

BIRTHDAY VERSES  
for Students in 1<sup>st</sup> – 5<sup>th</sup> Grades

by

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**Author's note:**

These verses were written for the students I taught at The Hartsbrook School in Hadley, MA from 1991-1999. They were inspired by the indications in Heinz Müller's *Healing Forces in the Word and Its Rhythms*. Students were given their verses on their birthdays or half-birthdays for those who had summer birthdays. For the following year, the students recited their birthday verse in class on the day of the week on which they were born, with Saturday and Sunday birthdays distributed among the other days.

I have posted these verses on the Online Waldorf Library in the hope that they will serve as a resource for those looking for examples of the types of verses one might write or use. They have been posted in Microsoft Word format so that anyone wishing to download and revise or adapt them might do so. I have grouped the verses by the students for whom they were written, so that one might follow a theme through the grades; initials denote the student; Roman numerals denote the grade level.

If you have any questions about these verses, don't hesitate to phone or email me.

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ABR

I. Swiftly and surely the barn swallows fly,  
Winging their way through the warm summer sky;  
Like a graceful barn swallow may I ever be,  
Bringing joy and delight to all who know me.

II. Lovely the flowers that grow in the meadow,  
Fragrant and sweet 'neath the warm summer sun;  
Precious the grains and the grasses beside them,  
Yielding their bounty when harvest is come.

III. The gold that has the greatest worth  
And shines with purest light,  
Cannot be found in depths of earth  
Nor on the mountain height.

But those who look with loving eyes  
Can learn how to behold  
What lies within the human heart—  
The precious, inner gold.

IV. O may my heart forever be  
as gentle as the dawn,  
As strong and full of courage  
as the blazing sun at noon;  
As patient as the setting sun,  
so radiant, warm and bright,  
As tender as the twilight  
that welcomes in the night.

V. Green was the tree all summer,  
But now she's dressed in gold,  
And stands majestic as a queen  
Who reigned in days of old.

So may the gold within my soul  
Be brought to light one day,  
And all my inner treasures  
Be well and freely shared.

CB

I. Like a flower whose petals close tight for the night,  
But who opens them up to the sun's loving light;  
May my heart open up to the sun every day,  
That by its light I find my way.

II. The beautiful, radiant evening star  
has such a lovely voice,  
That whenever she joins the heavenly choir  
the angels all rejoice.

III. The cold, dark night is over,  
And twinkling stars are dim;  
The sky grows rosy in the east  
And birds begin to sing.  
The earth awakens from her sleep  
And greets the new-born day;  
And I, with joyful heart, stride forth  
With strength upon my way.

IV. In the dark before dawn  
a lone voice resounds  
Breaking the stillness of night.  
First one, then the other birds  
answer her call,  
In jubilant chorus  
to welcome the light.

V. Within the seed lies hidden  
The plant that one day will become—  
The sturdy roots, the graceful leaves  
The flowers reaching towards the sun.

Within the soul lies hidden  
The seed of all that I could be.  
O sun who calls the flowers forth—  
Call forth the higher self in me.

LRC

I. Like the lily pure and good,  
like the moon so bright—  
May my every thought be filled  
with beauty, truth, and light.  
Like the rose so rich and red,  
like the sun above—  
May my every word and deed  
be filled with strength and love.

II. Firm the anchor holds the ship  
and keeps it sure and fast;  
So the bonds that link us all  
can weather every blast.

III. When Eve and Adam ate  
Of God's forbidden fruit  
Their souls were filled with new-found might  
To know and choose 'tween wrong and right.  
And thus our earthly path  
Has many forks and turns,  
And every time we choose aright  
Our souls draw nearer to the Light.

IV. Loud the wind and hard the rain

fiercely blows the storm;  
Yet the dove within her nest  
is cosy, safe, and warm.

And though the night is cold and dark  
and drenched with bitter rain,  
She sleeps serenely, for she knows  
the sun will shine again.

V. The cold dark night is over,  
The raging storm has passed,  
and I am full of hope once more  
For dawn has come at last.  
The winding road is beck'ning me  
To start upon my way;  
With joyful heart I go to seek  
the promise of the day.

