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# A Prayer

by Edwin Markham

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Teach me, Father, how to go  
Softly as the grasses grow;  
Hush my soul to meet the shock  
Of the wild world as a rock;  
But my spirit, propt with power,  
Make as simple as a flower.  
Let the dry heart fill its cup,  
Like a poppy looking up;  
Let life lightly wear her crown  
Like a poppy looking down,  
When its heart is filled with dew,  
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be  
Kind and patient as a tree.  
Joyfully the crickets croon  
Under the shady oak at noon;  
Beetle, on his mission bent,  
Tarries in that cooling tent.  
Let me, also, cheer a spot,  
Hidden field or garden grot—  
Place where passing souls can rest  
On the way and be their best.