
to purposeful living
So we may have reason
for daily thanksgiving—
And make us once more
a GOD-FEARING NATION
And not just a puppet
Of controlled automation.

OUR DAILY WISH BY PHIL PERKINS

Our daily wish is that we may
See good in those who pass our way;
Find in each a worthy trait
That we should gladly cultivate;
See in each one passing by
The better things that beautify --
A softly spoken word of cheer,
A kindly face, a smile sincere.

Let's pray each day that we may view
The things that warm our hearts anew;
The kindly deeds that can't be bought --
That only from the good are wrought,
A burden lightened here and there,
A brother lifted from despair,
The aged ones freed from distress;
The lame, the sick, brought happiness.

Grant that before each sun has set
We'll witness deeds we can't forget;
A soothing hand to one in pain
A sacrifice for love -- not gain;
A word to ease the troubled mind
Of one whom fate has dealt unkind.
So friend, our wish is that we may
See good in all who pass our way.

THE MOTHER'S QUESTION BY EDGAR A. GUEST

When I was a boy, and it chanced to rain,
Mother would always watch for me;
She used to stand by the window pane,
Worried and troubled as she could be.
And this was the question I used to hear,
The very minute that I drew near;
The words she used, I can't forget:
"Tell me, my boy, if your feet are wet?"

Worried about me was mother dear,
As healthy a lad as ever strolled
Over a turnpike, far or near,
'Fraid to death that I'd take a cold.
Always stood by the window pane,
Watching for me in the pouring rain;
And her words in my ears are ringing yet:
"Tell me, my boy, if your feet are wet?"

Stockings warmed by the kitchen fire,
And slippers ready for me to wear;

Seemed that mother would never tire,
Giving her boy the best of care,
Thinking of him the long day through,
In the worried way that all mothers do;
Whenever it rained she'd start to fret,
Always fearing my feet were wet,

And now, whenever it rains, I see
A vision of mother in days of yore,
Still waiting there to welcome me,
As she used to by the open door.
And always I think as I enter there
Of a mother's love and a mother's care;
Her words in my ears are ringing yet:
"Tell me, my boy, if your feet are wet?"

MY KINGDOM BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT

A little kingdom I possess
 where thoughts and feelings dwell.
And very hard I find the task
 of governing it well;
For passion tempts and troubles me,
 a wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadow casts
 on all my words and deeds.

How can I learn to rule myself,
 to be the child I should
Honest and brave, nor ever tire
 of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul
 to shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
 to sweetly sing all day?

Dear Father, help me with the love
 that casteth out my fear,
Teach me to lean on Thee, and feel
 that Thou are very near,
That no temptation is unseen,
 no childish grief too small,
Since Thou, with patience infinite,
 doth soothe and comfort all.

I do not ask for any crown
 but that which all may win,
Nor seek to conquer any world,
 except the one within.
Be Thou my guide until I find,
 led by a tender hand,
The happy kingdom in myself,
 and dare to take command.

A PATRIOTIC WISH BY EDGAR A. GUESS

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag could boast
about;
I'd like to be the sort of man it cannot live without;
I'd like to be the type of man
That really is American:
The head-erect and shoulders-square,
Clean-minded fellow, just and fair
That all men picture when they see
The glorious banner of the free.

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag now typifies,
The kind of man we really want the flag to
symbolize:
The loyal brother to a trust,
The big, unselfish soul and just,

The friend of every man oppressed,
The strong support of all that's best --
The sturdy chap the banner's meant,
Where'er it flies, to represent.

I'd like to be the sort of man the flag's supposed to
mean,
The man that all in fancy see, wherever it is seen:
The chap that's ready for a fight
Whenever there's a wrong to right,
The friend in every time of need,
The doer of the daring deed,
The clean and generous handed man
That is a real American

THE PEARL BY ERNESTINE COBERN BEYER

Among the fish that swim and swish beneath the
stormy sea
There lived a little oyster, and most melancholy, he!
Inside his clammy cloister, weeping sadly was the
oyster.
And this made him even moister than an oyster ought to be!

His brother-fish said, "Pooh and pish" "He isn't
worth a pin!"
"Poor fish" they often called him with a patronizing grin.
And it has to be admitted that the teasing title fitted,

For the oyster, humble-witted, didn't own a single
"fin!"
In sad distress he would, I guess, have lived his life in vain
If something had not happened, to the oyster's happy gain:

One morning, something nicked him. Some gritty
sand had pricked him!
To wall it up, its victim built a pearl around the pain!

Thus did he do what we can, too, if we but have the
wit:
He turned bad luck to good – and yet his shell
remained a fit.
He'd say, when he was feted that his pearl was
overrated;
"Shucks" he often shyly stated; "It just took a little
grit!"

THE ROUGH LITTLE RASCAL BY EDGAR A. GUEST

A smudge on his nose and smear on his cheek
And knees that might not have been washed in a week;
A bump on his forehead, a scar on his lip,
A relic of many a tumble and trip:
A rough little, tough little rascal, but sweet,
Is he that each evening I'm eager to meet.

A brow that is beady with jewels of sweat;
A face that's as black as a visage can get;
A suit that at noon was a garment of white,
Now one that his mother declares is a fright:
A fun-loving, sun-loving rascal, and fine,
Is he that comes placing his black fist in mine.

A crop of brown hair that is tousled and tossed;
A waist from which two of the buttons are lost;
A smile that shines out through the dirt and the grime.
And eyes that are flashing delight all the time;
All these are the joys that I'm eager to meet
And look for the moment I get to my street.

THE SAVIOR CAN SOLVE EVERY PROBLEM BY OSWALD J. SMITH

The savior can lift every burden
The heavy as well as the light;
His strength is made perfect in weakness,
In Him there is power and might.

