

Hymns for CHILDREN

by
Sarah Wilson.



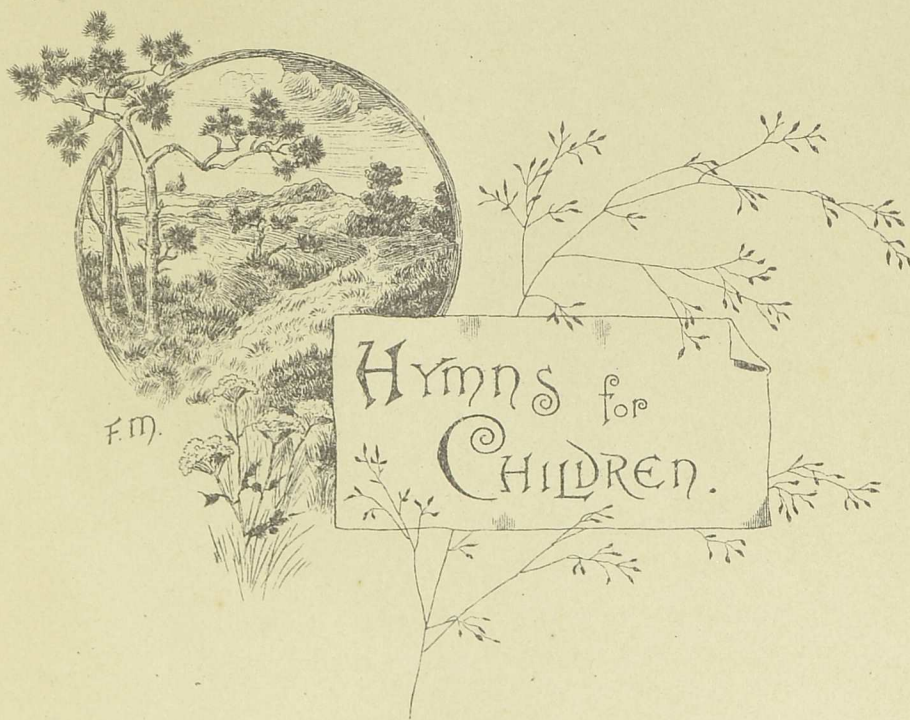
Music by
SIR
ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
& Other Composers.

Illustrated by
JANE M. DEALY
and
FRED. MARRIOTT.

LONDON:
EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, E. & J. B. YOUNG & Co.,
Her Majesty's Printers.

NEW YORK:
Cooper Union.









HYMNS for CHILDREN

by SARAH WILSON



With
Music

Adapted from tunes in Church Hymns.

(By permission of Sir Arthur Sullivan.)


