The background of the entire image is a rustic, textured stone wall. In the upper center, there is a small window with a white frame, partially open. On the windowsill, three terracotta pots hold various plants, including purple flowers and a tall, thin plant with red blossoms. To the right of the window, a potted plant with long, thin green leaves is visible. Below the window, the text is centered. A decorative vine with heart-shaped leaves hangs across the bottom right of the text. In the bottom left corner, there are large green leaves, and in the bottom center, there are more purple flowers.

Music of the Soul:
TREASURED POEMS
FROM UNITY



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TREASURED
POEMS FROM
UNITY

INTRODUCTION

Poetry has long been a favorite way in Unity to express Truth messages. Through the rhythmic rise and fall of the verses, the reader not only absorbs the meaning but also feels the flow of the Divine. The poems in this booklet span nearly 100 years of Unity publications—*Daily Word*®, *Unity Magazine*®, *Good Business*, *Progress*, *Weekly Unity* and *Wee Wisdom*—and transcend time with their poignant messages for people of all faiths and all generations.

Several Unity classics have a life all their own. The oldest, “The Prayer of Faith,” first appeared in *Wisdom* (later renamed *Wee Wisdom*) in January 1914 under the title of “The Truth Child’s Rosary.” (Two others, James Dillet Freeman’s “I Am There” and “Prayer for Protection” share a special place in both Unity and American history as poems left on the moon by Apollo astronauts To read these poems, visit the Prayer section on www.unity.org.)

As you read this booklet, you may become aware of gender references because of differences in word usage over the years. We invite you to replace these words with expressions of your choice.

We hope you enjoy this legacy of poems. As you read, may you tune in to the music of your soul.

Blessings,
Your friends in Unity





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Begin Your Good

R. H. Grenville

“God sends the thread for a web begun,”
The words of an ancient proverb run.
So whatever it is you hope to win,
Create, or accomplish, or be—begin!

The fruitful harvest for which you pray
Is locked in the seed that you sow today;
The joyous journey you long to make
Begins with the first firm step you take.
So lift your eyes to your special star
And step out boldly from where you are,
Beginning the task that you long to do—
And God will help you to see it through.



This Is the Year!

Russell A. Kemp

Wonderful, wonderful, fortunate you,
This is the year that your dreams come true!
This is the year that your ships come in;
This is the year you find Christ within.
This is the year you are glad to live;
This is the year you have much to give.
This is the year when you know the Truth;
This is the year when you find new youth.
This is the year that brings happiness;
This is the year you will live to bless.
Wonderful, wonderful, fortunate you,
This is the year that your dreams come true!

Morning Rhythm

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

I go to meet my good!
Head high, back straight and tall,
A quick firm stride to match
A silent bugle call
That musters gathering faith,
New-fed on morning prayer.
Alive with joy and praise,
My heart and soul declare:
In all I do, in every way,
I go to meet my good today.





A Prayer for a House

James Dillet Freeman

Lord, bless this house—

so that any who pass by it
will be more aware of beauty—

so that any who are guests in it
will find comfort, company,
and composure—

so that friends will find in it
friendliness—

so that those who come to it with joy
will go from it with more joy,
and those who come troubled
will go feeling peace—

so that we who live in it
day and night and through the years
will find in it
quiet when we need quiet,
exercise of mind when we need that,
a shelter for body and spirit,
a place to spend solitary hours
and to share with those we love.

Amen.



Today Holds Beauty

Eleanor Halbrook Zimmerman

Today holds beauty like a cup.

Oh, see, my heart, where beauty clings
In flower faces lifted up,
In curve and joy of linnet's wings,
In songs of children at their play,
And see how tenderly it graces
The little things of every day,
The lighting of familiar faces.

I may not walk a step abroad
But that I shall find beauty there,
And though I stay indoors, still God
Has set its magic everywhere.
Today holds beauty like a cup
That brims with a celestial wine,
That every child of God may sup,
For it is yours, and it is mine.

A Rendezvous With Youth

Wilmet L. Cummings

I have a rendezvous with youth.

My soul is ever young;

I hear no evil with my ears,

Or voice it with my tongue.

I see no evil with my eyes;

No evil thoughts assail.

