

H Y M N S

FOR

YOUNG CHILDREN

MARY ELIOT PARKMAN

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1895

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FOR

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BY



MARY ELIOT PARKMAN



PRIVATELY PRINTED
1895



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THESE HYMNS were written about 1854, by MRS. SAMUEL PARKMAN, for her own children, and were afterward printed for the use of some of her friends.

They are now reprinted in answer to many requests from those who have found them valuable and helpful.

E. T. V.

Boston, Dec. 1895.

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PART FIRST





H Y M N S



GOD MADE ME.

I now am but a little child ;
My hands are weak, my strength is small ;
Yet I can seek, and I can love,
The Lord Almighty, God of all.

He gave my life to me at first ;
He loves the little child He made ;
He keeps me safe through all the day,
And guards me when in sleep I'm laid.

If I obey and love His law,
He'll teach me all I need to know,
And take me in His arms on high
When I have lived my life below.

GOD LOVES ME.

GOD cares for every little child
That on this large earth liveth:
He gives them home and food and clothes;
And more than these God giveth:—

He gives them all their loving friends;
He gives each child its mother;
He gives them all the happiness
Of loving one another;

He makes the earth all beautiful;
He makes thine eyes to see;
And touch and hearing, taste and smell,
He gives them all to thee.

What can a little child give God ?
From His bright heavens above
The great God smiles, and reaches down
To take His children's love.



CHRIST TEACHES ME.

WHEN I can read the Bible,
In the gospel I shall see
How our dear Saviour, Jesus Christ,
Was once a child like me.

I shall read how He was gentle,
And obedient alway;
And how He grew in the love of God,
And the love of man, each day.

I shall read how God declared Him
His well-belovèd Son;
And how he made the blind to see,
And the lame and crippled run;—

How He blessed the little children;
How he bade the storm be still ;
And how, through all His holy life,
He did His Father's will. -

And when I pray to God to show
The daily path to heaven,
I will thank Him that Christ came on earth
That my sins might be forgiven.



GOD SEES ME.

THROUGH all the busy daylight, through all
the quiet night,
Whether the stars are in the sky, or the sun
is shining bright;
In the nursery, in the parlor; in the street, or
on the stair,—
Though I may seem to be alone, yet God is
always there.

Whatever I may do,
Wherever I may be,
Although I see Him not,
Yet God sees me.

He knows each word I mean to speak, before
the word is spoken;
He knows the thoughts within my heart, al-
though I give no token.

When I am naughty, then I grieve my heav-
 enly Father's love ;
 And, every time I really try, He helps me
 from above.

Whatever I may do,
 Wherever I may be,
 Although I see Him not,
 Yet God sees me.

I have kind and tender parents ; I have many
 loving friends :
 But none love me as God loves me ; and all
 that's good He sends.
 I will walk as God shall lead me, while the
 sun is in the sky ;
 And lay me down, and sleep in peace, beneath
 His watchful eye.

Whatever I may do,
 Wherever I may be,
 Although I see Him not,
 Yet God sees me.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

ONCE in the land of Palestine,
In the dark, quiet night,
Some shepherds, who were watching sheep,
Saw a great shining light.

And with the light an angel came,
Who spake a mighty word,—
That Christ was born in Bethlehem,
And He should be the Lord.

Then suddenly a glorious host
Shone, singing in the sky,
“Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
Glory to God on high!”—

And told the shepherds they should find
Christ in a manger laid.
The shepherds straight to Bethlehem
Went, as the angels bade,—

And found the fair and heavenly child
All as the angels said:
And much they wondered Christ the Lord
So lowly should be laid.

They saw the young child's mother
Watch o'er Him as He lay:
Then giving thanks and praise to God,
They went their homeward way.



SPRING.

THE ice and snow are melted;
The running brooks are seen;
And over the brown meadows
The grass is growing green.

The leaves are on the trees again;
The birds come back and sing;
The flowers soon will be in bloom:
How beautiful is spring!

