

A decorative border of repeating floral motifs surrounds the text. The motifs are small, stylized flowers with multiple petals, arranged in a regular grid pattern.

THE  
**CRADLE HYMN:**

---

WITH THE  
**EVENING AND MORNING HYMNS;**  
AND  
SUNDAY MORNING HYMN.

---

BY J. WATTS, D. D.

---

EMBELLISHED WITH  
SIXTEEN ELEGANTLY COLOURED ENGRAVINGS.

---

LONDON:  
PRINTED AND SOLD BY DEAN & MUNDAY,  
THREADNEEDLE STREET.

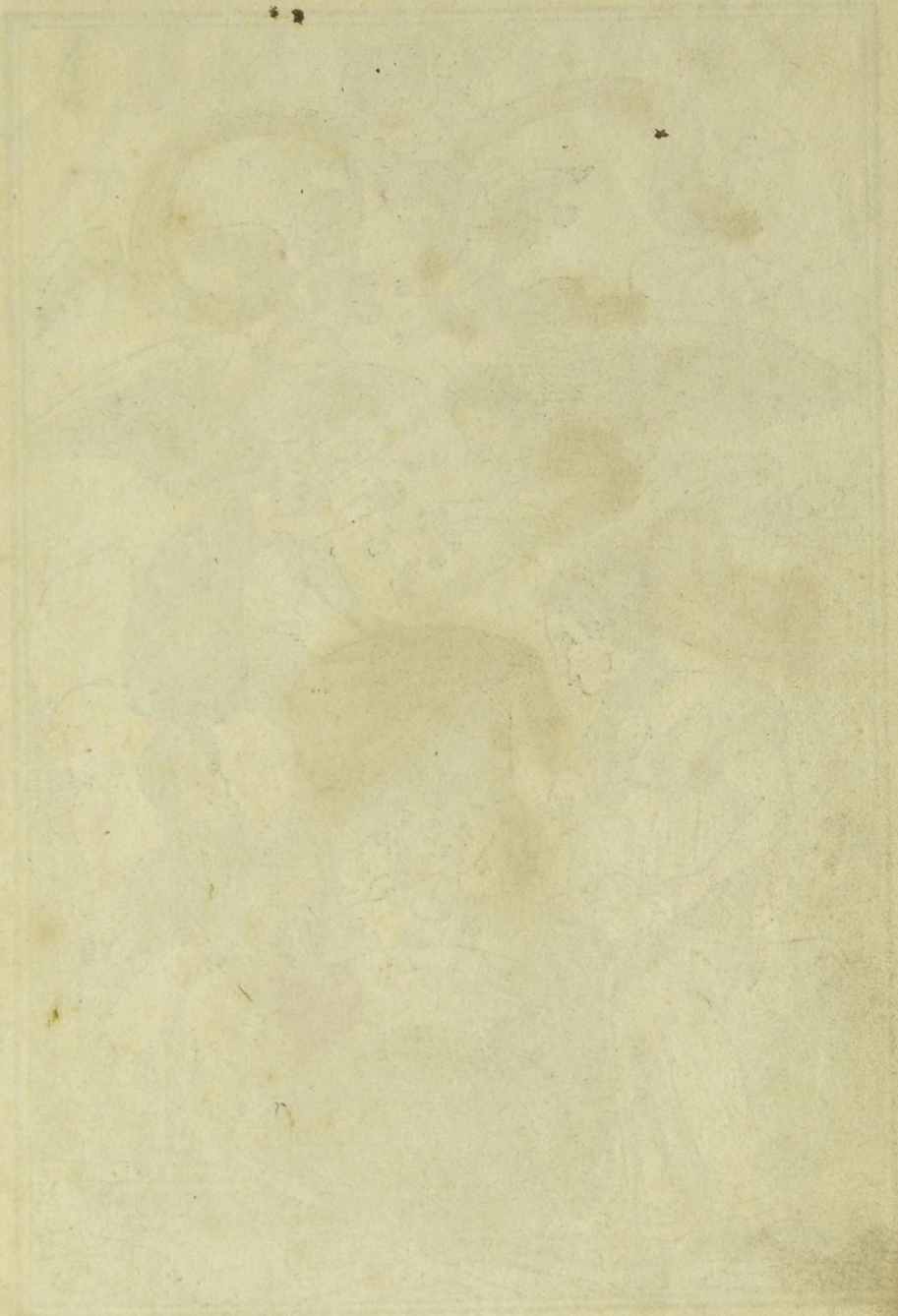
---

Price 1s.

