

# ABBE M♥MARRIAGE SERVICES

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## Baby Naming

*The author has put this collection together as a result of many requests from couples to provide suggestions for something different for ceremonies.*

*This book is the accumulated experience of over fourteen years of being a civil celebrant.*

*The author has selected sections of poems that have appealed to her and those her clients have recommended.*

*Most baby naming ceremonies require 2 poems to be selected, you can print the poems and tick the box on the poems that you wish to use in the ceremony.*

*Baby Name giving ceremonies are special event for proud parents and often Grandparents form part of the ceremony, so please make use of the free ceremonies and make the day special.*

*For information about my services please visit my website, I also have other useful tools that will make your day special.*

*Janet*

**My Baby**

[ ]

Ten little fingers, ten little toes –  
Rosy little lips and a button nose.  
So soft and cuddly with a baby sweet smell,  
Eyes so full of trust that I just can't fail.

I know a gift of God you had to be –  
How else could something so perfect come to me?  
You wiggle and snuggle, gurgle and coo –  
Do you know of all the love in my heart for you?

Your eyes are getting heavy  
As off to Dreamland you go,  
To dream of teddy bears and kittens,  
And your Mother's love, I know.

I hold you close and look at you with awe –  
As a little silent prayer I say –  
"Thank you God, and please help me mould  
this little life the right way."

I put you in your crib so gently and  
Turn to blink away the tears.  
You're my baby now, but I know it's  
Just for a few short years.

**A Daughter, How Wonderful**

[ ]

What could there be upon this earth  
More joyous than a baby's birth,  
Especially if the baby's wearing pink  
A little princess just for you  
With rosy cheeks and dimples too,  
She'll change your life  
Much more than you think!

Today, you're singing lullabies  
And running every time she cries.  
But, oh! How fast  
She'll grow and change, and then,  
With pigtails blowing in the breeze,  
And missing teeth and skinned knees,  
One day you'll look  
And suddenly, she's ten!

She'll fill your life with mud and grins,  
Her dolls, her pets, her outs and ins,  
You'll try to make each moment last...  
Because you know, as time has shown,  
Before you know it, she'll be grown,  
These childhood years just disappear so fast.

But for a while, her world is you,  
So give her love and hold her too  
For what you feel is only just the start  
Of all the very many ways  
She'll bring you joy and light your days,  
A daughter's guaranteed to steal your heart.

**From the Prophet**

And a woman who held a babe against her bosom said,  
Speak to us of Children.  
And he said:

*Your children are not your children.  
They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.  
They come through you but not from you.  
And though they are with you, yet they belong not to you.  
You may give them your love but not your thoughts,  
For they have their own thoughts.  
You may house their bodies but not their souls,  
For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow,  
Which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.  
You may strive to be like them, but seek not to make them like you.  
For life goes not backward nor tarries with yesterday.  
You are the bows  
From which your children  
As living arrows  
Are sent forth.*

**A Child learns what she lives**

If a child lives with criticism,  
    She learns to condemn  
If a child lives with hostility,  
    She learns to fight.  
If a child lives with ridicule,  
    She learns to be shy.  
If a child lives with shame,  
    She learns to feel guilt.  
But,  
If a child lives with tolerance,  
    She learns to be patient.  
If a child lives with encouragement,  
    She learns confidence.  
If a child lives with fairness,  
    She learns justice.  
If a child lives with security,  
    She learns to have faith.  
If a child lives with approval,  
    She learns to like herself.  
If a child lives with acceptance and friendship,  
    She learns to find live in the world.

**My Son**

The sunshine of your precious smile could melt the coldest heart.  
It brightens up my dreary day when we are far apart.  
The memory of your little hand holding mine so tight brings a warm glow to my heart on a cold and dreary night.  
Those little arms that hug my neck will soon be big and strong;  
You're growing up so quickly so it won't be very long,

So I'll take your hugs and kisses now,  
Cause the day will soon be here,  
When you'll think you're much to big  
For me to hold so near.

**To my Mother**

[ ]

"Where have I come from,  
where did you pick me up?"  
the baby asked its mother.  
She answered, half crying, half laughing,  
and clasped the baby to her breast, -  
"You were hidden in my heart as its desire, my darling.  
You were in the dolls of my childhood's games;  
In all my hopes and my loves, in my life,  
In the life of my mother you have lived.

When in girlhood my heart was opening its petals,  
You hovered as a fragrance about it.  
Your tender softness bloomed in my youthful limbs,  
Like a glow in the sky before sunrise.  
Heaven's first darling,  
Twin-born with the morning light,  
You have floated down the stream of the world's life,  
And at last you have arrived in my heart.  
As I gaze on your face, mystery overwhelms me;  
You, who belong to all, have become mine.  
For fear of losing you I hold you tight to my breast.  
What magic has snared the world's treasure in my arms?

**Little One**

[ ]

Bless this little heart,  
This white soul that has won  
The kiss of heaven for our earth  
He loves the light of the sun  
He loves the sight of his mother's face  
He has not learned to despise the dust  
Nor to hanker after gold  
Clasp him to your heart and bless him  
He has come into this land  
Of one hundred crossroads  
I know not how he chose you  
From the crowd  
How he came to your door  
And grasped your hand  
To ask you the way.

He will follow you,  
Laughing and talking and  
Not a doubt in his heart,  
Keep his trust,  
Lead him straight and bless him  
Lay your hand on his head, and pray that  
Thought the waves underneath grow threatening,  
Yet the breath from above may come  
And fill his sails and waft him  
To the haven of peace  
Forget him not in your hurry  
Let him come to your heart  
And bless him.

**Parent's Love**

[ ]

A Parent's love is something  
That no one can explain.  
It is made of deep devotion  
And of sacrifice and pain.  
It is endless and unselfish  
And enduring, come what may.  
For nothing can destroy it  
Or take that love away.  
It is patient and forgiving  
When all others are forsaking,  
And it never fails or falters  
Even though the heart is breaking.  
It believes beyond believing  
When the world around condemns,  
And it glows with all the beauty  
Of the rarest, brightest gems.  
It is far beyond defining,  
It defies all explanation,  
And it still remains a secret  
Like the mysteries of creation.  
A many splendored miracle  
Man cannot understand.  
And special wondrous evidence  
Of Life's tender guiding hand.

**May All Your Wishes All Come True**

[ ]

May your wishes all come true  
May you always do for others  
And let others do for your,  
May you build a ladder to the stars  
And climb on every rung  
And may you stay forever young

May you grow up to be righteous  
May you grow up to be true  
May you always know the truth  
And see the light surrounding you.  
May you always be courageous,  
Stand upright and be strong  
And may you stay forever young.

May you hands always be busy  
And may your feet always be swift.  
May you have a strong foundation  
When the winds of change shift  
May your heart always be joyful  
May your song always be sung  
And may you stay forever young.

**A Child Talks**

[ ]

Watch and wait and listen as I learn and grow.  
Know when to let me have my way and when to tell me no!  
Help me when I need you but it's OK to let me cry.  
I'll never learn to do things if I never get to try!  
Give me your time and not your treasures, read me a story or two,  
And remember that being my parents  
Is the most special job to do.