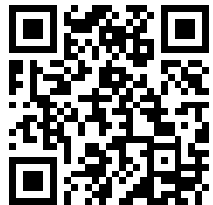

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>



C. 20. v.
1-2.

Hymns for **L**ittle **C**hildren.

BY

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

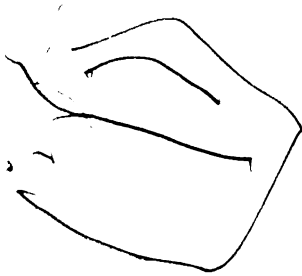
SET TO MUSIC, WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT, BY

H. J. GAUNTLETT, M.D.

LONDON:

JOSEPH MASTERS, 78, NEW BOND STREET.

MDCCLXXII.



[These Hymns and Music are Copyright.]



TO
MY LITTLE GODSONS,
I INSCRIBE THESE SIMPLE LINES,
HOPING THAT
THE LANGUAGE OF VERSE, WHICH CHILDREN LOVE,
MAY HELP TO IMPRESS ON THEIR MINDS
WHAT THEY ARE,
WHAT I HAVE PROMISED FOR THEM,
AND
WHAT THEY MUST SEEK TO BE.

C. F. A.

NOTICE.

THE title of this little book shows it to be of a kind which stands in as small need as any of preface or explanation. Children, and those interested in children, will feel at once whether it suits them or not. These few lines, however, are prefixed, because the writer of the Hymns wished for some kind of Clerical *imprimatur*, and the Clergyman to whom she applied, thinks and hopes that they will not only be found useful in the way which she earnestly desires, but will also win a high place for themselves in the estimation of all who know how to value true poetry and primitive devotion.

It seems right to add, that the profits of the publication, if any, will be applied to the support of a school for deaf and dumb children, maintained altogether by voluntary offerings, in a small town in the north of Ireland.



J. K.

HURSLEY,

March 28, 1848.

Hymns for Little Children.

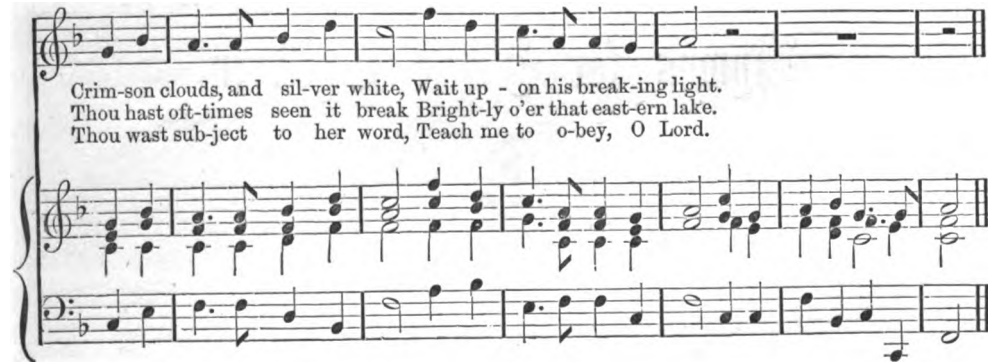


Morning Hymn.—No. i.

Allegretto.



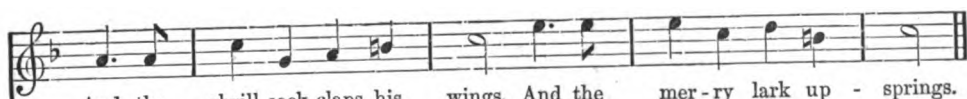
Now the drear - y night is done, Comes a - gain the glo - rious sun,
Sav - iour, to Thy cot - tage home Once the day - light used to come,
Thou didst love Thy mo - ther here, Make me gen - tle, kind, and dear ;



Crim - son clouds, and sil - ver white, Wait up - on his break - ing light.
Thou hast oft - times seen it break Bright - ly o'er that east - ern lake.
Thou wast sub - ject to her word, Teach me to o - bey, O Lord.



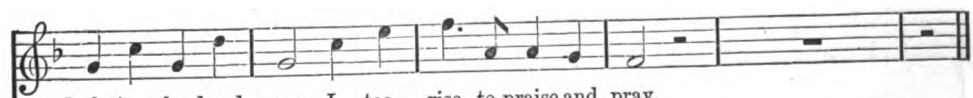
Glist' - ning in the gar - den beds, Flowers lift up their dew - y heads,
Child of Ma - ry, Thou dost know, What of dan - ger, joy, or woe,
Fret - ful feel - ings, pas - sion, pride, Nev - er did with Thee a - bide ;



And the shrill cock claps his wings, And the mer-ry lark up - springs.
Shall to - day my por-tion be, Let me meet it all in Thee.
Make me watch my - self to - day, That they lead me not a - stray.



When the east-ern sky is red, I, too, lift my lit-tle head. When the
Thou wast meek and un - de - filed, Make me ho - ly too, and mild ; Thou didst
With Thee, Lord, I would a - rise, To Thee look with open-ing eyes, All the

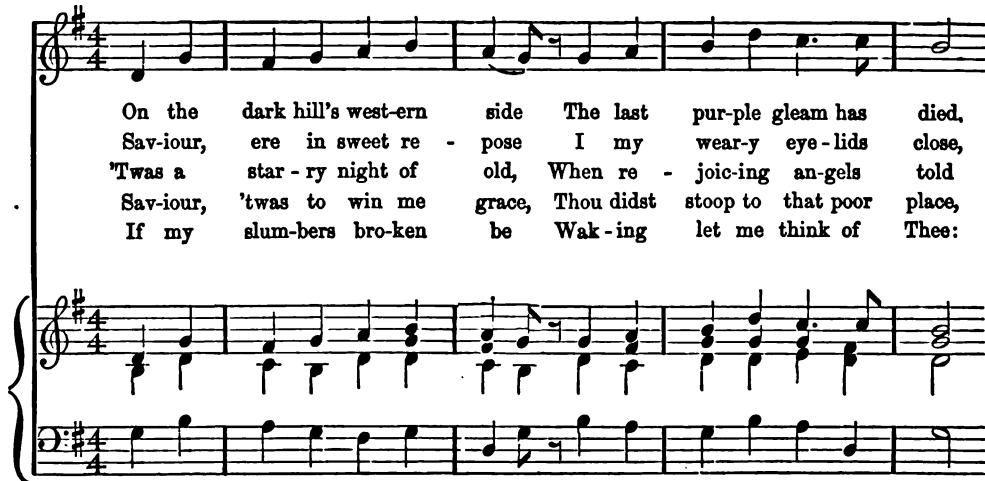


lark sings loud and gay, I, too, rise to praise and pray.
foil the tempt-er's power, Help me in tempt-a-tion's hour.
day be at Thy side, Sav-iour, pat-tern, king, and guide.

