

HYMNS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

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Hymns for little children by Cecil Frances Alexander

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CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER

**HYMNS FOR
LITTLE CHILDREN**

HYMNS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

BY
MRS ALEXANDER

WITH
PICTURES
BY

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&
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HYMNS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

1.

MORNING HYMN.

NOW the dreary night is done,
Comes again the glorious sun,
Crimson clouds, and silver white,
Wait upon his breaking light.

Glistening in the garden beds,
Flowers lift up their dewy heads,
And the shrill cock claps his wings,
And the merry lark upsprings.

When the eastern sky is red,
I, too, lift my little head,
When the lark sings loud and gay,
I, too, rise to praise and pray.

SAVIOUR, to Thy cottage home
Once the daylight used to come;
Thou hast oft-times seen it break
Brightly o'er that eastern lake.

Child of Mary, Thou dost know,
What of danger, joy, or woe,
Shall to-day my portion be,
Let me meet it all in Thee.



Thou wast meek and undefiled,
Make me holy, too, and mild ;
Thou didst foil the tempter's power,
Help me in temptation's hour.

Thou didst love Thy mother here,
Make me gentle, kind and dear ;
Thou wast subject to her word,
Teach me to obey, O LORD.

Fretful feelings, passion, pride,
Never did with Thee abide ;
Make me watch myself to-day,
That they lead me not astray.

With Thee, LORD, I would arise,
To Thee look with opening eyes,
All the day be at Thy side,
SAVIOUR, PATTERN, KING, and GUIDE.

2.

EVENING HYMN.

ON the dark hill's western side
The last purple gleam has died,
Twilight to one solemn hue
Changes all, both green and blue.

In the fold and in the nest,
Birds and lambs are gone to rest ;
Labour's weary task is o'er,
Closely shut the cottage door.

SAVIOUR, ere in sweet repose
I my weary eyelids close,
While my mother through the gloom
Singeth from the outer room ;

While across the curtain white,
With a dim uncertain light,
On the floor the faint stars shine,
Let my latest thought be Thine.

'Twas a starry night of old,
When rejoicing Angels told
The poor shepherds of Thy birth,
God become a Child on earth.

Soft and quiet is the bed
Where I lay my little head ;
Thou hadst but a manger bare,
Rugged straw for pillow fair.

SAVIOUR, 'twas to win me grace
Thou didst stoop to that poor place,
Loving with a perfect love
Child, and man, and GOD above.

Hear me as alone I lie,
Plead for me with GOD on high ;
All that stained my soul to-day
Wash it in Thy blood away.

If my slumbers broken be,
Waking let me think of Thee :
Darkness cannot make me fear,
If I feel that Thou art near.

Happy now I turn to sleep ;
Thou wilt watch around me keep ;
Him no danger e'er can harm
Who lies cradled on Thine arm.