The Savior can bear every sorrow,
In Him there is comfort and rest;
No matter how great the affliction
He only permits what is best.

The Savior can strengthen the weary,
His grace is sufficient for all;

He knows every step of the pathway,
And listens to hear when we call.

The Savior can break sin's dominion,
The victory He won long ago;
In Him there is freedom from bondage,
He's able to conquer the foe.

The Savior can satisfy fully
The heart that the world cannot fill;
His presence will sanctify wholly
The soul that is yielded and still.

The Savior can solve every problem,
That tangles of life can undo;
There is nothing too hard for Jesus
There is nothing that He cannot do.

TRUST BY MARTHA SNELL NICHOLSON

I have a little yellow bird
Who loves me very much,
And trusts me so he does not fear
My presence or my touch.

And all day long he's content
To hop about and sing,
And then at night he goes to sleep,
His head beneath his wing.

Sometimes I move his cage at night
And bang it all about;
He never bothers to arouse,
Nor take his wee head out

From underneath his little wing.
He feels no least alarm
Because he knows that it is I,
And that I mean no harm.

Thanks for the lesson, little bird.
I wish that I could be
As confident beneath God's hand,
And rest as trustfully.

Through all the hurricanes which beat
About my house of life,
And heed the tender voice which speaks
From out the storm and strife.

"Lo, it is I, be not afraid,
For here upon My breast,

Within a quiet place of peace
You may securely rest.”

THE POTTER BY NORMAN P. WOODRUFF

Today as I watched a potter
He molded a beautiful vase.
As he picked up the clay to shape it,
Each particle fell into place.
It seemed as if he crushed it and pressed it
Every flaw had dissolved in his hands;
And soon he had fashioned a vessel,
Exactly as first he had planned.

Then I saw him open an oven
And the vessel was placed in the heat.
The surface began to harden;
To glisten and shine as a sheet.
So often we're placed in the furnace,
We're tried and crushed to pure gold.
As a potter turns out his vessel,
So our lives are shaped I am told.

Now I thought as I saw him in action,
How God molds our lives every day,
How He irons out all our defects
And works every blemish away.
Then I prayed, “Oh, may I be pliant,
That I may be easily bent,
That I may fit into the pattern,
Of the mission for which I am sent.”

SHOW THE FLAG BY EDGAR A. GUEST

Show the flag and let it wave
As a symbol of the brave;
Let it float upon the breeze
As a sign for each who sees
That beneath it, where it rides,
Loyalty to-day abides.

Show the flag and signify
That it wasn't born to die;
Let its colors speak for you
That you still are standing true,
True in sight of God and man
To the work that flag began.

Show the flag that all may see
That you serve humanity.
Let it whisper to the breeze

That comes signing through the trees.
That whatever storms descend
You'll be faithful to the end.

Show the flag and let it fly,
Cheering every passer-by.
Men that may have stepped aside,
May have lost their old-time pride,
May behold it there, and then,
Consecrate themselves again.

Show the flag! The day is gone
When men blindly hurry on
Serving only gods or gold;
Now the spirit that was cold.
Warms again to courage fine.
Show the flag and fall in line.

WHAT CHRIST SAID BY GEORGE MACDONALD

I said, "Let me walk in the fields."
He said, "Nay, walk in the town."
I said, "There are no flowers there."
He said, "No flowers, but a crown."

I said, "But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun."
He answered, "Yet hearts are sick,
And souls in the dark undone."

I said, "I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say."
He answered me, "Choose tonight
If I am to miss you or they."

I pleaded for time to be given,
He said, "Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your Guide."

I cast one look at the field,
Then set my face to the town.
He said, "My child, do you yield?
Will you leave the flowers for the crown?"

Then into His hand went mine,
And into my heart came He.
And I walk in a light divine
The path I had feared to see.

A NATION'S STRENGTH BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

What makes a nation's pillars high
And its foundation strong?
What makes it mighty to defy
The foes that round it throng?

It is not gold. Its kingdoms grand
Go down in battle shock;
Its shafts are laid on sinking sand,
Not on abiding rock.

Is it the sword? Ask the red dust
If empires passed away;
The blood has turned their stones to rust,
Their glory to decay.

And is it pride? Ah, that bright crown
Has seemed to nations sweet;
But God has struck its luster down
In ashes at His feet.

Not gold but only men can make
A people great and strong;
Men who for truth and honor's sake
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly –
They build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

THE FLAG GOES BY BY HENRY H. BENNETT

Hats off! Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off! The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off! The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Hats off! Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high;
Hats off! The flag is passing by!

Weary marches and sinking ships
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Fought to make and to save the State;
Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
Toward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor – all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off! Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high;
Hats off! The flag is passing by!

SIXTH GRADE POEMS

PEACE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC BY HENRY VAN DYKE

O Lord, our God, Thy mighty hand
Hath made our country free;
From all her broad and happy land
May praise arise to Thee.
Fulfill the promise of her youth,
Her liberty defend;
By law and order, love and truth,
America befriend!

The strength of every state increase
In Union's golden chain;
Her thousand cities fill with peace,
Her million fields with grain.
The virtues of her mingled blood
In one new people blend;
By unity and brotherhood
America befriend!

O suffer not her feet to stray;
But guide her untaught might,
That she may walk in peaceful day,
And lead the world in light.
Bring down the proud, lift up the poor,
Unequal ways amend;
By justice, nation-wide and sure.
America befriend!

Through all the waiting land proclaim
Thy gospel of good-will;
And may the music Thy name
In every bosom thrill.
O'er hill and vale, from sea to sea,
Thy holy reign extend;
By faith and hope and charity,
America befriend!

THE PEACEFUL WARRIORS BY EDGAR A. GUEST

Let others sing their songs of war
And chant their hymns of splendid death,
Let others praise the soldiers' ways
And hail the cannon's flaming breath.
Let others sing of Glory's fields
Where blood for victory is paid,
I choose to sing some simple thing
To those wield not gun or blade –

The peaceful warriors of trade.