Illustrated by

JANE M. DEALY

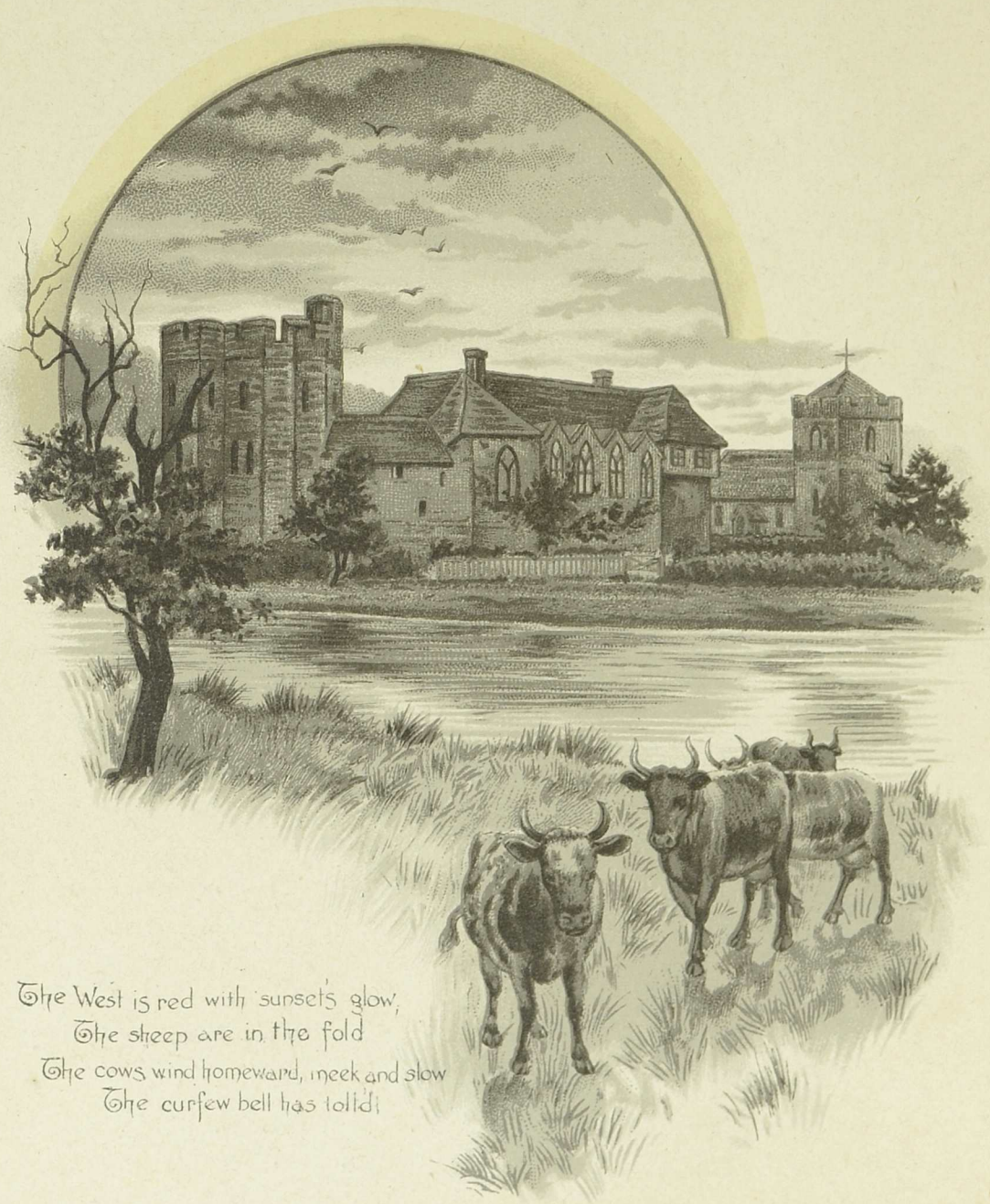
and

FRED. MARRIOTT.

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The West is red with sunset's glow,
The sheep are in the fold
The cows wind homeward, meek and slow
The curfew bell has tolled!

HYMN 1.



The West is red with sunset's glow;
The sheep are in the fold;
The cows wind homeward, meek and slow;
The curfew bell has toll'd .

The dewdrops fill each king-cup's brim;
They hang on leaf and blade ;
And all the flowers are dull and dim,
Or lost in dusky shade .

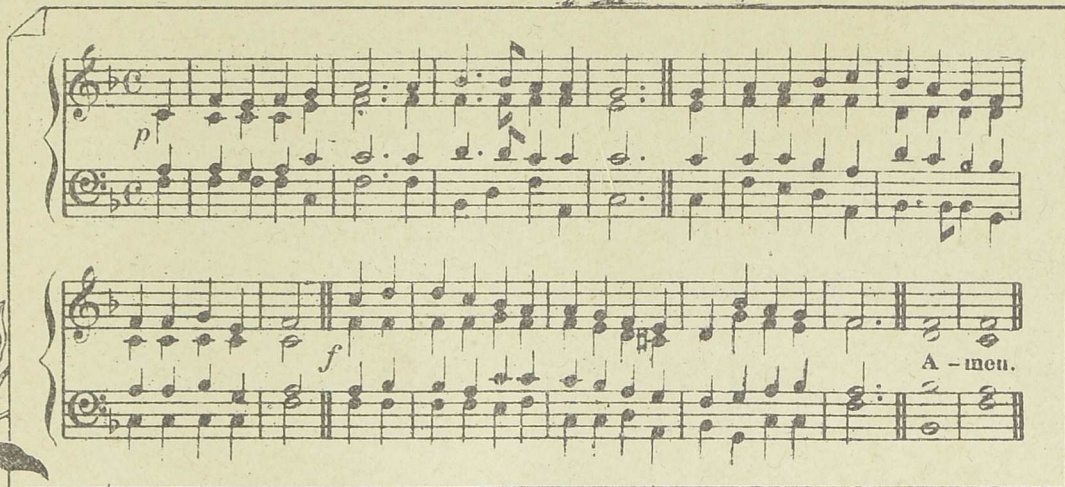
LORD, let my sleepy eyelids close
As gently as the flowers,
And watch above my calm repose
Thro' all the silent hours .

