



## As The Twig is Bent

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A little girl with shining eyes--  
Her little face aglow  
Said: "Daddy, it is almost time  
For Sunday School, let's go.  
They teach us there of Jesus' love  
Of how He died for all  
Upon the cruel cross to save  
Those who on Him will call."

"Oh no!" said Daddy, "Not today.  
I've worked hard all this week  
And I must have one day of rest  
I'm going to the creek  
For there I can relax and rest  
And fishing's fine, they say,  
So run along; don't bother me.  
We'll go to church some day."

Months and years have passed away,  
But Daddy hears that plea no more;  
"Let's go to Sunday School"  
Those childhood days are o'er  
And now that Daddy's growing old  
When life is almost through,  
He finds the time to go to church,  
But what does daughter do?

She says: "Oh Daddy, not today--  
I stayed up most all night,  
And I've just got to get some sleep  
Besides, I look a fright."  
Then Daddy lifts a trembling hand  
To brush away his tears  
As again he hears that pleading voice  
Distinctly through the years.  
He sees a small girl's shining face  
Upturned, with eyes aglow  
As she says, "It's time for Sunday School,  
Please, Daddy, won't you go?"

*Anon*