Let others chose the deeds of war
For symbols of our nation's skills,
The blood-red coat, the rattling throat,
The regiment that charged the hill,
The boy who died to serve the flag,
Who heard the order and obeyed,
But leave to me the gallantry
Of those who labor unafraid –
The peaceful warriors of trade.

Aye, let me sing the splendid deeds
Of those who toil to serve mankind,
The men who break old ways and make
New paths for those who come behind.
The young who war with customs old
And face their problems, unafraid,
Who think and plan to lift for man
The burden that on him is laid –
The splendid warriors of trade.

I sing of battles with disease
And victories o'er death and pain,
Of ships that fly the summer sky,
And glorious deeds of strength and brain.
The call for help that rings through space
By which a vessel's course is stayed,
Thrills me far more than fields of gore,
Or heroes decked in golden braid –
I sing the warriors of trade.

LITTLE DONKEY CLOSE YOUR EYES BY MARGARET WISE BROWN

Little Donkey on the hill
Standing there so very still
Making faces at the skies
Little Donkey close your eyes.

Little Monkey in the tree
Swinging there so merrily
Throwing coconuts at the skies
Little Monkey close your eyes.

Silly Sheep that slowly crop
Night has come and you must stop
Chewing grass beneath the skies
Silly Sheep now close your eyes.

Little Pig that squeals about
Make no noises with your snout
No more squealing to the skies

Little Pig now close your eyes.

Wild Young Birds that sweetly sing
Curve your heads beneath your wing
Dark night covers all the skies
Wild Young Birds now close your eyes.

Old Black Cat down in the barn
Keeping five small kittens warm
Let the wind blow in the skies
Dear Old Black Cat close your eyes.

Little Child all tucked in bed
Looking such a sleepy head
Stars are quiet in the skies
Little Child now close your eyes.

DADDY'S REWARD BY GEORGE HARRIS

I was trying to read the paper,
Reclined on my easy chair,
But my mischievous little five-year-old
Was driving me to despair.

Reluctantly I agreed to play,
And put aside my paper;
Then assumed the form of sway-backed nag,
Who gaily began to caper.

He rode me around the coffee table
A hundred times I think;
Then into his room to get his guns,
To the kitchen for a drink.

Finally I collapsed on the floor
In front of the TV set.
Hoping that we could rest for a while –
But he wasn't through with me yet.

He tugged my belt, and pulled my hair,
And laughed at my every groan.
Then bounced on me like a trampoline
And rattled my every bone.

I truly think that my life was spared
When his mommy spoke up and said,
"Put away your toys and kiss your daddy.
It's time now to go to bed."

But quickly soothed were my weary bones,
And my heart was filled with joy;
He said, "Goodnight. I love you, Daddy;
You are my favorite toy!"

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, GREATHEART? BY JOHN OXENHAM

Where are you going, Greatheart,
With your eager face and your fiery grace?
Where are you going, Greatheart?

“To fight a fight with all my might,
For truth and Justice, God and Right,
To grace all Life with His fair Light.”
Then God go with you, Greatheart!

Where are you going, Greatheart?
“To beard the Devil in his den;
To smite him with the strength of ten;
To set at large the souls of men.”
Then God go with you, Greatheart!

Where are you going, Greatheart?
“To cleanse the earth of noisome things;
To draw from life its poison stings;
To give free play to Freedom’s wings.”
Then God go with you, Greatheart!

Where are you going Greatheart?
“To life Today above the Past;
To Make Tomorrow sure and fast;
To nail God’s colors to the mast.”
Then God go with you, Greatheart!

Where are you going Greatheart?
“To break down old dividing lines;
To carry out my Lord’s designs;
To build again His broken shrines.”
Then God go with you, Greatheart!

Where are you going, Greatheart?
“To set all burdened peoples free;
To win for all God’s liberty;
To ‘stablish His sweet sovereignty.”
God goeth with you, Greatheart!

WHO SAID, “GOD IS DEAD?” BY HELEN STEINER RICE

In this world of new concepts
it has often been said -
Why heed the Commandments
of a God who is dead,
Why follow His precepts
that are old and outdated,
Restrictive and narrow
and in no way related

To this modern-day world
 where the pace is so fast
It cannot be hampered
 by an old-fashioned past...
And yet this "DEAD GOD"
 still holds in His Hand
The star-studded sky,
 the sea and the land,
And with perfect precision
 the old earth keeps spinning
As flawlessly accurate
 as in "THE BEGINNING"...
So be not deceived
 by "the new pharisees"
Who boast man has only
 HIS OWN SELF TO PLEASE,
And who loudly proclaim
 any man is a fool
Who denies himself pleasure
 to follow God's rule...
But what can they offer
 that will last and endure
And make life's uncertainties
 safe and secure,
And what, though man gain
 the whole world and its pleasures,
If he loses his soul
 and "eternity's treasures"?

TO THE HUMBLE BY EDGAR A. GUEST

If all the flowers were roses,
 If never daisies grew,
If no old-fashioned posies
 Drank in the morning dew,
Then man might have some reason
 To whimper and complain,
And speak these words of treason,
 That all our toil is vain.
If all the stars were Saturns
 That twinkle in the night,
Of equal size and patterns,
 And equally as bright,
Then men in humble places,
 With humble work to do,
With frowns upon their faces
 Might trudge their journey through.
But humble stars and posies
 Still do their best, although
They're planets not, nor roses,
 To cheer the world below.
And those old-fashioned daisies

Delight the soul of man;
They're here, and this their praise is:
They work the Master's plan.
Though humble be your labor,
And modest be your sphere,
Come, envy not your neighbor
Whose light shines brighter here.
Does God forget the daisies
Because the roses bloom?
Shall you not win His praises
By toiling at your loom?
Have you, the toiler humble,
Just reason to complain,
To shirk your task and grumble
And think that it is vain
Because you see a brother
With greater work to do?
No fame of his can smother
The merit that's in you.

