Still let us, for His golden corn,  
Send up our thanks to God!

**Little Things...**  
By Julia Fletcher

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.

**Make Much of Time...**  
Robert Herrick

Gather ye rosebuds, while ye may,  
Old time is still a-flying,  
And this same flower, that smiles today,  
To-morrow will be dying.

**Sunbeams...**

Kind words are like sunbeams  
That sparkle as they fall;  
And loving smiles are sunshine,  
A light of joy to all.

**Clear and Cool**  
By Charles Kingsley

Clear and cool, clear and cool,  
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool,
She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day.

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

Hurt No Living Thing
By Christina Rosetti

Hurt no living thing,
Ladybird nor butterfly,
Nor moth with dusty wing,
Nor cricket chirping cheerily,
Nor grasshopper, so light of leap,
Nor dancing gnat,
Nor beetle fat,
Nor harmless worms that creep.

Like the Bird...
By Victor Hugo

Be like the bird
That, pausing in her flight
Awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way
Beneath her and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings.

No heaven can come to us unless our hearts find rest in it today.
Take heaven.

The gloom of the world is but a shadow;
Behind it, yet within our reach, is joy.

God Are You Real?
Author Unknown

"God, are you real?"
The little child whispered,

"God, speak to me"
And a meadowlark sang.
But the child did not hear.

So, the child yelled,
"God, speak to me!"
And the thunder rolled across the sky
But the child did not listen.

The child looked around and said,
"God, let me see you"
And a star shone brightly
But the child did not notice.

And the child shouted,
"God show me a miracle!"
And a life was born
But the child did not know.

So the child cried out in despair,
"Touch me God, and let me know you are here!"
Whereupon God reached down and touched the child.
But the child brushed the butterfly away, and walked away unknowingly.

Often times, the things we seek are right underneath our nose. Don’t miss out on your blessing because it isn’t packaged the way that you expect.

**Rain**
By Robert Louis Stevenson

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here, And on the ships at sea.

**Autumn**
Anonymous

The morns are meeker than they were,
The nuts are getting brown;
The berry’s cheek is plumer,
The rose is out of town.

The maple wears a gayer scarf,
The field a Scarlet gown.
Lest I should be old fashioned,
I’ll put a trinket on.

**Caterpillar**
By Christina Rossetti

Brown and furry
Caterpillar in a hurry,
Take your walk

To the shady leaf, or stalk,
Or what not, which may be the chosen spot.
No toad spy you,
Hovering bird of prey pass by you;
Spin and die,
To live again a butterfly.

**Two and One**
Author Unknown

I have two ears and only one mouth;
The reason, I think, is clear:
It teaches me that it will not do
To talk about all I hear.

I have two eyes and only one mouth;
The reason of this must be,
That I should learn it will not do
To talk about all I see.

I have two hands and only one mouth;
And it is worth repeating:
The two are for work that I need to do –
The one is for eating.

**Golden Poppies...**
June Masters Bacher

I watched the golden poppies spill Like liquid gold across the hill As petals wilted one by one And faded with the summer sun.
The plants did not reseed themselves
To golden-glow the hillside shelves;
The rains that washed the mountain's face
Transplanted them some other place.
But when I walk their trail I find
My feet are light; my heart gold-lined—
Knowing, thought they left no chart,
They gladden someone else's heart.

**Window Boxes**
By Eleanor Farjeon

A window box of pansies
Is such a happy thing.
A window box of wallflowers
Is a garden for a king.
A window box of roses
Makes everyone stand still
Who sees a garden growing
On a window sill.

**Rain**
Unknown

It patters through the trees,
Talking to all the leaf buds
And robins that it sees.

It splashes through the puddles
And skips along the walks,
Goes coasting down the grass blades
And dandelion stalks.

**Whenever**
Unknown

Whenever skies are cloudy
And rain is falling too,
The moments pass so slowly
I'm lost for things to do.

