All things which live below the sky



All things which live below the sky, Or move within the sea, Are creatures of the Lord most high, And brothers unto me.

I love to hear the robin sing, Perched on the highest bough; To see the rook with purple wing Follow the shining plough.

I love to watch the swallow skim The river in his flight; To mark, when day is growing dim, The glowworm's silvery light; The seagull whiter than the foam, The fish that dart beneath; The lowing cattle coming home; The goats upon the heath.

Beneath His heaven there's room for all; He gives to all their meat; He sees the meanest sparrow fall Unnoticed in the street.

Almighty Father, King of Kings, The lover of the meek, Make me a friend of helpless things, Defender of the weak.

Edward J. Brailsford

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