THE THANKSGIVING BY EDGAR A. GUEST

Gettin' together to smile an' rejoice,
An' eatin' an' laughin' with folks of your choice;
An' kissin' the girls an' declarin' that they
Are growin more beautiful day after day;
Chattin' an' braggin' a bit with the men,
Buildin' the old family circle again;
Livin' the wholesome an' old-fashioned cheer,
Just for awhile at the end of the year.
Greetings fly fast as we crowd through the door
And under the old roof we gather once more
Just as we did when the youngsters were small;
Mother's a little bit grayer, that's all.
Father's a little bit older, but still
Ready to romp an' to laugh with a will.
Here we are back at the table again
Tellin' our stories as women an men.
Bowed are our heads for a moment in prayer;
Oh, but we're grateful an' glad to be there.
Home from the east land an' home from the west,
Home with the folks that are dearest an' best.
Out of the sham of the cities afar
We've come for a time to be just what we are.
Here we can talk of ourselves an' be frank,
Forgettin' position an' station an' rank.
Give me the end of the year an' its fun
When most of the plannin' an' toilin' is done;
Bring all the wanderers home to the nest,
Let me sit down with the ones I love best,
Hear the old voices still ringin' with song,
See the old faces unblemished by wrong,

See the old table with all of its chairs
An I'll put soul in my Thanksgivin' prayers.

ONE, TWO, THREE BY HARRY C. BUNNER

It was an old, old lady
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight
Out under the maple trees,
And the game that they played I'll tell you
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have know it to be –
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three.

“You are in the china closet,”
He would cry, and laugh with glee –
It wasn't the china closet,
But he still had Two and Three.

“You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key,”
And she said; “You are warm and warmer
But you're not quite right,” said she.

“It can't be the little cupboard
Where mama's things used to be;
So it must be the clothes press, Grandma.”
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
They were wrinkled and white and wee
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Out under the maple tree –

This old, old, old, old lady
And the boy with the lame little knee
This dear, dear, dear old lady
And the boy who was half-past three.

LIVE CHRISTMAS EVERY DAY BY HELEN STEINER RICE

Christmas is more than a day at the end of the year,
More than a season of joy and good cheer.
Christmas is really God's pattern for living
To be followed all year by unselfish giving.
For the holiday season awakens good cheer
And draws us closer to those we hold dear,
And we open our hearts and find it is good
To live among men as we always should.
But as soon as the tinsel is stripped from the tree,
The spirit of Christmas fades silently
Into the background of daily routine,
And is lost in the whirl of life's busy scene.
And all unaware we miss and forego
The greatest blessing that mankind can know,
For if we lived Christmas every day, as we should,
And made it our aim to always do good,
We'd find the lost key to meaningful living
That comes not from getting, but from unselfish giving.
And we'd know the great joy of Peace upon Earth,
Which was the real purpose of our Savior's birth.
For in the Glad Tidings of that first Christmas night,
God showed us THE WAY and the Truth and the Light!

IN TIMES LIKE THESE BY HELEN STEINER RICE

We read the headlines daily
and listen to the news.
We shake our heads despairingly
and glumly sing the blues –
We are restless and dissatisfied
and do not feel secure,
We are vaguely discontented
with the things we must endure ...
This violent age we live in
is filled with nameless fears
As we listen to the newscasts
that come daily to our ears.
And we view the threatening future
with sad sobriety ...
As we're surrounded daily
by increased anxiety ...
How can we find security
or stand on solid ground
When there's violence and dissension
and confusion all around;
Where can we go for refuge
from the rising tides of hate,
Where can we find a heaven
to escape this shameful fate ..
So instead of reading headlines
that disturb the heart and mind,
Let us open up the BIBLE
and in doing so we'll find
That this age is no different
from the millions gone before,
But in every hour of crisis
God has opened up a door
For all who seek His guidance
and trust His all-wise plan,
For God provides protection
beyond that devised by man ...
And we can learn that each TOMORROW
is not ours to understand,
But lies safely in the keeping
of the great Creator's Hand,
And to have the steadfast knowledge
that WE NEVER WALK ALONE
And to rest in the assurance
that our EVERY NEED IS KNOWN
Will help dispel our worries,
our anxieties and care,
For doubt and fear are vanquished
in THE PEACEFULNESS OF PRAYER.

FATHER TO SON BY EDGAR A GUEST

The times have proved by judgment bad.
I've followed foolish hopes in vain,
And as you look upon your dad
You see him commonplace and plain.
No brilliant wisdom I enjoy;
The jests I tell have grown to bore you,
But just remember this, my boy:
'Twas I who chose your mother for you!

Against the blunders I have made
And all the things I've failed to do,
The weaknesses which I've displayed,
This fact remains forever true;
This to my credit still must stay
And don't forget it, I implore you;
Whatever else you think or say:
'Twas I who chose your mother for you!

Chuckle at times behind my back
About the ties and hats I wear.
Sound judgment I am known to lack.
Smile at the ancient views I air.
Say if you will I'm often wrong.
But with my faults strewn out before you,
Remember this your whole life long:
'Twas I who chose your mother for you!

Your life from babyhood to now
Has known the sweetness of her care;
Her tender hand has soothed your brow;
Her love gone with you everywhere.
Through every day and every night
You've had an angel to adore you.
So bear in mind I once was right:
'Twas I who chose your mother for you!