Eliz Mills Parsondrowe

A gift from her  
Father

PROBATION



M

11

FRONTISPIECE.



Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber;  
Holy angels guard thy bed.

THE  
**CRADLE HYMN.**

---

WITH THE  
EVENING AND MORNING HYMNS;  
AND  
**SUNDAY MORNING HYMN.**

---

BY I. WATTS, D. D.

---

BEAUTIFULLY EMBELLISHED WITH  
SIXTEEN ELEGANTLY COLOURED ENGRAVINGS.



LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR DEAN & MUNDAY, THREADNEEDLE-STREET.

---

*Price 1s. 6d.*







HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber;  
Holy angels guard thy bed!  
Heav'nly blessings without number,  
Gently falling on thy head.

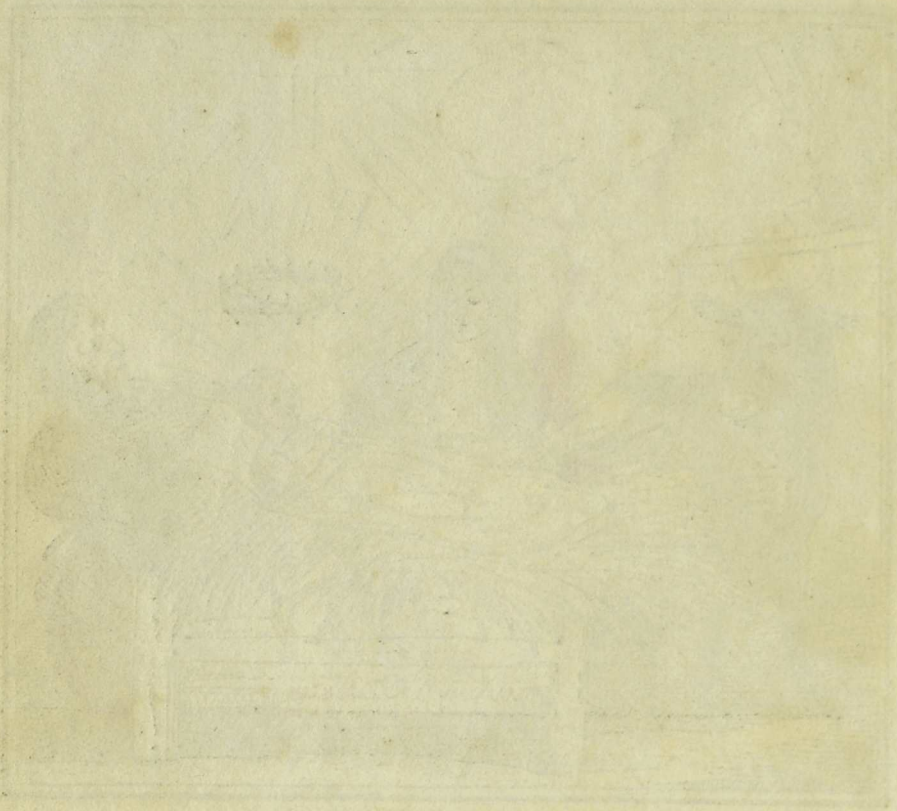
Sleep, my babe! thy food and raiment,  
House and home, thy friends provide;  
All without thy care or payment;  
All thy wants are well supplied.





How much better thou'rt attended,  
Than the Son of God could be,  
When from heav'n he descended,  
And became a child, like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle;  
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay;  
When his birth-place was a stable,  
And his softest bed was hay.



How much better thou'rt attended,  
Than the Son of God could be,  
When from heav'n he descended,  
And became a child, like thee.

Soft and easy is thy cradle;  
Crown and hand thy banner lay;  
When his birth-place was a stable,  
And his rest bed was hay.



His eyes did not  
 look there nothing but a man  
 Church stoness could afford  
 To receive the body of  
 And they thus receive their



Blessed babe! what glorious features,  
Spotless fair, divinely bright;  
Must he dwell with brutal creatures?  
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger,  
Cursed sinners could afford,  
To receive the heav'nly stranger!  
Did they thus affront their Lord?



