

LITTLE VERSES

FOR

Good Children.

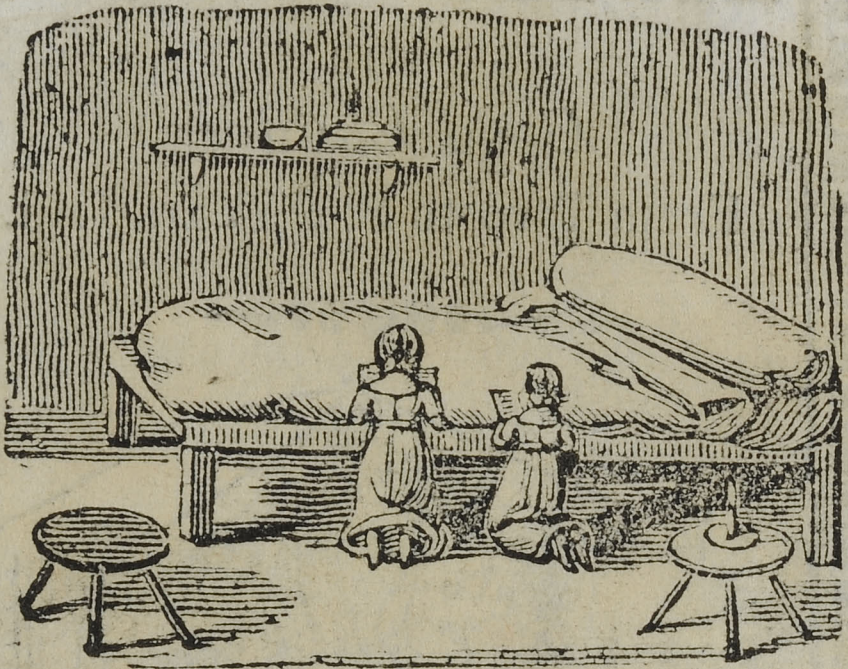
From Two to Six Years Old.



LONDON :

Printed by C. E. Knight,
St. Katharine's-square,

FOR J. DAVIS, No. 56,
PATERNOSTER-ROW. 29



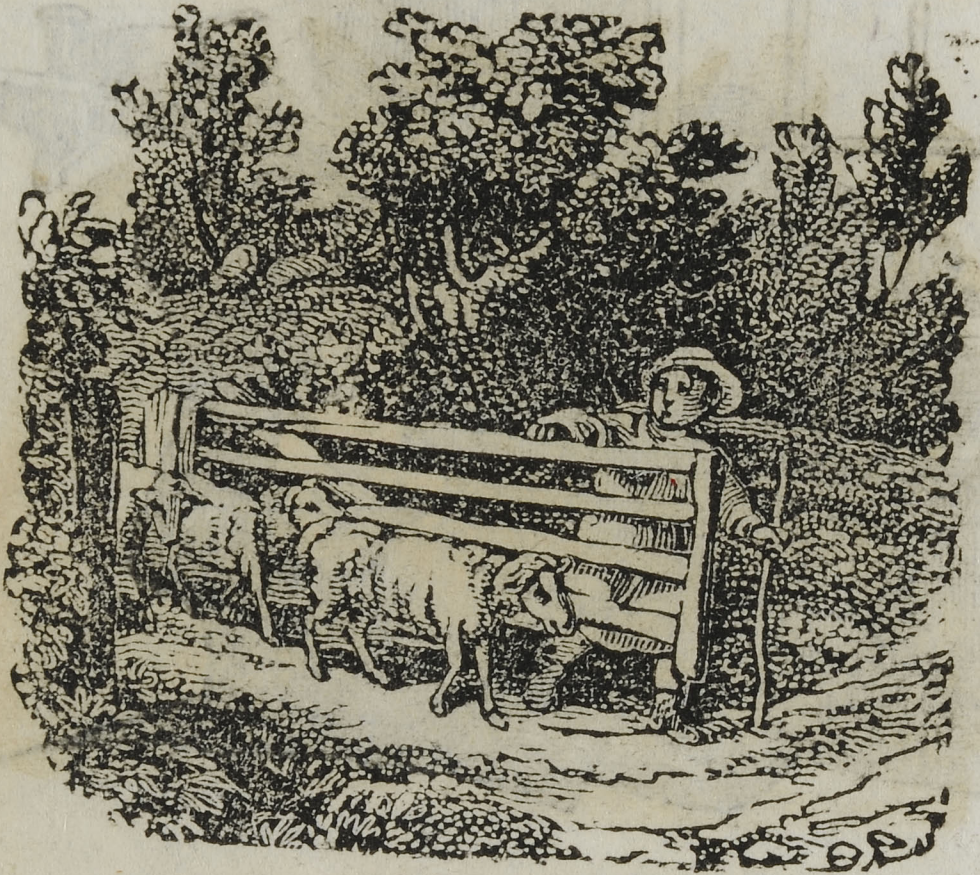
I must pray
 Both night and day.
 Before I eat,
 I must intreat,
 That God would bless
 To me my meat.