And give to all the eyes that weep,
And all the hearts that pine,
A dewy sleep, a balmy sleep,
A sleep as deep as mine





HYMN 2.



Another day is here!
Dear LORD, I humbly ask
For strength and grace and guidance true
To do each daily task.
Jubilate! Jubilate!
In THY goodness I will bask.

Low at THY feet I kneel,
Or ere I touch a task,
To thank THEE, LORD, for all THY gifts.
As in THY grace I bask,
Jubilate! Jubilate!
Still THY favour I would ask.

For, LORD I dare not come,
Or in THY presence bask,
Should I misuse one golden hour
Nor THY forgiveness ask.
Jubilate! Jubilate!
THOU art with me at each task.



"The flashing brook, the hills the trees,
Whose light leaves dance in ev'ry breeze."

HYMN 3.

Great FATHER, when my eyes behold
This wondrous world of THINE unfold; -
The great sun, rising round and bright,
The sea that heaves in restless might;



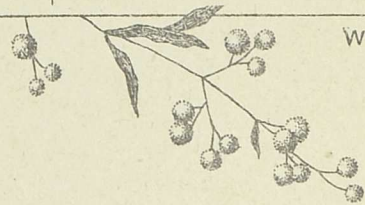
The flashing brook, the hills, the trees,
Whose light leaves dance in ev'ry breeze;
The happy birds, the buzzing things
That flutter by on gauzy wings;



A - men.

WEBBE.

Oh, shall I gaze with dazzled eyes,
Nor lift my heart to yonder skies,
THY might to praise, THY love to tell,
Great FATHER, ord'ring all things well?



The everlasting KING art THOU
To WHOM all earthly princes bow;
Yet THOU dost bend, with loving gaze,
To hear my hymn of childish praise.



HYMN 4.

A - men.
HAYDN.

His Temple is not made with hands,
 It has nor vault nor spire;
 No censer swings, nor priest intones,
 Within the dim-lit choir.
 His Temple is not made with hands;
 No light burns low and dim,
 In pillar'd aisle or carver's stall
 Or shrine that pictures HIM.



His Temple is our living hearts;
 They are HIS Holy place;
 And there HIS Spirit always shines
 In gentle love and grace,
 Blest Spirit, cleanse my sinful heart,
 All evil thoughts expel,
 Until at last a shrine it be
 Where only THOU dost dwell.

HYMN 5

Palmy isles, like jewels, strew
Tranquil seas of purple hue,
Neath a sky of wondrous blue,
THOU art there ever.



Seas of purple heather fill
Lonely moorlands, wide and still,
Where the breezes roam at will-
THOU art there ever.

Not too fast

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Hidden from the blessed sky
Buried deep from mortal eye,
Mines of gold and silver lie-
THOU art there ever.

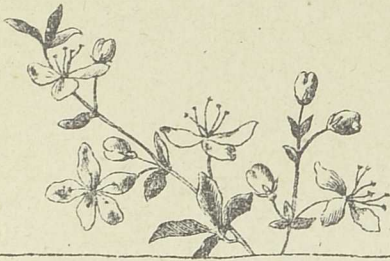


THOU WHO fillest earth and sea,
Mighty LORD abide with me,
Let my heart THY temple be-
Dwell there for ever.