**Flowers**
By Harry Behn

We planted a garden
Of all kinds of flowers
And it grew very well
Because there were showers,
And the bees came and buzzed:
This garden is ours!

But every day
To the honeyed bowers
The butterflies come
And hover for hours
Over the daisies
And hollyhock towers.

So we let the honey
Be theirs, but the flowers
We cut to take
In the house are ours,
Not yours, if you please,
You busy bees!

The Grass
By Emily Dickinson

The grass so little hast to do,--
A sphere of simple green,
With only butterflies to brood,
And bees to entertain,

And stir all day to pretty tunes
The breezes fetch along,
And hold the sunshine in its lap
And bow to everything;

And thread the dews all night, like
perals,
And make itself so fine,--
A duchess were too common
For such a noticing.

And even when it dies, to pass
In odours so divine,
As lowly spices gone to sleep,
Or amulets of pine.

Father We Thank Thee...
By Ralph Waldo Emerson

For flowers that bloom about our
feet,
Father, we thank Thee;
For tender grass so fresh and
sweet,
Father, we thank Thee.

For the song of bird and hum of
bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

Overheard
Author Unknown

Said a Robin to a Sparrow
I should really like to know why
These anxious human beings
Rush around and worry so?

Said the Sparrow to the Robin
Friend, I think that it must be
That they have no Heavenly Father
Such as cares for you and me.

A Bird...
By Emily Dickinson:

A bird came down the walk;
He did not know I saw;
He bit an angleworm in halves
And ate the fellow raw.

And then he drank the dew
From a convenient grass,
And then hopped sidewise to the
wall
To let a beetle pass.

The Purple Cow
By Gelett Burgess

I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one,
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one!
Little By Little
Author Unknown

"Little by little," an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed,
"I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away."

Little by little each day it grew,
Little by little it sipped the dew;
Downward it sent a thread-like root,
Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot.

Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little the leaves appear;
And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest’s pride.

"Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
"Each precious moment I will employ
And always this rule in my mind shall dwell:
Whatever I do, I'll do it well."

"Little by little, I'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago;
And sometime, perhaps, the world will be
Happier and better because of me.

---

Arbor Day
By Lucy Larcom

He who plants a tree, he plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best,
Hands that bless are blest.
Plant! Life does the rest.

Arbor Day...
Anonymous

Dear little tree that we plant today,
What will you be when we're old and gray?

The savings bank of the squirrel and mouse,
For robin and wren, an apartment house.
The dressing-room of the butterfly’s ball,
The locust’s and katydid’s concert hall.
The schoolboy’s ladder in pleasant June,
The schoolgirl’s tent in the July noon.
And my leaves shall whisper them merrily
A tale of the children, who planted me.
Woodman, Spare That Tree
By George Pope Morris

Woodman, spare that tree!
   Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
   And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
   That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
   Thy axe shall harm it not!
When but an idle boy
   I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
   Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
   My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
   But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
   Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
   And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! The storm still brave!
   And woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
   Thy axe shall harm it not.

The Battle...
Author Unknown

There's a battle between the eagle
and the wolf.

The eagle inside of me represents
everything that is good and pure.

And even though it soars through
the valleys, it still lays its eggs on
the mountain tops.

There's a wolf inside of me.
And the wolf preys upon my
weaknesses
And justifies itself in the presence
of the pack.
Who will win the war between the
eagle and the wolf?

The one that you feed.

Everything I need to Know I
Learned in My Garden
A Gathering of Acquired Wisdom
for Inside and Outside the Garden
Gate
By Emilie Barnes
From Time Began in a Garden

Begin early. But it's never too late
to start.
If it doesn't work, try something else.
Life is fragile. Protect it.
Life is enduring. Trust it.
Life is daily. Water it. Weed it.
Prune it.
Life is indescribably beautiful.
Enjoy it and say thank you.
Growth takes time. Be patient. And
while you are waiting, pull a weed.
There's something in everybody—
different blooms for different
rooms.
Pruning hurts. Pruning helps you grow.
Recycle.
Sometimes the tiniest flowers smell the sweetest.
To everything there is a season.
But know what zone you are in.
Dream big. But try not to let ambitions turn your joy into drudgery.
Grow what you love. The love will keep it growing.
You reap what you sow. But there will be surprises!

