



(by him Harriet mostey)

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SONGS AND HYMNS

FOR

THE NURSERY.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY ROBSON, LEVEY, AND FRANKLYN,
Great New Street, Fetter Lane.

SONGS AND HYMNS

FOR

THE NURSERY.

ADAPTED TO ORIGINAL MUSIC.

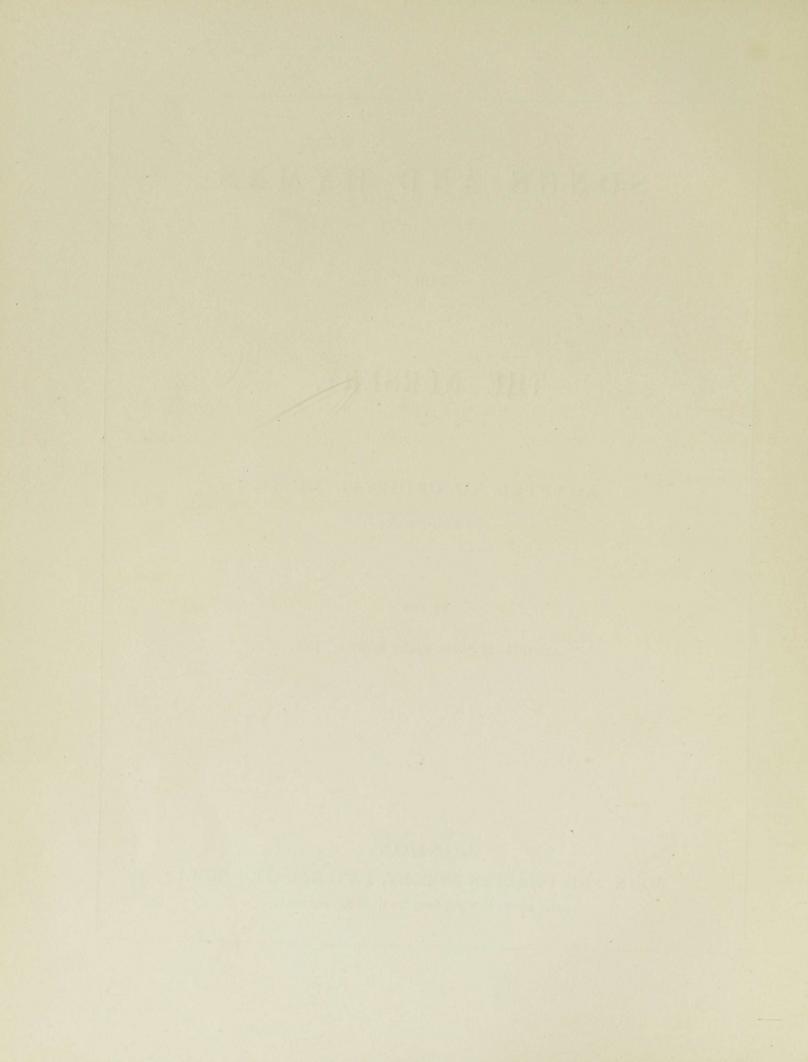
BY THE

AUTHOR OF "THE FAIRY BOWER," ETC.

LONDON:

JOHN AND CHARLES MOZLEY, PATERNOSTER ROW;

AND JOSEPH MASTERS, NEW BOND STREET.

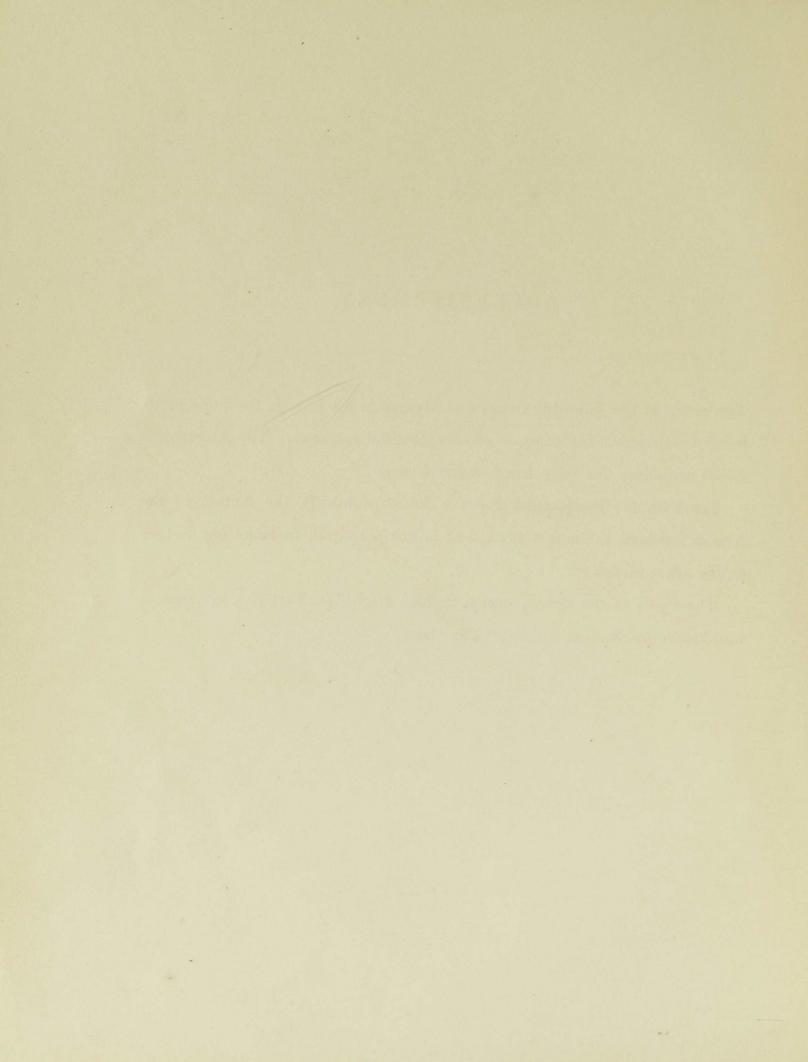


ADVERTISEMENT.

The music of the following Songs and Hymns is set low, in the hope of its being found within the compass of very youthful songsters. The Accompaniments are added for their less juvenile friends.

For both the Symphonies and the Accompaniments, the Author of the Airs is indebted to another hand, but is not permitted to make any farther public acknowledgment.

The words of the Songs, except "Good Night" (in Part II.), are from a well-known publication entitled "The Daisy."



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¹ This Song is taken out of a little book for children, called "Lucy and Arthur."

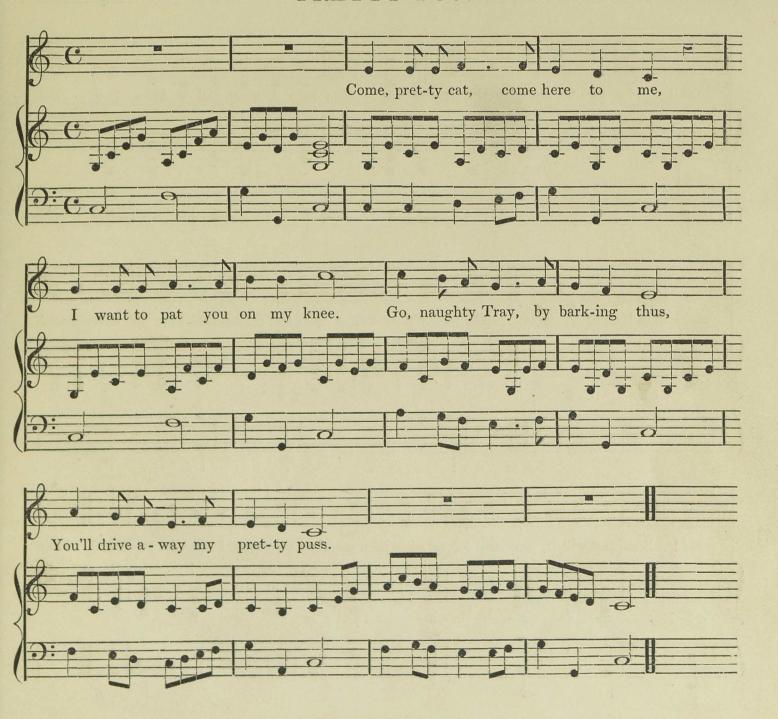
² Many additional verses of the Hymns may be found in the volume from which they are taken,—"Hymns and Scenes of Childhood; or, a Sponsor's Gift."