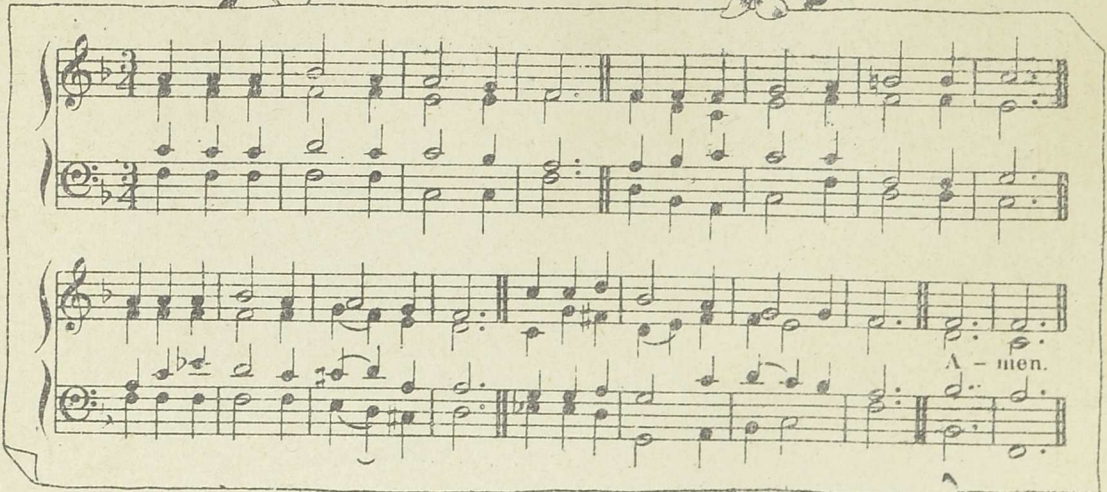


HYMN 6.

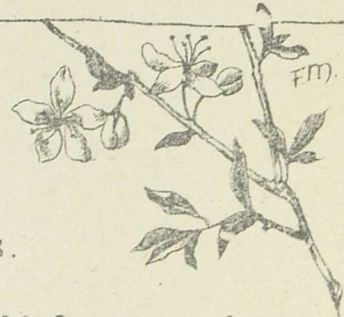
When dark grey clouds come rolling fast,
And tempests in the distance sound
And ere the first chill, trembling blast,
A breathless silence hangs around;



I call to mind that hour of dread
That wondrous first Good Friday morn
When CHRIST from Pilate's hall was led,
In purple robed, and crowned, with scorn.



Beneath His Cross I see HIM bow'd,
As up the Hill HE slowly strains,
While women wail among the crowd,
And priests and soldiers mock HIS pains.



For us, dear child, for me and you
HE died in anguish lone and sore;
Oh may we live HIS will to do,
And love HIM more and always more.

When dark grey clouds come rolling fast,
And tempests in the distance sound.



HYMN 7.

On Christmas night, full round and bright,
 A star appear'd, a beckning light,
 And following far the moving gem,
 Came three wise men to Bethlehem.
 In wondring glee drew near the three,
 And enter'd in, the KING to see;
 Behold a Babe, all meanly drest,
 Hush'd warm against its Mother's breast.




Their LORD is known; they all knelt down,
 Before this KING without a crown,
 And gave HIM gifts from bales unroll'd
 Of frankincense and myrrh and gold.
 No star today may light the way,
 But CHRIST is near to all who pray,
 No need hath HE of store or pelf -
 Come loving heart, and give thyself.



HYMN 8.

Birds their hymns have caroll'd,
 Busy sounds are o'er,
 Daisy-eyes are closing-
 Night is here once more.
 Rooks have sought the elm-trees,
 Cows are in the shed,
 Weary little children
 Lay them down in bed.