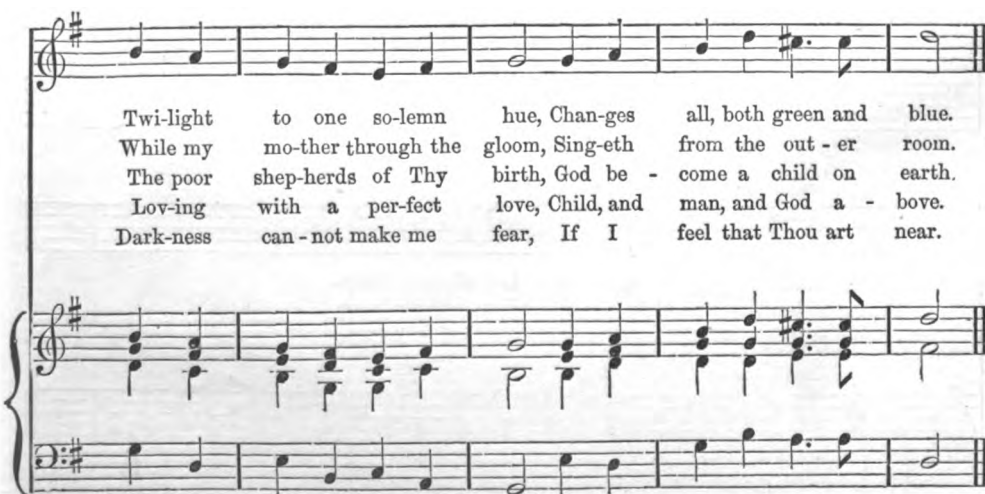


Evening Hymn.—No. ii.

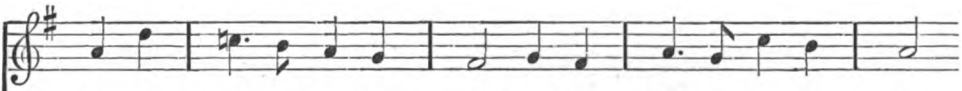
Moderate.



On the dark hill's west-ern side The last pur-ple gleam has died,
Sav-iour, ere in sweet re - pose I my wear-y eye-lids close,
'Twas a star - ry night of old, When re - joic-ing an-gels told
Sav-iour, 'twas to win me grace, Thou didst stoop to that poor place,
If my slum-bers bro-ken be Wak-ing let me think of Thee:



Twilight to one so-lemn hue, Chan-ges all, both green and blue.
While my mo-ther through the gloom, Sing-eth from the out - er room.
The poor shep-herds of Thy birth, God be - come a child on earth.
Lov-ing with a per-fect love, Child, and man, and God a - bove.
Dark-ness can - not make me fear, If I feel that Thou art near.



In the fold and in the nest, Birds and lambs are gone to rest,
While a - cross the cur-tain white, With a dim un - cer - tain light,
Soft and qui - et is the bed, Where I lay my lit - tle head;
Hear me as a - lone I lie; Plead for me with God on high;
Hap-py now I turn to sleep; Thou wilt watch a-round me keep.



La-bour's wear - y task is o'er, Close-ly shut the cot-tage door.
On the floor the faint stars shine, Let my la - test thought be Thine.
Thou hadst but a man-ger bare, Rug-ged straw for pil - low fair.
All that stained my soul to - day, Wash it in thy blood a - way.
Him no dan - ger e'er can harm, Who lies cra-dled on Thine arm.



Hymn of the Holy Trinity.—No. iii.

Moderate.

sf.

We are lit - tle Chris-tian child-ren, We can run, and talk, and play ;

sf.

sf.

sf. *sf.* *sf.* *dim.*

The great GOD of earth and Hea-ven, Made, and keeps us eve-ry day.

sf. *sf.* *sf.* *dim.*

We are little Christian children ;
 CHRIST the SON of GOD Most High,
 With His precious blood redeemed us,
 Dying that we might not die.

We are little Christian children ;
 GOD the HOLY GHOST is here,
 Dwelling in our hearts, to make us
 Kind, and holy, good, and dear.

We are little Christian children,
 Saved by Him Who loved us most,
 We believe in GOD Almighty,
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Holy Baptism.—No. iv.

Moderate.

We were on - ly lit - tle ba - bies, Know-ing nei - ther good nor harm,

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics. The middle staff is the right-hand piano accompaniment, and the bottom staff is the left-hand piano accompaniment. The music is in a moderate tempo.

When the Priest of GOD Most Ho - ly Took us gent - ly in his arm.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line with lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are the piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'sf.' are placed above the vocal line and below the piano accompaniment in several places, indicating fortissimo dynamics.

And he sprinkled our young faces
With the water clear and bright,
And he signed our SAVIOUR's token
On our little foreheads white.

In the Name of GOD the FATHER,
Of the SON, and HOLY GHOST,
He baptized us then, and made us
Soldiers in our Master's host.

Then we promised by our sureties,
Vowing for us solemnly,
Manfully to fight His battles,
Gentle, kind, and good to be.

At our posts beneath His banner,
We must watch, and strive, and pray,
By the grace of GOD within us
Growing better every day.

For the little flowers grow brightly
In the early morning dew,
And when GOD's good SPIRIT feeds them,
Children's hearts grow holy too.

We must keep our early promise,
We must guard what He has given,
Till the LORD, Who loved and saved us,
Take us to our home in Heaven.

“To renounce the Devil and all his works.”—No. v.

Slowly.

Do no sin - ful ac - tion, Speak no an - gry word,

Ye be - long to JE - SUS, Chil - dren of the LORD.

CHRIST is kind and gentle,
CHRIST is pure and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too.

There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill.

But ye must not hear him
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil,
And the good to do.

For ye promised truly
In your infant days,
To renounce him wholly,
And forsake his ways.

Ye are new-born Christians,
Ye must learn to fight
With the bad within you,
And to do the right.

CHRIST is your own Master,
He is good and true,
And His little children
Must be holy too.

“The Pumps and Vanity of this wicked world.”—No. vi.

Moderate.

At Na - za - reth in ol - den time, A pea - sant's cot - tage stood,

Where Jo - seph the poor car - pen - ter Toil'd for his dai - ly food.

An humble Virgin lived with him,
Beneath that lowly shed,
And there, her Son, our SAVIOUR CHRIST,
In poverty was bred.

He had no glory here on earth,
No riches and no state;
His Christian children must not care
For being rich or great.

Fine clothes, fine houses, pretty things,
That please our longing eyes,
Would only make our hearts forget
Our treasure in the skies.

It would be wrong on pomp or dress
To spend our thoughts or hours;
Another lesson CHRIST hath taught,
Showing the simple flowers.

There's not a yellow buttercup
Returning with the spring
But it can boast a golden crown,
As bright as any king.