I have a rendezvous with youth,

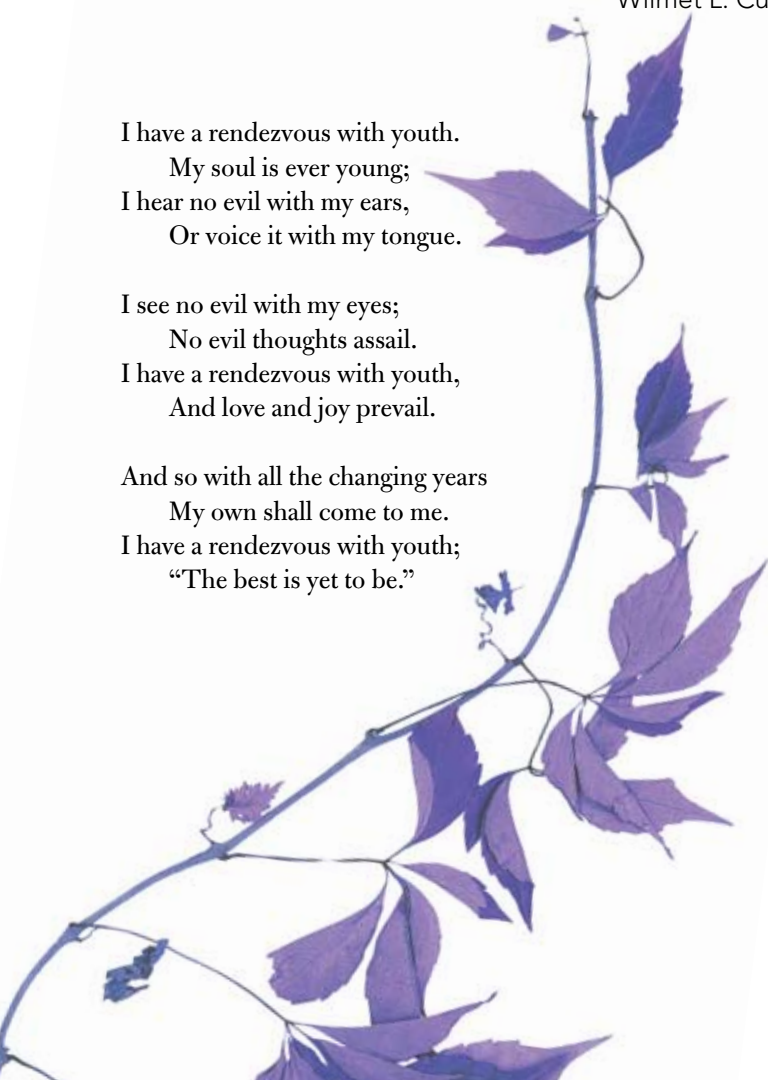
And love and joy prevail.

And so with all the changing years

My own shall come to me.

I have a rendezvous with youth;

“The best is yet to be.”



Such Is My Faith

Berniece Ayers Hall

From blessings like these is my faith reborn:
Cool, dew-sparkled grass in the early morn;
Swift, silvery flash of a seagull's wings;
The first daring note that the robin sings,
Triumphant and clear in the freezing rain;
His small heart believing that once again
All nature will yield up her glowing best
Of blossoms and fruit and a snug, warm nest.
Oh, trivial things, you are prone to say,
Oft taken for granted: a kitten's play,
Ubiquitous stars in the midnight skies,
And candle flames mirrored in baby eyes;
A family gathered, the grace that's said,
A child's good-night kiss as he climbs into bed—
And peace, like a balm, for our earnest prayers.
If trifles, these speak of a God who cares.



Faith

Jane Lyon Keith

Stone by stone a wall is made,
And each stone must lie square.
Petal by petal a rose unfolds,
And each petal must be fair.

Little by little faith is built
And day by day it grows;
Stronger at last than a wall of stone,
And lovelier than a rose.



Up and Doing

R. H. Grenville

The sun climbs into heaven, and there's laughter in his eye;
The wind is whistling merrily as he goes dancing by,
And in the waking woodlands there's green on every tree,
And every blade of blowing grass conceals a prophecy.

So let's be up and doing! The morning is a dare
To get things done, to make a start, to power work with prayer.
Pull up the blinds; let in the light; and tackle life anew.
Who knows what prizes may be won before this day is through?



I Shall Walk on the Hills

Grace Noll Crowell

I shall go out today
From my roof and my door,
I shall not carry my burdens along
As I have before;
I shall forget the carking cares,
The tasks to be done.
I shall walk on the cool green hills awhile
In the wind and the sun.
I shall stand on the heights and face the sky,
I shall breathe the air
That is clean and sweet; I shall lift my heart
In earnest prayer,
And all the problems that I have tried
To solve in vain,
Will become crystal-clear, and the way
Will be made plain.
Then I shall go back to the waiting tasks,
But shall carry with me
The strength of God's hills, and a beautiful new
Serenity.

Release

Irma Oestmann

I wanted to hold you, thinking that holding was loving,
But soon I learned that this was not true love; and so
I let go. It's called release.
You are now free to waft on the winds of your soul.
I watch you as you move into new worlds.
My heart is happy for your freedom and mine.
Momentarily I long to hold you again as you touch my branch,
Ever so lightly, on your windblown path.
The touch reminded me of tender moments we had shared,
Of tears and of laughter.



