Scorn Not The Slightest Word Or Deed

1. Scorn not the slightest word or deed, Nor deem it void of pow’r;
2. A whispered word may touch the heart, And call it back to life;
3. No act falls fruitless; none can tell How vast its pow’rs may be,
4. Work on, despair not; bring thy mite, Nor care how small it be;

There’s fruit in each wind-wafted seed, That waits its natal hour.
A look of love bid sin depart, And still unhoely strife.
Nor what results in-folded dwell Within it silently.
God is with all that serve the right, The holy, true, and free.

Words: Unknown
Music by J. B. Herbert

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