O God! how sweet and lovely
Thou makest all I see!
How shall I thank Thee fitly
For all Thy gifts to me?

MORNING.

WHEN the bright sun, returning,
Brings back the busy day,
Before you feel temptation,
Kneel, little child, and pray.

Thank God for peaceful slumber,
For the day that He has given;
And pray that you may use it
To make you fit for heaven.

Think over what may happen
To lead you to do wrong;
And pray that God will help you
In obedience to be strong.

With a loving, gentle spirit,
Kneel, little child, and pray
That God, who watched your sleeping,
Will watch you through the day.



A PRAYER.

O MY good and gracious Maker !
May I love Thee as I ought !
Let me, by Thy loving guidance,
Into all good ways be brought.

Make me love my Lord and Saviour,
Who so much hath loved me;
And, when life on earth is ended,
Let me live with Him and Thee.



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EVENING.

THE day of work and play is donē:
The time has come for sleep:
O God ! through all the hours of night
Do Thou thy children keep !

Through all the day, by Thy command,
The sun shines bright and clear;
And now, at night, by Thy command,
The shining stars appear.

Thou, whom the sun and stars obey,
Dost also care for me:
I pray that thou wouldst make me rest
Through this night quietly.

Forgive what I've done wrong this day;
Help me to better things;
And keep me in Thy sheltering love,
As birds 'neath mothers' wings.

Now that the light of day is gone,
Keep me from foolish fear;
And let me close my eyes in peace,
Assured that Thou art near.



“THE SEA IS HIS AND HE MADE IT.”

THOU, who didst make the fair, green earth,
Didst also make the sea ;
And all its beauty and its power
Are given and ruled by Thee.

Poured from the hollow of Thine hand,
It flows the world around ;
Yet never do its mighty waves
Pass their appointed bound.

Their bound may be the craggy rock,
Or the soft, velvet sand :
There do the tides arise and fall,
As Thou hast given command.

Through the bright waters, far and wide,
A myriad fishes roam :
Strangely and beautifully made,
They fill their ocean home.

Where the dark waves break coldly o'er
The iceberg's glittering side ;
And where, by some green island shore,
The rippling waters glide ;

From east to west, from north to south,
The waves obey Thy will ;
And Thou, who mad'st the sea at first,
Dost rule and guide it still.



“GOD, WHICH HOLDETH OUR SOULS
IN LIFE.”

WHEN I was first a living child,
God gave my life to me ;
And every hour that I live
He giveth graciously.

For growing better, every day,
My life on earth was given ;
And, when my body dies, my soul
Shall live with God in heaven.

A faithful and obedient child
The Lord will surely bless ;
And, after death, the soul will live
With Him in happiness.

I cannot tell how long my life
Upon this earth may be ;
But I know my spirit's life will last
To all eternity.

I will thank God, My Father,
For all His gifts to me,—
For all the pleasant things I have,
The lovely sights I see ;

But I will thank Him more than all,
That, when my body dies,
He promises to take my soul
Unto His paradise.

There, with the dear ones who are dead,
And so are gone before,
And with our blessed Saviour, Christ,
Is life for evermore.

CHRISTMAS.

'Tis Christmas Day ! Glad voices
Repeat the pleasant sound ;
And happy faces in our home,
And loving looks, abound.
Why do we thus greet Christmas morn ?
It is the day that Christ was born.

With little gifts that tell our love,
With garlands on the wall,
With thankful hearts and helpful hands,
We keep a festival.
Why do we thus keep Christmas morn ?
It is the day that Christ was born.

Full eighteen hundred years ago,
Christ Jesus came on earth,
He came, He lived, He died for us ;
We thank God for His birth ;
And therefore we keep Christmas morn,
The day our Saviour, Christ, was born.

And on this Christmas morning,
When the frost is at the door,
Dear child ! in your warm pleasant home,
Think of the sick and poor :
So shall you well keep Christmas morn,
The day our Saviour, Christ, was born.

Christ healed the sick, and helped the poor,
When He was on the earth :
Do what you can to be like Him
This morning of His birth ;
Help some one to keep Christmas morn,
The day your Saviour, Christ, was born.