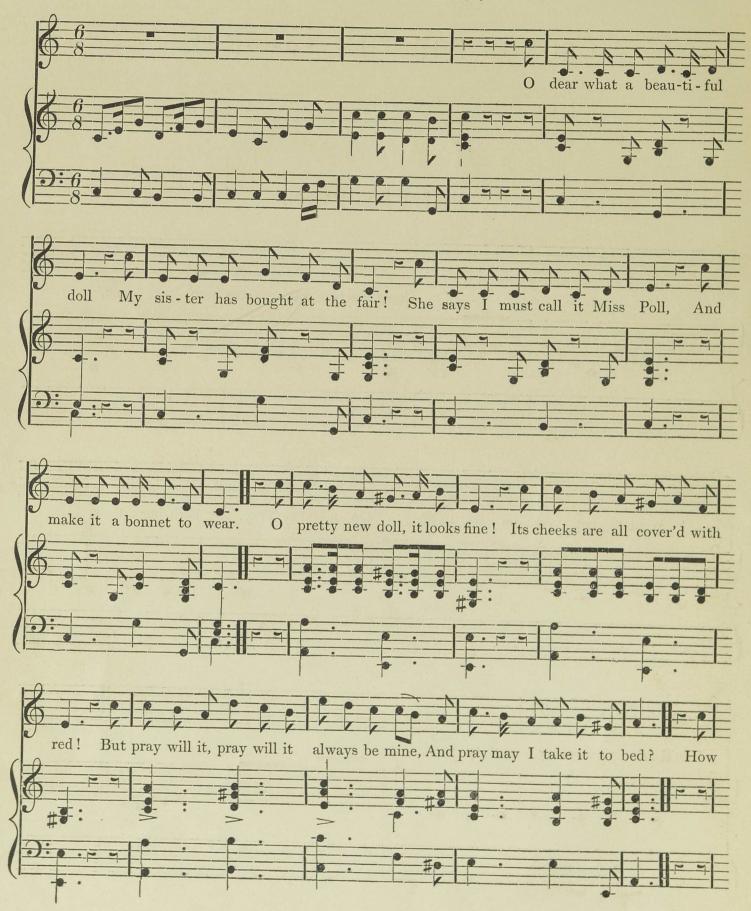
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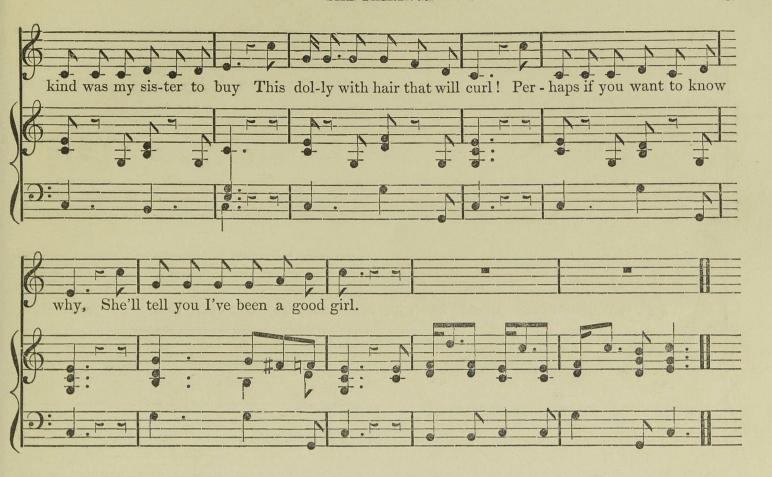
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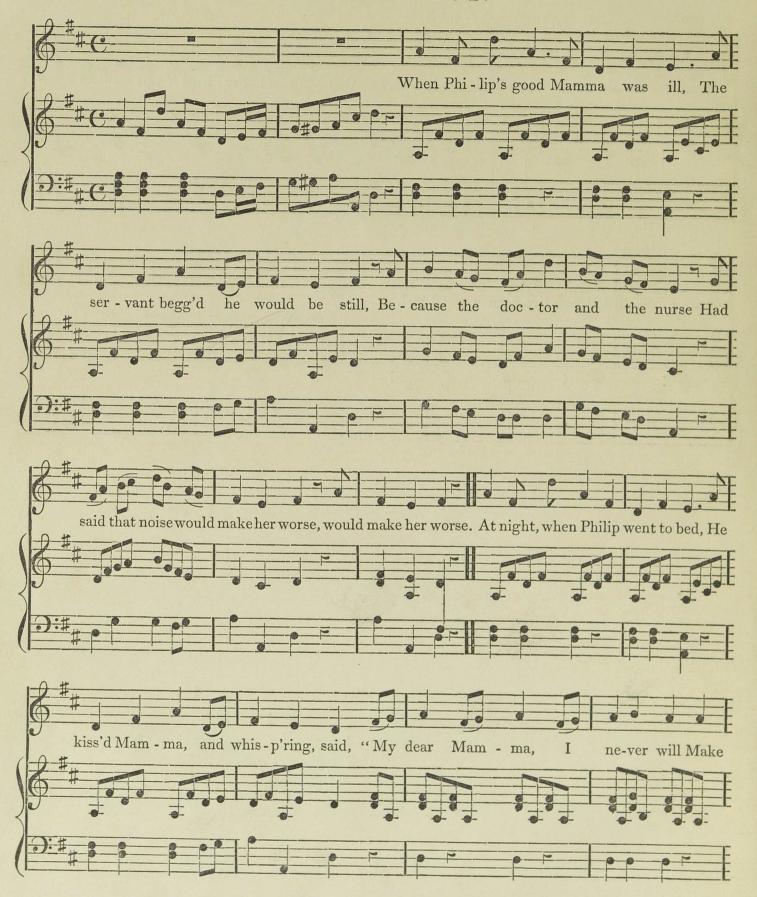
SONGS FOR THE NURSERY.

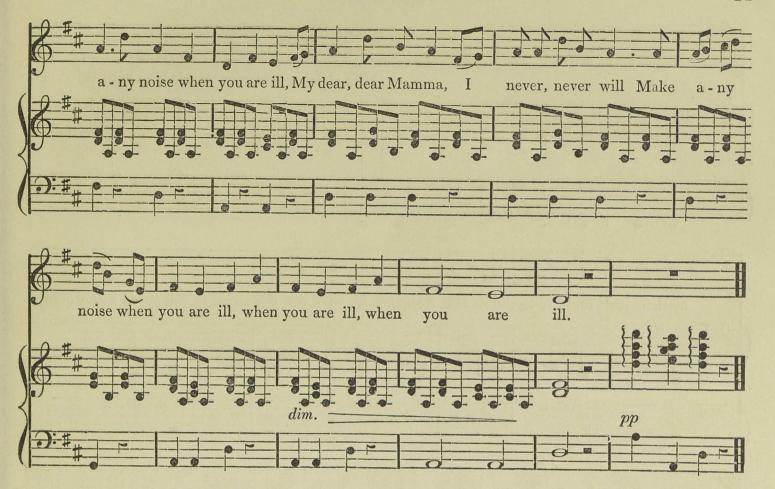
PRETTY PUSS.

