

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 sinking 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.

And there is the little tender fly
That runs across the shutters.
And when the ships are lost at sea,
Not a word it mutters.
And if you move, it flies away,
As happy as they were,
The day before the ship went down,
Without a heavenly care.

And why should flies, and birds and bees,
Sing their songs among the trees,
When heavy ships are lost at night,
And men in war are filled with fright?
Who knows the most, or what knows the least,
Everything that has life comes for a feast,
So what can we do or what will we fear,
But struggle along till we all disappear.