The red rose and the lily fair,
That charm our summer's day,
There's not a lady in the land
As finely dress'd as they.

They feel no proud, no foolish thoughts,
Because they are so fair;
They wish for nothing, quite content
With sunshine and sweet air.

GOD gave to them their colours bright,
To us faith, hope, and love,
And bade us fear the things of earth,
And seek the things above.

c

9

“And all the sinful lusts of the flesh.” — No. vii.

Andante. *sf.*

We were wash'd in ho - ly wa - ter, We were set CHRIST's Church with - in

Gift - ed with His HO - LY SPI - RIT, And for - giv - en all our sin.

sf. *sf.* *sf.* *dim.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the dynamics include 'sf.' (sforzando) and 'dim.' (diminuendo). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4.

But though born again, and granted
Grace to pray and strength to fight,
Still remains our sinful nature,
Weakened, not extinguished quite.

Sinful thoughts of pride and passion,
Greedy wishes, selfish care,
In our human hearts lie hidden,
Ready to awaken there.

Still the wrong way will seem pleasant,
Still the right way will seem hard,
All our life we shall be tempted,
We must ever be on guard.

We are soldiers doing battle,
Day by day, and hour by hour,
Each one with his own temptations
Striving in the SPIRIT'S power.

Still that SPIRIT stronger groweth
In the hearts that hold It fast;
He will help us, teach us, crown us,
More than conqu'rors at the last.

“I believe in God the Father Almighty.” — No. viii.

Slow.

How good is the Al - migh - ty GOD, How mer - ci - ful and mild,

Who is to me a FA - THER dear, And I His fa - vour'd chld.

There's no one in the whole wide earth,
Not my own mother even,
Who loves me half as well as He,
My FATHER high in Heaven.

Did He not give His Own dear SON,
To die for sinful men?
To turn them from their wicked ways,
And bring them back again;

Back to the place that they had lost,
Back to their FATHER's love,
Their FATHER the Great GOD of all,
Their home, His Heaven above!

And I am called by CHRIST's dear Name,
I took the solemn vow
That made me His for evermore,
GOD is my FATHER now.

“Maker of Heaven and Earth.”—No. ix.

Each lit - tle flow'r that o - - pens

Andante.

sf.

Yea all things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea - tures great and small,

He made their glow - ing co - - lours

Yea all things wise and won - der - ful, The LORD GOD made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
GOD made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning,
That brightens up the sky.

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day;—

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is GOD Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

“And in Jesus Christ His Only Son our Lord.”—No. 1.

Slow.

When we speak of the LORD JE-SUS, When His aw-ful Name is said,

Then we will re-peat it so-lemn-ly, We will bow the head.

For our LORD He is, and Master,
And He left His FATHER'S side;
He was born a little Baby,
Here He lived and died.

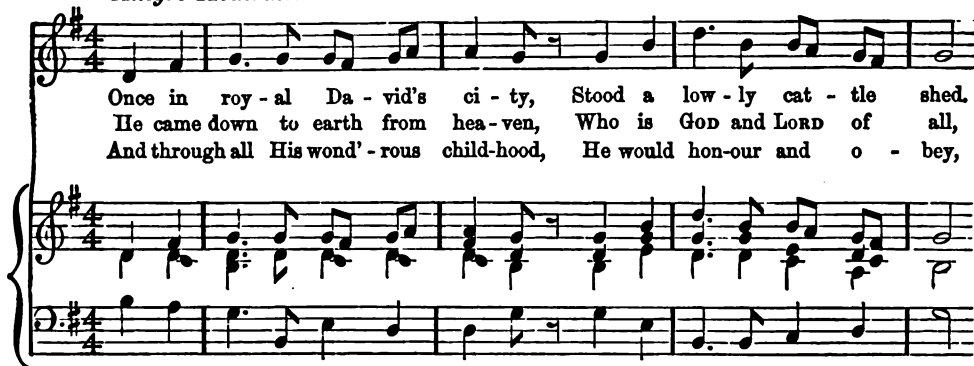
'Twas for us He left His glory,
Died the death of pain and shame;
We will try to do Him honour,
We will love His Name.

In the holy Church we say it,
Speaking all with one accord,
In our quiet homes we read it
In GOD'S Holy Word.

JESUS CHRIST, our LORD, and Master,—
Whensoe'er that Name is said,
We will repeat it solemnly,
We will bow the head.

“Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the
Virgin Mary.”—No. xi.

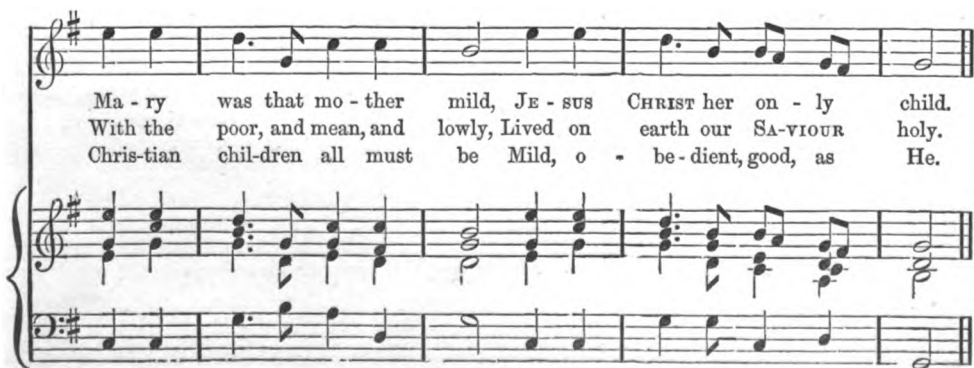
Allegro Moderato.



Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty, Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed.
He came down to earth from hea - ven, Who is God and Lord of all,
And through all His wond' - rous child - hood, He would hon - our and o - bey,



Where a mo - ther laid her Ba - by, In a man - ger for His bed.
And His shelt - er was a sta - ble, And His cra - dle was a stall;
Love and watch the low - ly maid - en, In whose gen - tle arms He lay;



Ma - ry was that mo - ther mild, JE - SUS CHRIST her on - ly child.
With the poor, and mean, and lowly, Lived on earth our SA - VIOUR holy.
Chris - tian chil - dren all must be Mild, o - be - dient, good, as He.

**For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Fears and smiles like us He knew,
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.**

**And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His Own redeeming love,
For that Child, so dear and gentle,
Is our Lord in Heaven above ;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.**

**Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him ; but in Heaven,
Set at God's right Hand on high.
When like stars His children crown'd,
All in white, shall wait around.**

“Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was Crucified, Dead, and Buried.”—No. xii.

Andante Mosso.

There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a ci - ty wall,

Where the dear LORD was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell
 What pains He had to bear,
 But we believe it was for us,
 He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
 He died to make us good,
 That we might go at last to Heaven,
 Saved by His precious Blood.

