

POEMS ABOUT "SERVICE"

"The Bridgebuilder"

—Anonymous

An old man going a lone highway,
Came, at the evening cold and gray,
To a chasm vast and deep and wide,
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fear for him;
But he turned when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building
here;
Your journey will end with the ending day,
Yon never again will pass this way;
You've crossed the chasm, deep and wide,
Why build this bridge at evening tide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head;
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he
said,
"There followed after me to-day
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm that has been as naught to me
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim;
Good friend, I am building this bridge for
him!"

Five Little Bees

One little bee blew and flew
He met a friend and that made two.

Two little bees, busy as could be—
Along came another and that made three

Three little bees, wanted one more,
Found one soon and that made four.

Four little bees, going to the hive.
Spied their little brother, and that made five

Five little bees working every hour
Buzz away, bees, and find another flower.

Lend a Hand

—Anonymous

Lend a hand to one another
In the daily toil of life;
When we meet a weaker brother,
Let us help him in the strife.
There is none so rich but may,
In his turn, be forced to borrow;
And the poor man's lot to-day
May become our own to-morrow.

Lend a hand to one another:
When malicious tongues have
thrown
Dark suspicion on your brother,
Be not prompt to cast a stone.
There is none so good but may
Run adrift in shame and sorrow.

Lend a hand to one another:
In the race for Honor's crown;
Should it fall upon your brother,
Let not envy tear it down.
Lend a hand to all, we pray,
In their sunshine or their sorrow;
And the prize they've won today
May become our own to-morrow.

This is the Way

By Kim Pitner

This is the way we help our friends,
Help our friends, help our friends.
This is the way we help our friends
So our class is happy.

Additional verses:

...give a hug etc.

...open a door.

...help clean up.

...share our tools.

Credo
By Roy Neal

No Man is an Island
By John Donne

Mix a little shake of laughter in the doings of
the day,
Scatter golden bits of sunshine as you plod
along the way,
Stop to cheer a fellow human that's a bit
worse off than you—
Help him climb the pesky ladder that you find
so hard to do;
Show by every daily motive, every thought
and every deed—
You are one that folks can turn to when they
find themselves in need;
Just forget the rugged places—make believe
they're slick and smooth;
When you spot the troubled faces, pull a grin
and try to soothe;
Life's a game—a mighty short one—play it
gamely while you can—
Let the score book show the record that you
measured up a MAN!
Pretty pomes and marble towers won't avail
you very much,
When you've passed—unless you've helped
to lighten heavy loads and such;
Better far to have your neighbors say you
were a cheerful chap,
Always kind and always helpful—if you're
that, you'll leave a gap;
You may scatter filthy lucre to your merry
heart's content,
And forgotten be much sooner than some
good-souled homeless gent;
Chances are that in the making of your sordid
pile of cash,
In your handclasps you were faking, though
you did show pep and dash;
Never mind about the fortune you made up
your mind to pile—
But just live the GOLDEN RULE, lad, and
your life will be worth while.

No man is an island,
Entire of itself,
Every man is a piece of the
continent,
A part of the main.
If a clod be washed away by the
sea,
Europe is the less.
As well as if a promontory were.
As well as if a manor of thy friend's
Or of thine own were:
Any man's death diminishes me,
Because I am involved in mankind,
And therefore never send to know
for whom the bell tolls;
It tolls for thee.