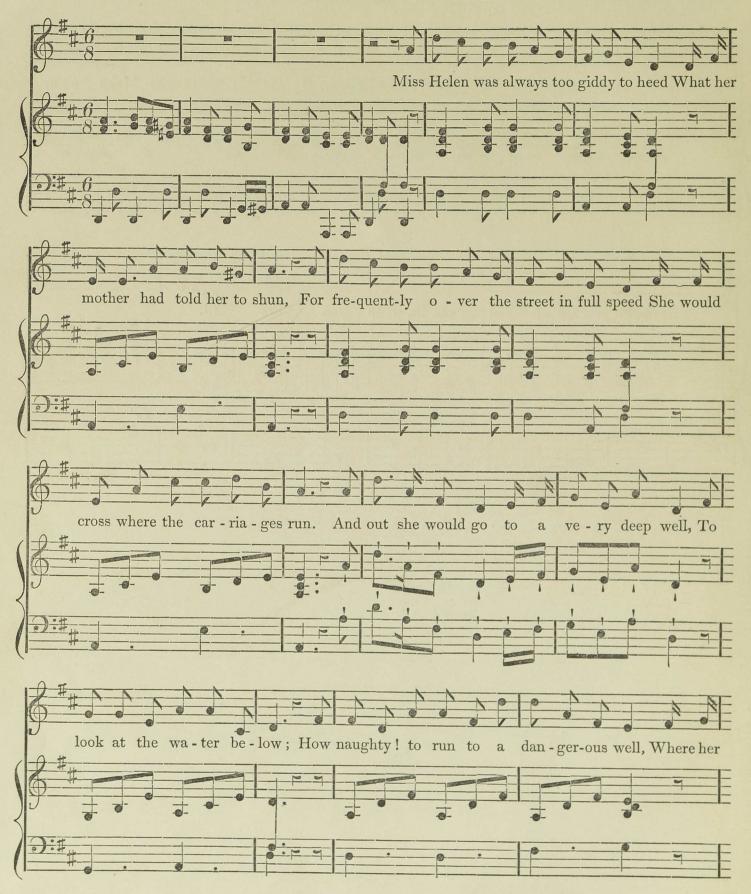


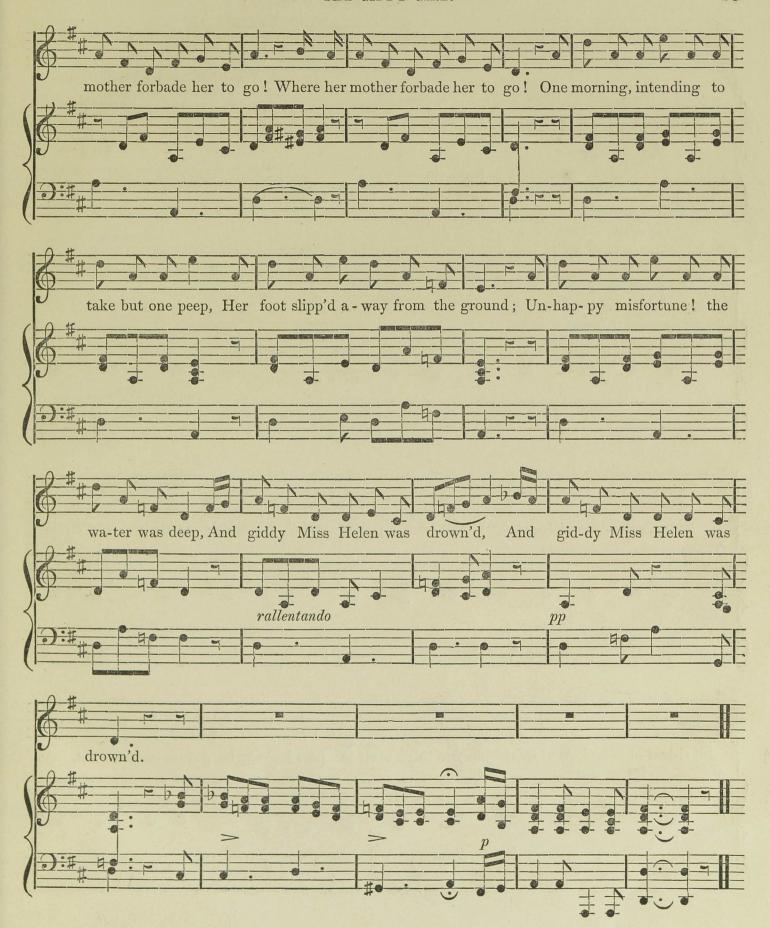


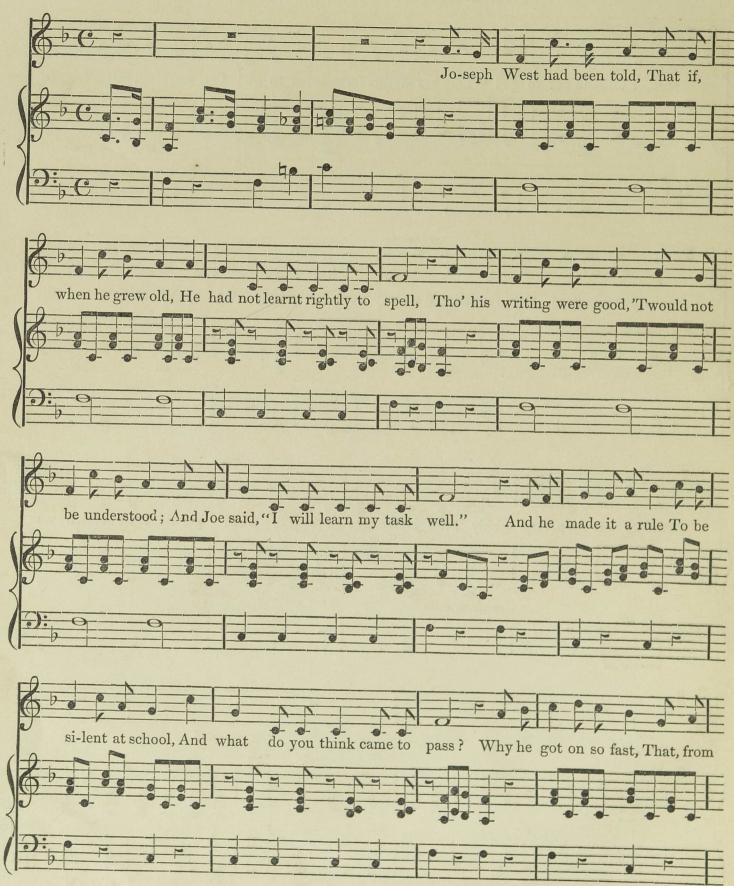


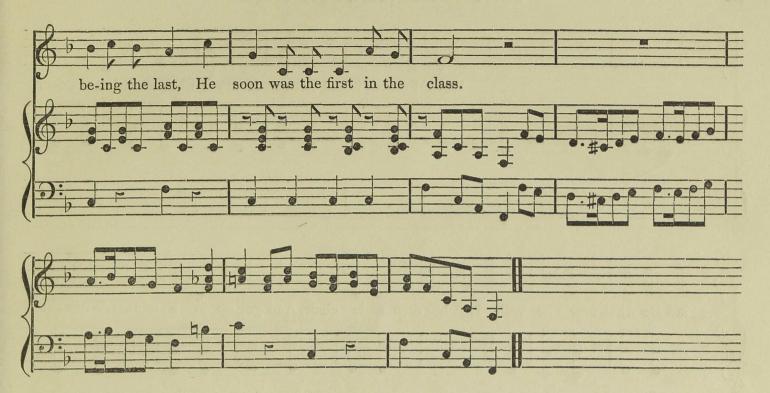




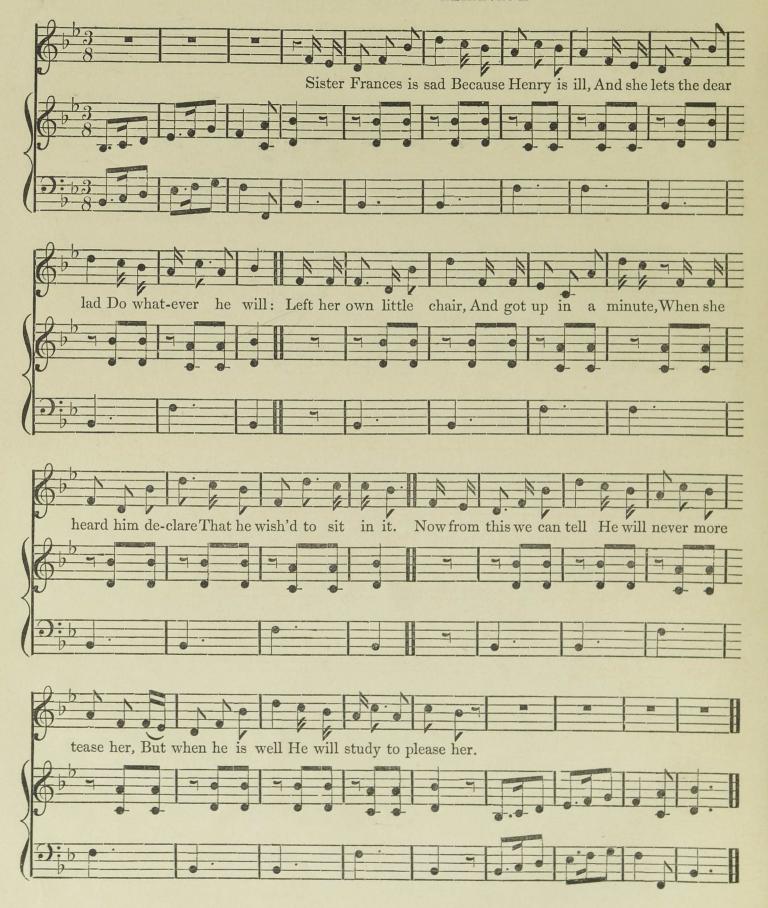


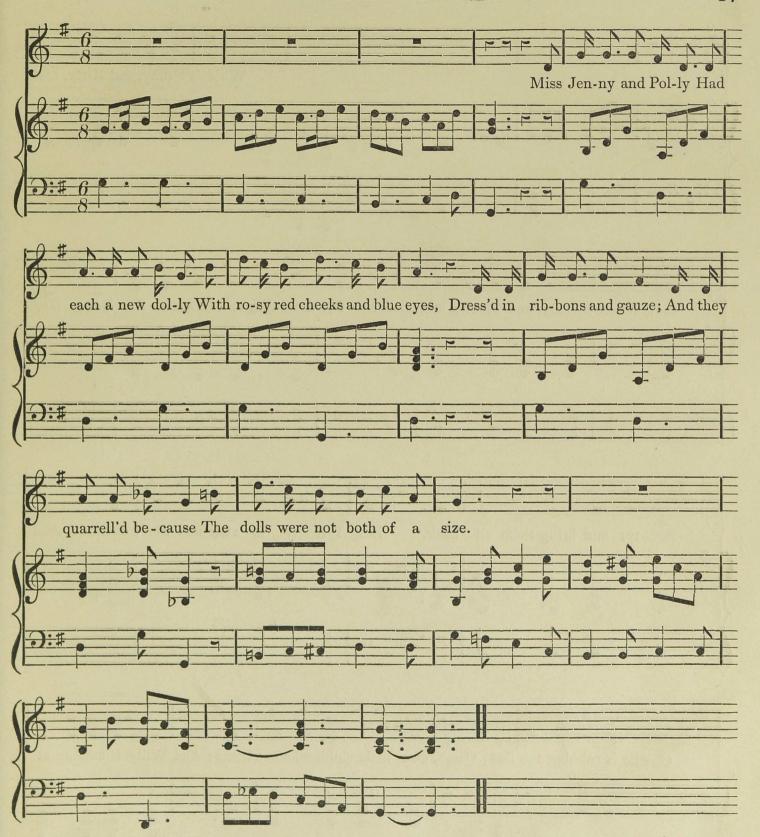






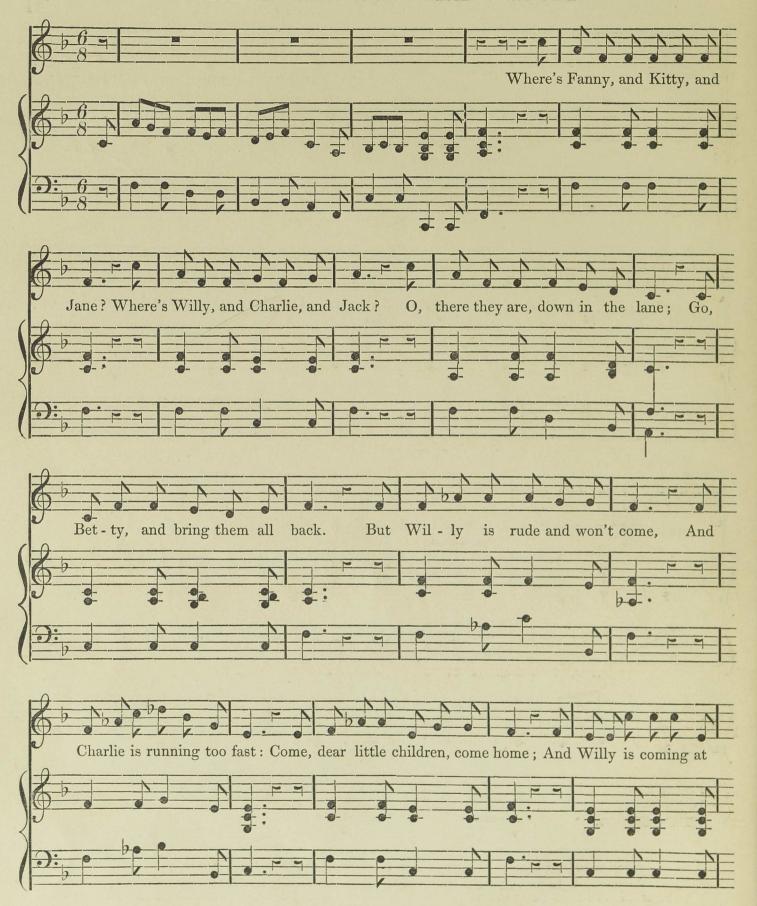