PART SECOND



THE RESURRECTION.

It was early in the morning
On the first day of the week,
When three loving women hastened
Their buried Lord to seek.

As they came into the garden
By the early light of day,
They saw that from the sepulchre
The stone was rolled away.

They looked into the sepulchre
In wonder and in fear—
And there sat a shining angel
Who said "He is not here."

“He is not here but risen,”
Were the words the angel said
Of the well-belovèd Master
Whom they had mourned as dead.

Then homeward the three women
Went wondering away—
And the angel sits beside the tomb
For all men since that day.

For, as our Lord has risen,
So shall His followers rise
From the grave where we have laid them
Unto Him in Paradise.

And Christians all bear record,
Of “the Lord’s Day,” as they speak
Of our Saviour’s resurrection
On the first day of the week.

PRAYER.

“PRAY without ceasing,” said our Lord,
“Ask for the gift ye want,
And that which ye in faith shall ask
God will in mercy grant.”

So taught our Saviour, and His life
Followed the precept close ;
What light is set us for our lives
In precious words like those ?

First, that no spot is on the earth
But is a place for prayer,
For wheresoever we may be,
Our father too is there.

In every trial, great or small,
We may entreat His aid,
And when God's help is humbly asked
A fitting prayer is prayed.

No mortal heart may know our need,
No mortal help be near,
But even our unspoken word
Will reach our Father's ear.

We need not seek for solitude
To pray with anxious care,
Wherever duty leads our steps
Is our fit place for prayer.

To each of us temptation comes,
And when we see the snare,
And even when our feet have slipped
Is the fit hour for prayer.

When we are joyful in the life
Which God has made so fair,
A loving thought, "We thank thee, Lord,"
Is an accepted prayer.

So in our times of trouble,
Of labor, or of care,
Breathed from the bottom of our heart,
"Lord! help us," is a prayer.



“BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER’S
BURDENS.”

“BEAR ye each other’s burdens,”—

Whoever hears that word
Hath a commandment spoken straight
Unto him, by the Lord.

And something that is helpful
We each of us can do ;
Not only men and women
But every one of you.

For many are the burdens
That on our lives are laid,
And many times in many ways
We each of us can aid.

Whatever weight our brother has
Of sorrow or of care,—
That is his burden,—that it is
Our love should help him bear.

Perhaps by active service,
Perhaps by kindly thought,
Perhaps by simply loving
Our purpose may be wrought.

Free footsteps for the weary,
Low voices for the sick,
And in the little rubs of life
A kindly thought and quick.

Devices for the fractious child,
Patience with those that tease,
Oh! dearest children, do not say
“What little things are these!”

Begin with little labors
Fit for your little strength,
So grow in grace—until ye hear
Your Lord's "Well done" at length.



THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When Jesus in Judea was born
To be our King and Priest,
There came unto Jerusalem
Wise men from the East,

Saying, "Where is the King now born?
For we have seen His star,
And we to seek and worship Him
Have journeyed from afar."

Those words amazed King Herod much
And all Jerusalem,
And craftily, with evil thoughts
He sent and answered them,

And bade them go to Bethlehem,
Because the scribes had shown
The Saviour surely should be born
In that despisèd town.

Then went the Wise Men on their way,
And lo! the lonely star
Moved on before them as they moved,
And led them from afar.

Joyful were they to see this star,
And straight it led the way,
Until it stood above the house
Wherein the young child lay.

They entered in and saw the child,
And then, as it was meet,
Their gold and myrrh and frankincense
They laid before his feet,

And worshipped him who was the Lord.

Then they departed home,
But warned of God they chose a way
By which they did not come.



LUKE XVIII. 35.

BESIDE the Road to Jericho, upon a summer
day,
A poor blind man sits begging of those that
pass that way ;
He hears the footsteps of a crowd, and when
he asketh why,
They answer him that Jesus of Nazareth
goes by :
He cannot reach Him for the crowd, His face
he cannot see,
But he cries "Oh, son of David, have mercy
upon me."