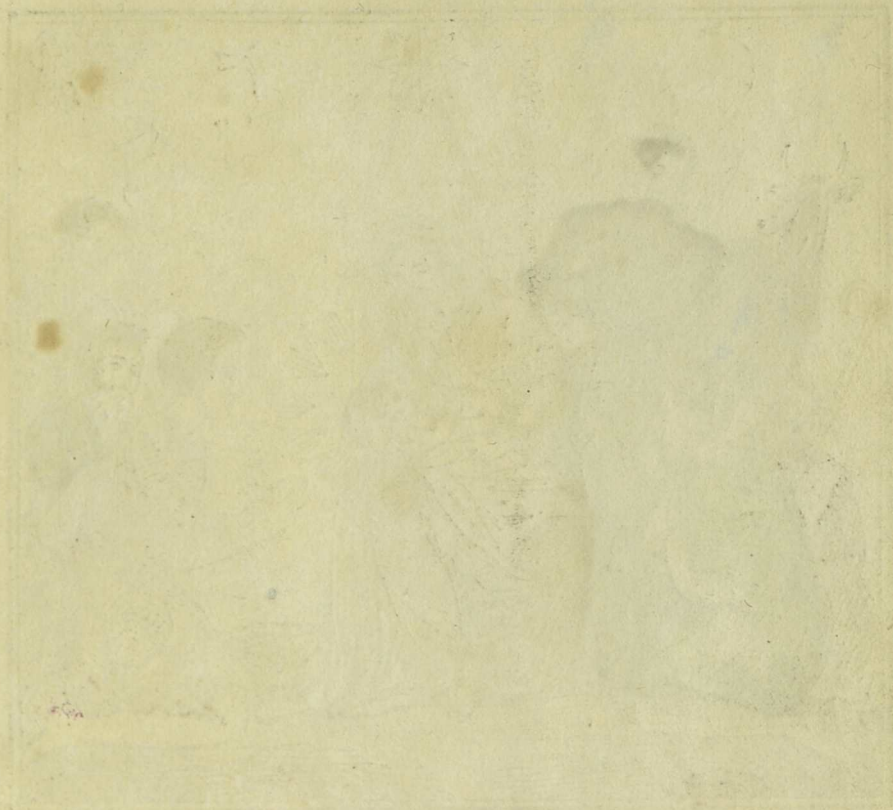
Soft! my child! I did not chide thee,  
Though my song might sound too hard:  
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,  
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,  
How the Jews abus'd their king,  
How they serv'd the Lord of Glory,  
Makes me angry while I sing.



Soft! my child! I did not of the fact  
 Though my song might sound too faint  
 The thy mother she said to thee  
 And herons shall be thy guide

Yet to read the stanzas  
 From the dawn of the day  
 How they served the land of  
 There no angry words I say



See the tender father's round arm,  
 That wanders round the child,  
 Whom he thought him, there to find him,  
 With his virgin mother's eye.

See the lovely babe a darling,  
 Lying infant, low to smother,  
 When he wails, the night's still wing,  
 And his mother's heart is torn.



See the kinder shepherds round him,  
Telling wonders from the sky!  
Where they sought him, there they found him,  
With his virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a dressing:  
Lovely infant! how he smil'd!  
When he wept, the mother's blessing,  
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.