FRANCES AND HENRY.

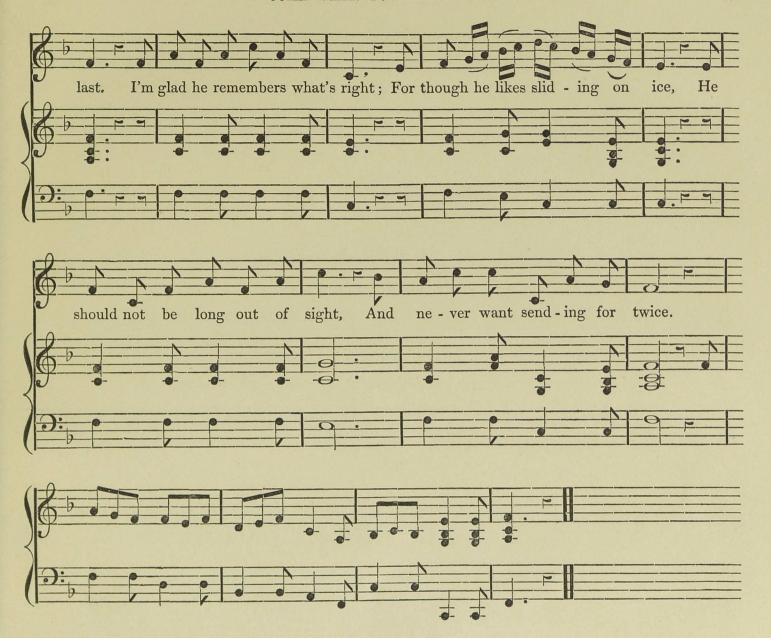


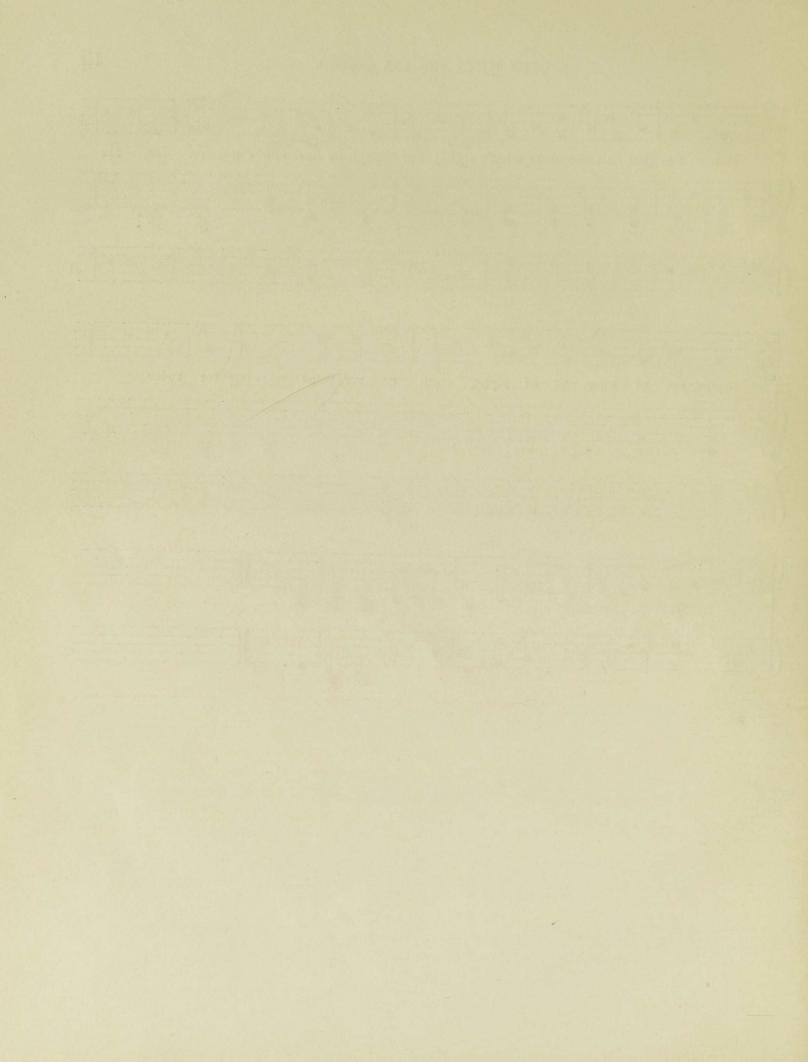


O silly Miss Jenny,
To be such a ninny
To quarrel and make such a noise;

For the very same day
Their mamma sent away
Their dolls with red cheeks and blue eyes.