Now you are choosing a new way of thinking and living.
Yes, the choice is yours; and if you choose to light upon my
Branch again, momentarily, it shall be as the touch of eternity.
For now I know that we are both free spirits, free to do and
Free to be and especially free to be more together than apart.
For the soul and life in the branch are the same as in the leaf.
Our words are the same though many miles apart.
I wish you happy freedom; and, together or apart, our love is eternal,
More lasting and fulfilled now than before when we held so tightly.
Now we know true love and the releasing was the real beginning.

The Instrument

Dorothy A. Stickell

Because the world needs cheering,
A wind harp I will be,
That vibrates with the beauty
Of God's own melody.

No inharmonious thinking
Must ever mar the chords.
My task is just the tuning:
The music is the Lord's.



The Waiting Kingdom

Clarence Edwin Flynn

The kingdom of heaven is at hand,
Not in some distant point in space,
Not far out among the unborn years,
Nor in some mysterious spot,
Nor beyond some lock-bound gate
Or forbidding barrier,
Nor in one place or another,
But here, at our fingertips.

The kingdom is nothing new.
The Master did not bring it.
He only came to tell us
It had always been here,
Waiting within our reach,
Ready to be taken up at any time;
Not something to be found,
But something to be accepted.

The kingdom of heaven is a possibility,
Ready to be made into an actuality.
We shall have it
When we reach out and take it.
When enough of us do so,
The world will have it, too.



Master Truth

Clarence Edwin Flynn

There is more light than shadow;
 There are more smiles than cares;
More grass grows on the meadow
 Than brambles, weeds, and tares.
There is more song than weeping;
 There is more sun than rain;
There is more golden reaping
 Than lost and blighted grain.
There is more peace than terror;
 There is more hope than fear;
There is more truth than error;
 More rights than wrongs appear.
On the long road to glory
 We climb more than we fall;
And by and large the story
 Comes out right after all.



Sanctuary

Elsa Autzen

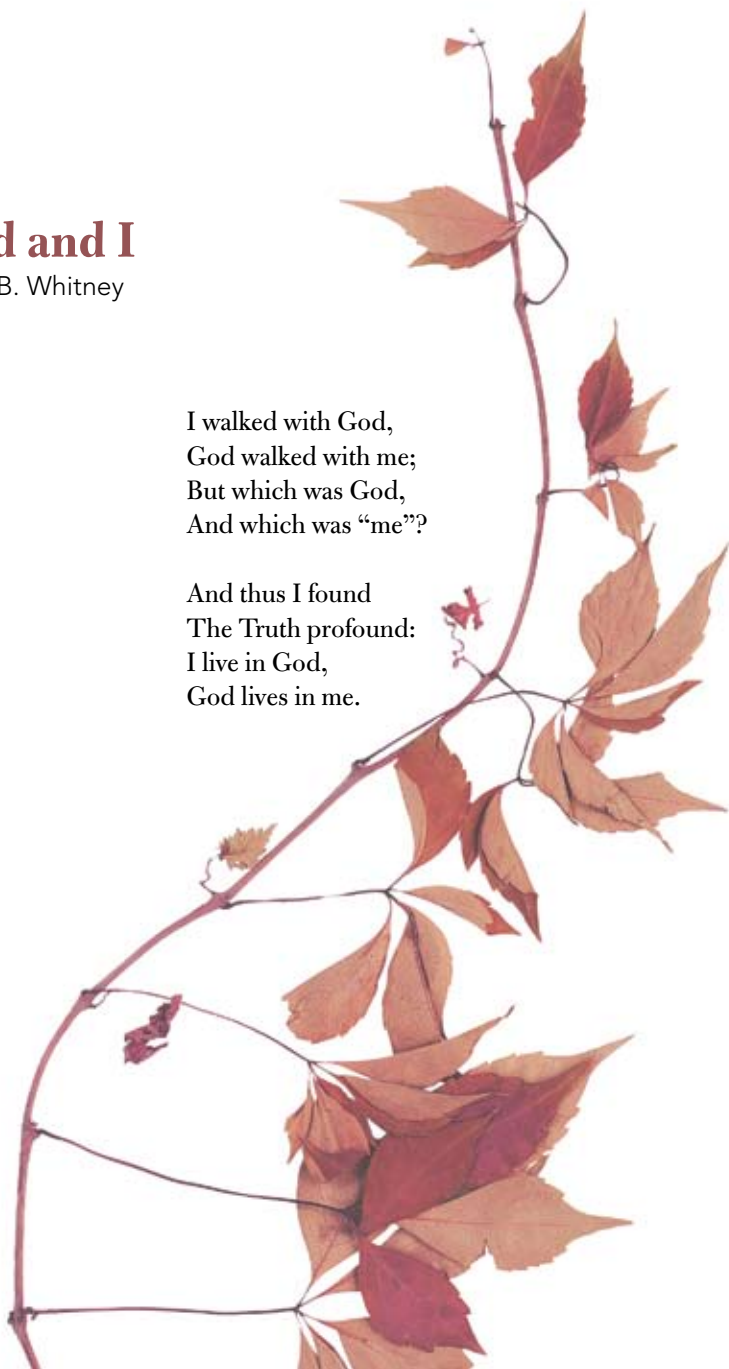
I have come here where all is still, so still,
There is a hush as in a holy place,
To watch the moon's serene and lambent face
Above the quiet lake and distant hill.
No world cacophonies intrude, to fill
The mind, for silence falls with healing grace.
And prayer and meditation will efface
The small and selfish aims of human will.
Now shall the earth-tired spirit be imbued
With peace. This haven of tranquillity
Supplies the soul's deep need of solitude.
Here I may kneel beneath an ancient tree,
Alone with God, and rise at last, renewed
And strong, to do the work He has for me.

