A decorative border with ornate floral and scrollwork designs in each corner, connected by thin lines. The text is centered within this border.

LEARN TO PRAISE.

A GIFT FOR  
YOUNG CHILDREN.

LONDON:  
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;  
56, PATERNOSTER ROW,  
AND  
65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

274.



# LEARN TO PRAISE.

A GIFT FOR  
YOUNG CHILDREN.



CAST round your eyes,  
Both far and near :  
See this great world,  
So bright, so fair,

How came it here?—

Not art of man

Could plan its frame,

Nor hands of man

Could form the same ;

No : from the Lord

Of all it came,

Made by his word.

Praise ye the Lord !

'Twas in six days

The world was made,

The sky was spread,

The earth was laid,

The sea was stay'd ;

The ground was clad

With all that grows.

And all that breathe

In earth, air, seas,

Made by the Lord,

To life arose,

All good. Praise Him who made  
them.

When man was made,  
The last, the best,  
God gave him rule  
O'er all the rest ;  
With soul to love  
And voice to praise  
The Lord of life,  
Through all his days.  
Good from the Lord's  
Own hand he came :  
But sin brought on  
Him death and shame.  
But there is One  
Of might, and will,  
To change our hearts,  
And save us still.

Then seek His grace and praise  
His name !

Oh let our lives,  
And all we have,  
Lead up our hearts  
To Him who gave.  
The more we view  
His works and ways,

The more our tongues  
Shall speak His praise.  
Then look on high,  
See the blue sky,  
And clouds that fly;  
Whose soft drops fall,  
Nor bruise at all  
The herb most small.

Praise Him who made them!

When the rough winds  
From north or east,  
Blow hard, or cold,  
And dew-drops freeze;  
And round hail falls,  
And flakes of snow;  
All sent for good  
To man, we know.

Praise Him who made them!

How cool, how sweet  
The breeze of morn!  
It moves the trees,  
It waves the corn,  
It makes the buds to blow:  
But for the winds

All plants would die,  
No beast could move,  
No bird could fly ;  
Nor could we breathe,  
Nor could we live :  
Then with our breath  
Our praise should flow,  
    To Him who makes the winds  
        to blow.

Sweet is the light,  
And sun's bright ray,  
To chase the night,  
And bring the day,  
When man to work  
Goes forth his way ;  
And sweet when work  
And toil is done,  
To rest in sleep,  
Our warm bed on,  
When night's still hour  
And gloom is come.—  
Both night and day,  
How good are they !  
    Praise Him who made them !

The stream that by  
Our house may rise,  
So cool, so clear,  
How much we prize!  
So fresh to cleanse,  
And keep us neat,  
And quench our thirst,  
And dress our meat;  
Our health must fail,  
Our life must end,  
Were we to lose  
So good a friend.—  
Praise Him who gave it!

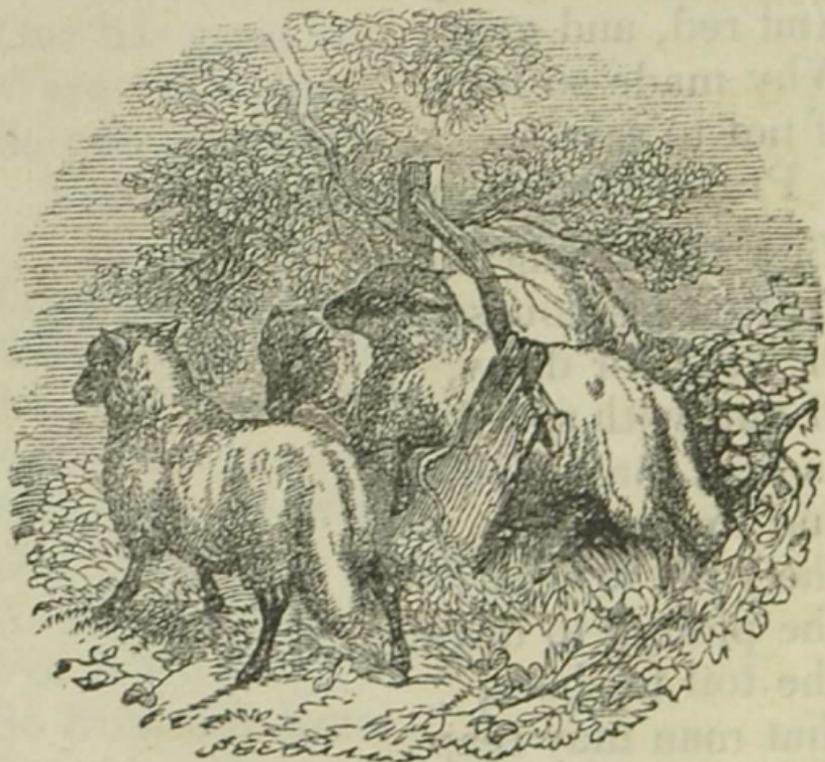
Look on the earth,  
Where grass so green,  
And corn, and fruit,  
And trees are seen;  
How fine the wheat,  
Our bread how sweet!  
As day by day,  
For it we pray;  
So from our heart  
Should each one say,  
“I thank Thee, Lord of all!”