JC

I. A sudden storm tears through the trees,  
hurling branches down;  
But one tree braves the wind with ease  
by bending to the ground.  
When at last the storm is past,  
and gone the wind and rain;  
The tree that weathered every blast  
stands upright once again

II. High above the mountain peaks  
The eagle soars alone;  
Borne aloft on might wings,  
Circling heaven's dome.  
Naught escapes his piercing gaze,  
None his grasp defies,  
Bold he flies so free and fast—  
Master of the skies.

III. The man who strives to do the good,  
To seek the true, uphold the right,  
Will blaze a path through darkest night,  
And summon others to the light.

IV. Though Sigurd's final years were filled  
With sorrow, pain, and strife,  
He wavered not from his resolve  
To lead a righteous life.  
O may I too be strong enough  
To face my destiny,  
And faithfully keep my resolve  
Through all adversity.

V. Fairness is honored wherever it's shown,

Justice is valued as well;  
But he who sees truly stands often alone  
From others who cannot tell.

To stand for the right takes courage and strength—  
Not many can shoulder that load—  
But those who so choose will always be helped,  
By others who travel that road.

ND

I. In the dark and gloomy wood,  
Grows a flower sweet a good,  
Whose fragrance fills the forest glade,  
Whose glance dispels the deepest shade.  
Like the violet may I bring  
Joy to every living thing.

II. Softly the dew falls on stem, leaf and flower,  
Glist'ning like jewels in the dawn's early light.  
Whence comes this delicate, radiant shower?  
Why must it vanish so quickly from sight?

III. Dark of water,  
Light of air,  
Weave the rainbow  
Fine and fair.  
So our souls  
Weave patterns bright  
From dark of earth  
And Spirit-Light.

IV. Truth is a sword,  
with edge keen and bright,  
That drives out the darkness  
of falsehood with light.  
Those who would wield  
this trustworthy sword,  
Must ever be true  
in thought, deed, and word.

V. Before the calm, the storm,  
After the dark, the dawn,  
Despite the steep and rocky path,  
The courage to go on.

TMD

I. Strong and steadfast is the woodsman,  
Keen his eye and sure his hand.  
All day long he loves to labor  
Cutting trees to clear the land.

Like a woodsman may I be—  
Strong and good, brave and free.

II. Hard against the rocky shore  
the swirling waters dash,  
Wearing down the rugged stone  
with every surge and splash.

III. Through the year a man must toil  
To reap the bounty of the soil.  
Till the earth in sun and rain,  
Harvest, bind, and thresh the grain.  
Loving heart and steady hand  
Reap the bounty of the land.

IV. He whose thunder splits the skies  
Whene'er he struck a mighty blow,  
He used his strength to help the gods  
And guard them from their giant foe.

V. Courage and strength are given to those  
Who strive to do the good,  
That they may continue to seek for the light,  
to cherish the truth and stand for the right.

So may I ever do my part  
Through the strength of my hand  
And the warmth of my heart.

JH

I. Lightly and merrily dances the breeze  
flecking the waves with white;  
Blowing and billowing over the seas,  
frolicking day and night.

But when their strength is needed,  
the winds can lend their force,  
To drive ships swiftly o'er the waves  
upon their chosen course.

II. How gracefully the great geese fly  
on strong and sturdy wing;  
Heading southward in the Fall,  
returning in the Spring.  
Straight and swift as arrows,  
they speed upon their way,  
Always knowing where to go  
by night as well as day.

III. The archer stands at ready,  
So upright, strong, and still;  
His arm is sure and steady,  
He aims and shoots with skill.  
And if, perchance, he misses,

He never loses heart,  
But keeps on practicing until  
Each arrow hits the mark.

IV. The knight who jousts with strength and skill  
And wins the foremost place,  
Treats all the knights he overthrew  
With courtesy and grace.  
O praise the man who doth possess  
Both strength and courtesy,  
And graces every mighty deed  
With true humility.

V. Long have I traveled, and far have I roamed,  
Searching for justice, goodness, and truth;  
Yet ever my steps keep on leading me home  
For all that I seek must be found in myself.

LL

I. Like a beautiful, delicate butterfly,  
Who in search of sweet flowers goes fluttering by—  
I will search for life's treasures where'er I alight;  
May I cherish and guard them and use them aright.

