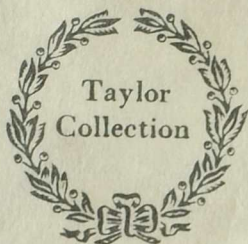


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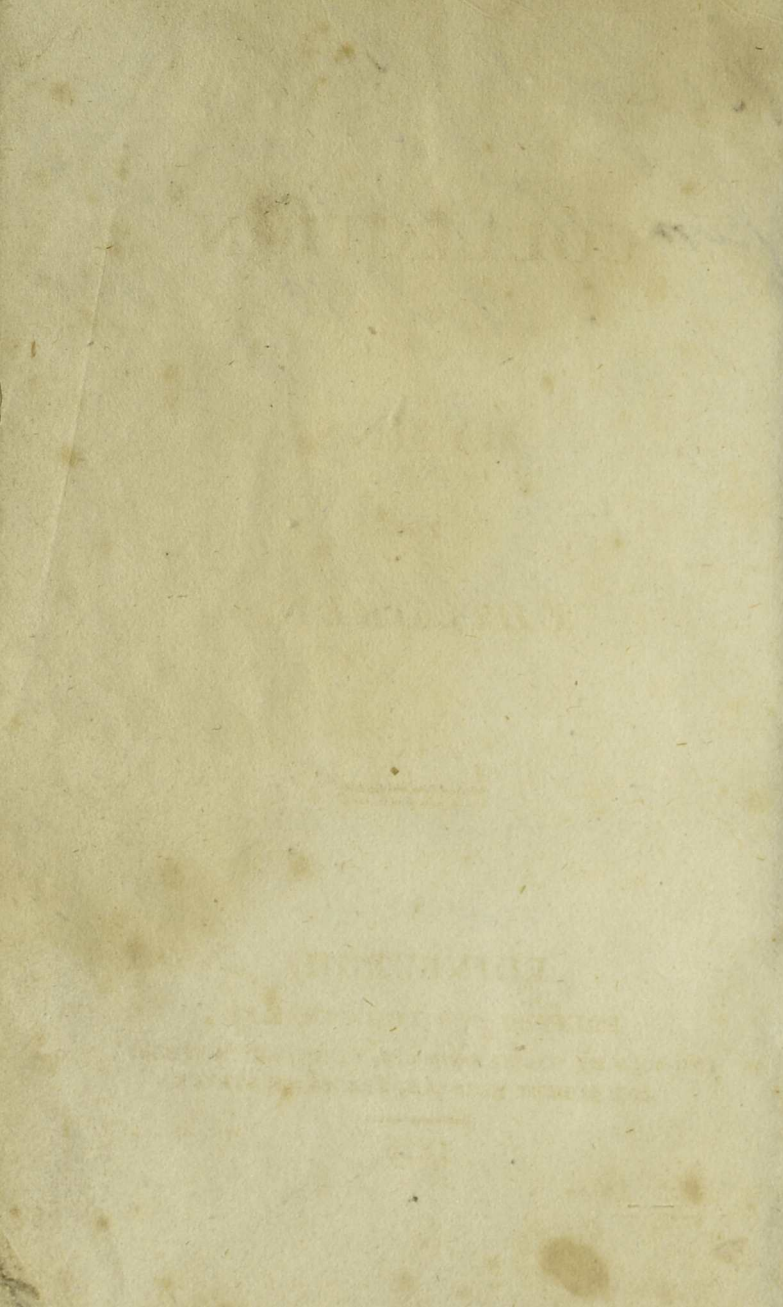
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from Mrs Swinton Senr

: Nov^r 15th 1810



A
COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS
FOR
CHILDREN.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THE COMPILER:

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1816.

COLLECTION

OF
HYMNS

FOR
CHILDREN

EDINBURGH

A. Balfour, Printer.

HYMNS

FOR

CHILDREN.

I.

“EARLY WILL I SEEK THEE.”

Now that my journey's just begun,
My course so little trod,
I'll stay, before I further run,
And give myself to God—

And, lest I should be ever led
Through sinful paths to stray,
I would at once begin to tread
In wisdom's pleasant way.

What sorrows may my steps attend,
I cannot now foretel ;
But if the Lord will be my friend,
I know that all is well.

If all my earthly friends should die,
 And leave me mourning here ;
 Since God regards the orphan's cry,
 O what have I to fear !

