

And said, old world, "Good-bye!"
She was the largest ship
That swung out in the deep,
It was there she met her fate
While some were fast asleep.

She got an awful blow
And she got one on the ground
And that's what made her famous
All the world around.

And when I think of wars and caves,
Of naked hills and lonely graves,
And dungeons dark, where prisoners grieve,
And mothers, orphans, far from home,
And scaffolds cold, and bloody men,
And lovely flowers that grow unseen,
And all the things that come and go
To fill our hearts with joy or woe,
The hearts that bleed with pain,
The hearts that sometimes flutter,
Are not as sad as striking ships,
Sinking in miles of water.

Oh little birds and busy bees
And spiders, how you flutter!
You have your day to work away
Like the ships upon the water.
And little flowers, I must speak of you;
You are so good, you are so true,
You never try to hurt or sting,
Or try to harm a living thing.

I love your little pale, sweet face,
I know you are filled with a Saviour's grace,
And that's why you allow the busy bees
That roam among the lonely trees,
To feed upon your tender leaves—
I know you want to help the bees—
Before you fade away.