

**VARIOUS**

DEVOTIONAL  
POETRY FOR  
THE CHILDREN

**Various**  
**Devotional Poetry for the Children**

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Devotional Poetry for the Children / Second Part:*

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# Devotional Poetry for the Children / Second Part

*“Make us beautiful within,  
By Thy Spirit’s holy light;  
Guard us when our faith burns dim,  
Father of all love and might.”*

# THE LIFE-CLOCK

There is a little mystic clock,  
No human eye hath seen,  
That beateth on, – and beateth on, —  
From morning until e'en.

And when the soul is wrapped in sleep,  
All silent and alone,  
It ticks and ticks the livelong night,  
And never runneth down.

Oh! wondrous is that work of art,  
Which knells the passing hour;  
But art ne'er formed, nor mind conceived,  
The life-clock's magic power.

Not set in gold, nor decked with gems,  
By wealth and pride possessed;  
But rich or poor, or high or low,  
Each bears it in his breast.

Such is the clock that measures life, —  
Of flesh and spirit blended, —  
And thus 't will run within the breast,  
Till that strange life is ended.



# GOD IS LOVE

Lo! the heavens are breaking,  
Pure and bright above;  
Light and life awaking,  
Murmur, "God is love."

Music now is ringing,  
Through the leafy grove,  
Feathered songsters, singing,  
Warble, "God is love."

Wake, my heart, and springing,  
Spread thy wings above;  
Soaring still, and singing, —  
Singing, "God is love."

# TIME

A minute, – how soon it is flown!  
And yet, how important it is!  
God calls every moment His own, —  
For all our existence is His:  
And tho' we may waste many moments each day,  
He notices each that we squander away.

We should not a minute despise,  
Although it so quickly is o'er;  
We know that it rapidly flies,  
And therefore should prize it the more.  
Another, indeed, may appear in its stead;  
But that precious minute, for ever, is fled.

'Tis easy to squander our years  
In idleness, folly, and strife;  
But, oh! no repentance nor tears  
Can bring back one moment of life.  
Then wisely improve all the time as it goes,  
And life will be happy, and peaceful the close.

# THANKSGIVING

There's not a leaf within the bower, —  
There's not a bird upon the tree, —  
There's not a dewdrop on the flower, —  
But bears the impress, Lord, of Thee.

Thy power the varied leaf designed,  
And gave the bird its thrilling tone;  
Thy hand the dewdrops' tints combined,  
Till like a diamond's blaze they shone.

Yes, dewdrops, leaves and buds, and all, —  
The smallest, like the greatest things, —  
The sea's vast space, the earth's wide ball,  
Alike proclaim Thee, King of kings!

But man alone, to bounteous Heaven,  
Thanksgiving's conscious strains can raise:  
To favored man, alone, 'tis given,  
To join the angelic choir in praise.

# “THOU, GOD, SEEST ME.”

Thine eye is on me always,  
Thou knowest the way I take;  
Thou seest me when I'm sleeping,  
Thou seest me when I wake.

Thine arm is round about me,  
Thy hand is underneath;  
Thy love will still preserve me,  
If I Thy laws do keep.

Thou art my present helper, —  
Be Thou my daily guide;  
Then I'll be safe for ever,  
Whatever may betide.

Oh! help me, dearest Father,  
To walk in wisdom's way,  
That I, Thy loving child, may be  
Through every future day,  
And, by my loving actions, prove  
That He who guardeth me is Love.

# THE BEAUTIFUL WORKS OF GOD

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 colors,  
He made their shining wings.

The tall trees in the green wood,  
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 may tell  
How great is God Almighty,  
Who doeth all things well.

# SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS

Almighty Father! Thou hast many blessings  
In store for every loving child of Thine;  
For this I pray, – Let me, Thy grace possessing,  
Seek to be guided by Thy will divine.