II. Lightly the breeze dances over the meadow,  
Cheerfully greeting the birds and the bees;  
Bringing glad tidings to all of her friends—  
The grains and the grasses, the flowers and trees.

III. "Tell me your names," the Lord did say  
To all the flowers in Eden fair.  
With joyful hearts they answered Him,  
Their voices rising like a prayer.

Yet one small flower was sad and still  
For she her own name had forgot;  
With gentle hand He raised her up,  
And softly said, "Forget-Me-Not."

IV. Though blossoms will fade and blow away  
And leaves are shed every Fall;  
Though branches may crack and break someday  
The tree stands straight and tall.

Like the roots that grip the ground  
And hold the tree upright—  
May my will be strong enough  
That I may continue to reach for the Light.

V. My hands have been busy  
My heart now is full;  
The garden I planted

Has flourished and grown.

So too in the harvest  
Of life may I reap  
The well-ripened fruits  
Of my thoughts, words, and deeds.

PL

I. Like a knight upon a quest  
Seeking wrongs to right,  
I will strive to do the good  
With all my heart and might.

II. Dark the night and swift the river,  
Fierce and tempest-tossed;  
Yet a small still voice implored  
The ferryman to cross.

Holy the child that Saint Christopher carried,  
Precious the burden he bore,  
Bravely he forded the fast-flowing river,  
And brought the child safely ashore.

III. To walk along the level road requires little will,  
But climbing up the mountainside develops strength and skill.  
And those who choose to stay below may seek but never find  
The riches that will be revealed to those who dare to climb.

IV. The boulders and stones that lay strewn in the fields  
Were once a burden to all.  
To effort and patience they slowly did yield  
And were made into sturdy stone walls.

So too may every obstacle  
Be finally overcome,  
Transformed into life's building stones  
For all that must be done.

V. The long road is stretching behind me  
Its obstacles overcome;  
But here from the heights I can clearly see  
That my journey has barely begun.

The long road is stretching before me,  
Its distances beckon to me;  
With courage and strength I stride forth at dawn  
To seek my destiny.

CVM

I. True and noble is the king';  
Sure his thought, his word, his hand;  
Seeking good in everything;  
Bringing justice to the land.  
Like a king may I become—  
True and noble, good and strong.

II. The gifts of the Gods are given to Man  
To use for the good of all,  
If we have the wisdom, the strength, and the courage  
To answer their morning call.

III. A seed burns with the fire of life  
That gives it strength to grow.  
The heart shines with the light of love  
That gives the power to know.

IV. The flames leap high  
Bright sparks reach the sky  
While softly below  
The red embers glow.

Ember, flame, and spark—  
Warm thou my thought,  
Enlighten my heart,  
That good may arise  
From all I do.

V. Beyond the shore, the trackless sea  
Is stretching far and wide;  
Beyond the hills, the lofty peaks  
Are rising to the sky;  
Beyond each goal that I pursue  
Another beckons me;  
And I will strive forevermore  
That farther goal to seek.

KM

I. Bright burns the fire,  
with fierce, raging flames;  
Flames that can turn  
dross into gold.  
Gold may be forged  
by heart's inner fire.  
Fire of my heart—  
temper my will,  
Fill me with light,  
fire burning bright.

II. Hard is the path  
that leads to the peak—  
Rock-strewn and rugged,

sharp, steep, and high.

Lofty the heights  
that hold what I seek;  
Yet I will climb  
and reach for the sky.

III. Throughout the cold, hard winter,  
The icicles hang down,  
Bedecking every snowy roof  
With a glist'ning, crystal crown.  
But when the days grow warmer,  
And geese are on the wing,  
The icicles melt till they fall with a crash  
That welcomes in the spring.

IV. Too long the cold, hard winter  
Has gripped the frozen earth;  
But now the sun at last has come  
to herald Spring's rebirth.

O sun who warms the earth again  
Come now and warm my heart!  
Awaken me, abide with me,  
And nevermore depart.

V. Hard was the path  
That led to the peak;  
Yet I did strive  
And reached for the sky.  
Now I can see  
That the treasures I seek  
Will be forged in my soul  
By each mountain I climb.

EP

I. The wild rose is only known  
To those who walk the woodland ways.  
Thus will I only be known  
To those who look into my soul.