If I am rich, He'll guard my heart,
 Temptation to withstand ;
 And make me willing to impart
 The bounties of his hand.

If I am poor, He can supply,
 Who *has* my table spread ;
 Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
 And fills his poor with bread.

And, Lord, whatever grief or ill
 For me may be in store,
 Make me submissive to thy will,
 And I would ask no more.

Attend me through my youthful way,
 Whatever be my lot ;
 And when I'm feeble, old, and grey,
 O Lord, forsake me not.

Then still, as seasons hasten by,
 I will for heav'n prepare ;
 That God may take me when I die,
 To dwell for ever there.

II.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

God is so good, that he will hear
 Whenever children humbly pray :
 He always lends a gracious ear
 To what the youngest child can say.

His own most holy book declares
 He loves good little children still ;
 And that he answers all their prayers,
 Just as a tender father will.

He will not scorn an infant tongue
 That thanks him for his mercies giv'n ;
 And, when by babes his praise is sung,
 Their cheerful songs ascend to heav'n.

Come then, dear children, trust his word,
 And seek him for your friend and guide ;
 Your little voices will be heard,
 And you shall never be denied.

III.

“TURN OFF MINE EYES FROM BEHOLDING
VANITY.”

LORD, hear a sinful child complain,
Whose little heart is very vain,
And folly dwells within:
What is it—for thine eye can see—
That is so very dear to me,
That steals my thoughts away from thee,
And leads me into sin?

Whatever gives me most delight,
If 'tis offensive in thy sight,
I would no more pursue:—
Since nothing can be good for me,
However pleasant it may be,
That is displeasing, Lord, to thee,
May I dislike it too!

When I attempt to read or pray,
I'm often thinking of my play,
Or some such idle thing:
How happy are the saints in bliss,
Who love no sinful world like this,

But all their joy and glory is
 To praise their heavenly King!

These trifling pleasures here below—
 I wonder why I love them so ;
 They cannot make me blest :
 O that to love my God might be
 The greatest happiness to me !
 And may he give me grace to see
 That this is not my rest !

IV.

DUTY TO GOD AND OUR NEIGHBOUR.

LOVE GOD with all your soul and strength,
 With all your heart and mind ;
 And love your neighbour as yourself ;
 Be faithful, just, and kind.

Deal with another as you'd have
 Another deal with you ;
 What you're unwilling to receive,
 Be sure you never do.

V.

“ JESUS SAID, SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN
TO COME UNTO ME.”

YOUNG children once to JESUS came,
His blessing to entreat ;
And I may humbly do the same
Before his mercy seat.

For when their feeble hands were spread,
And bent each infant knee,
“ Forbid them not,” the SAVIOUR said ;
And so he says for me.

Though now he is not here below,
But on his heav'nly hill,
To him may little children go,
And seek a blessing still.

Well pleas'd those little ones to see,
The kind REDEEMER smil'd ;
Oh, then, he will not frown on me,
A poor unworthy child.

If babes so many years ago
 His tender pity drew,
 He will not surely let me go
 Without a blessing too.

Then while, this favour to implore,
 My little hands are spread ;
 Do thou thy sacred blessing pour,
 O JESUS, on my head.

VI.

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 distress :
 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 said, “ 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—
 That when all the days of my life shall have pass'd,
 I may worship thee better, in heaven, at last.

VII.

AN EVENING HYMN.

LORD, I have pass'd another day,
 And come to thank thee for thy care :
 Forgive my faults in work and 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 speak, be pleas'd to take
 A helpless child beneath thy care ;
 And condescend, for JESUS' sake,
 To listen to my evening prayer.

VIII.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

ALMIGHTY GOD, thy piercing eye
 Strikes through the shades of night,
 And our most secret actions lie
 All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,
 Nor wicked word we say,
 But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
 Against the judgment-day.

And must the crimes that I have done
 Be read and publish'd there ?
 Be all expos'd before the sun,
 While men and angels hear ?

Lord, at thy foot asham'd I lie ;
 Upward I dare not look :
 Pardon my sins before I die,
 And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
 That my REDEEMER felt ;
 And let his blood wash out my stains,
 And answer for my guilt.

O may I now for ever fear
 T' indulge a sinful thought,
 Since the great God can see and hear,
 And write down every fault.

IX.

A GENERAL SONG OF PRAISE TO GOD.

How glorious is our heav'nly KING,
 Who reigns above the sky !
 How shall a child presume to sing
 His dreadful majesty ?

