

Flowers on the Ground

There were bees among the branches, taking in the nectar sweet,
But some flowers fell unnoticed on the ground beside my feet ;
There they lay, so fresh and fragrant, soon to fade and waste away,
When the dews had turned to vapor 'neath the burning noontide ray ;
Yet I found they were not wasted, for some bees soon hummed around,
Gathering sweetness from the flowers that were scattered on the ground.

True, that life is full of sorrows, and at times an aching heart
Lies concealed beneath the surface, while we play the actor's part ;
True, the bitter cup of sorrow we must taste from very birth,
And that cruel disappointments track our footsteps on the earth ;
Yet, my friend, 'tis not all bitter, for though pain and grief abound,
There is sweetness to be gathered from the flowers on the ground.

Flowers—yes, they lie unnoticed, and we pass them day by day,
As along life's toilsome journey wearily we wend our way ;
Scattered, strewn along our pathway, unpolluted, sweet they live,
Yet how often we reject them, and regardless pass them by ;
If we would but stoop to try them, it would very soon be found
There is sweetness in the flowers that are scattered on the ground.

While the glorified are feasting where the "marriage supper" 's spread,
Let's eat thankfully the crumbs that constitute our daily bread ;
While they drink the crystal water at the fountain-head above,
We may drink, though lower down stream, and its cooling sweetness prove ;
They have reached the promised Canaan where the milk and honey flow,
But we, too, have gracious blessings in this wilderness below ;
So, while they sing hallelujahs, let our praises, too, resound,
As we gather up the sweetness from the flowers on the ground.

O, the look that tells of sympathy, the smile that doth approve,
The kind, unselfish act that speaks of holy, Christlike love ;
The mute and lingering hand-clasp that says, "I know, I feel,"
The joy that comes through helping those who would their want conceal ;
The heavenly peace that fills the soul that sits at Jesus' feet,
The light divine that shines within, while at the mercy-seat—
These, and the like, are blessings that everywhere abound,
Then let us gather sweetness from the flowers on the ground.