

Ella Wheeler Wilcox (1850 - 1919 poem:

The Morning Prayer

Let me to-day do something that shall take
A Little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favoured as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.
Let me not hurt, by any selfish deed
Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend;
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,
Or sin by silence when I should defend.
However meagre be my worldly wealth,
Let me give something that shall aid my kind –
A word of courage, or a thought of health,
Dropped as I passed for troubled hearts to find.
Let me to-night look back across the span
Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say –
Because of some good act to beast or man –
“The world is better that I lived today”.