

THE GREAT AND THE SMALL

First Poem
1951

Little people great and small;
The Lord is master of us all.
Some may be up! Some may be down.
But because of that,
Don't scowl and frown.
This world at best is dark and grim.
Stop! Now! and think.
Hold up that chin!

This is the age to do and win.
When you come to the crossroads
And your choice you make.
Be sure to ponder.
Your all is at stake.
Look up! For direction
And you will find,
An arm that's extended
And a hand that is kind.

So little people, you and I,
Have but to stop, look, and listen.
As the days go by.
Don't you know?
We can! If we just half try
To cross the span.

By Alice M. Martin