Lord, who am I to teach the way
To little children day by day,
So prone myself to go astray?

I teach them knowledge but I know How faint the flicker and how low The candles of my knowledge glow.

I teach them power to will and do
But only now to learn anew
My own great weakness through and through.

I teach them love for all mankind And all God's creatures, but I find My love comes lagging far behind.

Lord, if their guide I still must be, O, let the little children see Their teacher leaning hard on Thee.

by Leslie Hill