



# 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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