There was no other good enough
 To pay the price of sin,
 He only could unlock the gate
 Of Heaven, and let us in.

O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
 And we must love Him too,
 And trust in His redeeming Blood,
 And try His works to do.

“He descended into Hell, the third day He rose again from the Dead.”—Ma. xiii.

Andante. *sf.*

The rich man did of Pi-late crave The life-less Bo-dy of the

ritard.

LORD, And laid it in his own new grave; There all night long with spear and

a tempo cres. *sf.* *sf.* *sf.*

sword, The Ro-man sol-diers watch'd the stone, Where the world's SA-VIOUR lay a-lone.

cres. *sf.*

But with the first day's dawning bright,
That heavy stone was rolled away,
Two glorious Angels all in white,
Sat where the SAVIOUR'S Body lay;
The watch, the seal, were all in vain,
The LORD of Life was risen again.

There are short graves in churchyard ground,
Where little children buried lie,
Each underneath his narrow mound,
With stiff cold hand, and close shut eye;
Bright morning sunbeams kiss the spot,
Yet day by day they open not.

But surely as our SAVIOUR rose
On Easter morn from Joseph's cave,
Shall all those mounds at last unclose,
And Christian people leave the grave.
He died, He slept, He rose to be
An earnest of our victory.

LORD, Who for us so cold and deep
Down in that garden grave hast lain.
When we like Thee must fall asleep,
Be with us in our hour of pain,
That strengthened by Thy Grace Divine,
Alive or dead we may be Thine.

“He ascended into Heaven, and sitteth at the Right Hand of
God the Father Almighty, &c.”—No. xiv.

Andante.

Up in Hea - ven, up in Hea - ven, In the bright place far a - way, He Whom

bad men cru - ci - fied, Sit - teth at His FA - THER'S side, Till the Judg - ment Day.

And He loves His little children,
And He pleadeth for them there,
Asking the Great GOD of Heaven
That their sins may be forgiven,
And He hears their prayer.

Never more a helpless Baby,
Born in poverty and pain,
But with awful glory crowned,
With His Angels standing round,
He shall come again.

Then the wicked souls shall tremble,
And the good souls shall rejoice;
Parents, children, every one,
Then shall stand before His throne,
And shall hear His voice.

And all faithful holy Christians,
Who their Master's work have done,
Shall appear at His right hand,
And inherit the fair land
That His love has won.

“I believe in the Holy Ghost.”—No. xv.

Slow.

I knew a lit-tle sick-ly child; The long long sum-mer's day, When all the world was

2nd ver. in his

green and bright, A-lone in bed he lay. There used to come a lit-tle lit-tle dove Be-

fore his win-dow small, And sing to him with her sweet voice, Out of the fir-tree tall.

And when the sick child better grew,
 And he could crawl along,
 Close to that window he would creep,
 And listen to her song;
 And he was gentle in his speech,
 And quiet at his play;
 He would not for the world have made
 That sweet bird fly away.

There is a Holy Dove that sings
 To every Christian child,
 That whispers to his little heart
 A song as sweet and mild.

It is the HOLY SPIRIT of GOD,
 That speaks his soul within,
 That leads him on to all things good,
 And holds him back from sin.

And he must hear that still small Voice,
 Nor tempt It to depart,
 The SPIRIT great and wonderful,
 That whispers to his heart;
 He must be pure, and good, and true,
 Must strive, and watch, and pray,
 For unresisted sin at last
 Will drive that Dove away.

“The Holy Catholic Church.”—No. xvi.

Slow.

Musical score for the first system. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major, 3/8 time, and contains the lyrics: "Lit - tle chil - dren must be qui - et, When to Ho - ly Church they go,". The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and a more active treble line with chords and single notes.

Musical score for the second system. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics: "They must sit with se - rious fa - ces, Must not play or whis - per low." and is marked with *cres.* (crescendo) above the notes. The piano accompaniment includes a *sf.* (sforzando) marking in the bass line.

For the Church is GOD'S Own Temple,
Where men go for praise and prayer,
And the Great GOD will not love them
Who forget His Presence there.

They were little Jewish children,
Who within the temple cried,
“Honour to the Son of David,”
Standing at our SAVIOUR'S side.

How much more should Christian children
Know His Name and praise Him too,
Who of His Own Church are members,
Sons of GOD, and born anew.

They must walk in reverent order,
Stand for praise, and kneel for prayer,
For the Church is GOD'S Own Temple,
And His Presence dwelleth there.

“The Holy Catholic Church.”—No. xvi.*

Moderate.

The faith - ful men of eve - ry land, Who CHRIST's own rule o - bey,

The Ho - ly dead of eve - ry time, The Church of CHRIST are they.

The Saints who die, and leave us now,
The good of long ago,
Women, and men, and children young,
Still living here below :

Who have the same eternal hope,
The same unceasing care,
One universal hymn of praise,
One general voice of prayer :

All members of one body vast,
With JESUS for their Head,
And sacraments whereby their souls
Are born again, and fed :

And Bishops good to order them,
And Priests to train and teach,—
This is the Holy Church, wherein
We have our places each.

Since we are members, then, of CHRIST,
How holy should we be,
How faithful to obey our Head,
In truth and purity !

Since we are all made one in Him,
How gentle should we prove,
How peaceful in our ways and words !
How tender in our love.

So shall our Head, at all times near,
Dwell in His members blest,
So lead us in His Church on earth,
Safe to His Church at rest.

“The Communion of Saints.”—No. xvii.

Slow.

The Saints of God are ho - ly men, And wo - men good, and chil - dren dear,

All those who e - ver lov'd the LORD, Who live in faith and fear.

They are not all together now,
For some are dead, and gone before
And some are striving still on earth,
Their trial is not o'er.

Great numbers are they of all states,
And born in every place and land,
Who never saw each other's face,
Nor touched each other's hand.

But they are all made one in CHRIST,
They love each other tenderly,
The old and young, the rich and poor
Of that great company.

CHRIST's little children, called His Own,
And saved by His redeeming Blood,
They must be little Saints on earth,
And all the Saints are good.

They must not fight or disobey,
For Saints do never things like these;
They must be holy, meek, and mi d,
And try the LORD to please.

And there shall come a glorious Day,
When all the good Saints every one,
Shall meet within their FATHER's home,
And stand before His throne.

"The Forgiveness of Sins."—No. xviii.

Moderately Slow.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It consists of three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written on two staves (treble and bass clef). The vocal line is on a single staff. The lyrics are: "Once in bap - tis - mal wa - ters bright, He wash'd our sin - ful spi - rits white, For - gave us once for all. But we have some - times sinn'd since then; Now who shall make us clean a - gain? And who shall hear our call?" The score includes various musical markings such as *p*, *cres.*, *dim.*, *f*, *fz.*, *ritard.*, and *ritard. dim.*.