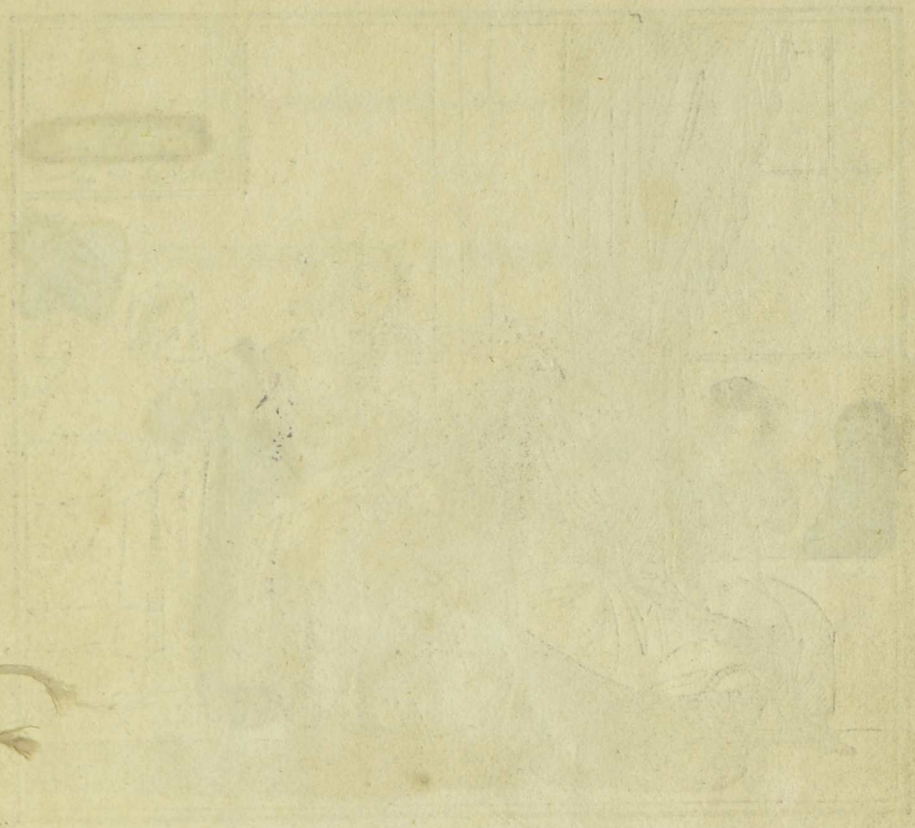


Lo! he slumbers in a manger,  
Where the horned oxen fed;  
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,  
Here's no oxen near thy bed.

'Twas to save the child from dying,  
Save my dear from burning flames,  
Bitter groans and endless crying,  
That thy blest Redeemer came.



Let the children in a manger,  
 When the horror overtook;  
 And, my children, here's no danger,  
 There's no oxen near the stall.  
  
 'Twas to save the child from dying,  
 That our Lord here from our King came,  
 His name was with us still in giving,  
 And he shall be a great name.



That's how I live to know  
 Trust and love through the day  
 Then go down for ever  
 The history and the  
 I could give thee a thousand  
 I hope that I may  
 And a woman's foolish wish  
 And to give thee a



May'st thou live to know and fear him,  
 Trust and love him all thy days;  
 Then go dwell for ever near him,  
 See his face, and sing his praise.

I could give thee a thousand kisses,  
 Hoping what I most desire:  
 Not a mother's fondest wishes  
 Can to greater joys aspire.

---

**EVENING AND MORNING HYMNS.**



**SUNDAY MORNING HYMN.**

---

---

EVENING AND MORNING HYMNS.



EVENING AND MORNING HYMNS.

---



And how another day is gone,  
I'll not my Master's praise  
His comfort give, nor make known  
His providence and grace.

But how my selfishness to waste  
My sin, how great their sin,  
I'll give no pardon for the past,  
And strength for days to come.



AND now another day is gone,  
 I'll sing my Maker's praise;  
 My comforts ev'ry 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.

