



A B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T U
V W X Y Z.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q
r s t u v w x y z.

A B C D E F G H I J K L
M N O P Q R S T U
V W X Y Z.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p
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HYMNS

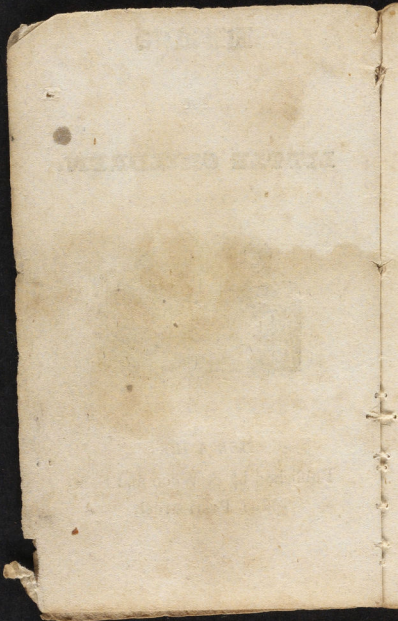
FOR

LITTLE CHILDREN.



NEW YORK:

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261 Pearl-street.



HYMNS

FOR

LITTLE CHILDREN.

A MORNING HYMN.

My Father, I thank thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest ;
I thank thee for stooping to keep
An infant from being distrest :
O, how can a poor little creature repay
Thy fatherly kindness by night and by day ?

My voice would be lisping thy praise,
My heart would repay thee with love ;
O, teach me to walk in thy ways,
And fit me to see thee above :

For Jesus' sake, " Let little children come
nigh ;"

And he will not despise such an infant as I.

As long as thou seest it right,

That here upon earth I should stay ;
I pray thee to guard me by night,

And help me to serve thee by day :
Then when all the days of my life shall
have pass'd,

I may worship thee better in heaven at
last.



AN EVENING HYMN.

LORD, I have pass'd another day,

And come to thank thee for thy care ;

Forgive my faults in work or play,

And listen to my evening prayer.

Thy favour gives me daily bread,
 And friends who all my wants supply;
 And safely now I rest my head,
 Preserv'd and guarded by thine eye.

Look down in pity and forgive
 Whate'er I've said or done amiss:
 And help me every day I live,
 To serve thee better than in this.

Now, while I sleep, be pleas'd to take
 A helpless child beneath thy care,
 And condescend, for Jesus' sake,
 To listen to my evening prayer.



FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD.

O, that it were my chief delight,
 To do the things I ought!

Then let me try with all my might,
To mind what I am taught.

Whenever I am told to go,
I'll cheerfully obey;
Nor will I mind it much, although
I leave a pretty play.

When I am bid, I'll freely bring
Whatever I have got;



And never touch a pretty thing
If mother tells me not.

When she permits me, I may tell
About my little toys :

But if she's busy or unwell,
I must not make a noise.

And when I learn my hymns to say,
And work, and read, and spell ;
I will not think about my play,
And try and do them well.

For God looks down from heaven on
high,
Our actions to behold ;
And he is pleas'd when children try
To do as they are told.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

There is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray ;
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

It leads straight through this world of sin ;
And dangers must be past ;
But those who boldly walk therein,
Will come to heaven at last.

How shall an infant pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread ?
For on the way is many a snare,
For youthful travellers spread.

While the broad road where thousands go,
Lies near and opens fair;
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

But, lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from the way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
That I may never stray.

Then I may go without alarm,
And trust his word of old;
"The lambs he'll gather with his arm,
"And lead them to his fold."

Thus, I may safely venture through,
Beneath my shepherd's care;
And keep the gate of heaven in view,
'Till I shall enter there.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

Come let us now forget our mirth,
And think that we must die ;
And what are our best delights on earth
Compar'd with those on high ?

A sad and sinful world is this,
Although it seems so fair ;
But heaven is perfect joy and bliss,
For God himself is there.

Here all our pleasures soon are past,
Our brightest joys decay ;
But on asures there, forever last,
And cannot fade away.

Here many a pain and bitter groan,
Our feeble bodies tear ;
But pain and sickness are not known,
And never shall be, there.

Here sins and sorrows we deplore,
With many cares distrest ;
But there the mourners weep no more,
And there the weary rest.

Our dearest friends, when death shall call,
At once must hence depart ;
And there we hope to meet them all,
And never, never part.

Then let us love and serve the Lord
With all our youthful powers ;
And we shall gain this great reward,
This glory shall be ours.

GOD EVERY WHERE.

God made the world—in every land
 His love and power abound ;
 All are protected by his hand,
 As well as British ground.

The Indian hut, and English cot,



and his power must own ;

Though savage nations know him not,
But worship wood and stone.

He sees and governs distant lands,
And constant bounty pours,
From wild Arabia's burning sands,
To Lapland's frozen shores.

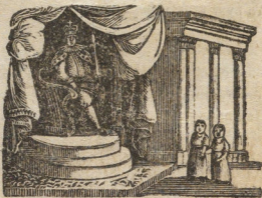
In forest shades and silent plains,
Where feet have never trod,
There in majestic power he reigns,
An ever present God.