Those that go by rebuke him, and bid him
hold his peace,
But not for their rebuking will Bartimeus
cease ;
And again, amid the multitude, he cries out
earnestly,

“Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy upon
me.”

The Saviour pauses on His way, that piteous
cry to hear,
And straightway gives commandment to
bring the blind man near.

“What wilt thou that I do to thee?” the
gracious Saviour says ;

“Lord, that I may receive my sight,” the
man, believing, prays.

“Thy faith hath saved thee,” saith the Lord;
then speaks,—“Receive thy sight ;”

And thereupon the blind man can see the
lovely light,

The summer skies above him, the crowd that
fills the place,

And lift his thankful eyes unto his gracious
Saviour’s face.

FOREST HYMN.

You have read how God made all the earth,
And saw that it was good,
Now come, my precious children,
With me into the wood.

There in each graceful flower,
In every stately tree,
God's fine and curious handiwork
Our loving eyes may see.

The pleasant path leads winding on
Through glancing light and shade,
And like a carpet for our feet
The brown pine leaves are laid.

An arch is bent above our heads
With boughs of many trees,
And down the glade the broad green fern
Is waving in the breeze.

Beside the path in clusters close
The starry mosses stand ;
Millions of tiny plants and each
Fashioned by God's own hand.

The slender roots that spread so wide,
The stalks upspringing tall,
Fine folded leaves, and blossoms bright,
He has contrived them all.

The life that is in every tree,
In every velvet sod,
The growth that is so wonderful
Is given all by God.

And He has given this wondrous world
To be enjoyed by you ;
Rejoice, my darlings, in the wood,
And oh! be thankful too !



ST. MARK. CHAP. IV.

THE multitude was gathered by the sea of
Galilee

The Saviour's blessed words to hear, His
wondrous works to see,

And all day long He taught them, as they
crowded on the strand,

From a little open vessel, just pushed off
from the land.

He looked upon the people who had come
from far and near,

He knew the different reasons that had gath-
ered them to hear,

He saw them eager outwardly, He knew
their inmost need,

And He told them of the sower that went
out to sow his seed ;

Of the stony ground, the shallow soil, the
 wanderers of the air,
And the few seeds on the good soil that
 sixty fold did bear.
The holy Teacher framed His words with
 care and gracious art,
That the parable might catch the ear and
 sink into the heart.

At nightfall He was weary, and, as the day
 was o'er,
Bade His disciples put across unto the other
 shore.
They pushed from land, they took their way
 across the waters deep,
And in the hind part of the boat the Saviour
 lay asleep.

Not yet its twilight passage did the little
 boat perform
When down upon that fickle sea there swept
 a sudden storm ;

The sky is dark, the wind is fierce, the wild
 waves fill the boat,
 "Master," they cry, in mortal fear, "we per-
 ish, carest Thou not?"

Ah, fools and blind! to tremble thus beside
 their loving Lord!
 He rose and the wild tempest was silent at
 His word;
 He chid the wind and the wind hushed, the
 frowning sky was cleared,
 And He said to His disciples, "How is it that
 ye feared?"

"Have ye no faith?" Dear children, in the
 tempests of our life,
 When stormy wills or sorrowing hearts fill all
 our way with strife,
 Be not fearful nor disheartened though the
 waves your boat should fill,
 Be sure if Christ hath sent you forth, that He
 the storm can still.

“DEATH AND LIFE ARE IN THE
POWER OF THE TONGUE.”

OH! little lambs of Jesus' fold!

Dear children of the Lord's!

Bethink ye of the power and might

Of lightly spoken words;

How your words are but the signal

Of the secret heart within,

And may be a gracious token

Or may be a deadly sin.

Your words may be a blessing

In a time of wrong or woe,

For if the fountain is kept pure

The stream will purely flow,

And often troubled hearts are soothed

And brought to sweet accord

By “a soft answer” unto wrath

And a humble, loving word.