There is one only Who forgives,
CHRIST Who was born, Who died, Who lives
 Pleading beside the Throne;
 Who hath His **HOLY SPIRIT** sent,
 To bless that precious Sacrament
 That made us first His Own.

Who when His Holy Church within,
 Confession sad of all our sin
 We make on bended knee,
 Accepts the penitential prayer,
 And bids His Minister declare
 Our pardon full and free.

He only hears the sinner's cry
 He only dries the mourner's eye,
 No father half so mild,
 Not half so kind a mother's kiss,
 When pardoning what is done amiss,
 She soothes her sorrowing child.

We must take heed to cast no stain
 On souls He bought with so much pain,
 And with His blood made pure;
 And we must trust to Him alone,
 Who did for all our guilt atone,
 Who made our pardon sure.

“The Resurrection of the Body.”—No. xix.

Slow.

With - in the churchyard, side by side, Are ma - ny long low graves,

And some have stones set o - ver them, On some the green grass waves.

Full many a little Christian child,
 Woman and man, lies there ;
 And we pass by them every time
 When we go in to prayer.

They cannot hear our footsteps come,
 They do not see us pass,
 They cannot feel the bright warm sun
 That shines upon the grass.

They do not hear when the great bell
 Is ringing over head ;
 They cannot rise and come to Church
 With us, for they are dead.

But we believe a Day shall come,
 When all the dead will rise,
 When they who sleep down in the grave,
 Will ope again their eyes.

For CHRIST our LORD was buried once,
 He died and rose again,
 He conquered death, He left the grave,
 And so will Christian men.

So when the friends we loved the best
 Lie in their churchyard bed,
 We must not cry too bitterly
 Over the happy dead ;

Because for our dear SAVIOUR'S sake,
 Our sins are all forgiven,
 And Christians only fall asleep,
 To wake again in Heaven.

"And the Life Everlasting." — No. xx.

Moderate.

Ev'-ry morn - ing the red sun Ri-ses warm and bright, But the ev'-ning com-eth on,

And the dark cold night. There's a bright land far a - way, Where 'tis ne - ver end-ing day.

Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open bright and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away.
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are always green.

Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long,
But in colder shorter days
They forget their song.
There's a place where Angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

CHRIST our LORD is ever near
Those who follow Him,
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim.
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His face.

Who shall go to that bright land?
All who do the right:
Holy children there shall stand,
In their robes of white,
For that Heaven so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest.

The First Commandment.—No. xxi.

Moderate.

There is One GOD, but One a - lone, He made all things in earth and Heav'n;

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in G major, 2/2 time, with lyrics: "There is One GOD, but One a - lone, He made all things in earth and Heav'n;". The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The piano part features chords and moving lines in both hands.

To Him all love and praise are due, All wor-ship must be giv'n.

The second system of the musical score also consists of three staves. The top staff continues the vocal line with lyrics: "To Him all love and praise are due, All wor-ship must be giv'n.". The piano accompaniment continues in the middle and bottom staves, maintaining the same key and time signature.

The little birds sing happy songs,
The flowers grow brightly everywhere,
They do not know the Great LORD GOD,
Who made them all so fair.

But we are not like senseless flowers,
We are not like the little birds,
For we can love Him with our hearts,
And praise Him with our words.

O! if the great Almighty GOD
Will hear the prayers that children pray,
If He will let us love His Name,
And serve Him day by day:

If we may turn and cling to Him,
Before Whose face the Angels fall,
Sure we must give Him our whole hearts,
And love Him best of all.

The Second Commandment.—No. xxii.

Slow.

There are strange coun-tries far a - way, Where GOD's Name is un-known,

unisons.

Where chil-dren live who say their prayers, To gods of wood and stone.

But Christian children go to church,
They kneel at home in prayer,
And GOD, Who is a Spirit, hears
And answers everywhere.

His ear is open to their call,
In childhood, age, and youth,
And they must always worship Him
In spirit and in truth.

They must not think of other things,
Light toys, or merry play,
When they are listening to GOD's word,
Or kneeling down to pray.

For they who worship at GOD's throne,
With hearts so dull and dim,
Make idols of their foolish thoughts,
And love them more than Him.

They may not kneel to any form,
Or picture that man paints,
Of CHRIST, or of His Mother dear,
Or of His blessed Saints.

They may not worship nor bow down
To cross of stone or wood,
Though it be our redemption's sign—
Such worship is not good.

For we must pray to GOD alone,
Who is in Heaven on high,
Who is on earth with us unseen,
Who always hears our cry.

The Third Commandment.—No. xxiii.

Moderately Slow.

Hush! lit - tle Chris - tian child, Speak not that ho - ly Name,

Not with a laugh - ing lip, Not in thy play - ful game;

cres. *for.*
For the Great God of all Hear - eth each word we say,
sf. *for.*

dim. *p*

He will re - mem - ber it In the Great Judg - ment Day.

dim. *p*

Hush!—for His hosts unseen
 Are watching over thee,
 His Angels spread their wings,
 Thy shelter kind to be.
 Wilt thou, with words profane,
 Rash, and undutiful,
 Scatter thine Angel guards,
 Glorious and beautiful?

Honour GOD's Holy Name,
 Speak It with thought and care,
 Sing to It holy hymns,
 Breathe It in earnest prayer;
 But not with sudden cry,
 In thy light joy or pain,
 "GOD will hold guilty all
 Who take His Name in vain."

The Fourth Commandment.—No. xxiv.

Moderately Slow.

Put the spade and wheel a-way, Do no wea-ry work to-day; Let the way-worn horse go free, And the

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line in G major, 3/4 time, with lyrics: "Put the spade and wheel a-way, Do no wea-ry work to-day; Let the way-worn horse go free, And the". The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in G major, 3/4 time, featuring a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The bottom staff is the bass line for the piano accompaniment.

field un-cul-tur'd be; Leave the flail be-side the corn, All must rest on Sun-day morn. For the

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "field un-cul-tur'd be; Leave the flail be-side the corn, All must rest on Sun-day morn. For the". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings "for." and "cres. for." in the right and left hands respectively.

LORD Who died to save, Rose to - day from Jo-seph's grave, And with rest and ho-ly mirth, We will

The third system of the musical score concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "LORD Who died to save, Rose to - day from Jo-seph's grave, And with rest and ho-ly mirth, We will". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the previous systems.

keep His feast on earth. And with rest and ho - - ly mirth, We will keep His feast on earth.

sf. *fz. cres.* *fz. ritard.* *a tempo.*

sf. *fz. cres.* *fz. ritard.* *a tempo.*

Hark—I hear the sweet Church bells,
 And their quiet music tells,
 How to keep CHRIST'S holiday
 In the happiest fittest way :
 How His children here may meet,
 All in saintly service sweet,
 And in presence of their LORD,
 Sing His praise and hear His word,
 With our fathers and our mothers,
 With our sisters and our brothers,
 To the holy Church we go,
 The dear Church of high and low.