God and I

Frank B. Whitney

I walked with God,
God walked with me;
But which was God,
And which was “me”?

And thus I found
The Truth profound:
I live in God,
God lives in me.



My Love to Thee

Myrtle Fillmore

(Adapted from “The Rosary”)

The hours I’ve spent with Thee, dear Lord,
Are pearls of priceless worth to me.
My soul, my being merge in sweet accord,
In love for Thee, in love for Thee.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
Binding Thy presence close to me;
I only know that Thou art there,
And I am lost in Thee.

Oh, glorious joys that thrill and bless!
Oh, visions sweet of love divine!
My soul its rapturous bliss can ill express
That Thou art mine, O Lord!
That Thou art mine!

Blessing for a Marriage

James Dillet Freeman

May your marriage bring you all the exquisite excitements
a marriage should bring,
and may life grant you also patience, tolerance, and understanding.

May you always need one another—
not so much to fill your emptiness as to help you to know
your fullness.

A mountain needs a valley to be complete;
the valley does not make the mountain less but more;
and the valley is more a valley because it has a mountain
towering over it.

So let it be with you and you.

May you need one another, but not out of weakness.

May you want one another, but not out of lack.

May you entice one another, but not compel one another.

May you embrace one another, but not encircle one another.

May you succeed in all important ways with one another,
and not fail in the little graces.

May you look for things to praise, often say, “I love you!”
and take no notice of small faults.

If you have quarrels that push you apart,
May both of you hope to have good sense
enough to take the first step back.

May you enter into the mystery which is
the awareness

of one another's presence—
no more physical than spiritual, warm and
near when you are side by side, and warm
and near when you are in separate rooms
or even distance cities.

May you have happiness, and may you
find it making one another happy.

May you have love, and may you find it
loving one another!

Thank You, God,
for Your presence here
with us and Your blessing
on this marriage.
Amen.





Revealed

Della Adams Leitner

The daffodil is in the bulb,
The pansy in the seed,
Awaiting soil and rain and sun,
Incentives that they need.

Your special talent lies within;
God placed the pattern there.
Give it the sunshine of your work,
The raindrops of your prayer.

And in the beauty that will be
Your soul shall find its own,
The loveliness that God designed
To its perfection grown.

To a Friend

Jim Rosemergy

There was a time when I thought
God walked beside you,
But now I see God moves
with every step you take.

There was a time when I thought
God loved you,
But now I feel you are the love
I often speak of.

There was a time when I thought
God had blessed you,
But now I know you
are His blessing for me.



Morning Prayer

Ella Syfers Schenck

Lord, in the quiet of this morning hour,
I come to Thee for peace, for wisdom, power
To view the world today through love-filled eyes;
Be patient, understanding, gentle, wise.
To see beyond what seems to be, and know
Thy children as Thou knowest them; and so
Nought but the good in anyone behold.
Make deaf my ears to slander that is told;
Silence my tongue to aught that is unkind;
Let only thoughts that bless dwell in my mind.
Let me so kindly be, so full of cheer,
That all I meet may feel Thy presence near.
O clothe me in Thy beauty, this I pray,
Let me reveal Thee, Lord, through all the day.



The Answer

Lowell Fillmore

When for a purpose
I had prayed and prayed and prayed
Until my words seemed worn and bare
With arduous use,
And I had knocked and asked and
Knocked and asked again,
And all my fervor and persistence brought no hope,
I paused to give my weary brain a rest
And ceased my anxious human cry.
In that still moment,
After self had tried and failed,
There came a glorious vision of God's power,
And, lo, my prayer was answered in that hour.