II. The lesson the rabbi was taught by Elijah  
Was never to question God's will;  
For goodness and justice may oft remain hidden  
Behind the appearance of ill.

III. A diamond is fashioned through timeless ages  
Deep in the heart of the earth.  
So everything precious is wrought through great effort  
And never brought quickly to birth.

IV. The pool that once was ruffled

By every little breeze  
Now lies so placid, calm, and still  
Contented and at ease.  
And in her deep dark waters  
Like diamonds clear and bright  
The countless stars of heaven gleam  
Throughout the summer night.

V. Of all the flowers in the field  
Is one the fairest or the best?  
Or does each flower have a gift  
That can be shared with all the rest?

So too each person plays a part  
And thus contributes to the whole  
Through wisdom, strength, and warmth of heart,  
Through gentleness and depth of soul.

BP

I. Like the farmer who works for the sake of his farm,  
For the animals, plants, and the living land,  
May I work for the sake of my fellow man,  
Through the warmth of my heart and the strength of my hand.

II. In the fire the sword is wrought  
and tempered true and pure;  
In the water it is quenched  
to make it strong and sure.  
So the human soul is wrought  
by trouble, pain, and strife,  
And tempered by the warmth of love  
upon the forge of life.

III. Majestic stands the mighty oak  
With broad and leafy crown;  
Yet winter winds will strip the boughs  
And strew the leaves around.  
But sturdy roots support the trunk  
And hold it sure and fast,  
So that the oak can stand the storms  
And weather winter's blast.

IV. When Odin gave his eye  
To drink from Mimir's well,  
His soul was filled with new-found might  
To know whate'er was hid from sight.

Upon our earthly path  
We too may come to know  
That what lies hid from outer sight  
May be revealed by Spirit-Light.

V. It takes courage and strength to stand alone  
To resist the tide or the river's flow.  
It takes courage and strength to say "I know  
What is right and good."  
And to make it so.

ES

I. Long ago in Bethlehem  
A maiden bore the One,  
Who is the life and light of men,  
More radiant than the sun.

O may in me be born each day  
A little of that light—  
That I may always find my way  
Despite the darkest night.

II. From little seed the sunflower  
grows tall and straight and strong;  
With cheerful face she greets the sun  
all through the summer long.  
When Autumn comes her petals fade,  
her leaves grow brown and old;  
But birds will feed upon her seeds  
throughout the Winter cold.

III. High above the fertile earth  
The sun is shining bright;  
Quick'ning every living thing  
With warmth and golden light.  
Deep within the human heart  
There shines another sun;  
Kindling love and living thought  
So that His will be done.

IV. Strong and swift the dolphin,  
Who swims so gracefully;  
Far from land she ventures forth  
Across the trackless sea.  
Down she dives beneath the waves  
To explore the depths alone;  
Then up to the light she dashes again  
To frolic in the foam.

V. Over the stream the willow  
Bends down with tresses long,  
And listens pensively all day  
To the water's lovely song.  
The sunlight-dappled water,  
The moonlit silver stream,  
Reveal their mysteries to her  
Like echoes of a dream.

DT

I. Tall grows the oak,  
with roots deep and strong;  
Straight grows its trunk,  
with limbs spreading wide.

O may my heart  
grow strong like the oak;  
O may my limbs  
grow strong to do good.

II. Strong and steadfast is the plow horse  
Working patiently all day;  
Forth he strides to meet each challenge,  
Never falt'ring on the way.

III. Hard the hammer strikes the steel  
To make it strong and true;  
So the hardest blows of life  
Can strengthen us anew.

IV. The wordsmith toils tirelessly  
Crafting a treasure  
More precious than gold  
And stronger than steel.  
Linking each bright burnished  
Thought with another  
He forges a word-hoard  
The soul to reveal.

V. Before the deed, the word;  
Before the word, the thought;  
Before the thought, the inner light  
That dwells within my soul.

Light-filled thoughts— shine forth!  
Heart-warmed words— ring out!  
Share the secrets of the soul  
And thus reveal my Self.

TU

II. How sweetly sings the nightingale  
All through the summer long;  
Delighting everyone who hearkens  
To his lovely song.