**The Months**
By Christina Georgina Rosetti

January cold and desolate;
February all dripping wet;
March wind ranges;
April changes;
Birds sing in tune
To flowers of May;
And sunny June
Brings the longest day;
In scorched July
The storm clouds fly;
Lightning-torn;
August bears corn;
September fruit;
In rough October
Earth must disrobe her;
Stars fall and shoot
In keen November;
And night is long
And cold is strong
In bleak December.

---

**Frost at Midnight**
By S.T. Coleridge

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the Summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the night-hatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eve-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost Shall hang them up in silent icicles, Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

**The Months...**
Author Unknown

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November.
All the rest have thirty-one,
Except February alone,
Which has four and twenty-four
Till leap year brings it one day more.

**Winds A-Blowing**
Author Unknown

The North wind is a beggar
Who shudders at the cold.
The South wind is a sailor
With pockets full of gold.
The East wind is a gypsy
With saucy cap and feather.
The West wind is a wizard
Who conjures wicked weather.

The Winter wind is a giant
As grumpy as a bear.
The Summer wind is a lady
With flowers in her hair.
The Autumn wind is an old man
As touchy as a thistle.
The Spring wind is a gay lad
Who blows a silver whistle.

Old Year Leaves
By Mackenzie Bell

The leaves which in the Autumn of the year
Fall auburn-tinted, leaving reft and bare
Their parent trees, in many a sheltered lair
Where Winter waits and watches, cold, austere,
Will lie in drifts; and when the snowdrops cheer
The woodland shadows, still the leaves are there,
Though through the glades the balmy Southern air
And birds and boughs proclaim that Spring is here.

February
By K. Pyle

Sunsets red and quiet air;
Ponds are ice and trees are bare;
Fields are frozen far and near;
February days are here.
Bitter cold the night draws down

I wished our house was covered up,
Like that one in the book
My Grandma showed to me one day
Beside the chimney-nook.

The story said the chimney-pot
Just showed above the snow,
And all day long the lamps were lit
Down in the house below.

January
By K. Pyle

The shrill wind blew about the house
And through the pines all night;
The snowflakes whirled across the fields
And hid the fence from sight.

By dawn the drifts had blown so deep
No horse nor sleigh could go:
The dog-house and the chicken-coops
Were buried in the snow.

There was no thought of school that day;
We worked with shovels all,
And cleared a path from house to barn;
The snow was like a wall.
On the country and the town,
But in cheerful warmth we sit,
And the nursery lamp is lit.

Then, when mother stops our play,
Father puts his book away
And he makes upon the wall
Shadow pictures for us all
There a rabbit wags its ears
Or a grinning face appears
Or a swan with feathered wings
Ships and many other things;
Last of all a night-capped head
Then we know it’s time for bed.

March
By Bryant

The stormy March is come at last
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah! Passing few are they who speak
Wild stormy month in praise of thee;
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou, to Northern lands again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear’st the gentle name of Spring.

And in thy reign of blast and storm
Smiles many a long, bright Summer day
When the changed winds are soft and warm
And heaven puts on a the blue of May.

March
By K. Pyle

It was raining hard when I went to bed;
The creek was over its banks, they said,

And in the morning far and wide
The meadows were flooded on every side;

There was water over the yard below,
And it looked like a place I did not know:

The wind swept by with a rushing sound,
And the dog-house floated around and around.

When father went out to the barn that day
I thought he’d surely be swept away.
In long gum boots he stepped from the door,
And the water was up to his knees and more.

I thought, if the flood should never go down,
We’d build a boat and row to town,

For there we would buy our bread and meat
And pies and all things good to eat,

And living here for all our days
We would almost be like castaways.