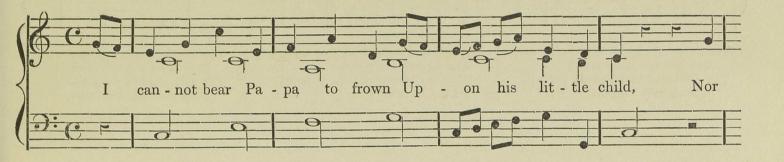


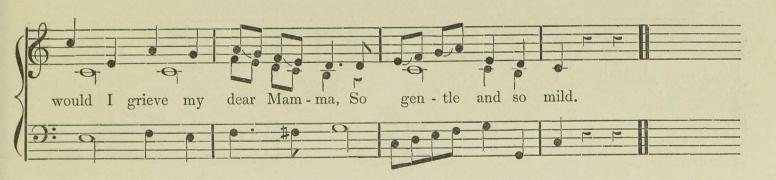




HYMNS.

WALKING IN PARENTS' SIGHT.





If they are absent but a day,
It makes me sad to miss
My dear Papa's approving smile,
And Mamma's tender kiss.

When naughty tempers rise within,

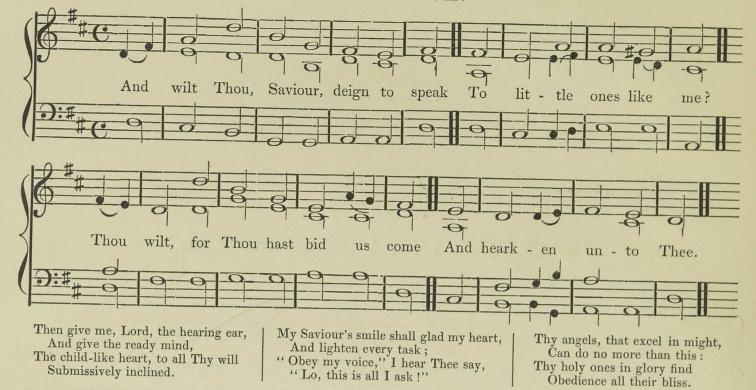
And tempt me to be rude,

One look of theirs will make me pause,

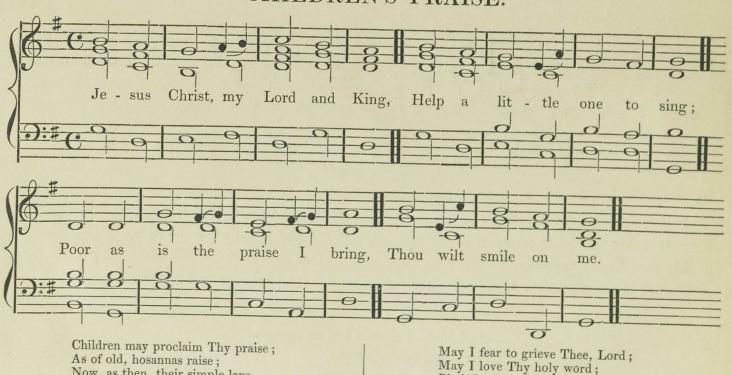
And help me to be good.

And could I always feel as though
I acted in their sight,
I think that I should never do
The thing that is not right.

OBEDIENCE.



CHILDREN'S PRAISE.



Find that it can joy afford,

Holiest joy to me.

May I love to bend the knee,

Love to get alone with Thee, Praying, till Thy face I see,

Lord, remember me.

Now, as then, their simple lays

Are not scorn'd by Thee.

Love shall guide me in Thy way,

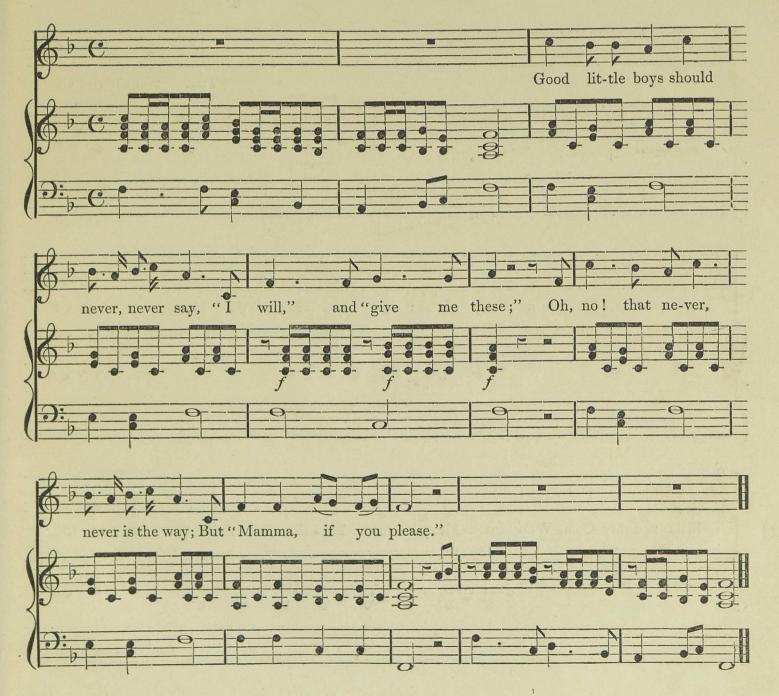
Teaching me, from day to day, Still, in all I do or say,

To remember Thee.

PART THE SECOND.

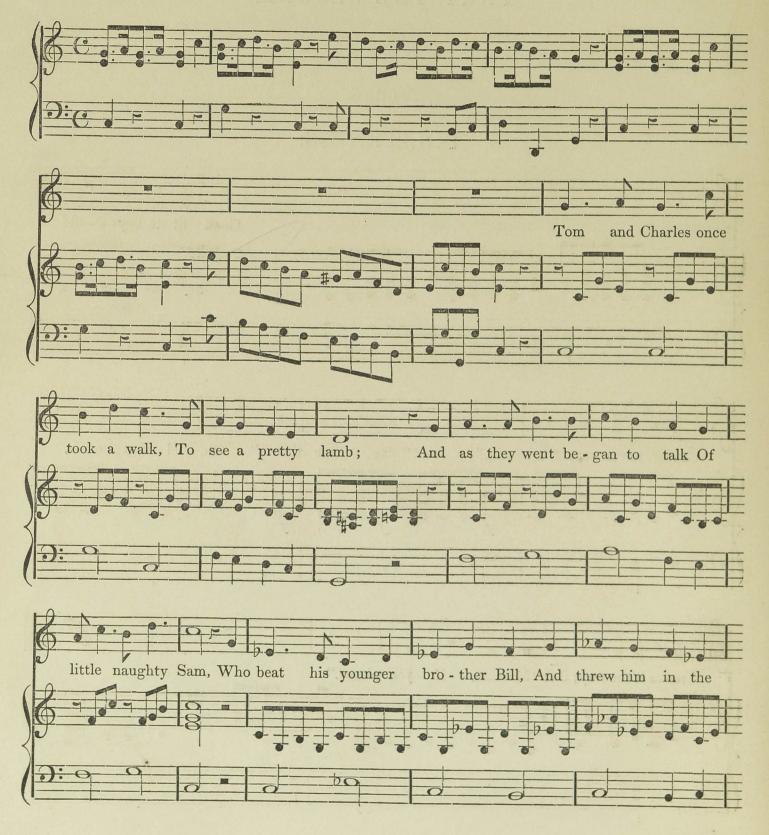
Songs.