ANSWERING HIM BY EDGAR A. GUEST

"When shall I be a man?" he said,
As I was putting him to bed.
"How many years will have to be
Before Time makes a man of me?
And will I be a man when I
Am grown up big? I heaved a sigh,
Because it called for careful thought
To give the answer that he sought.

And so I sat him on my knee,
And said to him: "A man you'll be

When you have learned that honor brings
More joy than all the crowns of kings;
That it is better to be true
To all who know and trust in you
Than all the gold of earth to gain
If winning it shall leave a stain.

“When you can fight for victory sweet,
Yet bravely swallow down defeat,
And cling to hope and keep the right,
Nor use deceit instead of might:
When you are kind and brave and clean,
And fair to all and never mean;
Where there is good in all you plan
That day, my boy, you’ll be a man.

“Some of us learn this truth too late:
That year alone can’t make us great
That many who are three-score ten
Have fallen short of being men.
Because in selfishness they fought
And toiled without refining thought;
And whether wrong or whether right
They lived but for their own delight.

“When you have learned that you must hold
Your honor dearer far than gold;
That no ill-gotten wealth or fame
Can pay you for your tarnished name;
And when in all you say or do
Of others you’re considerate too,
Content to do the best you can
By such a creed, you’ll be a man.”

ATLANTIC CHARTER: 1942 BY FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

What were you carrying, Pilgrims, Pilgrims?
What did you carry beyond the sea?
We carried the Book, we carried the Sword,
A steadfast heart in the fear of the Lord,
And a living faith in His plighted word
That all men should be free.

What were your memories, Pilgrims, Pilgrims?
What of the dreams you bore away?
We carried the songs our fathers sung
By the hearths of home when they were young,
And the comely words of the mother-tongue
In which they learnt to pray.

What did you find there, Pilgrims, Pilgrims?
What did you find beyond the waves?

A stubborn land and a barren shore,
Hunger and want and sickness sore:
All these we found and gladly bore
Rather than be slaves.

How did you fare there, Pilgrims, Pilgrims?
What did you build in that stubborn land?
We felled the forest and tilled the sod
Of a continent no man had trod
And we established there, in the Grace of God,
The rights whereby we stand.

What are you bringing us, Pilgrims, Pilgrims?
Bringing us back in this bitter day?
The selfsame things we carried away:
The Book, the Sword,
The fear of the Lord,

And the boons our fathers dearly bought:
Freedom of Worship, Speech and Thought,
Freedom from Want, Freedom from Fear,
The liberties we hold most dear,
And who shall say us Nay?

A LESSON FOR MAMMA BY SYDNEY DAYRE

Dear Mamma, if you just could be
A tiny little girl like me,
And I your mamma, you would see
How nice I'd be to you.
I'd always let you have your way;
I'd never frown at you and say,
"You are behaving ill today,
Such conduct will not do."

I'd always give you jelly-cake
For breakfast, and I'd never shake
My head, and say, "You must not take
So very large a slice."
I'd never say, "My dear, I trust
You will not make me say you must
Eat up your oatmeal," or "The crust
You'll find, is very nice."

I'd buy you candy every day;
I'd go downtown with you, and say,
"What would my darling like? You may
Have anything you see."
I'd never say, "My pet, you know
'Tis bad for health and teeth, and so
I cannot let you have it. No –
It would be wrong in me."

And every day I'd let you wear
Your nicest dress, and never care
If it should get a great big tear;
I'd only say to you,
"My precious treasure, never mind,
For little clothes will tear, I find."
Now, Mamma, wouldn't that be kind?
That's just what I should do.

I'd never say, "Well, just a few!"
I'd let you stop your lessons too;
I'd say, "They are too hard for you,
Poor child, to understand."
I'd put the books and slates away;
You shouldn't do a thing but play,
And have a party every day.
Ah-h-h! Wouldn't that be grand!

But, Mamma dear, you cannot grow
Into a little girl, you know,
And I can't be your mamma; so
The only thing to do,
Is just for you to try and see
How very, very nice 'twould be
For you to do all this for me,
Now, Mamma, couldn't you?

THE LANDING OF PILGRIM FATHERS BY FELICIA HEMANS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
The woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

The heavy night hung dark
The hills and water o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the toll of stirring drum
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim-band –

Why had they come to wither there,
Away from there childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

BUD BY EDGAR A. GUEST

Who is it lives to the full every minute,
Gets all the joy and the fun that is in it?
Tough as they make 'em, and ready to race,
Fit for a battle and fit for a chase,
Heedless of buttons on blouses and pants,
Laughing at danger and taking a chance,
Gladdest, it seems, when he wallows in mud,
Who is the rascal? I'll tell you, it's Bud!

Who is it wakes with a shout of delight,
And comes to our room with a smile that is
bright?
Who is it springs into bed with a leap
And thinks it is queer that his dad wants to
sleep?
Who answers his growling with laughter and
tries
His patience by lifting the lids of his eyes?
Who jumps in the air and then lands with a thud
On his poor daddy's stomach? I'll tell you, it's Bud!

Who is it thinks life is but laughter and play
And doesn't know care is a part of the day?
Who is reckless of stockings and heedless of
shoes?
Who laughs at a tumble and grins at a bruise?
Who climbs over fences and clambers up trees,
And scrapes all the skin off his shins and his
knees?
Who sometimes comes home all bespattered
with blood
That was drawn by a fall? It's that rascal called Bud.

Yet, who is it makes all our toiling worth while?
Who can cure every ache that we know, by his
smile?
Who is prince to his mother and king to his dad
And makes us forget that we ever were sad?
Who is center of all that we dream of and plan,
Our baby to-day but to-morrow our man?
It's that tough little, rough little tyke in the mud,
That tousled-haired, fun-loving rascal called Bud!

THE DYING FATHER BY LES COX

The doctors shook their heads and said,
"All hope for him is past...
'Twill be a miracle if he
Another day will last!

