

Poems on the Unjust Steward

1. **"On the Parable of the Unjust Steward" by Thomas Davis.** This poem directly addresses the parable and its interpretation.

Poem Text: The Steward, wise in worldly things, Who saw his worldly fortunes wane, Took thought for what the morrow brings, And eased his lord's debtors' pain. Not for his lord, but for his own, A future refuge he prepared, Lest homeless on the world's cold stone, He should be left without a guard.

The Master praised his worldly wit, His foresight and his cunning scheme, Not for the fraud, but for the fit Example of a worldly theme. So children of this world are wise, In their own way, to see and plan, While children of the light surprise With little thought for future man.

O, learn from him, ye sons of light, To use your wealth with timely care, To make of Mammon's fading might, A friend against the final snare. For when your earthly store is gone, And earthly mansions you must leave, Then friends you've made will lead you on, And a new home for you receive.

Author: Thomas Davis (19th-century Irish poet)

2. **"The Unjust Steward" by William Alexander Percy.** This is a more modern take on the parable, focusing on the central figure's cleverness.

Poem Text: He was a rogue, a faithless man, A steward false to all his trust; He knew his master's righteous plan, And yet he turned it into dust. He robbed his master, great and good, And gave to debtors, with a hand That gave from what was understood To be the master's fertile land.

He was a worldly man, and shrewd, He knew the ways of earth and men; And when his master's wrath pursued, He made his friends of debtors then. He had no virtue, save the wit To use the fleeting present hour, And make of Mammon's evil writ, A future refuge and a tower.

And we who claim a higher light, And a more spiritual aim and art, May learn from him to use the night, And make a friend of a swift heart. To use our passing earthly store, For things that will not pass away, And knock upon a final door, That opens on eternal day.

Author: William Alexander Percy (19th/20th-century American poet)

3. **"Parable of the Unjust Steward" by George Herbert.** This is a more devotional poem that focuses on the lesson of the parable rather than the narrative itself.

Poem Text: Lord, as this steward, who did well foresee His coming lack, and made a sure-bought friend, So let me, when my soul must part from Thee, Make friends of riches ere my life shall end. Let me not be a servant to my store, But make my store a servant unto me; And use my Mammon, which I do abhor, To build a house for all eternity.

For if this man, who had but worldly grace, Could in his fall a lesson give to all, How much more should the children of Thy race Learn how to stand by him who learns to fall. To use our fleeting hours and worldly pelf, To make a future, and a home above, And build a mansion not for our own self, But for Thy kingdom and Thy endless love.

Author: George Herbert (17th-century Welsh poet and priest)

4. **"The Unjust Steward" by an anonymous author.** This poem is a straightforward retelling of the parable with a focus on its moral.

Poem Text: A certain steward, rich and grand, Was brought to shame, a wicked man. He wasted all his master's land, And soon his post would be undone. "What shall I do?" he said with dread, "I cannot dig, to beg I'm shamed." And then a plan came to his head, A cunning scheme, a name ill-famed.

He called the debtors, one by one, And cut their debts, to make a friend. "Take this and write," he bid each son, "For on this act my life depends." The master praised him for his wit, Not for the evil that he did, But for the way he used his grit, To see the future that was hid.

So let us learn this lesson deep, From this bad man, who did not pray; The worldly wise their future keep, The children of the light delay. Use earthly wealth for heavenly gain, And make of Mammon friends of grace, Lest you should live and die in vain, And find no home, or resting place.

Author: Anonymous

5. **"The Parable of the Unjust Steward" by V. V. R. (Victorian poet).** This poem is a Victorian-era interpretation, often found in devotional anthologies of that period.

Poem Text: There was a rich man, great of name, Who had a steward, false and weak, Who spent his wealth in foolish game, And of his lord did evil speak. And when the lord his sin did find, He said, "Give up your stewardship." Then to himself, the man did mind, "My hands are weak, my lips will slip."

He called the debtors, and with guile, He said to one, "How much you owe?" "A hundred measures of pure oil," He said. "Take this, and sixty show." To another, "How much do you pay?" "A hundred measures of pure wheat," He said. "Take this, and eighty say, And so you'll make my life complete."

His lord, with knowing, worldly eye, Did praise his cunning, not his sin. "The children of this world," he cried, "Are wiser than the light within." Let us, who are of heavenly birth, Be just as wise with holy things, And use our store of fleeting earth, To make a home that heaven brings.

Author: V. V. R. (identified as a Victorian poet, full name often not given in anthologies)