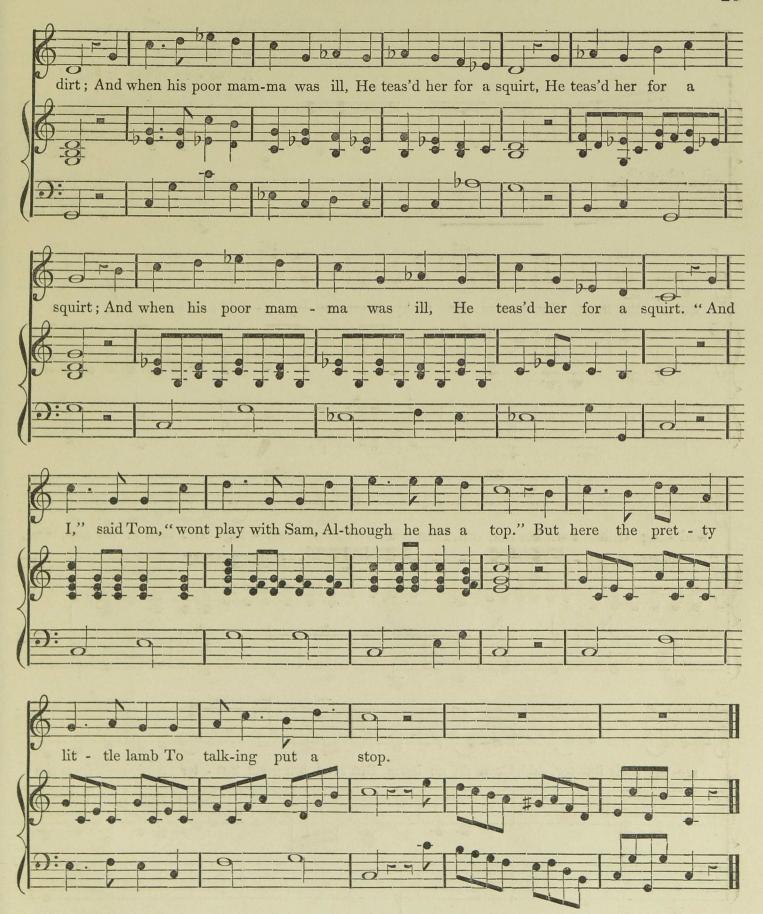
POLITENESS.

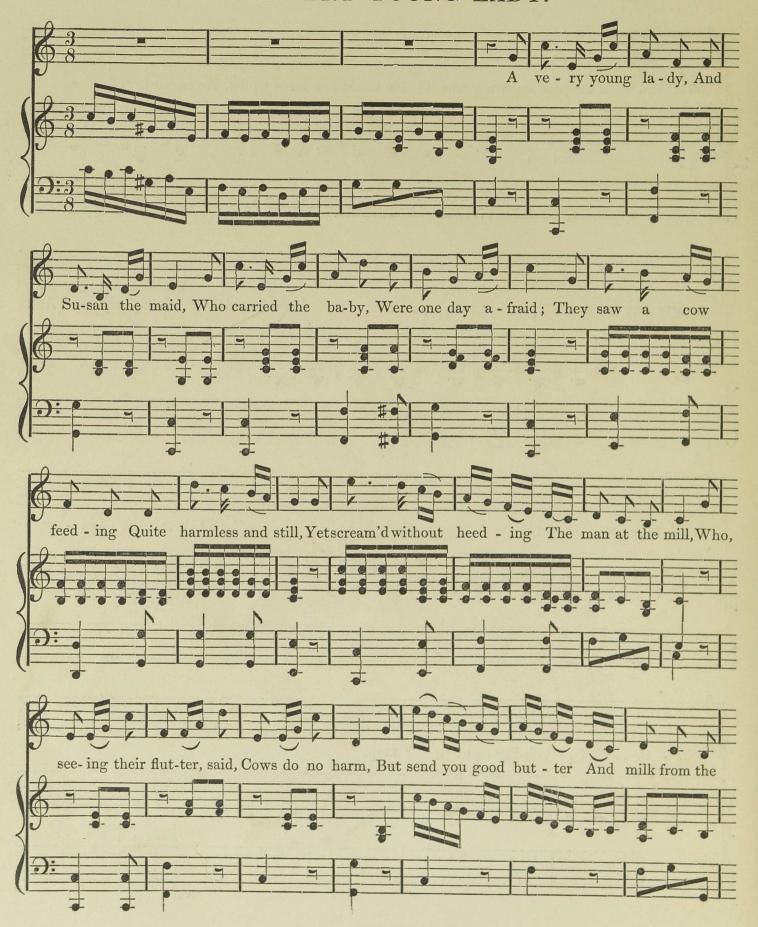


TOM AND CHARLES.

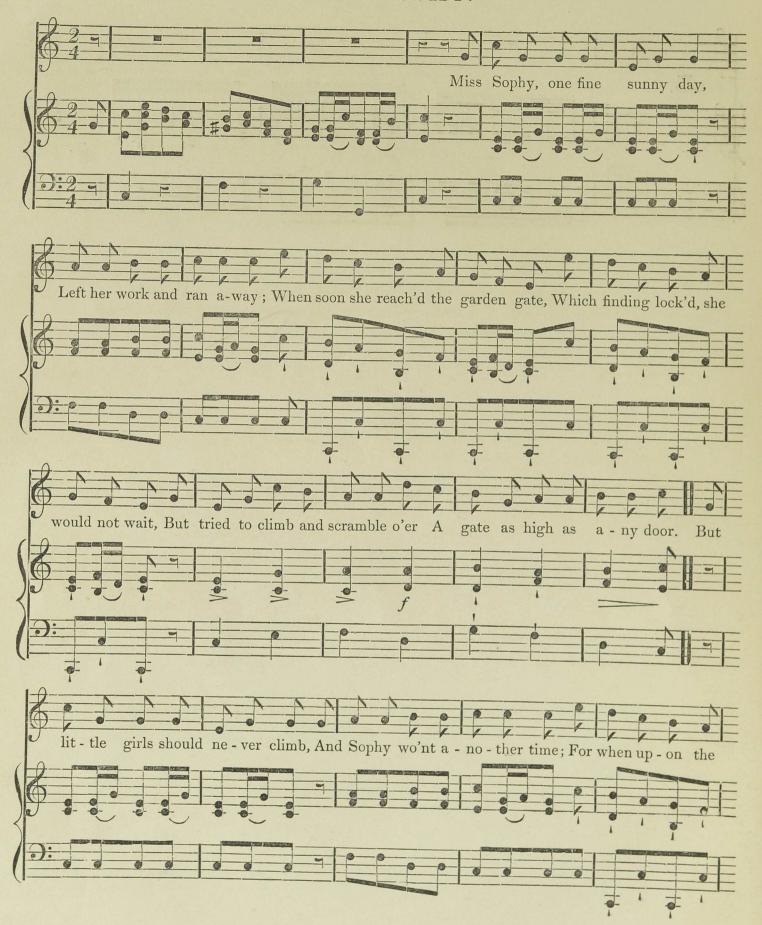
A Pastoral.