Where the poor man meanly dressed,
 Is as welcome as the best ;
 And the rich and poor may gather,
 Kneeling to their common FATHER :
 Yea, our risen LORD is there,
 Listening kindly to our prayer,—
 Thus should Christian people all
 Hold their Master's festival ;
 Thus with joyous rest and praise,
 His Own children keep His days.

The Fifth Commandment.—No. xxv.

Scherzando e Staccato.

Lit-tle birds sleep sweet-ly, In their soft round nests; Crouch-ing in the cov-er

cres. Of their mo-thers' breasts. *dim* Lit-tle lambs lie qui-et, *cres.* All the sum-mer night,

cres. With their old ewe mo-thers, *sf.* Warm and soft and white. *dim.*

But more sweet and quiet
Lie our little heads,
With our own dear mothers
Sitting by our beds.

And their soft sweet voices
Sing our hush-a-bies,
While the room grows darker
As we shut our eyes.

And we play at ev'ning
Round our father's knees,
Birds are not so merry,
Singing on the trees :

Lambs are not so happy,
Mid the meadow flowers ;
They have play and pleasure,
But not love like ours.

But the heart that's loving,
Works of love will do ;
Those we dearly cherish,
We must honour too :

To our father's teaching
Listen day by day,
And our mother's bidding
Cheerfully obey.

For when in His childhood
Our dear LORD was here,
He too was obedient
To His Mother dear.

And His little children
Must be good as He,
Gentle, and submissive,
As He used to be.

The Sixth Commandment.—No. xxvi.

Andante Marcato.

Do not quar-rel, do not chide, You must love each o - ther, Ev'-ry com-rade at your side

Is your Chris-tian bro-ther. You have all been born a-new; Love and peace are fit for you.

Ye became by that new birth
To the LORD most holy,
And His sainted ones on earth
Peaceful are and lowly.
Ye are Saints, and ye must be
Worthy of such company.

Give not back the hasty blow,
Though 'tis given wrongly;
Let the foolish scoffer go,
Though he tempt thee strongly;
Keep thy gentle LORD in mind,
Who was always meek and kind.

He gave back no angry word,
When they did offend Him;
He that was the Angels' LORD,
Called none to defend Him,
Not when hated and abused,
Scorned, and spitted on, and bruised.

But He suffered patiently
Pain and cruel chiding:
Meek and patient you must be,
In His Church abiding;
Pride and anger would be shame
For the Saints who bear His Name.

The Seventh Commandment.—No. xxvii.

Moderate.

I love the lit - tle snow - drop flow'r, The first in all the year,

The first system of musical notation, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/2. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: a right-hand staff with a treble clef and a left-hand staff with a bass clef, both sharing the one-sharp key signature and 2/2 time signature.

With - out a stain up - on its leaf, So snow - y white and clear.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the vocal line and piano accompaniment from the first system. It maintains the same key signature and time signature.

I love a little modest child,
That speaketh quietly,
That blushes up to its blue eyes,
And hardly answers me.

I sometimes think the Church's Saints
Are flowers so fair and bright,
And that her little children are
Her snowdrops sweet and white.

For pure of heart, and innocent,
And teachable, and mild,
And modest in its ways and words,
Should be a Christian child.

I do not like a loud rough tone,
A look too boldly set,
A greedy hand outstretched to seize
Whatever it can get.

I'd rather meet with downcast eyes,
Sweet voices low and faint!
For gentleness and modesty
Become a little Saint.

The Eighth Commandment.—No. xxviii.

Moderate.

On the goods that are not thine, Lit-tle Chris-tian, lay no fin-ger;

Round thy neigh-bours' bet-ter things Let no wist-ful glan-ces lin-ger.

Pilfer not the smallest thing,
Touch it not, how'er thou need it,
Though the owner have enough,
Though he know it not, nor heed it.

Taste not the forbidden fruit,
Though resistance be a trial;
Grasping hand and roving eye,
Early teach them self-denial.

Upright heart and honest name
To the poorest are a treasure,
Better than illgotten wealth,
Better far than pomp and pleasure.

Poor and needy though thou art,
Gladly take what GOD has given,
With clean hand and humble heart,
Passing through the world to Heaven.

The Ninth Commandment.—No. xxix.

Moderately Slow.

O Chris-tian child! in CHRIST'S Own Church, So late bap-tis'd and born a-new,

sf. Let all thy thoughts be up-right thoughts, *sf. dim.* Let all thy words be true.

The little lips that every day
Say prayers to GOD at morn and eve,
They were not made for wicked words,
That injure or deceive.

The hearts where GOD's great Spirit dwells,
To cleanse, and teach, and sanctify,
Should never think a wicked thought,
Should never frame a lie.

The LORD GOD sits in Heaven above,
The GOD Who is all pure and true,
And CHRIST our LORD is at His side,
Beholding all we do.

The wicked father of all lies,
Goes to and fro, and watches night
And he rejoices when he gets
A Christian child to lie.

You cannot see the Holy GOD,
Nor that bad spirit tempting you;
But you can watch, and never speak
A word that is not true.

For CHRIST Who looks into our hearts,
Sees all we think, hears all we say
Will surely help us to be good,
If we but watch and pray.

The Tenth Commandment.—No. xxx.

Allegretto Scherzando.

Saw ye ne-ver in the mea-dows, Where your lit-tle feet did pass, Down be-low the

sweet white daisies Grow-ing in the long green grass? They are like to lit-tle chil-dren,

Chil-dren bred in low-ly cot, Who are mo-dest, meek, and qui-et, And con-tent-ed with their lot.

Saw you never lilac blossoms,
Or acacia white and red,
Waving brightly in the sunshine,
On the tall trees overhead?

They are like to other children,
Children of the high and great,
Who are gracious, good, and gentle,
Serving God in their estate.

Christian children, high and lowly,
Try like little flowers to be.—
Day by day the tall tree-blossom
Gives to God its fragrance free.

Day by day the little daisy
Looks up with its yellow eye,
Never murmurs, never wishes
It were hanging up on high.

God has given each his station;
Some have riches and high place,
Some have lowly homes and labour,—
All may have His precious Grace.

You must be content and quiet,
Your appointed stations in;
For to envy, or to covet
Others' goods, is mortal sin.

And the air is just as pleasant,
And as bright the sunny sky,
To the daisy by the footpath,
As to flowers that bloom on high.

And God loveth all His children,
Rich and poor, and high and low,
And they all shall meet in Heaven,
Who have served Him here below.

Prayer.—No. xxxi.

Moderate.

Wake, lit-tle child, the morn is gay, The air is fresh and cool; But pause a-while, and

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Prayer'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature, and two piano accompaniment staves (treble and bass clefs) in the same key and time. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

kneel to pray, Be-fore you go to mer-ry play, Be-fore you go to school.

