1. Nay, speak no ill; a kindly word Can never leave a sting behind; And, oh, to breathe each tale we've heard faults of face. How can it please the human pride as your own. If you're the first a fault to see, Is far beneath a noble mind. Full oft a better seed is sown To prove humanity but base? No, let us reach a higher mood, Be not the first to make it known, For life is but a passing day:

By choosing thus the kinder plan, For, if but little
A nobler estimate of man; Be earnest in the
No lip may tell how brief its span. Then, oh, the little
good is known,
search for good,
time we stay,

Still let us speak the best we can.
And speak of all the best we can.
Let's speak of all the best we can.

Text and music: Anon., ca. 1853

James 4:11
Ephesians 4:29–32