How great his pow'r is, none can tell,
 Nor think how large his grace ;
 Not men below, nor saints that dwell
 On high before his face.

Not angels, that stand round the LORD,
 Can search his secret will ;
 But they perform his heavenly word,
 And sing his praises still.

Then let me join this holy strain,
 And my first off'rings bring ;
 Th' eternal God will not disdain
 To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys ;
 And angels shall rejoice,
 To hear their mighty MAKER's praise,
 Sound from a feeble voice.

X.

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
 There should be peace at home ;
 Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
 Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree ;
 And 'tis a shameful sight,
 When childern of one family
 Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,
 That are but noisy breath,
 May grow to clubs and naked swords,
 To murder and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
 To rage against another ;
 So wicked Cain was hurried on
 'Till he had kill'd his brother.

The wise will make their anger cool,
 At least before 'tis night ;
 But in the bosom of a fool
 It burns till morning light.

Pardon, O LORD, our childish rage,
 Our little brawls remove :
 That as we grow to riper age,
 Our hearts may all be love.

XI.

ON ATTENDING PUBLIC WORSHIP.

WHEN to the house of GOD we go,
 To hear his word, and sing his love,
 We ought to worship him below,
 As saints and angels do above.

They stand before his presence now,
 And praise him better far than we,
 Who only at his footstool bow,
 And love him, though we cannot see.

But God is present every-where,
 And watches all our thoughts and ways :
 He marks who humbly join in pray'r,
 And who sincerely sing his praise.

The triflers, too, his eye can see,
 Who only *seem* to take a part :
 They move the lip, and bend the knee,
 But do not seek him with their heart.

O may we never trifle so,
 Nor lose the days our God has giv'n ;
 But learn, by Sabbaths here below,
 To spend eternity in heav'n !

XII.

THE EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise,
 On all thy works I look ;
 But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
 Shine brighter in thy book.

The stars, that in their courses roll,
 Have much instruction giv'n ;
 But thy good word informs my soul
 How I may climb to heav'n.

The fields provide me food, and show
 The goodness of the LORD ;
 But fruits of life and glory grow
 In thy most blessed word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid ;
 Here my best treasure lies :
 Here my desires are satisfy'd,
 And hence my hopes arise.

LORD, make me understand thy law,
 Show what my faults have been ;
 And from thy gospel let me draw
 Pardon for all my sin.

Here I would learn how CHRIST has died
 To save my soul from hell ;
 Not all the books on earth beside
 Such heav'nly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
 And take a fresh delight
 By day to read these wonders o'er,
 And meditate by night.

XIII.

THE ENCOURAGEMENT YOUNG PERSONS HAVE
TO SEEK AND LOVE CHRIST.

YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A SAVIOUR'S voice to hear.

He, LORD of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you ;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

“ The soul, that longs to see my face,
“ Is sure my love to gain ;
“ And those that early seek my grace,
“ Shall never seek in vain.”

What object, LORD, my soul should move,
If once compar'd with thee ?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in CHRIST I see ?

Away, ye false delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind !
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

XIV.

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 heav'n at last.

How shall an infant pilgrim dare

This dangerous path to tread ?

For on the way is many a snare,

For youthful trav'lers 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 thy way,

LORD condescend to be my guide,

And I shall 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 the fold.”

Thus I may safely venture through,
 Beneath my SHEPHERD’S care ;
 And keep the gate of heav’n in view,
 Till I shall enter there.

XV.

PRAISE FOR MERCIES SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL.

WHENE’ER I take my walk abroad,
 How many poor I see !
 What shall I render to the LORD
 For all his gifts to me ?

Not more than others I deserve,
 Yet GOD hath given me more ;
 For I have food while others starve,
 Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
 Half naked I behold !
 While I am cloth’d from head to feet,
 And covered from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce cant ell
 Where they may lay their head,
 I have a home wherein to dwell,
 And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
 And curse, and lie, and steal,
 LORD, I am taught thy name to fear,
 And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favours day by day,
 To me above the rest ?
 Then let me love thee more than they,
 And try to serve thee best.

XVI.

THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RELIGION.

HAPPY the child whose tender years
 Receive instruction well ;
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
 The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
 'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;
 A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
 Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work, if we begin
 To fear the LORD betimes ;
 While sinners that grow old in sin
 Are harden'd in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
 To mind religion young :
 Grace will preserve our following years,
 And make our virtues strong.