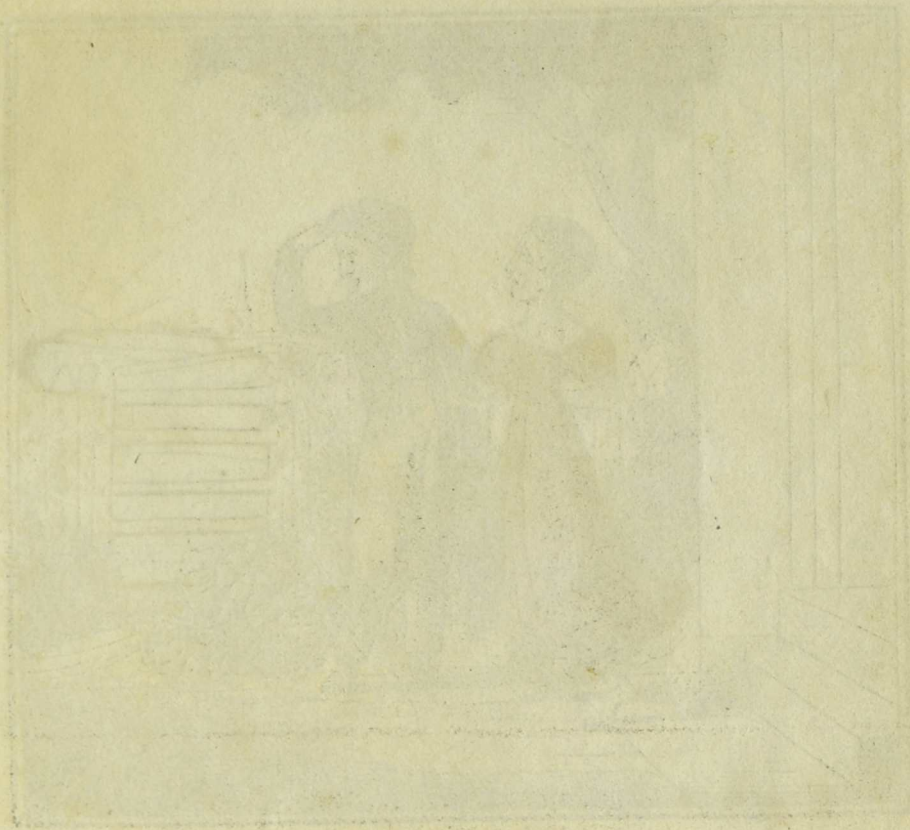




I lay my body down to sleep,  
Let angels guard my head,  
And through the hours of darkness keep  
Their watch around my bed.

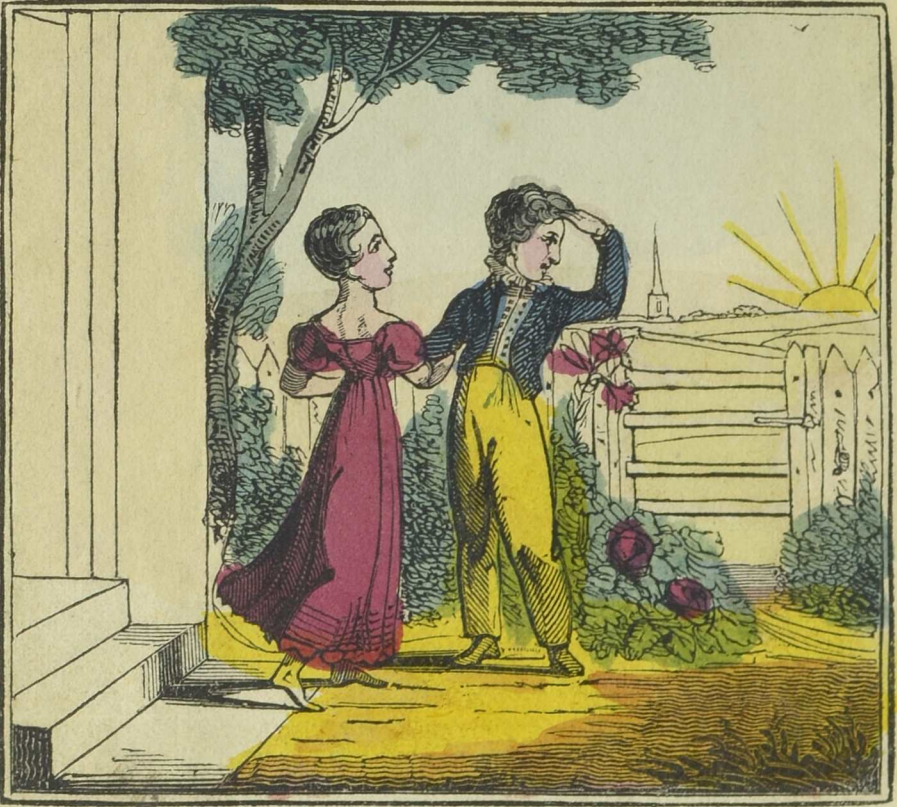
With cheerful heart I close my eyes,  
Since thou wilt not remove;  
And in the morning let me rise,  
Rejoicing in thy love.





My God who makes the Sun to burn  
 His power here to rise  
 And to give light to all below,  
 Doth send him round the globe

When from the chambers of the East  
 The morning stars begin  
 To utter their voices,  
 And found the world to stir



My God who makes the Sun to know  
His proper hour to rise,  
And to give light to all below,  
Doth send him round the skies.

