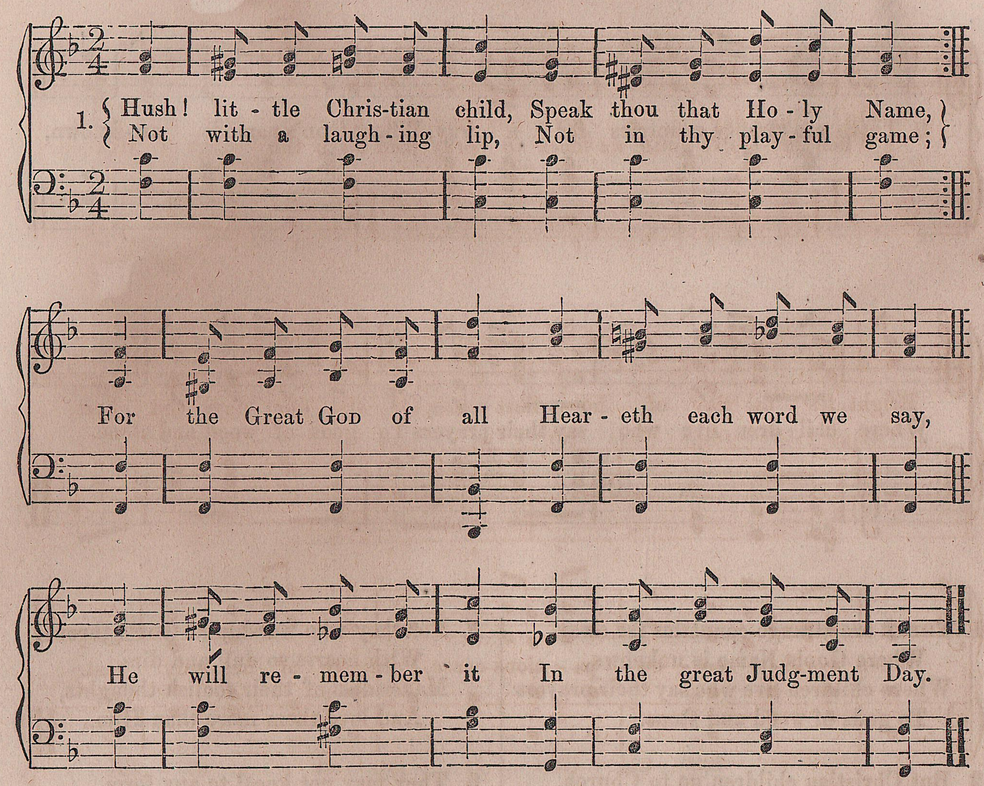
No. lxii. Hush! little Christian Child.

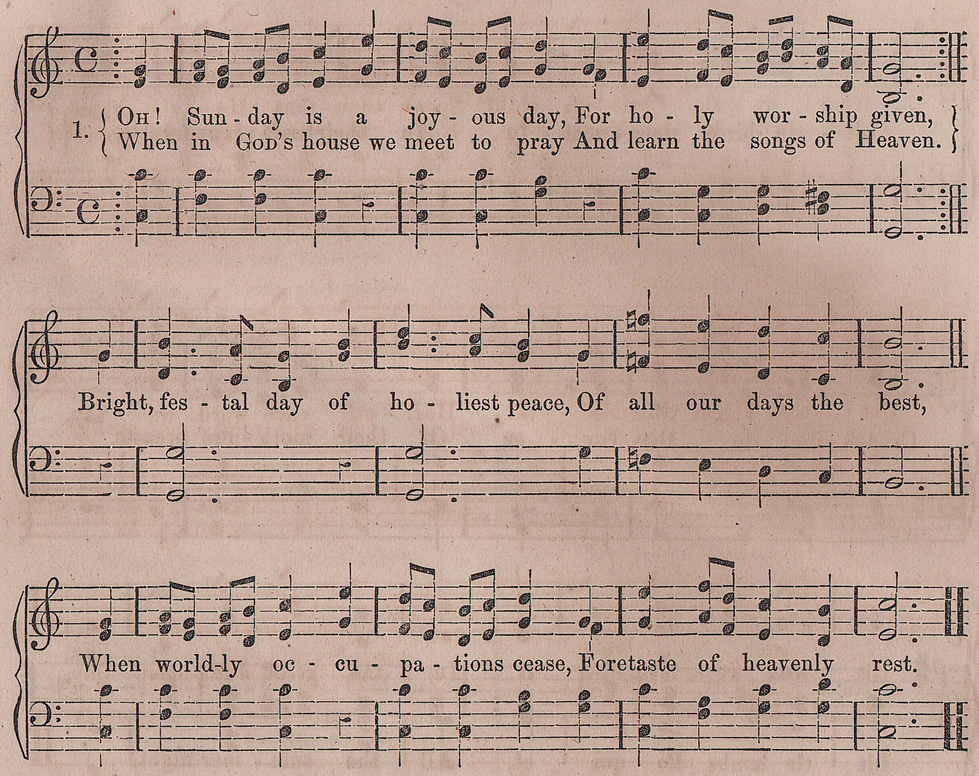


1. Hush! little Christian child,
   Speak thou that Holy Name,
   Not with a laughing lip,
   Not in thy playful game,
   For the Great God of all
   Heareth each word we say,
   He will remember it
   In the great Judgment Day.

2. Hush!—for His host unseen
   Are watching over thee,
   His Angels spread their wings,
   Thy shelter kind to be.
   Wilt thou, with words profane,
   Rash, and undutiful,
   Scatter thine Angel guards,
   Glorious and beautiful?

3. Honor God's Holy Name,
   Speak It with thought and care,
   Sing to It holy hymns,
   Breathe It in earnest prayer;
   But not with sudden cry,
   In thy light joy or pain,
   "God will hold guilty all
   Who take His Name in vain."

No. lxiii. Oh! Sunday is a joyous Day.



1. Oh! Sunday is a joyous day,
   For holy worship given,
   When in God's house we meet to pray
   And learn the songs of Heaven.
   Bright, festal day of holiest peace,
   Of all our days the best,
   When wordly occupations cease,
   Foretaste of heavenly rest.

2. The sabbath shine of Sunday morn
   Seems like the smile of love;
   The little birds that hail the dawn,
   Glad heralds from above,
   Carol of victory o'er the grave
   Through Him who rose this day,
   Who died for us, but lives to save,
   A King and Priest alway.

3. The church-bells sound o'er hill and vale—
   How cheerily they ring!
   They tell the same exulting tale,
   "Oh, come and let us sing."
   Yea, let us heartily rejoice
   In our salvation's might,
   In songs of gladness let each voice
   With all its powers unite.

4. Saviour, Who givest us these days
   Of Heaven upon earth,
   Teach us in holy psalms to praise
   Thy name with reverent mirth.
   Teach us to love the House of Prayer,
   The open gate of Heaven,
   And seek and find Thy blessing there,
   By Thine own Servants given.