To thee, almighty God, to thee,
 Our childhood we resign ;
 'Twill please us to look back and see
 That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
 Employ my youngest breath ;
 Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
 Or fit for early death.

XVII.

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and Saviour,
 Once became a child like me :
 O that in my whole behaviour
 He my pattern still might be.

All my nature is unholy ;
 Pride and passion dwell within :
 But the LORD was meek and lowly,
 And was never known to sin.

While I'm often vainly trying
 Some new pleasure to possess,
 He was always self-denying,
 Patient in his worst distress.

Let me never be forgetful
 Of his precepts any more ;
 Idle, passionate, and fretful,
 As I've often been before.

LORD, though now thou art in glory,
 We have thine example still :
 I can read thy sacred story,
 And obey thy holy will.

Help me by that rule to measure
 Ev'ry word and ev'ry thought ;
 Thinking it my greatest pleasure
 There to learn what thou hast taught.

XVIII.

A MORNING SONG.

MY GOD, who mak'st the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Dost send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east,
His morning race begins,
He never tires nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

So like the sun would I fulfil
The business of the day ;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heav'nly way.

Give me, O LORD ! thine early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

XIX.

AN EVENING SONG.

AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my MAKER'S praise ;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste !
My sins how great their sum !
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head ;
And, through the hours of darkness, keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove ;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

XX.

THE CONDESCENSION OF GOD.

GOD!—what a great and awful word!

O who can speak his worth?

By saints in heav'n he is ador'd,

And fear'd by men on earth;

And yet a little child may bend,

And say, my FATHER and my FRIEND!

The glorious sun, that blazes high;

The moon, more pale and dim;

And all the stars that fill the sky,

Are made and rul'd by him;

And yet a child may ask his care,

And call upon his name in pray'r!

And this large world of ours below,

The waters and the land,

With all the trees and flowers that grow,

Were fashion'd by his hand;

Yes, and he forms our infant race,

And bids us early seek his face.

Ten thousand angels sing his praise
 On high, to harps of gold ;
 But holy angels dare not gaze,
 His brightness to behold :
 Yet a poor lowly infant may
 Lift up its voice to God, and pray !

The saints in heav'n before him fall,
 And round his throne appear ;
 Adam, and Abraham, and all
 Who lov'd and serv'd him here ;
 And I, a child on earth, may raise
 My feeble voice in humble praise.

And all his faithful servants now,
 The wise, and good, and just,
 Before his sacred footstool bow,
 And own they are but dust ;
 But what can I presume to say ?
 Yet he will hearken when I pray !

O yes ; when little children cry,
 He loves their simple pray'r ;
 His throne of grace is always nigh,
 And I will venture there ;
 I'll go depending on his word,
 And seek his grace through CHRIST the LORD.

XXI.

CONSCIENCE.

WHEN a foolish thought within
Tries to take us in a snare,
Conscience tells us, "It is sin,"
And entreats us to beware.

If in something we transgress,
And are tempted to deny,
Conscience says, "Your fault confess :
"Do not dare to tell a lie."

In the morning, when we rise,
And would fain omit to pray,
"Child, consider," Conscience cries ;
"Should not God be sought to-day ?"

When, within his holy walls,
Far abroad our thoughts we send,
Conscience often loudly calls,
And entreats us to attend.

When our angry passions rise,
Tempting to revenge an ill ;
"Now subdue it," Conscience cries ;
"Do command your temper still."

'Thus, without our will or choice,
 This good monitor within,
 With a secret, gentle voice,
 Warns us to beware of sin.

But if we should disregard,
 While this friendly voice would call,
 Conscience soon will grow so hard,
 That it will not speak at all.

XXII.

SOLEMN THOUGHTS OF GOD AND DEATH.

THERE is a God that reigns above,
 LORD of the heav'ns, and earth, and seas ;
 I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
 And with my lips I sing his praise.

There is a law which he hath writ,
 To teach us all that we must do ;
 My soul, to his commands submit,
 For they are holy, just, and true.

There is a gospel of rich grace,
 Whence sinners all their comforts draw ;
 LORD, I repent, and seek thy face,
 For I have often broke thy law.

There is an hour when I must die,
 Nor do I know how soon 'twill come ;
 A thousand children, young as I,
 Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

Let me improve the hours I have,
 Before the day of grace is fled ;
 There's no repentance in the grave,
 No pardon offer'd to the dead.