III. Like Daniel in the lion's den,  
So loyal, brave, and true,

May I be granted inner strength  
To do what I must do.  
To face and meet each challenge  
With faith and courage bright,  
So that I too may worthy prove  
To serve the Lord of Light.

IV. The evening sun is golden,  
The sun sinks in the west;  
The cattle calmly chew their cud,  
The sheep lie down to rest;  
Then sounding through the twilight,  
A tune so soft and sweet,  
Of a shepherd playing on his pipe  
As he watches o'er his sheep.  
And now the last notes linger,  
Resounding o'er the hill;  
The sky grows dark, the stars come out,  
Then all, at last, is still.

V. The ground was well-tilled  
And the seeds carefully sown;  
The garden I planted  
Has flourished and grown.  
So too may my worthiest  
Strivings take root  
And ever may my  
Good intentions bear fruit.

BW

I. Slow and silent flows the river,  
Ever onward to the sea.  
Riches hide beneath the surface  
Of its waters dark and deep.

Would that we might someday know  
What lies hidden there below.

II. In the night a lantern's gleaming,  
shining warm and bright—  
Driving out the cold and darkness,  
filling hearts with light.

III. Onward walked the patient tortoise  
Never altering his pace,  
Making sure and steady progress  
Till at last he won the race.

IV. The mason shapes and lays the stones  
With sure and steady hand.  
The walls he builds with strength and skill  
For centuries will stand.

So may I lay within my soul  
In thought and word so true,  
A lasting, firm foundations  
For all that I must do.

V. Within the stone lies hidden  
A crystal clear and bright;  
It waits in darkness for the day  
When it will come to light.

Within my self lie hidden  
In depths of soul concealed,  
The treasures that by Spirit-light  
Will one day be revealed.

AW

II. Above the green and fertile fields  
a cloud goes sailing by,  
Frisky as a little lamb  
that frolics 'cross the sky;  
But when the parched and thirsty plants  
implore the cloud for rain,  
She lets her living waters flow  
and bathes the earth again.

III. The heart is like a beacon,  
Shining pure and bright,  
That helps us keep upon the path  
Of goodness, truth, and right.

IV. In the cool of the morn  
The mist lingers on  
Wreathing the hills with white;  
Until the sun,  
So gentle and warm,  
Fills all the earth  
With his glorious light.

V. From well-watered earth  
The sun has brought forth  
A bountiful harvest  
So goodly and fair;  
So too may my soul  
And spirit bring forth  
The gifts I've been given  
To nurture and share.

TB

I. Tall and silent stands the mountain  
Towering upward to the sky.  
Bleak and barren is the summit

Where the lonely eagles fly.

Yet beneath the rocky hillside  
Caverns hide their treasures bright.  
May they someday be discovered,  
May I bring them forth to light.

OB

I. Swiftly speeds the horseman,  
with daring and with skill,  
Mounted on a mighty steed  
that harkens to his will.  
So may a man endeavor  
to hearken to the right:  
To speak the truth, to do the good,  
with all his heart and might.

II. Some believe that might makes right  
and force can never fail;  
Others know that right makes might  
and justice shall prevail.

TC

I. Forth to battle strides the knight,  
Sword and shield in hand;  
With the dragon he must fight  
To protect his land.  
Courage shields him from all harm,  
Justice guides his sword,  
Faith lends power to his arm  
And truth to every word.

AC

I. The Light of the World  
came down to earth  
To shine for all Mankind;  
I carry that light  
within myself,  
In my will, in my heart, and my mind.

II. From heaven down to earth came I  
Bearing tidings from on high;  
Tidings from the Lord above,  
Filled with goodness, truth, and love.

III. Awake! Awake! The sun calls out  
To rouse the slumb'ring earth.  
Then all the springtime flowers bloom  
In glorious rebirth.

IV. Before my birth, I was.  
After my death, I will be.  
Between these thresholds  
Here I am.  
I am  
And am becoming.

V. Darkness lay on the face of the deep  
And covered the earth with night;  
Then God proclaimed the Holy Word  
And filled the dark with light.

ED

I. The crescent moon, so meek and mild  
prefers to hide her face,  
But when she waxes right and full,  
she shines with strength and grace.  
O may I too develop strength  
to shine with all my might—  
That like the lovely silver moon  
I fill the dark with light.