April Fool’s Day...
From Poor Robin’s Almanac

The first of April, some do say
Is set apart for All Fool’s Day.
But why the people call it so,
Nor I, nor they themselves, do know.

But on this day are people sent
On purpose for pure merriment.

April
By K. Pyle

They promised me a flower-bed
That should be truly mine,
Out in the garden by the wall
Beneath they ivy vine.

The box-wood bush would have to stay;
The daily rose bush too;

But for the rest they’d let me plant
Just as I chose to do.

Though not a daffodil was up
The garden smelled of spring,
And in the trees beyond the wall
I heard the blackbirds sing.

I worked there all the afternoon;
The sun shone warm and still;
I set it thick with flower seeds
And roots of daffodil.

And all the while I dug I planned,
That, when my flowers grew,
I’d train them in a lovely bower,
And cut a window through;

The visitors who drove from town
Would come out there to see;
Perhaps I’d give them each a bunch,
And then how pleased they’d be!

I made my plans—and then for weeks
Forgot my roots and seeds,
So when I came that way again
They were all choked with weeds.

May Day...
Anonymous

It is a pleasant sight to see
A little village company
Drawn out upon the first of May
To have their annual holiday;
The pole hung round with garlands gay,
The young ones footing it away,
The aged cheering their old souls,
With recollections in their bowls,
Or, on the mirth and dancing failing,
Their oft-times-told old tales retaleing.

May Day Song...
By Flora Thompson

All hail gentle spring
With thy sunshine and showers,
And welcome the sweet buds
That burst in the bowers;

Again we rejoice as thy light step and free
Brings leaves to the woodland and flowers to the bee,
Bounding, bounding, bounding
Joyful and gay,
Light and airy, like a fairy,
Come away, come away,

Come and see our new garland so green and so gay;
’Tis the first fruits of spring and the glory of May.
Here are the cowslips and daisies
And hyacinths blue,
Here are the buttercups bright and anemones, too.

May Day Morning...
By Virginia Scott Miner

Oh, let’s leave a basket of flowers today
For the little old lady who lives down our way!
We’ll heap it with violets white and blue,
With Jack-in-the-pulpit and wildflowers, too.
We’ll make it of paper and line it with ferns
Then hide—and we’ll watch her surprise when she turns
And opens her door and looks out to see
Who in the world, it could possibly be!

May
By K. Pyle

I climbed and climbed to the top of the tree;
High up in the branches I stood.
Below in the field was a man with his plough,
And I called him as loud as I could.

He stopped, and he looked at the hedges and lane,
And no one at all could he see,
For he never once thought, as he wondered and stared
I was up in the top of the tree.
I swung and I swayed with the
tree in the wind;
I was not afraid I would fall;
The maple seeds spread out their
little green wings,
And nobody saw me at all!

June
By K. Pyle

The robins and blackbirds awoke
me at dawn
Out in the wet orchard, beyond
the green lawn,
For there they were holding a
grand jubilee,
And no one had wakened to hear it
but me.
The sweet honeysuckles were
sprinkled with dew;
There were hundreds of spider-
webs wet with it too,
And pussy-cat, out by the lilacs, I
saw
Was stopping and shaking the
drops from her paw.
I dressed in the silence as still as
a mouse,
And groped down the stairway and
out of the house.
There, dim in the dawning, the
garden paths lay,
Where yesterday evening we
shouted at play.
By the borders of box-wood, and
under the trees
There was nothing astir but the
birds and the bees.

And if all the world had been made
just for me,
I thought, what a wonderful thing
it would be.

July
By K. Pyle

Past the meadows, parched and
brown,
We drove across the hills to town
   To see the big parade;
The sunny pavements burned our
feet.
It was so noisy in the street;
   That Tommy felt afraid.