Just as a tree cut down, that falls
 To north or southward, there it lies ;
 So man prepares to heav'n or hell,
 Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

XXIII.

A CHILD'S GRAVE.

WHAT is this little grassy mound,
 Where pretty daisies bloom ?
 What is there lying under ground ?—
 It is an infant's tomb.

Alas ! poor baby, did it die ?
 How dismal that must be !
 To bid this pretty world good-bye,
 Seems very sad to me.—

Silence, my child ; for could we hear

 This happy baby's voice,
We should not drop another tear,
 But triumph and rejoice :

“ O do not ever weep for me,”
 The happy soul would say ;
“ Nor grieve, dear child, that I am free
 “ From that poor sleeping clay.

“ Mourn not because my feeble breath
 “ Was stopp'd as soon as giv'n :
“ There's nothing terrible in death
 “ To those who come to heav'n.

“ No sin, no sorrow, no complaints,
 “ My pleasures here destroy :
“ I live with GOD and all his saints,
 “ And endless is our joy.

“ While, with the spirits of the just,
 “ My SAVIOUR I adore,
“ I smile upon my sleeping dust
 “ That now can weep no more.”

XXIV.

“ THOUGH HE WAS RICH, YET FOR OUR SAKES
HE BECAME POOR.”

JESUS was once despis'd and low,
A stranger and distress'd ;
Without a home to which to go,
A pillow where to rest :

Now, on a high majestic seat,
He reigns above the sky ;
And angels worship at his feet,
Or at his bidding fly.

Once he was bound with prickly thorns,
And scoff'd at in his pain ;
Now a bright crown his head adorns,
And he is King again.

But what a condescending King !
Who, though he reigns so high,
Is pleas'd when little children sing,
And listens to their cry :

He views them from his heav'nly throne,
He watches all their ways,
And stoops to notice for his own
The youngest child that prays.

XXV.

A REGARD TO SCRIPTURE PRESSED UPON YOUTH
 THAT THEY MAY CLEANSE THEIR WAY.

INDULGENT God, with pitying eye,
 The sons of men survey,
 And see how youthful sinners sport
 In a destructive way.

Ten thousand dangers lurk around
 To bear them to the tomb;
 Each in an hour may plunge them down.
 Where hope can never come.

Reduce, O Lord, their wandering minds
 Amus'd with airy dreams,
 That heavenly wisdom may dispel
 Their visionary schemes.

With holy caution may they walk,
 And be thy word their guide;
 Till each, the desert safely pass'd,
 On Zion's Hill abide.

XXVI.

THE ORPHAN'S HYMN.

UPON my father's new closed grave
 Deep lay the winter's snow ;
 Green, now, the grass waves o'er his head,
 And tall the tomb-weeds grow.

Along life's road no parent's hand
 My homeless footsteps led ;
 No mother's arm in sickness sooth'd,
 And rais'd my throbbing head.

But other hearts, Lord ! thou hast warm'd
 With tenderness benign ;
 And in the stranger's eyes I mark
 The tear of pity shine.

The stranger's hand by thee is mov'd
 To be the orphan's stay ;
 And, better far, the stranger's voice]
 Hath taught us how to pray.

Thou putt'st a new song in our mouth,
 A song of praise and joy ;
 O may we not our lips alone,
 But hearts, in praise employ !

To Him who little children took
 And in his bosom held,
 And blessing them, with looks of love,
 Their rising fears dispell'd ;

To Him, while flow'rs bloom on the bank,
 Or lambs sport on the lea ;
 While larks with morning hymns ascend,
 Or birds chaunt on the tree ;

To Him let every creature join
 In prayer, and thanks, and praise ;
 Infants, their little anthems lisp ;
 Age, halleluiah's raise !

XXVII.

UPON LIFE.

LORD, what is life?—'Tis like a flow'r,
 That blossoms, and is gone :
 We see it flourish for an hour,
 With all its beauty on ;
 But Death comes, like a wintry day,
 And cuts the pretty flow'r away.

LORD, what is life?—'Tis like the bow
 That glistens in the sky ;
 We love to see its colours glow ;
 But while we look, they die :
 Life fails as soon : to-day, 'tis here ;
 To-night, perhaps, 'twill disappear.

Six thousand years have pass'd away
 Since life began at first,
 And millions, once alive and gay,
 Are dead, and in the dust ;
 For Life, in all its health and pride,
 Has Death still waiting at its side.