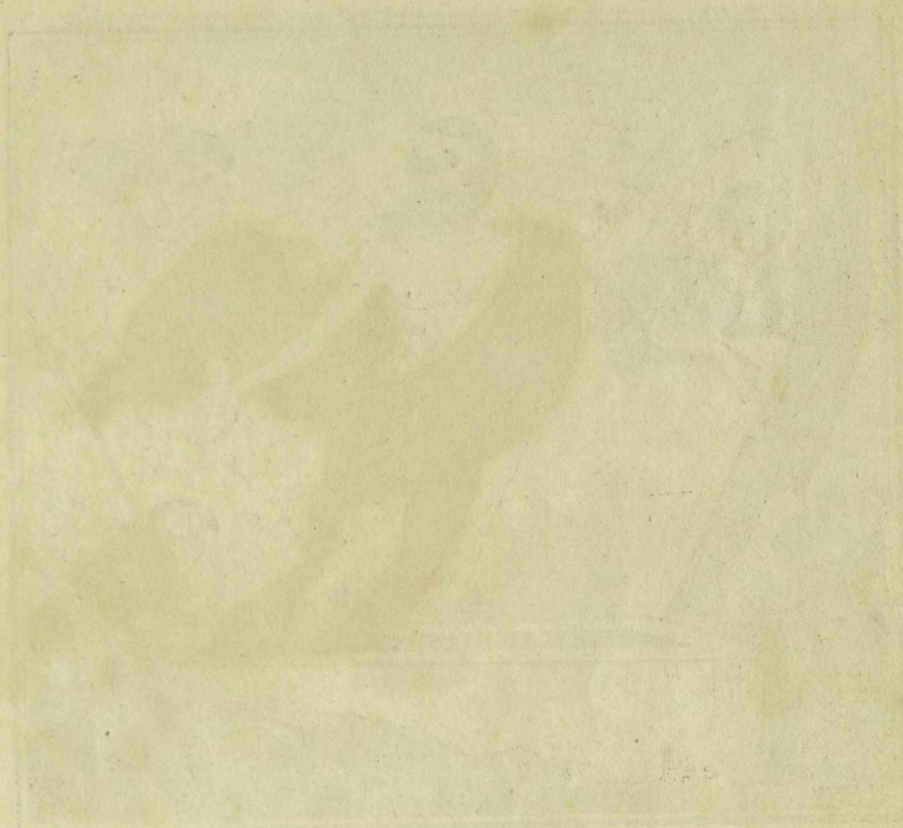
When from the chambers of the East,  
His morning race begins,  
He never tires, nor stops to rest,  
But round the world he shines.



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

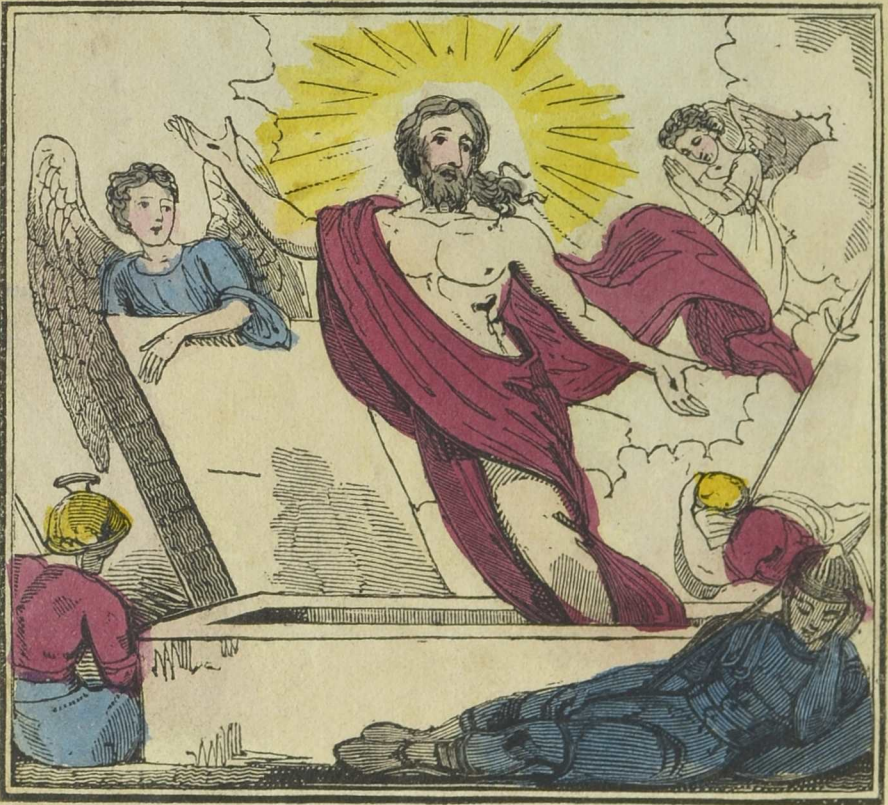
Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,  
Nor let my soul complain,  
That the young morning of my days  
Has all been spent in vain.