The snowdrop white,  
The bell so blue,  
The pink and stock,  
We love to view ;  
For scent so nice,  
We prize them too :  
With rose, and plants  
All sweet and gay,  
In green and gold,  
And red, and grey ;  
Why made so fair,  
If not to say,  
Praise Him who made us .

View the strong horse  
Trot on his course,  
Or work, or draw,  
Or run with speed,  
As man may need.  
And ox so tame  
The yoke to wear,  
The plough to draw,  
The toil to share,  
That man may reap  
His sheaves so fair.  
Praise Him who made them !

Think on the cows,  
Whose milk and cream,  
And cheese, so nice  
And good we deem ;  
Whose flesh is food,  
To give us strength,  
And do us good.

Praise Him who made them !



Look on the sheep,  
So meek and mild,

Whose warm wool clothes  
The frost cold child ;  
And flesh, the best  
Of all is styl'd.

Praise Him who made them !

And the young lambs,  
Safe in the fold,  
Screen'd from the sharp  
And north wind cold ;  
Like the sweet lambs  
Of Christ's own fold ;  
Who in his arms,  
Kept safe from harms,  
His mercy share,  
And own his care.

May we be such, and praise Him !

The birds that fly  
In air so high ;  
And those who share  
Of man the care,  
The duck, the swan, the goose,  
The bird that crows  
When day is near,

The hen that tends  
Her brood with care,  
Have all to men their use.

Praise Him who gave them !

The small brown birds\*  
That hop the hedge  
Or house-top on,  
Or round us flee,  
Bid us to know  
The case is thus ;  
That He whose care,  
These small birds share  
Cares more for us.

Then praise His name !

The finch with plumes  
Of gold, or green,  
To please our eye  
And ear is seen ;

\* " Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God ? but even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not therefore : ye are of more value than many sparrows," Luke xii. 6, 7.

And that sweet bird  
With pipe so clear,  
Whose full, soft note,  
Through night we hear ;  
Which to our hearts  
This thought should bear :  
“ Who made the night,  
Night’s gloom can cheer—  
Love thou, and praise Him !”

See the sweet larks,  
That soar so high,  
That their wings seem  
To touch the sky ;  
Sing as they mount,  
And as they fly  
Through air’s light way .  
So sweet their song,  
They seem to say,  
“ Praise Him who made us !”

And fish, that in  
The sea so wide,  
And those that in  
The rivers glide,

With fins to swim,  
On each smooth side,  
To stem the wave,  
And stem the tide,—  
How nice and good  
Are they for food !

Praise Him who made them !



The bees that roam  
So far from home,

To fill with sweets  
Their wax-built comb ;  
When all is bright  
They take their flight,  
Led by their queen ;  
Where she sees best,  
They fix their rest,  
On bough so green ;  
Till hive so warm  
Takes in the swarm,  
Then with swift wing  
Their sweets they bring  
In store for man.

Praise Him who made them !

See the small ant,  
Who, while the sun  
Shines bright and strong,  
In work goes on ;  
And lays up store,  
For the cold hour,  
When winds may blow,  
And rains may pour :  
These say to man,

“Waste not in sloth  
Thy life's short span,  
Serve Him who gave it.”

The gnat and fly  
That wing their way  
So free, so brisk,  
In heat of day,  
And fly so swift their round ;  
View their fine wings,  
So firm, so neat,  
It is with them  
The air they beat,  
And make so loud a sound !

And speak His skill who made  
them !

The moth, with wing  
Of down so fine,  
At first but crawls  
The earth along,  
Then bursts its shell,  
And spreads its wings,  
And quick with life

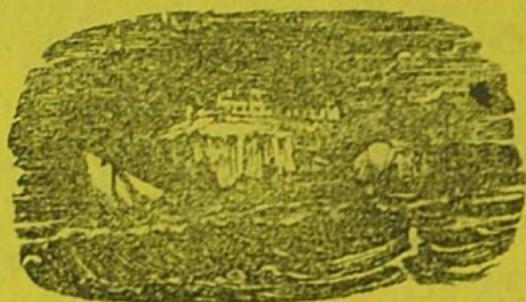
In air it springs,  
And sips the plants most sweet.  
Thus we now seem  
So poor, and mean,  
If in the Lord  
We live, and trust,  
Then from the dust  
We soon shall rise,  
And mount more high  
Than yon blue skies,  
In glory there to shine, and sing  
His praise !

But most of all,  
Our praise should flow,  
To Him who gave  
Us life we know,  
With soul to love,  
And serve Him here ;  
His love to own,  
His grace to share :  
And may He make  
Our souls his care,  
And teach our hearts to praise  
Him !

And when by sin  
Our souls were lost,  
He bought them—Oh  
How vast the cost!  
For more than worlds  
Could give or yield!  
He gave His Son  
For us to die,  
To Him may we  
For mercy fly.  
Now we must live  
In sin no more,  
Pray Him on us  
His grace to pour  
That we may serve  
Him all our days  
Then go on high  
And sing His praise.

O grant it, Lord of love and grace!

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### AGAINST LYING.

No real advantage can proceed  
From doing what is wrong ;  
For if at first it should succeed,  
'Twill not continue long.

When Ananias thought to hide  
The money he had got,  
He and his wife Sapphira died  
For their deceitful plot.

Then let us all avoid, and fear  
To say what is not true ;  
As God can always see and hear,  
And he can punish too.