And yet, this short, uncertain space
 So foolishly we prize,
 That heav'n, that lasting dwelling-place,
 Seems nothing in our eyes !
 The worlds of sorrow and of bliss
 We disregard, compar'd with this !

LORD, what is life?—If spent with thee,
 In duty, praise, and prayer,
 However long or short it be,
 We need but little care ;
 Because Eternity will last,
 When life, and death itself, are past.

XXVIII.

A HYMN FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

O LORD, another day is flow'n,
 And we a lonely band,
 Are met once more before thy throne,
 To bless thy fost'ring hand.

And wilt thou bend a list'ning ear,
 To praises low as ours?
 Thou wilt! for Thou dost love to hear,
 The song that meekness pours.

And Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
 As we before thee pray:
 For thou didst bless the infant train,
 And we are less than they.

O let thy grace perform its part,
 And let contention cease:
 And shed abroad in every heart
 Thine everlasting peace!

Thus chasten'd, cleans'd, entirely thine,
 A flock by Jesus led;
 The Sun of Holiness shall shine
 In glory on our head.

And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
 And thou wilt bless our way ;
 Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
 The dawn of lasting day.

XXIX.

UPON DEATH.

WHERE should I be, if GOD should say
 I must not live another day,
 And send to take away my breath?—
 What is Eternity—and Death?

My body is of little worth ;
 'Twould soon be mingled with the earth :
 For we were made of clay, and must
 Again at death return to dust.

But where my living soul would go,
 I do not, and I cannot know ;
 For none were e'er sent back to tell
 The joys of heav'n, or pains of hell.

Yet heav'n must be a world of bliss,
 Where GOD himself for ever is ;

Where saints around his throne adore,
And never sin nor suffer more.

And hell's a state of endless woe,
Where unrepenting sinners go ;—
Though none that seek the SAVIOUR'S grace
Shall ever see that dreadful place.

O let me, then, at once apply
To Him, who did for sinners die !
And this shall be my great reward,
To dwell for ever with the LORD.

XXX.

A PRAYER.

FATHER of good, to whom belong
My morning vow, my evening song ;
Again, with trembling joy, to thee,
A wayward child, I bend my knee.
Myriads of angels guard thy throne,
And I am little, I am one ;
Yet all thy works thine eyes survey :
Then hear and help me while I pray.

Thy gifts my days with gladness crown ;
 Sin, only sin, hath bow'd me down.
 Lord, touch my heart, and make me know
 My SAVIOUR'S worth, my SAVIOUR'S woe.
 Then shall my angry will be tame ;
 Then shall I learn and weep my shame ;
 The weight of wrath in judgment due
 Shall feel, and feel thy mercy too.

Yet not for pard'ning grace alone
 I breathe a suppliant sinner's groan :
 Pardon and love are both divine ;
 Then give me both, and make me thine.
 Thy pard'ning grace my fears shall quell ;
 But love shall pride and sin expel ;
 While faith, in every danger nigh,
 Gives strength, and peace, and liberty.

So, as I walk my earthly way,
 Thy mercy, LORD, my steps shall stay ;
 Brighten with hope my saddest hours,
 And strew the pilgrim path with flowers.
 And so while life and breath are mine,
 Shall ev'ry power in concert join,
 To praise the God, to whom belong
 My morning vow and evening song.

XXXI.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

COME, let us now forget our mirth,
And think that we must die :
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 heav'n is perfect joy and bliss,
For God himself is there.

Here all our pleasures soon are past,
Our brightest joys decay ;
But pleasures there for ever 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 distress ;
 But there the mourners weep no more,
 And there the weary rest.

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

Then let us love and serve the LORD
 With all our youthful pow'rs ;
 And we shall gain this great reward—
 This glory shall be ours.

XXXII.

HYMN ON PROVIDENCE.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care :
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountains pant ;
 To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of Death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd ;
 And streams shall murmur all around.

XXXIII.

THE ANT, OR EMMET.

THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes !
 We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies
 Without our regard or concern :

Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
 There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,
 Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
 But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
 And for winter they lay up their stores ;
 They manage their work in such regular forms,
 One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the
 storms,
 And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
 If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
 Nor provide against dangers in time :
 When death or old age shall stare in my face,
 What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
 If I trifle away all their prime !

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in
 bloom,
 Let me think what will serve me when sickness shall
 come,
 And pray that my sins be forgiven.
 Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,
 That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
 I may dwell in a palace in Heaven.