All the inhabitants of earth,
Who dwell beneath the sun,
Of different nations, name, and birth,
He knows them every one.

Alike the rich and poor are known,



The polish'd and the wild:
He sees the king upon his throne,



And every little child.

While he regards the wise and fair,
 The noble and the brave,
 He listens to the beggar's prayer,
 And the poor negro slave.



He knows the worthy from the vile,
 And sends his mercy down ;
 None are too mean to share his smile,
 Or to provoke his frown.
 Great God! since thy piercing eye,
 My inmost heart can see,
 Teach me from every sin to fly,
 And turn that heart to thee.

THE DAY OF LIFE.

The morning hours of cheerful sight,
Of all the days are best ;
But as they speed their hasty flight,
If every hour is spent aright,
We sweetly sink to sleep at night,
And pleasant is our rest.



And life is like a summer's day,
It seems so quickly past.

Youth is the morning bright and gay,
 And if 'tis spent in wisdom's way,
 We meet old age without dismay,
 And death is sweet at last.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

How long, sometimes, a day appears!
 And weeks, how long are they!
 Months move as slow as if the years
 Would never pass away.

It seems a long, long time ago,
 That I was taught to read;
 And since I was a babe I know
 'Tis very long indeed.

But even years are passing by,
 And soon must all be gone;
 For day by day, as minutes fly,
 Eternity comes on.

Days, months, and years, must have an
end;

Eternity has none;

'Twill always have as long to spend,
As when it first began!

Great God! an infant cannot tell
How such a thing can be;
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with thee.



*AGAINST ANGER AND IMPA-
TIENCE.*

When for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
And bore his injuries.

He was insulted every day,
 Though all his words were kind :
 But, nothing men could do or say,
 Disturb'd his heavenly mind.

Not all the wicked scoffs he heard
 Against the truths he taught,
 Excited one reviling word,
 Or one revengeful thought.

And when upon the cross he bled,
 With all his foes in view ;
 " Father, forgive their sins," he said,
 " They know not what they do."

Dear Jesus, may I learn of thee
 My temper to amend ;
 But speak that pardoning word for me,
 Whenever I offend.

*"A broken and contrite heart, O God, thou
wilt not despise."*

Though God preserves me every hour,
And feeds me day by day,
I know it is not in my power
His goodness to repay.

The poorest child, the greatest king,
Alike must humbly own,
No worthy present they can bring
To offer at his throne.

For we, and all our treasures too,
Are his who reigns above :
Then is there nothing I can do
To prove my grateful love ?

A broken heart he'll not despise,
For 'tis his chief delight :
This is a humble sacrifice,
Well pleasing to his sight.

Tho' treasures brought before his throne,
Would not acceptance find ;
He kindly condescends to own
A meek and lowly mind.

This is an offering we may bring,
However mean our store :
The poorest child, the greatest king,
Can give him nothing more.

HUMILITY.

In a modest humble mind,
 God himself will take delight;
 But the proud and haughty find



They are hateful to his sight.

Jesus Christ was meek and mild,
 And no angry thoughts allowed;
 O, then, shall a little child
 Dare to be perverse and proud?

This, indeed, should never be ;
 Lord, forbid it, we entreat ;
 Grant they may all learn of thee
 That humility is sweet.

Make it shine in every part :
 Fill them with this heavenly grace :
 For a little infant's heart
 Surely is its proper place.

A MORNING HYMN.

BY BISHOP KEN.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mispent time that's past ;
 Live this day as it were the last ;
 To improve thy talents take due care ;
 'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere ;
 Thy conscience, as the noon-day clear :
 Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways
 And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part,
 Who all night long unwearied sing,
 Glory to the Eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
 May your devotion me inspire ;
 That I, like you, my age may spend ;
 Like you may on my God attend.

May I, like you, in God delight,
 Have all day long my God in sight;
 Perform, like you, my Maker's will;
 O may I never more do ill.

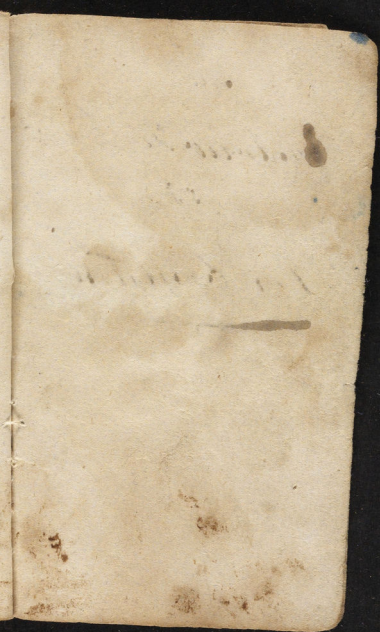
Glory to thee, who safe hast kept
 And hast refresh'd me while I slept:
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
 Scatter my sins as morning dew;
 Guard my first spring of thoughts and
 will,
 And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day
 All I design, or do, or say;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below :
Praise him, above, ye angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

FINIS.



No

Andrew H. Brown

of

Westbury Stone