II. The caterpillar long awaits  
Her moment of rebirth,  
When she can spread her radiant wings  
And soar above the earth;  
To seek the sun who called her,  
And raised her from her sleep,  
When in her crystal casket  
She lay in slumber deep.

III. The day grows dark and driving rain  
Beats down with bitter force;  
Yet fear will not dim my resolve  
Nor make me change my course.  
For though the storm may rage and roar  
It cannot quench the light  
That leads me towards my journey's end  
Despite the darkest night.

IV. I brave the cold of winter  
Endure the summer's heat,  
My leaves are strewn by autumn storms,  
My branches bent by sleet.  
Yet every Spring my flowers bloom,  
My fruit grows ripe each Fall;  
Despite all this adversity  
I still stand straight and tall.

AD

I. In days of old the wanderers' ways  
Were lit by stars which shone so bright.  
O May the paths I tread in life  
Be lit by my own inner light.

II. Deep within the darkened earth  
there shines a secret light,  
Cast by crystals in their caverns  
gleaming pure and bright.

So spirit-light illuminates  
its darkened earthly home,  
And shines within the human soul  
like crystals in the stone.

III. From heaven we come down to earth  
To seek the darkened house of birth.  
At death once more we journey far,  
Past sun and moon and shining star,  
To seek again our Spirit-home  
Where we shall never be alone.

PG

V. The athlete stands at ready  
So steady, calm, and still;  
Back he bends and hurls his spear  
With balance, grace, and skill.  
Up it soars into the sky  
And arcs back to the ground:  
Through long and patient practice  
He's earned the laurel crown.

MK

I. Patient is the fisherman,  
Steady, brave, and true;  
Ready to weather the wind and waves  
And work the whole day through.

When at last he returns to port,  
Warmed by the setting sun,  
He shares his catch with one and all—  
His good day's work is done.

II. The man who strives to know himself  
And lead a righteous life,  
Can calm the seas of woe and grief  
And still the storms of strife.

III. Through surging waves and salty spray  
The ship sails swiftly on its way;

Kept on course by the sturdy keel,  
And a calm wise hand upon the wheel.

IV. In my head, the light of thought;  
In my heart, the warmth of love;  
In my hands, the strength of will  
To work, to serve, to give.

V. Through the long winter nights, though darkness held sway  
The stars in their courses shone steady and bright.  
So too in my life, when dark be the way  
I know I can count on my soul's inner light.

EL

I. In the forest deep and dark,  
Trees stand silent, bare, and stark;  
Yet there's one whose branches gleam  
In their cloaks of living green.  
O may I too shine through the year,  
And like the spruce bring joy and cheer.

II. In the ground so dark and deep,  
Seeds like in their winter sleep,  
Safely in their beds of earth,  
They await the Spring's rebirth.

Spirits of the earth awake!  
Pray do not thy task forsake.  
Bring an end to Winter's night,  
Drive the darkness out with light.

III. The candle burns merrily all through the evening  
And fills every heart with delight.  
Though winter winds bluster outside in the darkness  
Within it is cheerful and bright.

IV. The worn and weary traveler  
Has traveled far alone;  
But now her journey's almost done  
She turns her steps towards home.

With cheery light the windows gleam  
The door is opened wide—  
"O welcome back!" her loved ones cry,  
"Come in! O come inside!"

V. To do that which one has to do with love—  
This is the path of duty,  
Where the loving heart finds itself  
In willing devotion.

## JMP

I. Each day the gard'ner tends her plot  
with strong and gentle hand;  
And cares for every tree and plant  
that grows upon the land.

So will I tend to my life's work,  
and ever will I strive  
To care for everything I do  
that it may grow and thrive.

II. The little cygnet on the lake  
is awkward, meek, and shy;  
For till she is completely fledged  
she cannot learn to fly.  
But when she grows into a swan,  
she glides so gracefully,  
And soars aloft on mighty wings  
of regal majesty.

III. Light be in my thought,  
Love be in my heart,  
Strength be in my will,  
To finish what I start.

On the loom of life,  
Crafted carefully,  
Thoughts and words and deeds  
Weave a tapestry.

## AM

I. The timid, little, woodland fawn  
grows stronger year by year;  
A mighty stag he will become,  
who knows not doubt nor fear.