XXXIV.

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r !

How skilfully she builds her cell !
How neat she spreads the wax !
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour, or of skill,
I would be busy too ;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

XXXV.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS.

How long, ye miserable blind,
Shall idle dreams engage your mind ;
How long the Passions make their flight
At empty shadows of delight ?
No more in paths of error stray,
The LORD thy JESUS is the way,
The spring of happiness, and where
Should men seek happiness, but there ?
Then run to meet him at your need,
Run with boldness, run with speed,
For he forsook his own abode
To meet thee more than half the road.
He laid aside his radiant crown,
And love for mankind brought him down
To thirst and hunger, pain and woe,
To wounds, to death itself below ;
And he that suffer'd these alone
For all the world, despises none.
To bid the soul, that's sick, be clean,
To bring the lost to life again ;
To comfort those that grieve for ill,
Is his peculiar goodness still.

And, as the thoughts of parents run
 Upon a dear and only son,
 So kind a love his mercies shew,
 So kind, and more extremely so.
 Thrice happy men ! (or find a phrase
 That speaks your bliss with greater praise)
 Who most obedient to thy call,
 Leaving pleasures, leaving all,
 With heart, with soul, with strength incline,
 O blessed JESUS ! to be thine.
 Who know thy will, observe thy ways,
 And in thy service spend their days :
 Ev'n death, that seems to set them free,
 But bring them closer still to thee.

XXXVI.

THE ROSE.

How fair is the rose ! what a beautiful flow'r !
 The glory of April and May !
 But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
 And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
 Above all the flow'rs of the field :
 When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are lost,
 Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
 Though they bloom and look gay like the rose :
 But all our fond care to preserve them is vain ;
 Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
 Since both of them wither and fade ;
 But gain a good name by well doing my duty ;
 This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

XXXVII.

“ HOSANNA TO THE SON OF DAVID.”

WHEN JESUS to the temple came,
 The voice of praise was heard :
 The very children own'd his claim,
 And in his train appear'd.

Hosannas made the temple ring :
 For many tongues agreed :
 Hosanna to the heav'nly king :
 To David's holy seed.

When some would have rebuk'd their zeal,
 Thou, LORD, the thought didst check :
 If they were harden'd, stones would feel,
 If silent, stones would speak.

LoRD let the days be now renew'd,
 When children lisp thy praise,
 Thou art as powerful and as good,
 As in the former days.

Work LoRD, on all our children's hearts,
 And this will loose their tongues :
 The love that heav'nly truth imparts,
 Will animate their songs.

XXXVIII.

“ BUT NOW, O LORD, THOU ART OUR FATHER.”

OUR FATHER sits on yonder throne,
 Amidst the hosts above :
 He reigns throughout the world, alone,
 He reigns, the God of love.

He knew us, when we knew him not :
 Was with us though unseen :
 His favour came to us unsought,
 His love has wondrous been.

He keeps us now, securely keeps,
 (Whatever foe assails)
 With vigilance that never sleeps ;
 With pow'r that never fails.

He gives us hope, that we shall be,
 Ere long with him above :
 That we shall all his glory see ;
 And celebrate his love.

Then let us, while we dwell below,
 Obey our FATHER'S voice :
 To all his dispensations bow,
 And in his name rejoice.

How sweet to hear him say at last,
 " Ye blessed children come :
 " The days of banishment are past ;
 " And heav'n is now your home."

XXXIX.

" WE HAVE SEEN HIS STAR IN THE EAST, AND
 ARE COME TO WORSHIP HIM."

HARK ! what sounds salute our ears,
 CHRIST the LORD at length appears :
 " Unto us a SON is giv'n :"
 Angels bring the news from heav'n.

Come, ye saints, arise and sing,
 Glory be to GOD our KING !
 " Unto us a child is born,"
 Zion is no more forlorn.

Who are these that come from far,
 Led by Jacob's rising star ?
 Lo, they gather like a cloud ;
 Or, as doves, their windows crowd.

Strangers these, to Zion come,
 There to seek a peaceful home.
 Zion wonders at the sight :
 Zion feels a strange delight.

Zion now no more shall sigh ;
 GOD will raise her glory high :
 He will send a large increase ;
 He will give her people peace.

Sons of Zion, sing aloud ;
 See her sky without a cloud :
 God will make her joy complete ;
 Zion's sun shall never set.