This is the day when Christ arose  
To rise from the dead;  
Why should I keep my eyes shut?  
And we to my home in hell?

This is the day when Jesus broke  
The power of death and hell;  
And shall I still wear mourning's robe?  
And live my life in hell?



This is the day, when Christ arose  
So early from the dead;  
Why should I keep my eyelids clos'd,  
And waste my hours in bed?

This is the day, when Jesus broke  
The pow'rs of death and hell;  
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,  
And love my sins so well?





To-day with pleasure Christians meet,  
To pray, and hear thy word;  
And I would go, with cheerful feet,  
To learn thy will, O Lord!

Prepare my heart to read and pray,  
And make me fit for heav'n;  
Oh! may I love this blessed day,  
The best of all the seven.

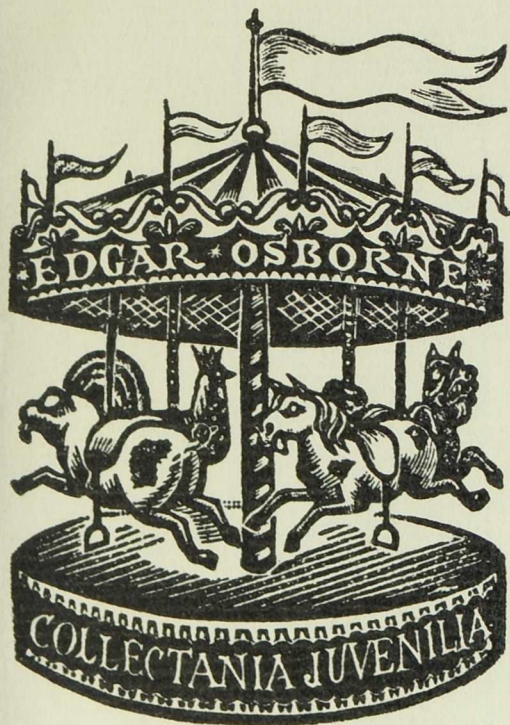


...with pleasure of action that  
...and that they would  
...with cheerful  
...of all

...to read and  
...of the  
...the  
...of all the

p

dr



37131053 595 567

## Juvenile Publications

*1s. 6d. each, with numerous coloured engravings.*

- A, Apple-Pie, that was cut to pieces and eaten by twenty-six Young Ladies and Gentlemen  
Aldiborontiphoskyphornostikos, a round Game for Merry Parties  
Cradle Hymn, Morning, Evening, and Sunday Morning Hymns  
Dame Wiggins of Lee, and her Seven Favorite Cats  
Gaping, Wide-mouthed, Waddling Frog; a new Game of Questions and Commands  
House that Jack built; with the pretty Picture Alphabet found therein  
Little Downy; or the pleasing History of a Field Mouse.

*1s. each, with numerous coloured engravings.*

- Birth-Day Present; or, Pleasing Tales, adapted for the Instruction of the Juvenile Mind  
Deborah Dent and her Donkey; and Madam Fig's Gala  
Gamut and Time-Table in Verse; for the Instruction of Children in the first Rudiments of Music  
How to be Happy; or, the Cottage of Content, the Cottage on Fire, and the Water-Cress Boy  
Little Traveller; or, Description of the Manners and Costumes of the Inhabitants of different parts of the World  
Mamma's Gift; or, Pleasing Lessons, adapted for Children of an early Age.  
Parent's Offering to a Good Child  
The Pleasant Walk in Spring; including the Story of the poor Old Soldier; and Orphan Henry

*6d. each, with numerous coloured engravings.*

- Aunt Ann's Gift; or Moral Emblems in Verse  
Courtship and Marriage of Cock Robin and Jemy Wren  
Flowers that never Fade  
Infant's Alphabet  
Juvenile Pastimes; or, Sports of Childhood  
Juvenile Tell-Tale  
New Cries of London, in easy verse  
Pretty Stories, and Pretty Pictures, for Little Folks  
Sweets for Leisure Hours; or little Poetical Pieces  
Unlucky John and his Lump of Silver; a German popular tale  
Wishing; or, the Fisherman and his Wife