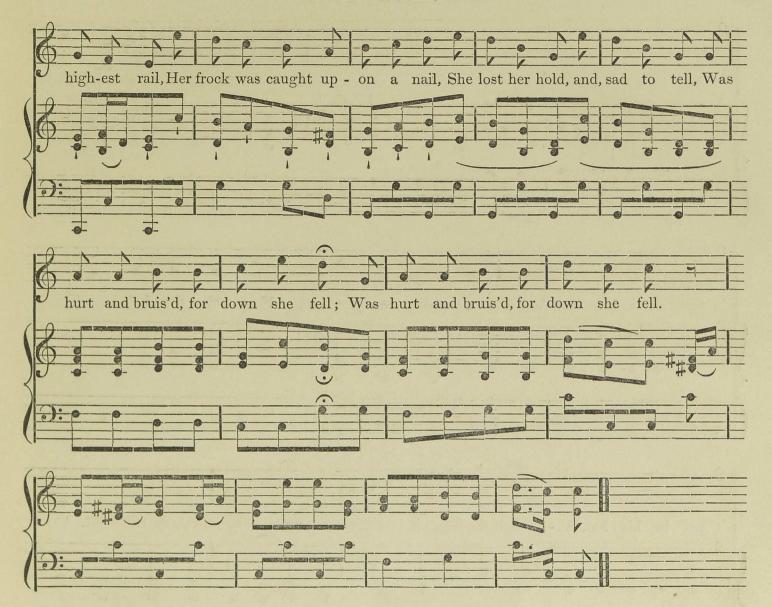


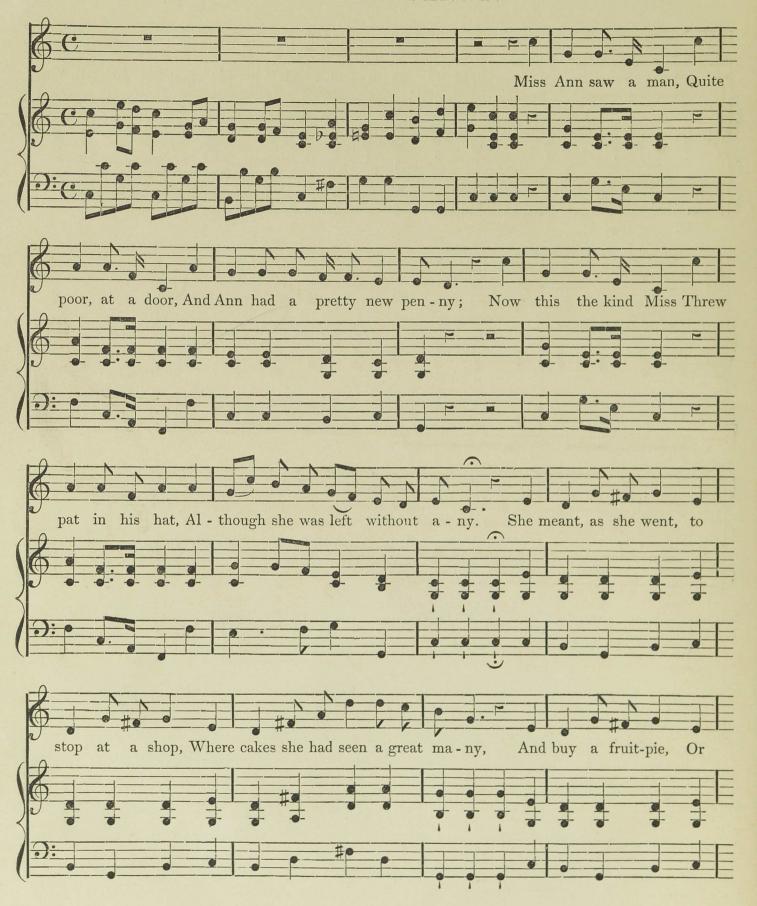


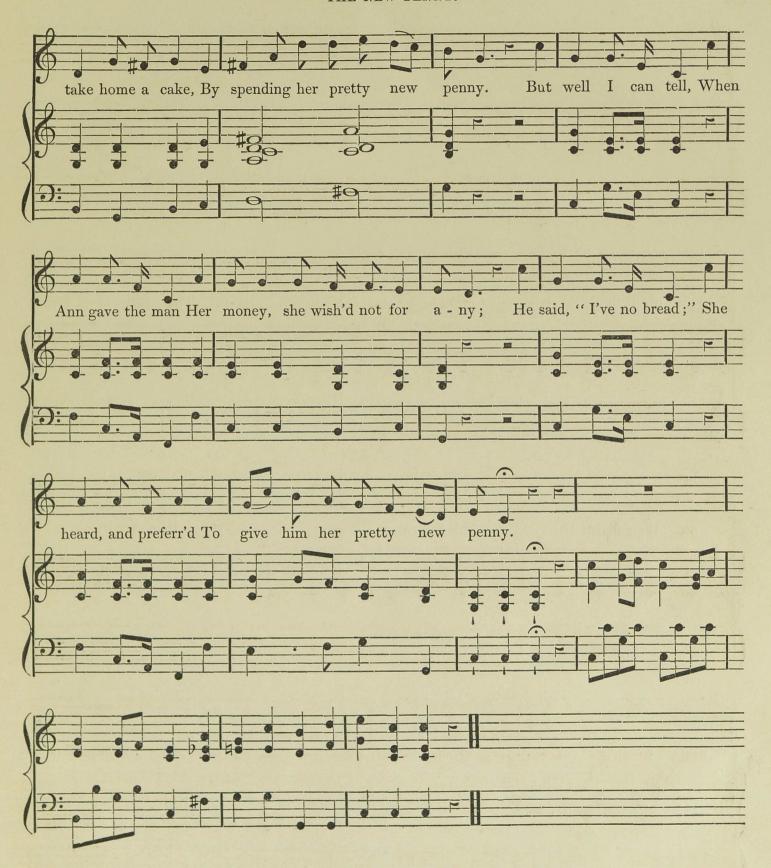


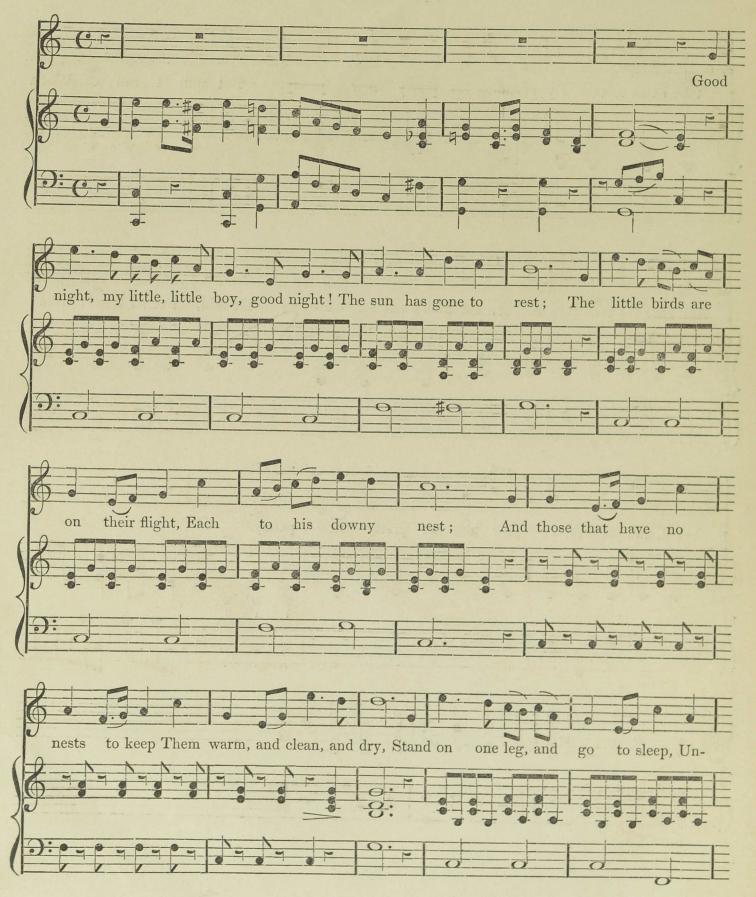


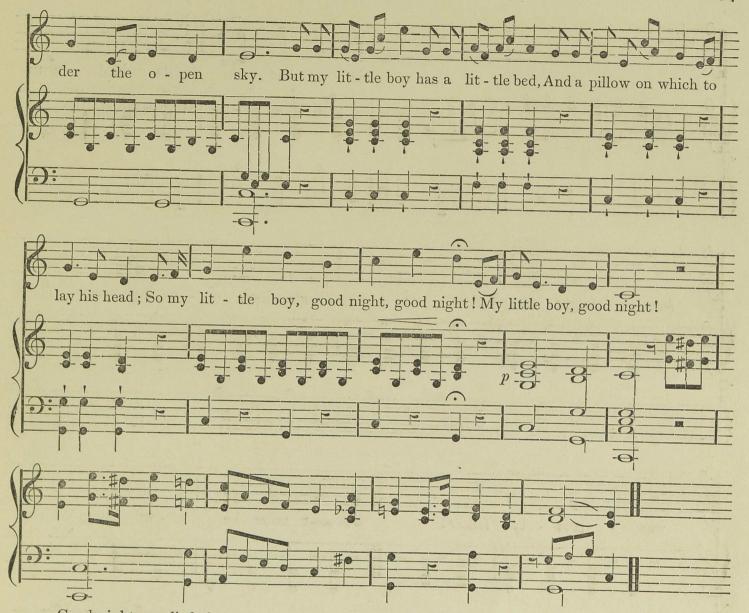












Good night, my little boy, good night!

The flowers so sweet and gay,
So lively in the morning light,
Droop at the close of day.

The insects too, those pretty flies,
With eyes and wings so bright,
That flew about the strawberries,
Say, "Little boy, good night!"

The butterfly to his tree is flown,
And the busy bee to his hive is gone,
So my little boy, good night, good night,
My little boy, good night!

Good night, my little boy, good night!

The lambs are tired of play;

Then good-bye, lambs, so soft and white,

Until to-morrow day.