XL.

HYMN.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest;
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt,
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence these comforts flow'd.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ ;
 Nor is the least a chearful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to thee,
 A joyful song I'll raise,
 For, Oh ! eternity's too short,
 To utter all thy praise.

XLI.

“ AND YE SHALL BE MY SONS AND DAUGHTERS,
 SAITH THE LORD ALMIGHTY.”

THERE is a family on earth,
 Whose father fills a throne !
 But though a seed of heav'nly birth,
 To men they're little known.

Whene'er they meet the public eye,
 They feel the public scorn ;
 For men their fairest claims deny,
 And count them basely born.

But 'tis the KING who reigns above
 That claims them for his own ;
 The favour'd objects of his love,
 And destined to a throne.

The honours that belong to them,
 By *men* are set at nought ;
 Whatever shines not *they* contemn :
 Unworthy of a thought !

But ah, how little they reflect !
 For mark th' unerring word !
 " That which with men has most respect,
 " Is odious to the LORD."

Were honours evident to sense,
 Their portion here below ;
 The world wou'd do them reverence,
 And all their claims allow.

But when the KING himself was here,
 His claims were set at nought :
 Would *they* another lot prefer ?
 Rejected be the thought !

No! they will tread, while here below,
 The path their Master trod ;
 Content all honour to forego,
 But that which comes from God.

And when the KING again appears,
 He'll vindicate their claim ;
 Eternal honour shall be theirs ;
 Their foes be fill'd with shame.

XLII.

PRAISE FOR CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

I SING th'almighty pow'r of GOD,
 That bade the mountains rise ;
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
 The sun to rule the day ;
 The moon shines full at his command,
 And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the LORD,
 That fill'd the earth with food ;
 He form'd the creatures with his word,
 And then pronounc'd them good.

LORD, how thy wonders are display'd,
 Where'er I turn mine eye ;
 If I survey the ground I tread,
 Or gaze upon the sky !

There's not a plant or flow'r below,
 But makes thy glories known ;
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
 By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
 Are subject to thy care ;
 There's not a place where we can flee,
 But God is present there.

His hand is my perpetual guard ;
 He keeps me with his eye ;
 Why should I then forget the LORD,
 Who is for ever nigh ?

XLIII.

OUR SHORT LIVES CROWNED WITH THE
 DIVINE GOODNESS.

TIME ! what an empty vapour 'tis !
 And days how swift they are !
 Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
 Or like a shooting star.

The present moments just appear,
 Then slide away in haste,
 That we can never say, they're here,
 But only say, they're past.

Our life is ever on the wing,
 And death is ever nigh ;
 The moment when our lives begin,
 We all begin to die.

Yet, mighty God ! our fleeting days
 Thy lasting favours share,
 Yet with the bounties of thy grace
 Thou load'st the rolling year.

'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
 And we are cloth'd with love ;
 While grace stands pointing out the road
 That leads our souls above.

His goodness runs an endless round ;
 All glory to the LORD :
 His mercy never knows a bound ;
 And be his name ador'd.

Thus we begin the lasting song,
 And when we close our eyes,
 Let the next age thy praise prolong,
 Till time and nature dies,

XLIV.

PRAYER FOR A BLESSING.

BESTOW, dear LORD, upon our youth
 The gift of saving grace ;
 And let the seed of sacred truth
 Fall in a fruitful place.

Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
 Of pure and heav'nly root ;
 But fairest in the youngest shows,
 And yields the sweetest fruit.

Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
 The voice of sov'reign love !
 Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
 But mercy reigns above.

True, you are young, but there's a stone
 Within the youngest breast ;
 Or half the crimes which you have done
 Would rob you of your rest.

For you the public pray'r is made,
 O! join the public pray'r!
 For you the secret tear is shed,
 O! shed yourselves a tear!

We pray that you may early prove
 The Spirit's power to teach;
 You cannot be too young to love
 That JESUS whom we preach.

XLV.

THE CHILD.

QUIET, LORD, my froward heart,
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weaned child:
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.

What thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
 'Tis enough that thou wilt care,
 Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies,
 On a care beyond his own ;
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise ;
 Fears to stir a step alone ;
 Let me thus with thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

Thus preserv'd from Satan's wiles,
 Safe from dangers, free from fears,
 May I live upon thy smiles,
 Till the promis'd hour appears,
 When the sons of God shall prove
 All their Father's boundless love.

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