INFANT HYMNS:
designed for
YOUNG CHILDREN.

By Dr. Watts.

NEW HAVEN.
SIDNEY BABCOCK.
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HYMN I.

A Morning Hymn

My Father! I thank thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest;
I thank thee for stooping to keep
An infant from being distrest.
O how can a poor little creature repay
Thy fatherly kindness by night and by day?

My voice would be lisping thy praise,
My heart would repay thee with love;
O teach me to walk in thy ways,
And fit me to see thee above;
For Jesus said “Let little children come nigh;”
And he will not despise such an infant as I.
As long as thou seest it right
That here upon earth I should stay,
I pray thee to guard me by night,
And help me to serve thee by day;
That when all the days of my life
shall have passed,
I may worship thee better in heaven at last.

HYMN II.

An Evening Hymn.

Lord, I have passed another day,
And come to thank thee for thy care;
Forgive my faults in work and play,
And listen to my evening prayer.

Thy favor gives me daily bread,
And friends who all my wants supply;
And safely now I rest my head,
Preserved and guarded by thine eye.
Look down in pity and forgive
Whate’er I’ve said or done amiss;
And help me every day I live,
To serve thee better than in this.

Now while I sleep be pleased to take
A helpless child beneath thy care;
And condescend, for Jesus’ sake,
To listen to my evening prayer

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HYMN III.
The Grave of an Infant.

What is this little grassy mound,
Where pretty daisies bloom?
What is there lying under ground?
It is an infant’s tomb!

Alas, poor baby! did it die?
How dismal that must be!
To bid this pretty world good bye,
Seems very sad to me.
Silence, my child, for could we hear
This happy baby's voice,
We should not drop another tear,
But triumph and rejoice.

"O, do not weep for me,"
The happy soul would say;
"Nor grieve, dear child, that I am free
From that poor sleeping clay."

Mourn not, because my feeble breath
Was stopped as soon as given;
There's nothing terrible in death,
To those who come to heaven.

No sin, no sorrow, no complaints,
My pleasures here destroy;
I live with God and all his saints,
And endless is our joy.

While with the spirits of the just,
My Savior I adore,
I smile upon my sleeping dust,
That now can weep no more.
HYMN IV.

God Made and Does all Things.

God made the world, in every land
His love and power are shown;
All are protected by his hand,
But few his goodness own.

He sees and governs distant lands,
And constant bounty pours,
From wild Arabia’s burning sands,
To Lapland’s frozen shores.

In forest shades, and silent plains,
Where feet have never trod,
There, in his mighty power he reigns,
The ever-present God.

All the inhabitants of earth,
Who dwell beneath the sun,
Of different nations, name, and birth,
He knows them every one,
Alike the rich and poor are known,
   The polished and the wild;
He sees the king upon his throne,
   And every little child,

He knows the worthy from the vile,
   And sends his mercy down;
None are too mean to share his smile,
   Or to provoke his frown.

Great God! and since thy piercing eye
   My inmost thought can see,
Teach me from every sin to fly,
   And turn that heart to thee.

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**HYMN V.**

*God made the Sun, Moon, and Stars.*

**CHILD.**

I saw the glorious sun arise
   From yonder mountain gray,
And as he traveled through the skies,
   The darkness fled away;
And all around me looked so bright,
I wished it would be always light.

But when his shining course was done,
The gentle moon drew nigh,
And stars came twinkling one by one,
Upon the shady sky.

Who made the sun to shine so far,
The moon, and every twinkling star?

MOTHER.

"Twas God, my child, who made them all,
By his Almighty hand;
He holds them that they do not fall,
And bids them move or stand:
That glorious God who lives afar,
In heaven beyond the highest star.

CHILD.

How very great that God must be,
Who rolls them through the air!
Too high, mamma, to notice me,
Or listen to my prayer!
I fear he will not condescend
To be a little infant’s friend.

MOTHER.

O yes, my love, for though he made
Those wonders in the sky,
You never need to be afraid
He should neglect your cry;
For humble as a child may be,
A praying child he loves to see.

Behold the daisy where you read,
That useless little thing;
Behold the insects overhead,
That gambol in the spring;
His goodness bids the daisy rise,
And every insect’s want supplies.

And will he not descend to make
A feeble child his care?
Yes, Jesus died for children’s sake,
And loves the youngest prayer
God made the stars and daisies too
And watches over them and you.
HYMN VI.

Love and Duty to Parents.

My Father, my Mother, I know,
I can not your kindness repay;
But I hope that as older I grow,
I shall learn your commands to obey.

You loved me before I could tell
Who it was that so tenderly smiled;
But now that I know it so well,
I should be a dutiful child.

I am sorry that ever I should
Be naughty and give you a pain:
I hope I shall learn to be good,
And so never grieve you again.

But for fear that I ever should dare
From all your commands to depart,
Whenever I’m saying my prayer,
I’ll ask for a dutiful heart.
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