

Poems about Compassion

Quality of Mercy

by William Shakespeare

The quality of mercy is not strain'd
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

"Smile

She smiled at a sorrowful stranger,
The smile seemed to make him feel better,
he remembered past kindnesses of a friend
and wrote him a thank-you letter.
The friend was so pleased with the thank-you
that he left a large tip after lunch.
The waitress, surprised by the size of the tip,
bet the whole thing on a hunch.
The next day she picked up her winnings,
and gave part to a man on the street.
the man on the street was grateful;
for two days he'd had nothing to eat.
After he finished his dinner,
he left for his small dingy room.
(He didn't know at that moment
that he might be facing his doom.)
On the way he picked up a shivering puppy
and took him home to get warm.
The puppy was so grateful
to be in out of the storm.
That night the house caught on fire.
The puppy barked the alarm.
He barked 'til he woke the whole household
and saved everybody from harm.
One of the boys that he rescued
grew up to be president.
*All this because of a simple smile
that hadn't cost a cent."*

- by Barbara Hauck
published in "Chicken Soup for the Teenage Soul"

Count That Day Lost

by - George Eliot

If you sit down at set of sun
And count the acts that you have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying deed, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind
That fell like sunshine where it went --
Then you may count that day well spent.

But if, through all the livelong day,
You've cheered no heart, by yea or nay --
If, through it all
You've nothing done that you can trace
That brought the sunshine to one face--
No act most small
That helped some soul and nothing cost --
Then count that day as worse than lost.

["Count the Day Lost"](#) video 1:34 min.

Compassion

Compassion is a tool I use each and every day.
Helping others when they work and when they play.
Being kind to others and never push or tease,
Using my good manners saying, "Excuse me" and "Please"!
Compassion is my favorite tool at work or play
Showing kindness to others each and every day.

Anyway

By Mother Teresa

**People are often unreasonable, illogical and self-centered;
Forgive them anyway.**

**If you are kind, people may accuse you of selfish, ulterior
motives;
Be kind anyway.**

**If you are successful, you will win some false friends and
some true enemies;
Succeed anyway.**

**If you are honest and frank, people may cheat you;
Be honest and frank anyway.**

**What you spend years building, someone could destroy
overnight;
Build anyway.**

**If you find serenity and happiness, they may be jealous;
Be happy anyway.**

**The good you do today; people will often forget tomorrow;
Do good anyway.**

**Give the world the best you have, and it may never be enough;
Give the world the best you've got anyway.**

The Sin of Omission

by Margaret E. Sangster

**It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
That gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten;
The letter you did not write;
The flowers you did not send, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts at night.**

**The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way;
The bit of hearthstone counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle, winning tone
Which you had no time nor thought for
With troubles enough of your own.**

**Those little acts of kindness
So easily out of mind,
Those chances to be angels
Which we poor mortals find—
They come in night and silence,
Each sad, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging
And a chill has fallen on faith.**

**For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late;
And it isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.**

A Great Somebody

by Adrienne Sealy Hardesty

I am a serious child

I am a serious child with serious goals.

My life is destined to be filled with positivity.

I am a worker.

If it takes hard work I will do it.

I am a clean somebody.

I know that if I lie down with hogs I can come up with mud

So, I will keep my mind, my body, and my character clean.

I am intelligent.

My brain is a storage place.

I will fill it to the brim with knowledge, and look forward with hope of what to bring.

I am a child hero.

I don't spend time wasting time because I know there is room at the top for

I am the GREATEST somebody there is.

Start LEADING me now, teacher.

Start GUIDING me now, teacher.

Start PRAISING me now, teacher.

AND you will see me rise to the highest heights.

Christmas Eve
by Christopher Morley

Our hearts to-night are open wide,
The grudge, the grief, are laid aside:
The path and porch are swept of snow,
The doors unlatched; the hearthstones glow—
No visitor can be denied.

All tender human homes must hide
Some wistfulness beneath their pride:
Compassionate and humble grow
Our hearts to-night.

Let empty chair and cup abide!
Who knows? Some well-remembered stride
May come as once so long ago—
Then welcome, be it friend or foe!
There is no anger can divide
Our hearts to-night.