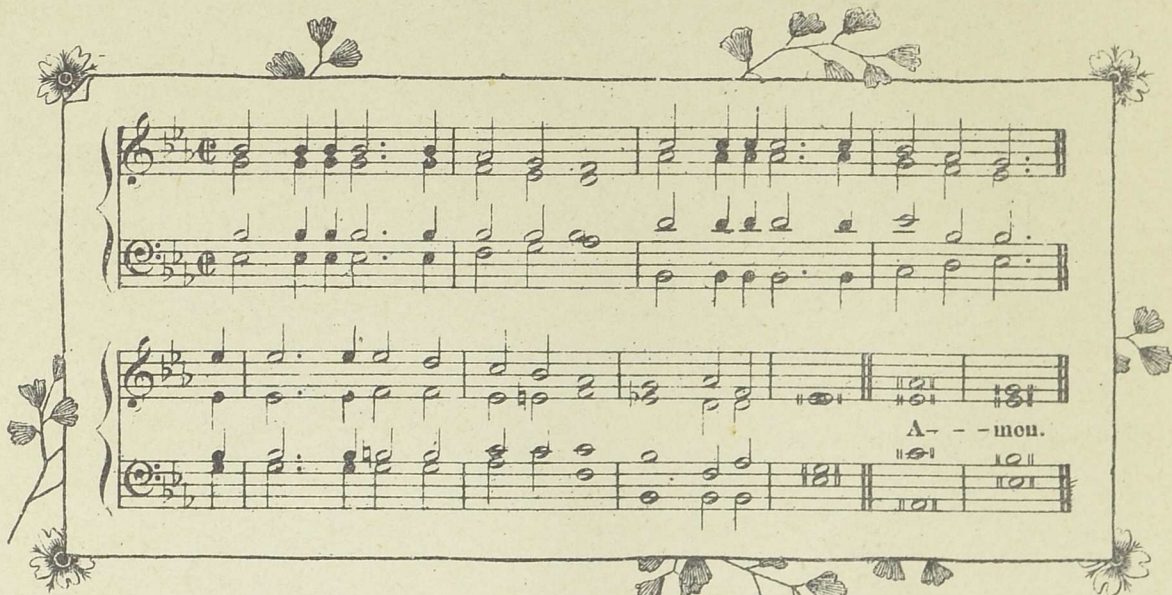

E. BARKER.

Ere I shut my eyelids,
 Let me kneel and pray,
 Thanking GOD WHO sent me
 Such a happy day,
 All I have THOU gavest,
 FATHER, in THY love
 Health and food and shelter,
 All THY kindness prove.



"Daisy-eyes are closing—
Night is here once more.

HYMN 9.



Our duty that we owe to GOD
Is more than sweet and babbling words,
Poured forth alike to cloud and clod
Like songs of birds.

The service that we owe the LORD,
Is loving righteousness of life,
With glad submission to HIS word,
Free from all strife.

Homage that we should pay to HIM,
Is truth and holiness of heart,
And not a vain or empty whim,
Or formal part.



Let Faith and Hope and Charity
For evermore bide with us all,
Then shall our days not fruitless be,
Whate'er befall.

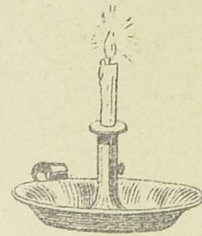


HYMN 10



ARTHUR SULLIVAN

When my evening pray'r is spoken,
Dies away the light,
And the darkness lies unbroken
Round my pillow white;
Yet no idle fears alarm me;
What can harm me
All the night?



Little lambs are calmly sleeping
Neath the open sky;
In the shepherd's watchful keeping
Safe and warm they lie.
Great Good, Shepherd, Thou art near me;
Thou wilt hear me
When I cry.

In the darkness should I waken,
Still I need not fear;
Wherefore should my heart be shaken?
Father, Thou art near,
Mighty arms of love enfold me,
Thou dost hold me,
Father dear.

HYMN 11.

EASTER.

They laid HIM in the tomb,
They closed it with a stone,
And in the deep and heavy gloom
They left their LORD alone.
Then broke the Easter day;
Fear not an angel said;
Behold the place where Jesus lay,
HE liveth WHO was dead.



A - - - men.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



HE tarried forty days,
With those HE most did love;
HE taught them of HIS FATHER'S ways,
And then HE went above,
CHRIST rose, and we shall rise,
When death's short sleep is past;
LORD, lift our hearts to yonder skies,
And take us there at last:

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

*

OUR FATHER WHO in Heaven dost dwell
All honoured be THY NAME,
THY laws be kept, THY will be done
On earth, on high the same.
Give us this day what'e'er we need,
Our sins and faults forgive,
As we would pardon others' faults
Each happy day we live.
LORD, try us not beyond our strength,
But save us and defend,
For THINE all power and glory are
Through time without an end. A men.