A word may be a blasphemy,
A word may be a lie,
A word may smirch the pure young heart
With a stain of deepest dye ;
And a word may speak forgiveness
For a sore slight or wrong,
A word may be a heartfelt prayer
To God to make you strong.

With words ye bless your Saviour,
With words ye tell His love,
With words ye speak the thoughts that rove
Around, beneath, above ;
In words, as well as in the heart
Our sin may be confest,
And words are messengers from us
To the hearts that love us best.

For blessing or for evil,
To bewilder or to teach,
For guidance or for stumbling,
A mighty power is speech ;

And before ye fall on evil ways,
Now while your life is young,
Oh ! set a guard upon your lips,
A watch upon your tongue !

Search the Scriptures for your counsel
In this and all your need ;
When the warning of our Saviour
One of His children reads
They will surely strive for singleness
In the speech of every day,
That a double tongue may not be theirs,
But their Yea shall still be Yea.



SUNDAY.

CHILD ! as each week there comes a pause,
A hush upon thy way,
As the Sunday stillness breaks the week,
What dost thou with the day ?

'Tis no more the Jewish Sabbath,
With fixed rules for deed and word,
'Tis the Lord's day to the Christian ;
What dost thou for the Lord ?

What would the Lord have of thee ?
Almsdeeds and works of love ;
A restless will made like to His,
And a heart that looks above.

God will receive thine offering
Of simple prayer and praise,
He will help thee if thou strive to learn
That thou mayest keep His ways.

It was for thy sake Christ lay down
Amid death's shadows dim,
He loves, is waiting for thee now,
— Dost thou remember Him ?



“JESUS SAITH UNTO HIM, I AM THE
WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.”

MANY words we speak to thee,
Many a rule is given,
That thou mayest thy birthright win,
Oh ! young heir of Heaven.

Yet one rule will teach the whole,
One word shall abide,
Child ! in all thy wants and ways
Keep by Jesus' side.

Him, thy loving Master,
Him, thy tenderest friend,
Him, the Saviour of thy soul,
Follow to the end.

Nought shall stop thine onward way,
No mischance can harm,
So thou do but keep within
The guiding of His arm.



MORNING.

THE night is o'er, and the darkness
Has fled like the dreams of night,
Thanks, Father, for the morning,
For Thy daily gift of light.

Every hour a blessing
Comes from Thy hand to me,
Oh! in the joy of my childhood
May I use them, remembering Thee.

Give me such love of Thy children,
My brethren here upon earth,
As shall make me not hinderer, but helper,
In all of my labor or mirth.

All my appointed duty '
Give me the heart to fulfill :
Be Thou the guide of my footsteps,
Be Thou a law to my will.

Through the darkness and the silence
Safe in Thy presence I lay,
Now, in daylight and freedom,
Leave not my steps to stray.

And oh ! when I stray, forgive me !
Call me again to Thy side,
Make me Thy loving servant
For the sake of Him who died.



EVENING.

ANOTHER day is numbered with the past,
 Another night is given us for rest,
 Father, my spirit at Thy feet I cast,
 Oh! gather it unto Thy loving breast.

Look on its failures, efforts, and mistakes,
 Look on its inward stubborn roots of sin,
 See how the law that it accepts, it breaks,
 Lord! to Thy secret presence take it in!

Nightly, Thou sendest rest to all the earth,
 Sendest a time for silence and returning,
 Oh, Father! teach me all the holy worth
 Of the still hours when Thy clear stars are
 burning.

Thou givest me rest that with the day's be-
ginning

I may rise strong and fresh for the new
day,

So, purged and rested from its frequent sin-
ning,

May my soul rise prepared for its strait
way.

Bless those that love me, those that love me
not,

Strengthen the feeble and uplift the griev-
ing,

Send to Thy children, in whatever lot,

Riches, and peace, and strength in true
believing.

So to Thy arms my body I commit,

My weary body to Thine arms outspread :
Prepare me to accomplish what is fit,

And peace and pureness watch beside my
bed.



Jan 1902
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