The gray-haired man had read their lips,
Then asked to see his wife;
He told her, "Dear, call all the kids,
While I'm still blessed with life."

With family then around his bed,
So anxious and forlorn,
He hugged and told them, one by one,
"I'll see you in the morn."

The last to see him was his son
Who was his "pride and joy,"
With tears that filled his eyes he said:
"Good-bye, my darling boy!"

His son replied, "Dear dad why did
You say these words to me...
Won't I meet you when comes the morn -
I'm in your family?"

His father then replied, "Dear son,
The Devil's way you've trod...
And where I'm going you can't come,
Unless you trust in God..."

So many tears I've shed for you -
Oft times I couldn't sleep;
For like my Savior I so love
His lost and dying sheep!"

This son was filled with deepest grief,
Then hugged his dying dad,
And said, "Could Jesus love someone
Who's been so mean and bad?"

His father said, "Oh yes, He can –
Just bow your head and pray!"
Then Jesus came into his heart,
And joy was great that day!

And though death took him, heaven left
A smile none could erase;
"Safe in the fold!" was written on
That blessed father's face!

RAISIN PIE BY EDGAR A. GUEST

There's a heap of pent-up goodness
in the yellow bantam corn,
And I sort o' like to linger
round a berry patch at morn;
Oh, the Lord has set our table
with a stock o' things to eat
An' there's just enough o' bitter
in the blend to cut the sweet,
But I run the whole list over,
an' it seems somehow that I
Find the keenest sort o' pleasure
in a chunk o' raisin pie.

There are pies that start the water
circulatin' in the mouth;
There are pies that wear the flavor of
the warm an' sunny south;
Some with oriental spices spur
the drowsy appetite
An' just fill a fellow's being
with a thrill o' real delight;
But for downright solid goodness
that comes drippin' from the sky
There is nothing quite the equal of
a chunk o' raisin pie.

I'm admittin' tastes are diff'runt,
I'm not settin' up myself
As the judge an' final critic of
the good things on the shelf.
I'm sort o' payin' tribute
to a simple joy on earth,
Sort o' feebly testifyin' to its
lasting charm an' worth,
An' I'll hold to this conclusion
till it comes my time to die,
That there's no dessert that's finer
than a chunk o' raisin pie.

WHEN YOU KNOW A FELLOW BY EDGAR A. GUEST

When you get to know a fellow, know his joys
and know his cares,
When you've come to understand him and the
burdens that he bears,
When you've learned the fight he's making and
the troubles in his way,
Then you find that he is different than you
thought him yesterday.
You find his faults are trivial and there's not so
much to blame
In the brother that you jeered at when you only
knew his name.
You are quick to see the blemish in the distant
neighbor's style,
You can point to all his errors and may sneer at
him the while,
And your prejudices fatten and your hates more
violent grow
As you talk about the failures of the man you do
not know,
But when drawn a little closer, and your hands
and shoulders touch,
You find the traits you hated really don't amount
to much.

When you get to know a fellow, know his every
mood and whim,
You begin to find the texture of the splendid side
of him;
You begin to understand him, and you cease to
scoff and sneer,
For with understanding always prejudices
disappear.
You begin to find his virtues and his faults you
cease to tell,
For you seldom hate a fellow when you know
him very well.

When next you start in sneering and your phrases
turn to blame,
Know more of him you censure than his business
and his name;
For it's likely that acquaintance would your
prejudice dispel
And you'd really come to like him if you knew
him very well.
When you get to know a fellow and you
understand his ways,
Then his faults won't really matter, for you'll find
a lot to praise.

WHEN PA COMES HOME BY EDGAR A. GUEST

When Pa comes home, I'm at the door,
An' then he grabs me off the floor
An' throws me up an' catches me
When I come down, an' then, says he:
"Well, how'd you get along to-day?
An' were you good, an' did you play,
An' keep right out of mamma's way?
An' how'd you get that awful bump
Above your eye? My, what a lump!
An' who spilled jelly on your shirt?
An' where'd you ever find the dirt
That's on your hands? And my! Oh, my!
I guess those eyes have had a cry,
They look so red. What was it, pray?
What has been happening here to-day?"

An' then he drops his coat an' hat
Upon a chair, an' says: "What's that?
Who knocked that engine on its back
An' stepped upon that piece of track?"
An' then he takes me on his knee
An' says: "What's this that now I see?
Whatever can the matter be?
Who strewed those toys upon the floor,
An' left those things behind the door?
Who upset all those parlor chairs
An' threw those blocks upon the stairs?
I guess a cyclone called to-day
While I was workin' far away.
Who was it worried mamma so?
It can't be anyone I know."

An' then I laugh an' say: "It's me!
Me did most ever'thing you see.
Me got this bump the time me tripped.
An' here is where the jelly slipped
Right off my bread upon my shirt,
An' when me tumbled down it hurt.
That's how me got all over dirt.
Me threw those building blocks downstairs,
An' me upset the parlor chairs,
Coz when you're playin' train you've got
To move things 'round an awful lot."
An' then my Pa he kisses me
An' bounces me upon his knee
An' says: "Well, well, my little lad,
What glorious fun you must have had!"

MOTHER'S GLASSES BY EDGAR A. GUEST

I've told about the times that Ma can't find her
pocketbook,
And how we have to hustle round for it to help
her look,
But there's another care we know that often
comes our way,
I guess it happens easily a dozen times a day.
It starts when first the postman through the door
a letter passes,
And Ma says: "Goodness gracious me! Wherever
are my glasses?"

We hunt 'em on the mantelpiece an' by the
kitchen sink,
Until Ma says: "Now, children, stop, an' give me
time to think
Just when it was I used 'em last an' just exactly
where.
Yes, now I know – the dining room. I'm sure
you'll find 'em there."
We even look behind the clock, we busy boys an'
lasses,
Until somebody runs across Ma's missing pair of
glasses.