O may I too grow through the years  
in courage, strength, and grace,  
That like the mighty woodland stag  
I find my rightful place.

II. Through the world Saint Francis wandered,  
Helping everyone he could.  
All God's creatures loved their brother—  
Humble, gentle, true, and good.

III. It may be that He is not heard  
In rush of wind or roar of flame.  
It may be that He is not found

Upon the mountain or the plain.  
Perhaps the human heart can hear  
His mighty voice, so small and still,  
And find the courage, strength, and love  
To seek His light and do His will.

IV. The light that permeates my thought,  
The love that warms my heart,  
The strength that courses through my limbs,  
Have all been given me  
That I may do whate'er I can  
To help and serve my fellow man.

## GOG

I. Swiftly and merrily rushes the stream  
down the mountainside;  
Bubbling and splashing, its waters a gleam,  
it turns the great mill wheel.

So may I too discover the way  
to work with all my might—  
To seek the true, to do the good,  
and to uphold the right.

II. The prince who would prepare himself  
to reign someday as king,  
Must learn to weigh the good and ill  
that lives in everything.

To be a king both wise and just  
his conscience he must heed,  
And tread the path of truth and right  
wherever it might lead.

III. Home is where the heart is,  
However far we roam;  
Whene'er we find a loving heart  
We know we have come home.

IV. The slender little sapling  
Has roots so strong and sure,  
Though storm winds blow and bend him low  
He knows he will endure.  
And all that he must suffer,  
And bear throughout the year,  
Will help him be a mighty tree  
Who knows not doubt nor fear.

V. Despite the storm that is raging  
The lantern is gleaming throughout the dark night  
Until fin'ly the wind in its fury  
Quenches the flame of that brave little light.

Not so the flame that is gleaming  
That illumines my thoughts and brings warmth to my heart—  
Despite every sorrow or hardship  
My flame will forever burn steady and bright.

JS

I. Like the shepherd who cares for each sheep in his flock,  
For the cold, the hungry, the weak, or ill -  
May I care for all who are in need,  
Through my warmth of heart and strength of will.

II. The carpenter works carefully  
On every piece of wood;  
Each cut he makes is straight and true,  
Each joint is strong and good.  
And though he is meticulous,  
He keeps his goal in mind,  
So that his work is always done  
By the appointed time.

III. Carefully the nest is crafted,  
Every stalk and stick in place,  
For it must protect a treasure,  
Keep it cradled, warm and safe.

IV. O'er the seas and 'cross the sands,  
Came the kings from far-off lands;  
Hastening from lands afar,  
Led by heaven's shining star;  
Following that star so bright,  
They rode to find the Lord of Light.

OS

I. Like a fledgling who is just beginning to fly,  
And who sees all the other birds soaring so high—  
I know the time will not be long  
Till my wings too grow sure and strong.

II. The honeybee flies through the orchards and meadows  
In search of sweet nectar from flowers and trees.  
When she returns to the hive with her treasure  
She shares the rich honey with all of the bees.

III. Hidden deep beneath the waves  
A treasure may be found.  
Carefully it has been wrought,  
Polished smooth and round.  
And when it is discovered,  
And brought up to the light,

O see how it glistens and gleams like a jewel  
So radiant, pure, and bright!

IV. The hoard of gold  
that is kept in a cave  
And hidden far from sight—  
Will be found one day  
and brought to light,  
And used for the good,  
the truth, and the right.

V. Majestic is the tiger,  
So noble, brave, and bold;  
He roams serenely through his realm  
In robes of burnished gold.  
And though he wanders all alone  
Through the somber forest glade,  
He does not mind the solitude  
And never feels afraid.

SB

V. In the cold and the darkness a fire is blazing,  
High leap the flames, so daring and bright;  
While gently below the embers are glowing  
Giving us warmth as well as light

So may the fire that is burning within me  
Warm and illumine my thoughts, words, and deeds,  
That I may be true to all I've been given,  
That I may give freely of all I've received.

BS

V. There's much that has been thought  
But never yet made known,  
There's much that has been felt,  
But never yet been shown;  
There's much that has been planned  
But never yet begun—  
The journey of the soul  
Is never done.