Not for earth's treasures, – for her joys the dearest, —  
Would I my supplications raise to Thee;  
Not for the hopes that to my heart are nearest,  
But only that I give that heart to Thee.

I pray that Thou wouldst guide and guard me ever;  
Cleanse, by Thy power, from every stain of sin;  
I will Thy blessing ask on each endeavor,  
And thus Thy promised peace my soul shall win.

# THE DOVE'S VISIT

I knew a little, sickly child,  
The long, long summer's day,  
When all the world was green and bright,  
Alone in bed to lay;  
There used to come a little dove  
Before his window small,  
And sing to him with her sweet voice,  
Out of the fir-tree tall.

And when the sick child better grew,  
And he could creep along,  
Close to that window he would come,  
And listen to her song.  
He was so gentle in his speech,  
And quiet at his play,  
He would not, for the world, have made,  
That sweet bird fly away.

There is a Holy Dove that sings  
To every listening child, —  
That whispers to his little heart  
A song more sweet and mild.  
It is the Spirit of our God  
That speaks to him within;

That leads him on to all things good,  
And holds him back from sin.

And he must hear that “still, small voice,”  
Nor tempt it to depart, —  
The Spirit, great and wonderful,  
That whispers in his heart.  
He must be pure, and good, and true;  
Must strive, and watch, and pray;  
For unresisted sin, at last,  
May drive that Dove away.

# TEACH US TO PRAY

Teach us to pray  
Oh, Father! we look up to Thee,  
And this our one request shall be,  
Teach us to pray.

Teach us to pray.  
A form of words will not suffice, —  
The heart must bring its sacrifice:  
Teach us to pray.

Teach us to pray.  
To whom shall we, Thy children, turn?  
Teach Thou the lesson we would learn:  
Teach us to pray.

Teach us to pray.  
To Thee, alone, our hearts look up:  
Prayer is our only door of hope;  
Teach us to pray.

# DEEDS OF KINDNESS

Suppose the little cowslip  
Should hang its tiny cup,  
And say, "I'm such a little flower,  
I'd better not grow up."  
How many a weary traveler  
Would miss the fragrant smell?  
How many a little child would grieve  
To miss it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dew-drop,  
Upon the grass, should say,  
"What can a little dew-drop do?  
I'd better roll away."  
The blade on which it rested,  
Before the day was done,  
Without a drop to moisten it,  
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes  
Upon a summer's day,  
Should think themselves too small to cool  
The traveler on his way:  
Who would not miss the smallest  
And softest ones that blow,

And think they made a great mistake  
If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness  
A little child may do,  
Although it has so little strength,  
And little wisdom, too.  
It wants a loving spirit,  
Much more than strength, to prove,  
How many things a child may do  
For others by his love.

# AN EVENING SONG

How radiant the evening skies!  
Broad wing of blue in heaven unfurled,  
God watching with unwearied eyes  
The welfare of a sleeping world.

He rolls the sun to its decline,  
And speeds it on to realms afar,  
To let the modest glowworm shine,  
And men behold the evening star.

He lights the wild flower in the wood,  
He rocks the sparrow in her nest,  
He guides the angels on their road,  
That come to guard us while we rest

When blows the bee his tiny horn,  
To wake the sisterhood of flowers,  
He kindles with His smile the morn,  
To bless with light the winged hours.

O God! look down with loving eyes  
Upon Thy children slumbering here,  
Beneath this tent of starry skies,  
For heaven is nigh, and Thou art near.



# BE KIND TO THE POOR

Turn not from him, who asks of thee  
A portion of thy store;  
Poor though in earthly goods thou be,  
Thou yet canst give, – what's more,

The balm of comfort thou canst pour  
Into his grieving mind,  
Who oft is turned from wealth's proud door,  
With many a word unkind.

Does any from the false world find  
Naught but reproach and scorn?  
Does any, stung by words unkind,  
Wish that he ne'er was born?

Do thou raise up his drooping heart,  
Restore his wounded mind;  
Though naught of wealth thou canst impart,  
Yet still thou mayest be kind.