The second system of musical notation, continuing from the first. It also consists of three staves (vocal and piano accompaniment) with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Kneel down and speak the holy words;
GOD loves your simple prayer,
Above the sweet songs of the birds,
The bleating of the gentle herds,
The flowers that scent the air.

And when the quiet evenings come,
And dewdrops wet the sod,
When bats and owls begin to roam,
And flocks and herds are driven home,
Then kneel again to GOD.

Because you need Him day and night,
To shield you with His arm,
To help you always to do right,
To feed your soul and give it light,
And keep you safe from harm.

“Our Father, which art in Heaven.”—No. xxxii.

Adagio.

Is there a lit-tle or-phan child, Fa-ther and mo-ther gone, Who deems him-self quite

de-so-late, Left in the world a-lone? It is not so—while CHRIST's own words

On ev'-ry lip are laid, While each a FA-THER hath in hea-ven, To cheer him and to aid.

O! let him seek the churchyard ground,
Some quiet summer even,
When calmly on his father's grave
Looks down the sunset heaven.

And let him gaze on the blue sky,
And dry the tears that gather
In his dim eyes, and breathe a prayer
Unto his other FATHER.

Ye happier children, who below
Still share a father's love,
Remember, earthly love is taught,
To lead to things above.

Remember, when ye court his smile,
Or prattling climb his knee,
Ye have a FATHER ever near,
More kind, more good than he.

Give Him a love as fond and free,
As fully trust His might,
Hold converse with Him day by day,
And with as great delight.

For household duties, loves, and joys,
Losses and cares are given,
To train the sons of GOD to reach
Their FATHER's House in Heaven.

"Hallowed be Thy Name." — No. xxxiii.

Slow. *cres.*

Hal-low'd be our FA-THER's Name, In the hall and in the oot, Ho-ly hearts de-light to

ho-nour, Lips pro-fane re - peat it not. Hal-low'd be our SA-VIOUR's Name, Of the high and

of the low; Ev - 'ry mouth de - clare His prais-es, Ev-'ry knee be - fore Him bow.

cres. sf. *sf.* *sf.* *sf.* *sf.* *sf.* *ritenuto.* *dim.* *p*

Hallowed be the SPIRIT'S Name,
 Fount eternal, gentle Dove;
 Him all Christians inly cherish,
 Hear His voice, and learn His love.

Hallow we our FATHER'S Name,
 We, His new-born little ones,
 Love It like obedient daughters,
 Honour It like duteous sons.

Hallow we our SAVIOUR'S Name,
 Let our feet His temple tread,
 Speak It there with praise and blessing,
 Bowing with uncovered head.

Hallow we the HOLY GHOST,
 Let Him rule our hearts within,
 Seek Him, hold Him, love Him better,
 Every hour we strive with sin.

Ever hallowed be Thy Name,
 Thereby called, and therein blessed,
 MAKER, SAVIOUR, kind RENEWER,
 In Thee only we have rest.

"Thy Kingdom come."—No. xxxiv.

Andante.

Why do we say, "Thy king-dom come?" Be-cause our KING is far a-way, And

till He come to us a-gain, We wait, and watch, and pray. We wait, and watch, and pray.

Because some hearts are cold and hard,
And some are traitors to His cause,
They do not honour the Great KING,
They will not keep His laws.

And we would see through all the earth,
His holy Name beloved alone,
And every knee in homage bowed
Before His kingly throne.

The happy dead who rest with Him
Are ever praying the same prayer,
For when CHRIST's kingdom comes again,
His Saints will all be there.

But if we say these solemn words,
And hope to share His triumph hour,
Our hearts must be His kingdom now,
Where He alone hath power.

They must be holy, pure, and true,
Obeying CHRIST in every thing,
For they who own His gentle rule,
Can have no other king.

So shall our souls be ready found,
When from the country far away,
Our KING returns in glory crowned,
To hail His Sovereign sway.

“Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven.”—

No. xxxv.

Moderate.

The An - gels stand a - round Thy Throne, And wait Thy bid - ding ev - ry one,

As stars a - round the full bright moon, Or clouds be - neath the set - ting sun.

Fair creatures, beautiful and bright,
They do the will of GOD on high,
His ministers to us on earth,
Unseen their white wings gliding by.

And children too may do GOD's will,
Each in his lowly earthly place;
For CHRIST hath said, "Our Angels bright
Always behold the FATHER's Face."

LORD, when we say, "Thy will be done,"
May heart to lip be ever true:
O! give us grace to serve Thee here,
As gladly as the Angels do.

Like Him, the lowly Child, Who dwelt
Where gleams the Galilean sea,
Whose meat it was to do Thy will,—
Our Guide, our Trust, our Pattern, He.

And if Thou send us pain or grief,
If loss or anguish e'er befall,
Still teach us, though with quivering lip,
To say, "Thy will be done in all."

Thus did our LORD in anguish pray,
Saying, "Not My will, LORD, but Thine:"
So kneel we at our FATHER's Feet,
And all our wills to Him resign.

"Give us this Day our Daily Bread."—No. xxxvi.

Moderate.

The ra-ven builds her nest on high, The loud winds rock her
 GOD made thy cot-tage home so dear, Gave store e-nough for

cra-ving brood, The fo-rest e-choes to their cry; Who gives the ra-vens food?
 fru-gal fare; If rich-er homes have bet-ter cheer, 'Twas GOD Who sent it there.

The li-on go-eth forth to roam Wild
 But bet-ter far than gar-ners stor'd, Than

for. $\langle \rangle$ *dim.*

san-dy hills and plains a - mong, He leaves his lit - tle whelps at home:
bread that hon-est toil may win, Than bless - ings of the la - den board,

for. *dim.* *dolce.*

for. *fz.* *dim.* *p* $\langle \rangle \langle \rangle \langle \rangle$ *for.* \wedge

Who feeds the li-on's young the li-on's young? GOD hears the hun-gry li-ons howl, He
The food He gives with-in He gives with-in. The li - on and the ra-ven die, They

for. *fz.* *dim.* *p* *for.* \wedge

fz.

feeds the ra-ven hoarse and grey: Cares He a - lone for beast and fowl? Are
on - ly ask life's com - mon bread, Our souls shall live e - ter - nal - ly, And

fz.

we less dear than they? less dear than they? Nay, Chris-tian Child, kneel
 they too must be fed. too must be fed. Then, not a - lone for

dolce.

down and own, The Hand that feeds thee day by day Nor care - less with thy
 earth - ly food, Teach us with lisp-ing tongue to pray; The heav'n - ly meat that

fz. *fz.*

fz. *fz.*

lip a - lone, For "all things need-ful" pray all things need - ful pray.
 makes us good, LORD, give us day by day give us day by day.

fz. *fz.* *fz.* *dim.* *cres.* *dim.* *p ten.*

fz. *fz.* *fz.* *dim.* *cres.* *dim.* *p ten.*

“And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that
trespass against us.”—No. xxxvii.

