

Song of the Sparrow



I'm only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
My life is of little value,
But the dear Lord cares for me.

He gives me a coat of feathers...
It is very plain, I know,
Without a speck of crimson,
For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter,
And it shields me from the rain;
Were it bordered with gold and purple,
Perhaps it would make me vain.

And when the spring time cometh,
I will build me a little nest,
With many a chirp of pleasure,
In the spot I love the best.

I have no barn or storehouse,
I neither sow nor reap;
God gives me a sparrow's portion,
With never a seed to keep.

I know there are many sparrows...
All over the world we are found;
But our heavenly Father knoweth
When ONE of us falls to the ground.

Tho' small, we are never forgotten,
Tho' weak, we are never afraid;
For we know the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures He made.

I fly through city and country,
I alight on many a spray;
I have no chart or compass,
But I never lose my way.

I just fold my wings at nightfall
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm can come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
But I know that my Father loves me,
Dost THOU know His love for THEE?

— *Harold Robinson*

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