

SIMPLE RHYMES  
FOR  
LITTLE CHILDREN.



WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION, AND  
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AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.

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AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION

LITTLE CHILDREN

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sylvania.

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SIMPLE RHYMES.



Now is the time to think of God,  
While youth is in its bloom;  
Nor wait, until old age prepares  
Our bodies for the tomb.

Read Ecclesiastes, 12th chapter, 1st verse.



'Tis promised in His holy word,  
That those who early give  
Their heart's best love unto the  
Lord,  
With him shall ever live,

Read Proverbs, 8th chapter, 17th verse



Oh choose the strait and narrow  
path

That leads you to the Lord,  
And study well the precepts giv'n,  
In his most precious word.

Read Matthew, 7th chapter, 13th and 14th  
verses.



A time to read, a time to pray,  
A time to leave my books and  
play,  
To give my heart to God :  
A time to live, a time to die ;  
For soon my little head may lie  
Under the valley sod.

Read Ecclesiastes, 3d chapter.



Behold the wonders of his works,  
And think that God is there ;  
The rose and lily spread their  
leaves,  
And show their Maker's care.

See, when the sun in splendour  
shines,

It warms the little flower ;

The moon and stars, and all  
things, are

Formed by his skill and power.

To let us live the Lord is good,

He shields us from all harm ;

He gives us every day our food,

And clothes to keep us warm.

While all things that we see  
around,

Praise him with one accord,

We'll raise our feeble voices too,

In praises to the Lord.





There was a time, though long ago,  
When not a book was found  
For such a little child as I,  
In all the country round.

But since the Sunday-school began,  
We've many books in store;  
And every Sabbath I get one,  
And can have many more.



*Children Quarreling.*

How pleasant to see  
Little children agree  
And help one another along ;  
But when their delight  
Is to quarrel and fight,  
Oh then they are sure to do  
wrong.

Then hear what I say,  
Your parents obey,  
Be sure one another to love ;  
That when death shall come,  
To take us all home,  
We may meet and be happy  
above.



I love, when Sabbath morning comes,  
To see the children leave their homes.  
Then haste away to Sunday-school  
Beneath the shady tree so cool,  
And holy keep that sacred day,  
And learn to read, and sing, and pray  
God will reward them with his love,  
And give them mansions far above,  
Where with the angels they shall sing  
Hosannas to the Eternal King.



By morning light to walk abroad  
And view the wondrous works of  
God ;

With scenes of pleasure all around  
And music sweet in every sound ;  
The village spire in distant view ;  
The Sunday-school—the grave-  
yard, too,

Remind us that from youth to age,  
God should our constant thoughts  
engage.



Little bird flying high,  
Making music to the sky,  
Spread abroad thy pretty wings,  
While my little brother swings.  
Sister reading in her book,  
Has not time at us to look.



Why should I sleep away my  
time,

As sluggards do, in bed ?

The sun may rise some morning  
bright,

And I be with the dead.

O 'tis a solemn thing to think  
How soon a child may die ;  
Yet if he loves the Lord his God,  
No tear should dim the eye.

For all his promises are sure,  
To those who seek his face ;  
And now, O Lord, bestow on me  
The blessings of thy grace.





What a wicked boy, to play  
 On the holy Sabbath day;  
 God will punish him, I know,  
 For in the Bible He says so.



Gracious Lord, be thou my guide;  
 On my heart thy laws inscribe,  
 Thy holy word should precious be  
 To every little child like me.