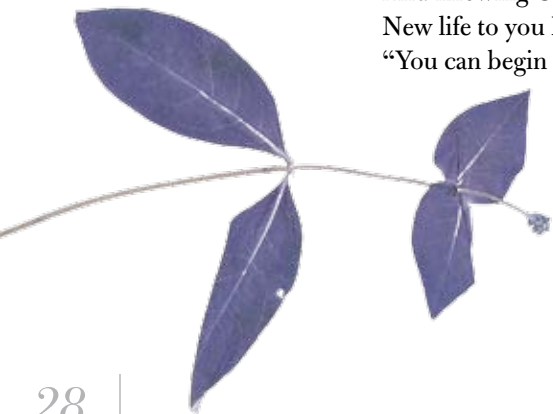
Beginning Again

Frank B. Whitney

It matters not what may befall;
Beyond all else I hear the call
“You can begin again.”
My courage rises when I hear
God’s voice allay the thought of fear
And when He whispers gently, near,
“You can begin again.”

When once quite all the world seemed wrong,
Throughout its din I heard His song,
“You can begin again.”
An inner joy within me stirred,
I treasured each assuring word,
My heart was lifted when I heard,
“You can begin again.”

Begin again? Another chance?
Can even I make an advance?
“You can begin again.”
Begin at once by taking heart
And knowing God—of you He’s part!
New life to you He will impart!
“You can begin again.”



Blessing for a Church

James Dillet Freeman

This is God's house.

May we who come here not only find out about God, but find God.

May there be beauty in this place, but especially may it be a place where men and women become aware of the beauty in themselves.

May this be a place of worship. May this be a place of instruction. May this be a place of singing. May this be a place of prayer.

But for us who worship and take instruction and sing and pray, may this always be a place of inner stillness, where we may listen and hear when God speaks.

May whoever ministers here minister in love. May whoever teaches here teach truth. May whoever serves here serve pleasantly.

May everyone come into this house in expectation and go with thanksgiving, and may anyone who comes needing help go feeling blest.

May this be such a house that Jesus Christ—or any stranger, even one of the least—would feel in it that He was with friends.

Amen.





The Goal

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

All roads that lead to God are good;
What matters it, your faith or mine;
Both center at the goal divine
Of love's eternal brotherhood.

A thousand creeds have come and gone;
But what is that to you or me?
Creeds are but branches of a tree,
The root of love lives on and on.

Though branch by branch proves withered wood,
The root is warm with precious wine;
Then keep your faith, and leave me mine;
All roads that lead to God are good.



My Hand in God's

Florence Scripps Kellogg

Each morning when I wake I say,
"I place my hand in God's today";
I know He'll walk close by my side
My every wandering step to guide.

He leads me with the tenderest care
When paths are dark and I despair—
No need for me to understand
If I but hold fast to His hand.

My hand in His! No surer way
To walk in safety through each day.
By His great bounty I am fed;
Warmed by His love, and comforted.

When at day's end I seek my rest
And realize how much I'm blessed,
My thanks pour out to Him; and then
I place my hand in God's again.



This Quiet Place

Dorothy Pierson

I came to this quiet place
And found You waiting for me, God.
I hadn't heard You call,
I had no seeming need at all,
But I just felt guided to be still ...
And here You are!