And oft again thy words shall wing  
Backward their course to thee,  
And in thy breast will prove a spring  
Of pure felicity.



# THE LESSON OF THE LEAVES

How do the leaves grow,  
In spring, upon their stems?  
Oh! the sap swells up with a drop for all,  
And that is life to them.

What do the leaves do  
Through the long summer hours,  
They make a home for the wandering birds,  
And shelter the wild flowers.

How do the leaves fade  
Beneath the autumn blast?  
Oh! they fairer grow before they die,  
Their brightest is their last.

We, too, are like leaves,  
O children! weak and small;  
God knows each leaf of the forest shade:  
He knows us, each and all.

Never a leaf falls  
Until its part is done;  
God gives us grace, like sap, and then  
Some work to every one.

We, too, must grow old,  
Beneath the autumn sky;  
But lovelier and brighter our lives may grow,  
Like leaves before they die.

Brighter with kind deeds,  
With love to others given;  
Till the leaf falls off from the autumn tree,  
And the spirit is in heaven.

# THE SPRING BIRD'S LESSON

Thou'rt up betimes, my little bird,  
And out this morning early,  
For still the tender bud is closed,  
And still the grass is pearly.

Why rise so soon, thou little bird,  
Thy soft, warm nest forsaking?  
To brave the dull, cold morning sky,  
While day is scarcely breaking?

Ah! thou art wise, thou little bird,  
For fast the hours are flying;  
And this young day, but dawning now,  
Will soon, alas! be dying.

I'll learn of thee, thou little bird,  
And slothful habits scorning,  
No longer sleep youth's dawn away,  
Nor waste life's precious morning.

# THE ORPHAN'S HYMN

Father, – an orphan's prayer receive,  
And listen to my plaintive cry:  
Thou only canst my wants relieve,  
Who art my Father in the sky.

I have no father here below,  
No mother kind to wipe my tears, —  
These tender names I never know,  
To soothe my grief and quell my fears.

But Thou wilt be my parent, – nigh  
In every hour of deep distress,  
And listen to an orphan's sigh,  
And soothe the anguish of my breast.

For Thou hast promised all I need,  
More than a father's, mother's care:  
Thou wilt the hungry orphan feed,  
And always listen to my prayer.

# MORNING

Dear Lord, another day has come,  
And through the hours of night,  
In a good bed and quiet home  
I've slept till morning light.

Then let me give Thee thanks and praise,  
For Thou art very good;  
Oh, teach my little heart to raise  
The prayer that children should.

Keep me this day from faults and sin,  
And make me good and mild;  
Thy Holy Spirit place within,  
Grant grace unto a child.

Help me obey my parents dear,  
For they are very kind;  
And when the hour of rest draws near,  
Another prayer I'll find.

# EVENING

The day is gone, – the silent night  
Invites me to my peaceful bed;  
But, Lord, I know that it is right  
To thank Thee, ere I rest my head.

For my good meals and pleasant hours,  
That I have had this present day,  
Let me exert my infant powers  
To praise Thee, nor forget to pray.

Thou art most good. I can't tell all  
That Thou hast ever done for me;  
My Shepherd, now on Thee I call,  
From dangers still preserve me free.

If I've been naughty on this day,  
Oh! make me sorry for my fault;  
Do Thou forgive, and teach the way  
To follow Jesus as I ought.

And now I'll lay me down to rest,  
Myself, – my friends, – all safely keep;  
May Thy great name be ever blest,  
Both when we wake, and when we sleep.



# A MOMENT TOO LATE!

A moment too late, my beautiful bird, —  
A moment too late are you now,  
The wind has your soft, downy nest disturbed, —  
The nest that you hung on the bough.  
A moment too late, – that string in your bill  
Would have fastened it firmly and strong;  
But see, there it goes rolling over the hill!  
Oh! you tarried a moment too long.

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