I must not play
 On God's own day,
 But I must hear
 His word in fear.



It is a Sin
To steal a pin,
Much more to steal
A greater thing.

I'll beg my bread
From door to door,
Rather than steal
My neighbour's store.



I must work,
And I must pray,
That God will feed
Me, day by day.

All honest labor,
God will bless ;
Let me not live
In idleness.



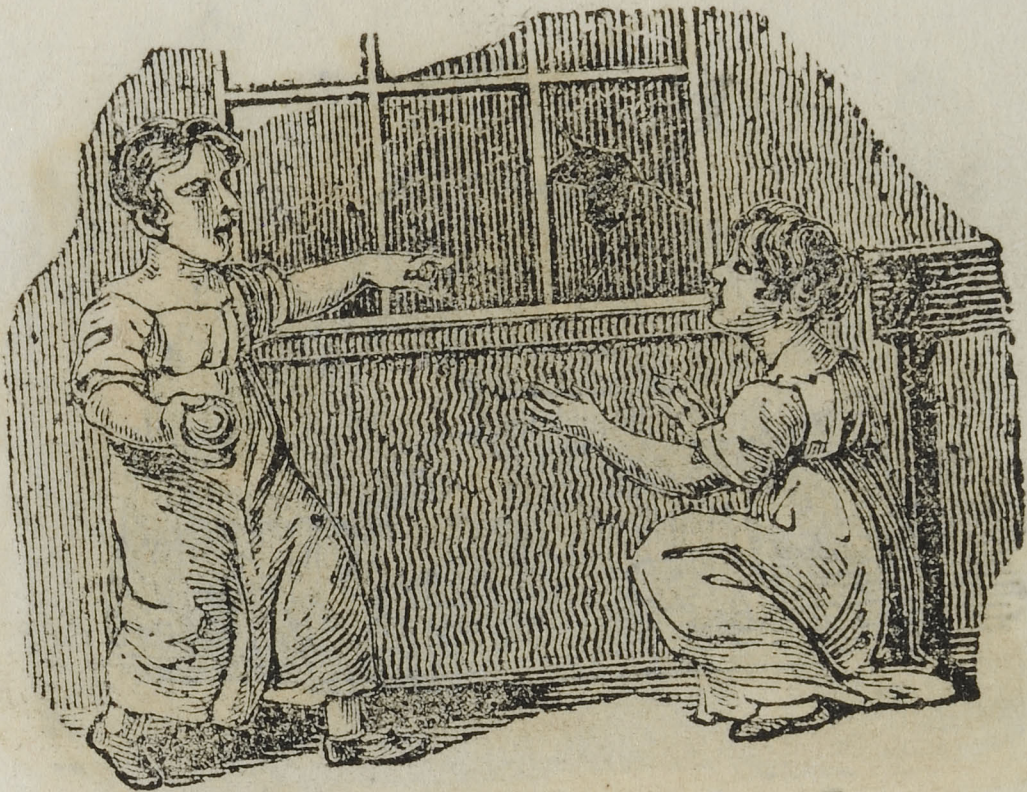
I must not kill
A little fly;
It is an act
Of cruelty.