And so, my little boy, you see

That all are gone to bye,—

Bird, flower, and insect, lamb, and bee;

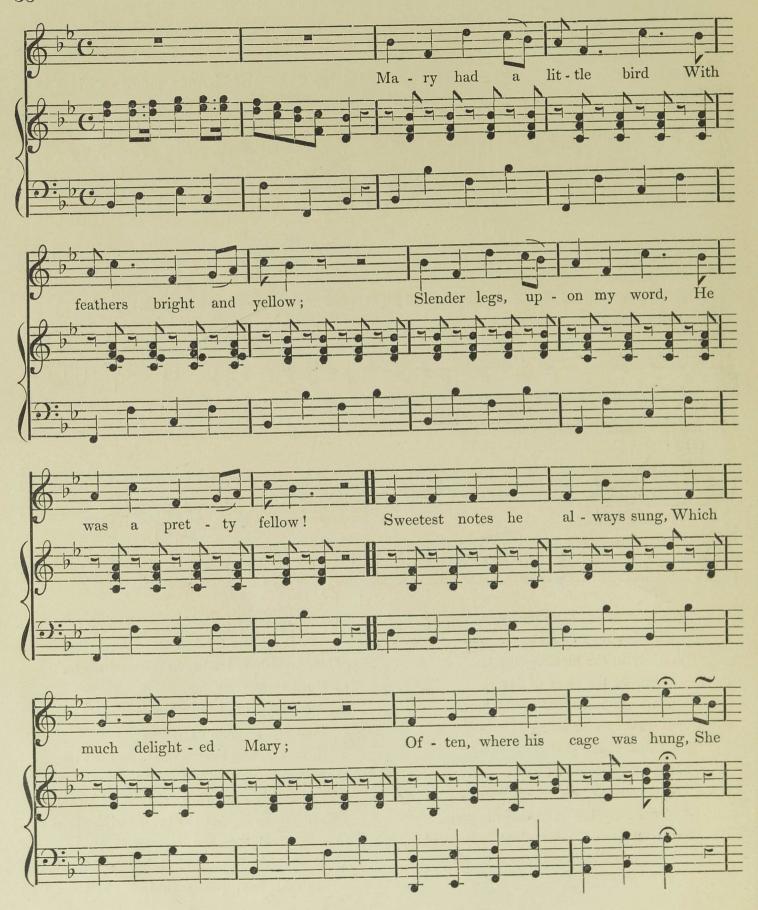
And so must you and I.

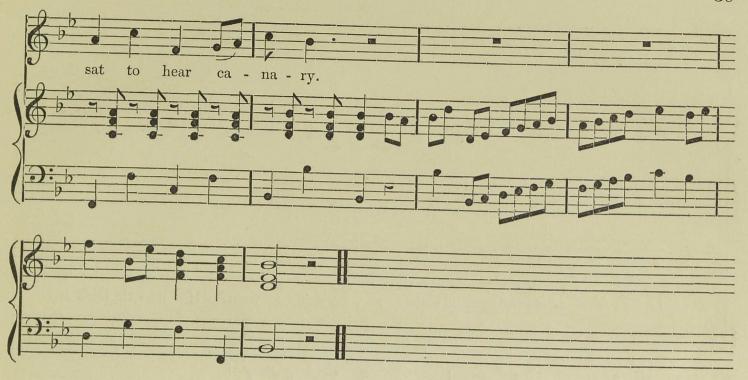
Then sweetly sleep till the morning break,

When the birds, and the bees, and the lambs

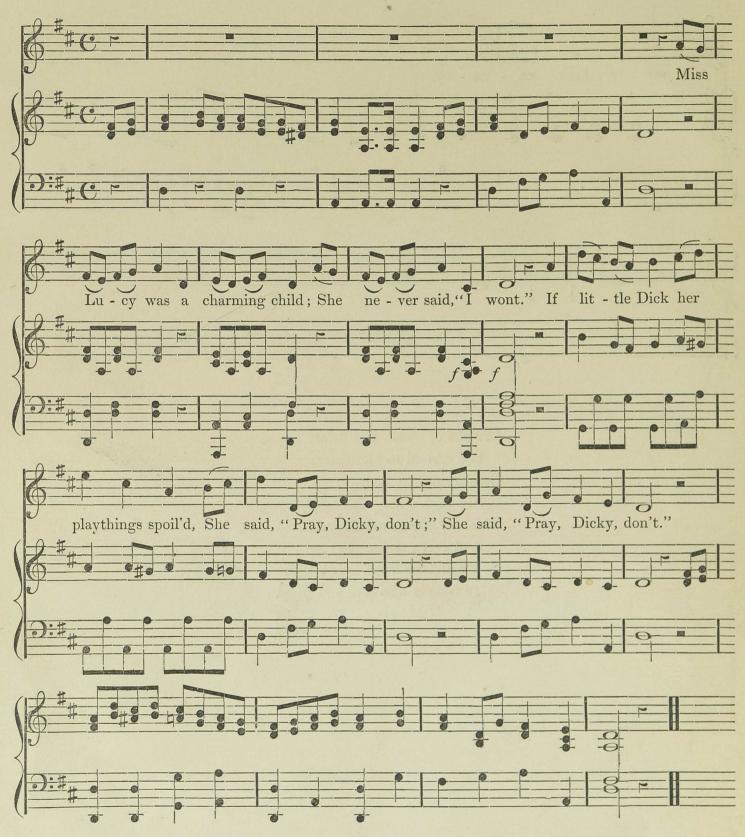
will wake:

But now, dear boy, good night, good night, My little boy, good night!





Crumbs of bread, and dainty seeds,
She carried to him daily;
Seeking for the early weeds,
She deck'd his palace gaily.
This, my little readers, learn,
And ever practise duly,—
Songs and smiles of love return
To friends who love you truly.

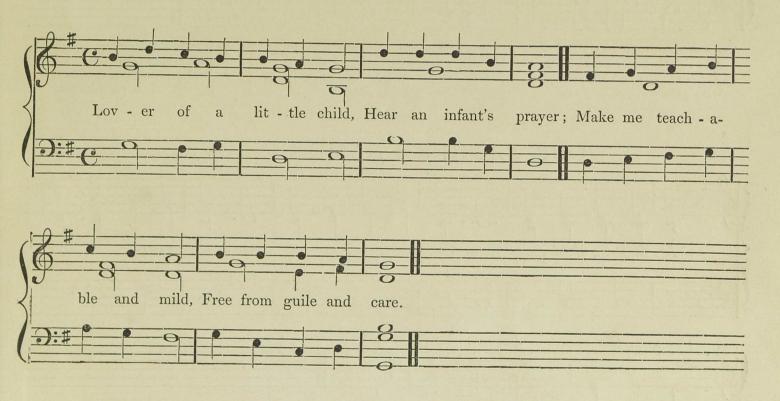


He took her waxen doll one day,
And bang'd it round and round;
Then tore its legs and arms away,
And threw them on the ground.

His good Mamma was angry quite,
And Lucy's tears ran down;
But Dick went supperless that night,
And since has better grown.

HYMNS.

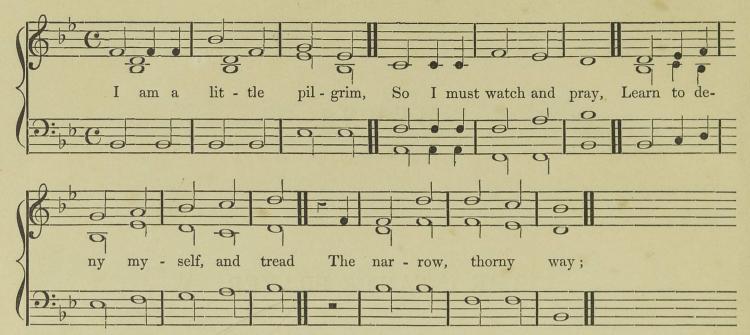
THE INFANT'S PRAYER.



Give a childlike spirit too,
Suited to my years,
Ready mind Thy will to do
Soon as it appears.

Day by day I learn of Thee
Lessons of Thy love;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to me,
Though He reigns above.

Saviour, may I hearken still
To Thy gentle voice,
Bidding me obey Thy will,
And in Thee rejoice!



The way that Jesus went,
And all His saints have gone;
In the dear footprints of their Lord,
With patience, pressing on.

With many a holy psalm
Their fainting steps were cheer'd,
While brightening to their wishful gaze
The far-off land appear d.

Teach me those psalms to sing,
That far-off land to see;
And when I weary in the race,
Uphold and strengthen me.

OUR FATHER'S NAME OF LOVE.



Around me when I look,
His handiwork I see;
This world is like a picture-book,
To teach His Name to me.

The thousand little flowers
Within our garden bound,
The rainbow, and the soft spring showers,
And every pleasant sound;

And every living thing
Rejoicing in the light,—
The little birds that sweetly sing,
The moon that shines by night;

And every star above,
Set in the deep blue sky,—
All tell me that our God is Love,
And tell me He is nigh.