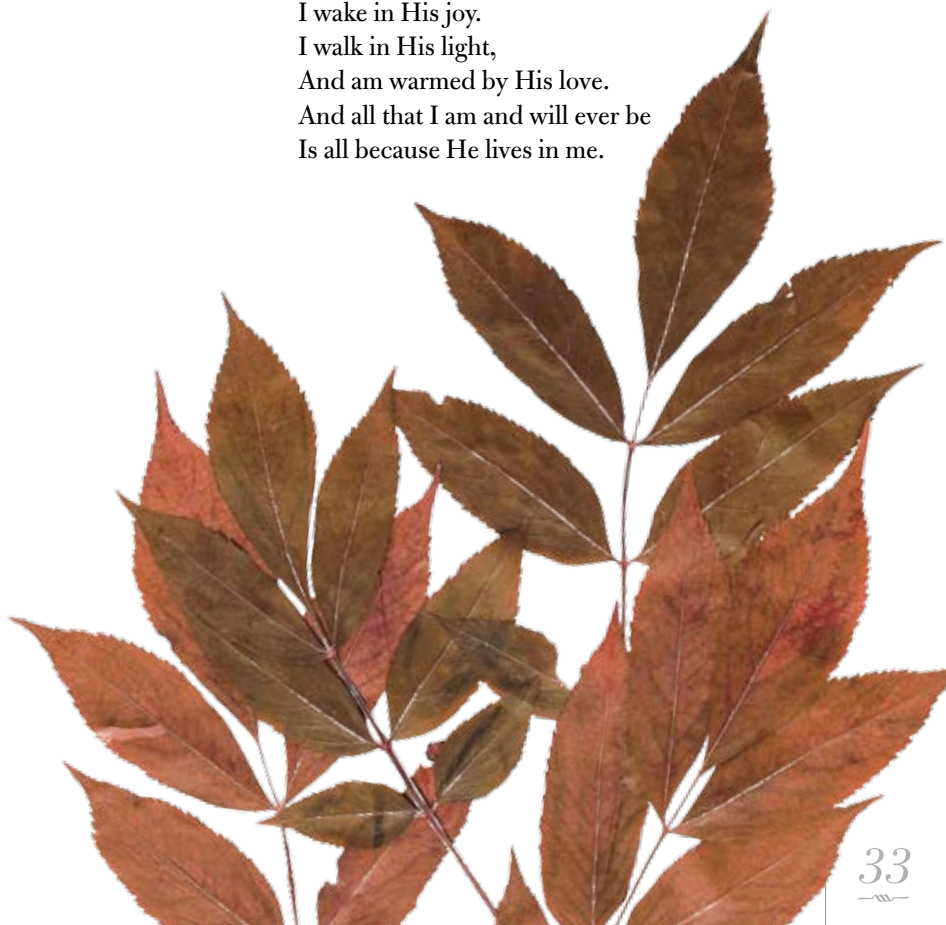
My heart is open to Your will.
Speak to me, God,
For I am listening within myself.
I hear You in my mind,
A kind of moving
As in the quiet of a forest,
Pleasant sounds, soft and whispering
To my heart.
In this place apart, O God,
Thank You for the peace I feel,
The sure knowing that You are here,
And real,
And that we are one
In this quiet place.



He Lives in Me

Jim Rosemergy

I sleep in His peace.
I wake in His joy.
I walk in His light,
And am warmed by His love.
And all that I am and will ever be
Is all because He lives in me.



Irradiance

Ernest C. Wilson

Oh, fill me with Thy presence, Lord,
That love may shine through me
To quicken that same presence, Lord,
In all whose eyes can see.

Oh, fill me with Thy presence, Lord,
That wisdom may be mine
To share Thy light with all who need
To let their own light shine.

Oh, fill me with Thy presence, Lord,
To guide what power I wield,
That it may ever strengthen good,
And be from ill a shield.

“Oh, fill me with Thy presence, Lord—”
But need I longer wait?
Thy presence hath been given me,
To live and radiate!



Full Circle

Jean S. Platt



The old man sleeps—an embryo—
Knees drawn up to his chest,
I hesitate to waken him;
perhaps it might be best
to let him dream a little yet;
he looks so peaceful there,
and life is so confusing now,
the happy moments, rare.

But even as I stand and watch,
he wakes to gaze at me.
No recognition on his face,
he stares; then suddenly
he beckons with a fragile hand
to bring me to his side.
(He wants someone to comb his hair;
he hasn't lost his pride.)


I hold the mirror when I'm through;
He's pleased; his hair looks fine.
Three score—the years I've been his child;
now, for a while, he's mine.

The Traveler

James Dillet Freeman

He has put on invisibility.
Dear Lord, I cannot see—
But this I know, although the road ascends
And passes from my sight,
That there will be no night;
That You will take him gently by the hand
And lead him on
Along the road of life that never ends,
And he will find it is not death but dawn.
I do not doubt that You are there as here,
And You will hold him dear.





Our life did not begin with birth,
It is not of the earth;
And this that we call death, it is no more
Than the opening and closing of a door—
And in Your house how many rooms must be
Beyond this one where we rest momentarily.

Dear Lord, I thank You for the faith that frees,
The love that knows it cannot lose its own;
The love that, looking through the shadows, sees
That You and he and I are ever one!

“If I Were King”

Francis J. Gable

“If I were king—” How men will dream
And then destroy the dreams they weave
And tarnish every golden gleam
For lack of vision to perceive
That with the dream fulfillment sure
Must come to him whose dreams endure.