We've found 'em in the Bible, an' we've found
'em in the flour,
We've found 'em in the sugar bowl, an' once we
looked an hour
Before we came across 'em in the padding of her
chair;
An' many a time we've found 'em in the topknot
of her hair.
It's a search that ruins order an' the home
completely wrecks,
For there's no place where you may not find poor
Ma's elusive specs.

But we're mighty glad, I tell you, that the duty's
ours to do,
An' we hope to hunt those glasses till our time of
life is through;
It's a little bit of service that is joyous in its thrill,
It's a task that calls us daily an' we hope it always
will.
Rich or poor, the saddest mortals of all the
joyless masses
Are the ones who have no mother dear to lose
her reading glasses.

A REAL MAN BY EDGAR A. GUEST

Men are of two kinds, and he
Was of the kind I'd like to be.
Some preach their virtues, and a few
Express their lives by what they do.
That sort was he. No flowery phrase
Or glibly spoken words of praise
Won friends for him. He wasn't cheap
Or shallow, but his course ran deep,
And it was pure. You know the kind.
Not many in a life you find
Whose deeds outrun their words so far
That more than what they seem they are.

There are two kinds of lies as well:
The kind you live, the ones you tell.
Back through his years from age to youth
He never acted one untruth.
Out in the open light he fought
And didn't care what others thought
Nor what they said about his fight
If he believed that he was right.
The only deeds he ever hid
Were acts of kindness that he did.

What speech he had was plain and blunt.
His was an unattractive front.
Yet children loved him; babe and boy
Played with the strength he could employ,
Without one fear, and they are fleet
To sense injustice and deceit.
No back door gossip linked his name
With any shady tale of shame.
He did not have to compromise
With evil-doers, shrewd and wise,
And let them ply their vicious trade
Because of some past escapade.

Men are of two kinds, and he
Was of the kind I'd like to be.
No door at which he ever knocked
Against his manly form was locked.
If ever man on earth was free
And independent, it was he.
No broken pledge lost him respect,
He met all men with head erect,
And when he passed, I think there went
A soul to yonder firmament
So white, so splendid and so fine
It came almost to God's design.

ROSES BY EDGAR A. GUEST

When God first viewed the rose He'd made
He smiled, and thought it passing fair;
Upon the bloom His hands He laid,
And gently blessed each petal there.
He summoned in His artists then
And bade them paint, as ne'er before,
Each petal, so that earthly men
Might love the rose for evermore.

With Heavenly brushes they began
And one with red limned every leaf,
To signify the love of man;
The first rose, white, betokened grief;
"My rose shall deck the bride," one said
And so in pink he dipped his brush,
"And it shall smile beside the dead
To typify the faded blush."

And then they came unto His throne
And laid the roses at His feet,
The crimson bud, the bloom full blown,
Filling the air with fragrance sweet.
"Well done, well done!" the Master spake;
"Henceforth the rose shall bloom on earth:
One fairer blossom I will make,"
And then a little babe had birth.

On earth a loving mother lay
Within a rose-decked room and smiled,
But from the blossoms turned away
To gently kiss her little child,
And then she murmured soft and low,
"For beauty, here, a mother seeks.
None but the Master made, I know,
The roses in a baby's cheeks."

THE LITTLE CHURCH BY EDGAR A. GUEST

The little church of Long Ago,
where as a boy I sat
With mother in the family pew,
and fumbled with my hat--
How I would like to see it now
the way I saw it then,
The straight-backed pews, the
pulpit high, the women and
the men
Dressed stiffly. In their Sunday
clothes and solemnly devout,

Who closed their eyes when
prayers were said and never
looked about--
That little church of Long Ago,
it wasn't grand to see,
But even as a little boy it
meant a lot to me.
The choir loft where father sang
comes back to me again;
I hear his tenor voice once more
the way I heard it when
The deacons used to pass the
plate, and once again I see
The people fumbling for their
coins, as glad as they could be
To drop their quarters on the
plate, and I'm a boy once more
With my two pennies in my fist
that mother gave before
We left the house, and once
again I'm reaching out to try
To drop them on the plate
before the deacon passes by.
It seems to me I'm sitting in
that high-backed pew, the while
The minister is preaching in
that good old-fashioned style;
And though I couldn't understand
it all somehow I know
The Bible was the text book in
that church of Long Ago;
He didn't preach on politics,
but used the word of God,
And even now I seem to see the
people gravely nod,
As though agreeing thoroughly
with all he had to say,
And then I see them thanking
him before they go away.
The little church of Long Ago
was not a structure huge,
It had no hired singers or no
other subterfuge
To get the people to attend,
'twas just a simple place
Where every Sunday we were told
about God's saving grace;
No men of wealth were gathered
there to help it with a gift;
The only worldly thing it had—
a mortgage hard to lift.
And somehow, dreaming here to-day,
I wish that I could know

The joy of once more sitting
in that church of Long Ago.

THE PRICELESS GIFT OF CHRISTMAS BY HELEN STEINER RICE

Now Christmas is a season
for joy and merrymaking,
A time for gifts and presents
for giving and for taking...
A festive, friendly, happy time
when everyone is gay-
But have we really felt
the greatness of the day?...
For through the centuries the world
has wandered far away
From the beauty and the meaning
of the Holy Christmas Day...
For Christmas is a heavenly gift
that only God can give,
It's ours just for the asking
for as long as we shall live...
It can't be bought or bartered,
it can't be won or sold,
It doesn't cost a penny
and it's worth far more than gold.
It isn't bright and gleaming
for eager eyes to see,
It can't be wrapped in tinsel
or placed beneath a tree...
It isn't soft and shimmering
for reaching hands to touch,
Or some expensive luxury
you've wanted very much...
For the Priceless Gift of Christmas
is meant just for the heart,
And we receive it only
when we become a part
Of the kingdom and the Glory
which is ours to freely take,
For God sent the Holy Christ Child
at Christmas for our sake
So man might come to know Him
and feel His presence near,
And see the many miracles
performed while He was here...
And this Priceless Gift for Christmas
is within the reach of all,
The rich, the poor, the young and old,
the greatest and the small...
So take His priceless Gift of Love,
reach out and you'll receive,
And the only payment that God asks
is just that you Believe.