Moderate.

When thou art kneel - ing down at night, Be - side thy mo - ther's knee to pray, And

sf.

sf.

sf.

sf.

think - ing o - ver all thy sins, Done thro' the bu - sy day Done

thro' the bu - sy day. Then call to mind thy bro - ther's wrong, To strife by

an - gry pas - sions driven, And in thy heart for-give him all for - give him

all As thou would'st be for - given As thou would'st be for - given.

Go, throw thy little arms around
His neck, and kiss him tenderly,
Nor turn away with pouting lip,
And sullen tearful eye.

Thou hast sinned more against thy GOD,
Than ever brother sinned to thee;
If He should turn away His face,
How wretched would'st thou be.

Dost thou remember when thy LORD
Hung on His cruel Cross so long,
How in His agony He pray'd
For those that did Him wrong?

They nailed His hands, they pierced His feet,
Their angry hearts no pity knew,
"FATHER, forgive them," was His cry,
"They know not what they do."

Go, seek thy little brother's side,
And press to his thy rosy cheek,
And whisper the forgiveness free
He is too proud to seek.

Then as the brightest ray from heaven
Doth on the glittering dewdrop fall,
Thy penitence shall be received,
And GOD forgive thee all.

“And lead us not into temptation.”—No. xxxviii.

Andantino.

There is a land where flow'rs - - are fair, And plea - sant

paths run through the woods, But e - - vil beasts are

fz. fz.

lurk - ing there, And there the pois' - nous ad - der broods. If

cres. riten.

cres. riten.

we were in - - that land a - far, And for the sake of

sf.

8ves.

those sweet flowers, Should wan - der where such dan - - gers

are, A cru - el doom would sure - - - be ours.

8ves.

More foolish he, who to the way
Of strong temptation turns his feet,
Who listens what the wicked say,
Who looks on the forbidden sweet.

O! when we asked at morning hour
That God would make us good to-day,
And keep us from temptation's power,
Did heart and lip together pray?

Not, if we seek the dangerous spot,
Where we are tempted most to sin,
If for a moment be forgot
Our tempter, and the strife within.

He spreads his snares in every place,
His voice is sweet, his arm is strong;—
LORD, keep us by Thy stronger Grace,
Nor let our wavering feet go wrong.

H

“But deliver us from evil.”—*Ma. xxxix.*

Andante.

Child, ere thou wan - der forth to play, Thy LORD'S own words be

du - ly said, That thou from sin and dan - ger dread, De-

li - ver'd be to - day. The spi - rit dark that works with-

in, Will whis - per e - vil to thy heart, Will turn thee

from the bet - ter part, And tempt thy soul to sin.

Thou canst not tell what danger near,
 What sorrow never dreamed before,
 This one short day may have in store,
 What sudden pain or fear.

As I have seen a boat go down
 In quiet waters suddenly,
 When not a wave was on the sea,
 Nor in the sky a frown.

But happy still in all distress,
 The child that to his father flies,
 The heart that on its GOD relies
 For strength and holiness.

God's glorious Angels watch him round,
 GOD'S SPIRIT on his soul is shed ;
 In vain the tempter's snares are spread,
 He walks on guarded ground.

Why should he dread misfortune's blast,
 Why should he tremble at the foe,
 Or fear for pain, or shame, or woe ?
 His heart is anchored fast.

Like lily flower that to and fro
 Is tossed upon the waters wide,
 What cares it for the changeful tide ?
 Its root is firm below.

“Therefore I say, Amen, so be it.”—No. xl.

Adagio e Sostenuto.

So be it, LORD; the prayers are prayed, But still we pause on bend-ed

knee, And lin-g'ring, though the words are said, Look fond-ly up to Thee

Look fond-ly up to Thee. So be it, LORD; let no-thing bad

sf. *cres.* *poco* *al*

Scat-ter our in-cense on the air, No wan-d'ring thoughts that we have had, A-rise to

for. *dim.* *cres.* *for.* *dim.* *p ten.*

cloud our prayer A - - rise to cloud our - - prayer.

for. *dim.* *cres.* *for.* *dim.* *p ten.*

So be it, FATHER; yet awhile
 We hang upon Thy patient ear,
 And in the brightness of Thy smile
 A moment tarry here.

Like one who on a cloudy day
 Has caught a glimpse of the blue sky,
 And though the gleam have passed away,
 Still looks with longing eye.

Or like a strain of music sweet,
 That dies away in mountain ground,
 Till one by one the hills repeat
 The solitary sound;

So down the full Church falls alone
 The Pastor's voice; it sinks, and then,
 Sweet echo to that solemn tone
 We breathe our soft "Amen."

LONDON:
J. MASTERS AND SON, PRINTERS,
ALBION BUILDINGS, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE, E.C.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
MORNING HYMN	2	THE THIRD PROMISE—	
EVENING HYMN	3	To keep GOD's holy will and commandments,	
HYMN OF THE HOLY TRINITY	6	and walk in the same all the days of my life.	
HOLY BAPTISM	7	OF THE COMMANDMENTS—	
THE FIRST PROMISE—		I.	26
To renounce the devil and all his works	8	II.	27
The pomps and vanity of this wicked world	9	III.	28
And all the sinful lusts of the flesh	10	IV.	30
THE SECOND PROMISE—		V.	32
To believe all the Articles of the Christian Faith.		VI.	33
OF THE CREED—		VII.	34
I believe in GOD the FATHER Almighty	11	VIII.	35
Maker of heaven and earth	12	IX.	36
And in JESUS CHRIST His only SON our LORD	13	X.	37
Who was conceived by the HOLY GHOST,		PRAYER—	
Born of the Virgin Mary	14	My good Child, know this, that thou art not	
Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified,		able to do these things of thyself, nor to	
dead, and buried	16	walk in the commandments of GOD, and to	
He descended into hell; The third day He		serve Him, without His special grace;	
rose again from the dead	17	which thou must learn at all times to call	
He ascended into heaven, And sitteth at the		for by diligent Prayer	38
right hand of GOD the FATHER Almighty;		THE LORD'S PRAYER—	
From thence He shall come to judge the		Our FATHER, Which art in heaven	39
quick and the dead	18	Hallowed be Thy Name	40
I believe in the HOLY GHOST	19	Thy kingdom come	41
The Holy Catholic Church	20	Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven	42
The Communion of Saints	22	Give us this day our daily bread	43
The Forgiveness of sins	23	And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive	
The Resurrection of the body	24	them that trespass against us	46
And the life everlasting	25	And lead us not into temptation	48
		But deliver us from evil	50
		Therefore I say, Amen, so be it	52