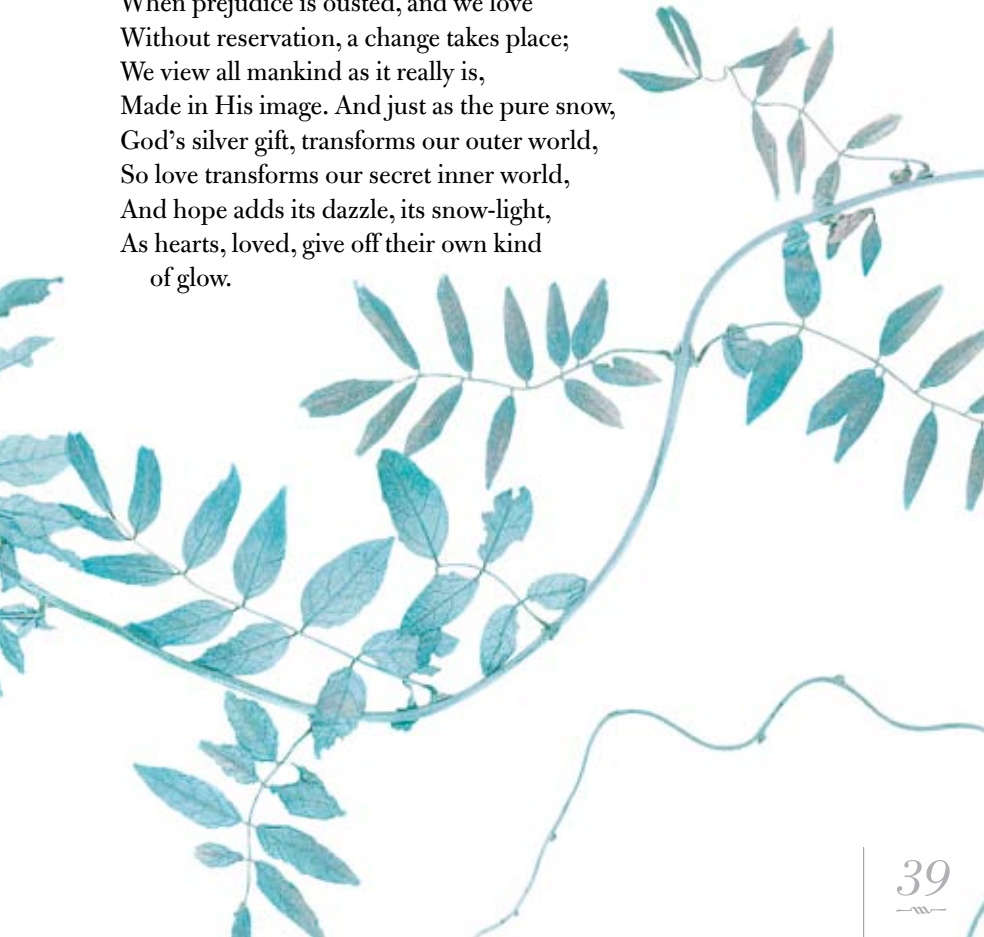
“If I were king—” How oft the word
Goes forth from eager, hungry heart,
Whose latent powers, by Spirit stirred,
To lofty aspirations start
And then drop back with crumpled wing
To lie a hopeless, beaten thing!

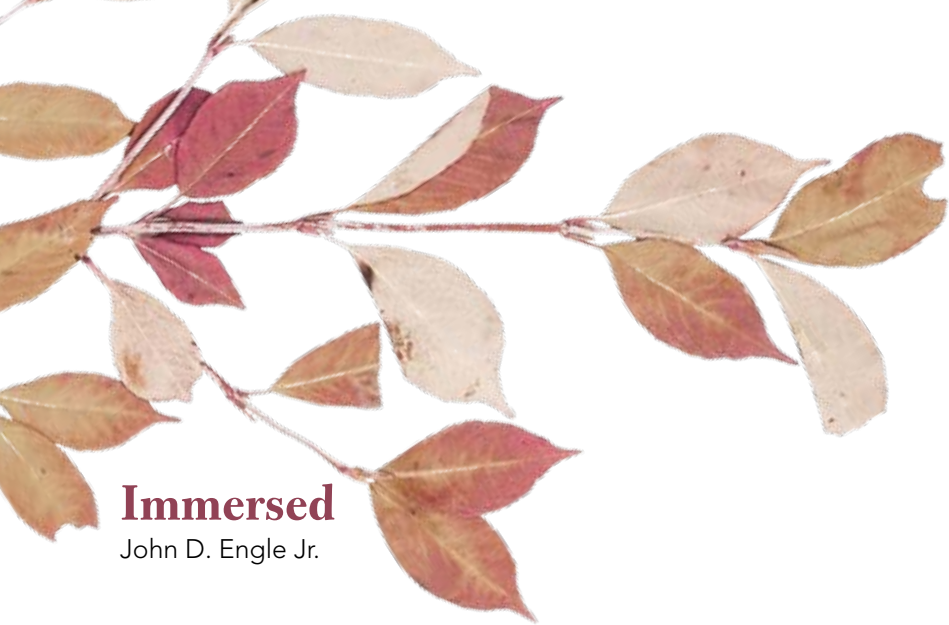
“If I were king—” I am a king!
And if I open wide the door,
The cosmic forces join to bring
On every wind an endless store
Of faith and trust my heart to fill
And there enthrone my mighty will.

