



- 2. A little child, submissive, still, that knoweth not it hath a will what mother gives, it simply takes, and sweetly sleeps, and laughing wakes.
- 3. If taken up, or laid to rest, all comes to it as were it best; if all forget it for a while, it has no language but a smile.
- 4. To it alike are praise or blame, alike a king's or peasant's name – a thing so weak, so poor, so small, yet fearing nought that may befall.
- 5. How true and innocent its eyes! And simply trusting, it is wise. It reasons not, nor looks before, the present moment all its store.
- 6. It cannot walk, nor stand alone, and nothing doth it call its own – it knows no dangers, no alarms, safe sheltered in its mother's arms.

- 7. Of learnèd lore, and tangled thought, and questions deep, it knoweth nought, and void of wonder or surprise, it watches all with sunny eyes.
- 8. It has its little joy and bliss, its mother's arms, its mother's kiss – her face is ever its delight, its comfort sweet by day and night.
- 9. Blessed innocence of childish days! So unto me are Wisdom's ways; a love divinely deep and high – oh would that such a child were I!
- 10. The life of God in me begun, filled with the Spirit of his Son, in childhood of the life divine, untroubled trust and gladness mine.
- 11. Whilst yet through desert wilds I roam, a child in the eternal Home; beholding now, with joyful eyes, God walking in his Paradise.

Words: Frances Bevan. Music: Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Copyright © 2013 Johannes Thomas Rüegg. Source: www.christmysong.com/793/