WHAT IS LIFE? BY HELEN STEINER RICE

Life is a sojourn here on earth
Which begins the day God gives us birth.
We enter this world from the Great unknown
And God gives each Spirit and form of its own;
And endows this form with a heart and a soul
To spur man on to his ultimate goal –
And through the senses of feeling and seeing
God makes man into a human being;
So he may experience a mortal life
And through this period of smiles and strife;
Prepare himself to Return as he Came,
For birth and death are in essence the same.
For both are fashioned by God's mighty hand
And, while we cannot understand;
We know we are born to die and arise
For beyond this world in beauty lies;
The purpose of living and the ultimate goal
God gives at birth to each seeking soul –
So enjoy your sojourn on earth and be glad
That God gives you a choice between Good
 Things and Bad,
And only be sure that you Heed God's Voice
Whenever life asks you to make a choice.

THE SINGER'S REVENGE BY EDGAR A. GUEST

It was a singer of renown
 Who did a desperate thing.
For all who asked him out to dine
 Requested him to sing.
The imposition on his art
 They couldn't seem to see
For friendship's sake they thought
 He ought to work without a fee.

And so he planned a dinner, too,
 of fish and fowl and wine
And asked his friends of high degree
 To come with him to dine.
His banker and his tailor came,
 His doctor, too, was there,
Likewise a leading plumber
 who'd become a millionaire.

The singer fed his guests and smiled,
 A gracious host was he;
With every course he ladled out
 delicious flattery,
And when at last the meal was done,

He tossed his man a wink,
“Good friends,” said he,
I’ve artists here you’ll all enjoy, I think.

I’ve trousers needing buttons, Mr. Tailor,
If you please,
Will you oblige us all to-night
By sewing some on these?
I’ve several pairs all handy-by,
Now let your needle jerk;
My guests will be delighted
To behold you as you work.

“Now, doctor, just a moment, pray,
I cannot sing a note:
I asked you here because I thought
You’d like to spray my throat;
I know that during business hours
For this you charge a fee,
But surely you’ll be glad to serve my friends,
Tonight, and me?”

The plumber then was asked if
He would mend a pipe or two;
A very simple thing, of course,
To urge a friend to do;
But reddest grew the banker’s face
And reddest grew his neck,
Requested in his dinner clothes
To cash a good sized check.

His guests astounded looked at him.
Said they: “We are surprised!
To ask us here to work for you
Is surely ill-advised.
‘Tis most improper, impolite!”
The singer shrieked in glee:
“My friends I’ve only treated you
As you have treated me.”

WHAT IS LOVE? BY HELEN STEINER RICE

What is love? No words can define it,
It’s something so great
Only God could design it...

Wonders of Wonders, beyond man’s conception,
And only in God can love find true perfection,
For love means much more than small words can
express,
For what man calls love is so very much less
Than the beauty and depth and the true richness

of God's gift to mankind –
His compassionate love...

For love has become a word that's misused,
Perverted, distorted and often abused,
To speak of "light romance" or some affinity for
A passing attraction that is seldom much more
Than a mere interlude of inflamed fascination,
A romantic fling of no lasting duration...

But love is enduring and patient and kind,
It judges all things with the heart not the mind,
And love can transform the most commonplace
Into beauty and splendor and sweetness and
Grace...

For love is unselfish, giving more than it takes,
And no matter what happens love never forsakes.
It's faithful and trusting and always believing,
Guileless and honest and never deceiving...

Yes, love is beyond what man can define,
For love is Immortal and God's Gift is Divine!

MOTHER'S UGLY HANDS BY MARY MASON

When Jean was just a little girl
She used to play for hours
With Tinker-Cat or Peter-Dog,
Or help Mom with her flowers.
But then sometimes her mom would stop
The work she had to do
To read to Jean or play with her;
And as God planned, Jean grew.
But then one day she realized
Her mom was not the same
As those of other little girls:
And Jean grew up with shame.
For Mother's hands were ugly hands,
Misformed and scarred and red.
And somehow love for Mother changed
To selfishness and dread.
Somehow she never asked her mom
How those scars came to be,
Too busy with the selfish fear
That other eyes might see.
But then one time Jean's grandma came
With suitcase packed to stay,
And it was at her grandma's feet
The truth came out one day.
"When you were just a tiny thing,
About the age of two

One day your clothing caught on fire,
Though how we never knew;
Your mother said she scarcely felt
The searing tongues of flame,
As with her hands she fought the fire
And that is how she came
To have the scars you hate so much;
She did it all for you.
You were not burned as bad as she,
And so you never knew.”
“Oh, Grandma, I am so ashamed!”
And Jean began to weep.
“To think my mother loved me so!”
That night she couldn’t sleep
And made her way to Mother’s room
And in a rush of tears
Received forgiveness for the hate
She harbored all those years.
That’s how it is with Mother love;
Of death it’s unafraid
So very much like dying love
On Calvary’s hill portrayed.
Our Jesus too, bears ugly marks
Of suffering and of pain,
He did it all for you and me,
But it was not in vain.
For, as we view His suffering,
We, too must cry, “Forgive!”
For only through His dying love
Are we prepared to live.
I’m thankful, God, for Mother love
Which bravely fought the fire,
And for my Jesus’ dying love
Which that love did inspire.