Transformation

Pauline Havard

With the white impersonality of snow
Distinctions are wiped out, and all is beauty.
And it is like this when love rules the heart—
All people seem the same, no matter what race
or creed;
All shine with the same look: divinity.
When prejudice is ousted, and we love
Without reservation, a change takes place;
We view all mankind as it really is,
Made in His image. And just as the pure snow,
God's silver gift, transforms our outer world,
So love transforms our secret inner world,
And hope adds its dazzle, its snow-light,
As hearts, loved, give off their own kind
of glow.





Immersed

John D. Engle Jr.

Immersed in infinite energy and love,
I'm part of the eternal flow of things.
No matter when or where or how I move,
whether on earth with wheels or in air with wings,
I am a part of everything that is,
all that has been or will ever be.
Designed by the dreams of all divinities,
all beauty and all Truth are mixed in me.
Knowing this, I shed my shell of doubt,
till free in the freedom of the Mystic Mind
and linked to laws of love, I go about
fulfilling that for which I was designed,
which is to sing myself and try to share
the loveliness of which I am aware.



Prayer in Winter

Marie Daerr

Now, in the season stilled for slumbering,
Roots lie deep-bedded in the sheltering earth
And buds, warm-wrapped, await the eager spring,
Having no doubt of sun and warmth and birth;
Content, for now, with silence and with sleep,
Counting the days not wasted—knowing well
That, though this stronghold may be dark and deep,
Soon spears of green will burst their narrow shell.
God, let my soul make use of quietness,
Taking a lesson from the patient, slow
Ways of the land—aware that, close to You,
I too have found a time to dream—and grow.

A close-up photograph of several green, serrated leaves, likely from a tree, positioned at the top of the page.

I Behold the Christ in You

Frank B. Whitney

I behold the Christ in you,
Here the life of God I see;
I can see a great peace too,
I can see you whole and free.

I behold the Christ in you.
I can see this as you walk;
I see this in all you do,
I can see this as you talk.

I behold God's love expressed,
I can see you filled with power;
I can see you ever blessed,
See Christ in you hour by hour.

I behold the Christ in you,
I can see that perfect one;
Led by God in all you do,
I can see God's work is done.

God Bless Your Birthday

James Dillet Freeman

God bless your birthday! Let it be
A smilestone in eternity.
Marking your passage onto earth,
Your private miracle of birth,
Your birthday is devoted to
A very happy happening—you!

This is a day to turn your heart to
Your fondest dreams, a day to start to
Make them come true, a day to go on
Unfolding; oh, a day to grow on!
Not a stopping place, but a day to begin—
A day to chart high conquest in!

A birthday is a day to see
Yourself as a child of eternity
On an adventure always new.
God bless your birthday! God bless you!





For Healing

R. H. Grenville

Come, step into the pool
of quietness.
Relax your tired heart.
Let silence bless
and ease your every part
to tranquil trust,
washing away all trace
of wearying dust.
This quiet holds the calm
of silken seas.
Enter it gracefully
and take your ease.
An angel Presence
ministers to all
who seek
this timeless place.
Her name is Peace.

Still Silence

Rebecca Lynn Gregory

Still silence calms the depths of me.
It sets my heart and spirit free,
and lights those paths which I thought gray
and misted as a gloomy day.
Within this deepest silence lie
the how and when, the where, the why,
and all the many answers sought
by years of forced and twisted thought.
The silence is my stillness—peace—
a fragrant, velvet-soft release;
a place within which I might touch
whene'er the world becomes too much.





Discovery

Marsha Graf

Out of the
coldest
and seemingly most
barren
times of our lives,
we discover
hidden truths
and bring them as
gifts
into the lives of
others.



The Prayer of Faith

Hannah More Kohaus

God is my help in every need;
God does my every hunger feed;
God walks beside me, guides my way
Through every moment of the day.

I now am wise, I now am true,
Patient, kind, and loving too.
All things I am, can do, and be
Through Christ, the Truth that is in me.

God is my health, I can't be sick;
God is my strength, unfailing, quick;
God is my all, I know no fear,
Since God and love and Truth are here.

PRAYER SUPPORT

Sometimes people need help in praying—extra spiritual support when it feels too difficult to go it alone. In times like these, it is comforting to be able to contact a prayer ministry such as Silent Unity®, one of the oldest and largest prayer ministries in the world, for live, personal prayer support 24/7.

Silent Unity serves people of all faiths. All prayer requests are treated with reverence and strictest confidentiality and are enfolded in prayer for 30 days.

The work of Silent Unity is based on the belief that true soul satisfaction can only come by knowing God—that, regardless of any outer manifestation, reconnecting with the presence of God is the real need. In other words, God doesn't have what we want—God is what we want.

Silent Unity helps people know their oneness with God, that they may open themselves to the presence of God and recognize this divine light in all people and circumstances.