I must not lie,
I must not feign,
I must not take
God's name in vain.



I must not be
Or rude or wild,
I must not be
A naughty child.

I must not speak
Of others ill,
But ever bear
To all good will.



I'd better die
 Than tell a lie,
 Lest I be lost
 Eternally ;

Nor may my tongue
 Say what is wrong ;
 I must not sin
 A world to win.



In the Bible
I am to read,
And trust in God
In all my need;

For Christ alone
My soul can save,
And raise my body
From the grave.



Oh! blessed Saviour
Take my heart,
And let not me
From thee depart.

Lord, grant that I
In faith may die,
And live with thee
Above the sky.



CREATION.

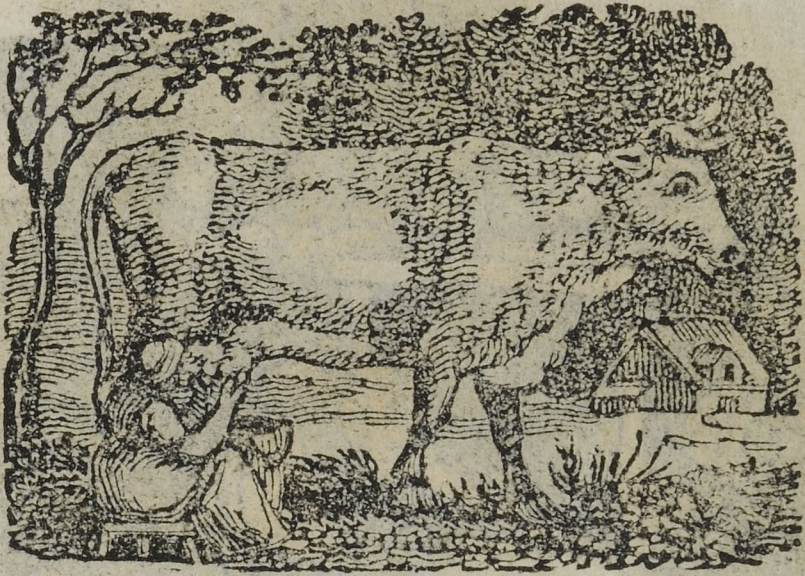
God made the sky that looks so
blue,

God made the grass so green,
God made the flowers that smell
so sweet,

In pretty colors seen.

God made the sun that shines so
bright,

And gladdens all I see ;
It comes to give us heat and light,
How thankful should we be !



God made the pretty bird to fly,
 How sweetly has she sung ;
 And tho' she soars so very high,
 She won't forget her young.

God made the cow to give nice
 milk,
 The horse, for me to use ;
 I'll treat them kindly for hi's sake,
 Nor dare his gifts abuse.



God made the water for my drink,
 God made the fish to swim,
 God made the trees to bear nice
 fruit,
 Which does my taste so nicely
 suit ;

O how should I love him !

O Lord, how manifest are thy works!
 in wisdom hast thou made them all.

Psalm civ. 24.



The Bible.



What book ought I to love the best,
 And on its truth securely rest,
 THE BIBLE.

What tells me of my fallen state,
 And how God can me new create,
 THE BIBLE.

What points me to the Lamb of God,
 To trust in his atoning blood,
 THE BIBLE.

3514287



What warns me to abstain from sin,
 And tends to make me pure within,
THE BIBLE.

What teaches to relieve the poor,
 And med'cine for the sick procure,
THE BIBLE.

What teaches me to love my foe,
 And acts of kindness to him shew,
THE BIBLE.



What tells me of that state of bliss,
 Where I shall never do amiss,
THE BIBLE.

What can support my drooping head,
 When I am laid on my death-bed,
The BIBLE.