Through the crowds, with fife and
drum
And flags, we saw the soldiers
come,
   And boys marched either side,
And one big fat man rode ahead
Who had a sword, and Billy said,
   "They're captains when they
ride."

They carried flags, red, white and
blue.
I wished I was a soldier too;
   Then when the big drum beat
The people all would run and see,
And little boys would stare at me
   As we marched up the street.
### America, The Beautiful
By Katherine Lee Bates

*O beautiful for spacious skies*
For amber waves of grain
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

### August
By K. Pyle

Deep in the wood I made a house
Where no one knew the way;
I carpeted the floor with moss,
And there I loved to play.

I heard the bubbling of the brook;
At times an acorn fell,
And far away a robin sang
Deep in a lonely dell.

I set a rock with acorn cups;
So quietly I played
A rabbit hopped across the moss,
And did not seem afraid.

That night before I went to bed
I at my window stood,
And thought how dark my house must be
Down in the lonesome wood.

### August...
By Anne Mary Lawler

The flowers withered on their stems,
The leaves hung limp and wan,
Within the trees a wistful breeze
Whispered and was gone;
The sky reached down a sweating hand
And pressed upon the wearied land.

### September
By K. Pyle

We made ourselves a castle
Once after school was out;
We raked the leaves together
To wall it all about.

We made a winding pathway
Down to the school-yard gate,
And there we worked with might and main
Until the day grew late;

Until one bright star twinkled
Above the maple tree,
And lights shone down the village street
As far as we could see.

We planned that every recess
We’d come out there to play,
But in the night it blew so hard
Our castle blew away.
**In Nutting Time**

By Helen A. Hawley

Crisp was the air, and bright was the sun,
Brilliant and clear dawned this October day:
Flinging out pennons of victory won,
The trees stood flaming in gala array.

Mother, and Jack, and Ben, and we Tress,
All of them bound for the big chestnut grove,
Each had a pail or a basket—no less,
Swiftly to fill with the brown treasure trove.

Big brother Jack, how well he could climb!
Mother looked on with a tremble at heart,
But lips that were smiling, this joyous time
Should not be clouded by fear on her part.

Down came the nuts—a sharp pelting shower;
Quickly they gathered them, wild was their glee
Tressy’s pail filled in far less than an hour,
Her little hands grasping “One; and two; free.”

Some evening soon, when the nuts are just right,
Father and mother and children—yes, all
Will sit round the hearth-fire, burning so bright
And dark shadows dancing-back on the wall.

Chestnuts, boiled, roasted, and done to a turn,
Some are so funny, they frizzle, and pop;
Till mothers says, “Our dear children must learn
Enough is a feast, and know when to stop!”

**October**

By K. Pyle

We went to hunt for chestnuts
One fine October day,
And in the windy country
We wandered far away.

We built a fire of brush-wood
Beneath the sheltering hill,
Among the rustling corn-shocks
The wind was never still.

We played that we were gypsies,
Who never sleep in beds,
But lie beside their fires
With stars above their heads.
But when the air grew frosty,
Beneath the chestnut tree
We filled our bags and baskets,
And hastened home to tea.

November
By K. Pyle

Now the cold wind rattles
In the icy sedge,
And the sparrows ruffle
In the leafless hedge.

Past the wood and meadow,
On the frozen pool
All the boys go skating,
When they come from school.

The river too was frozen;
I saw it far away,
And wished that I could trace it,
Skating night and day,

Up to where the ice-bergs,
On the polar sea,
Float, like glittering castles,
Waiting there for me.

Thanksgiving Day
By Mrs. Lydia Maria Child

Over the river and through the wood,
To Grandfather's house we'll go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood,
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play,
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ling"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood
Trot fast my dapple gray!
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barn-yard gate;
We seem to go
Extremely slow;
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood,
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!
December
By K. Pyle

On Christmas day, when fires were lit,
And all our breakfasts done,
We spread our toys out on the floor
And played there in the sun.

The nursery smelled of Christmas tree,
And under where it stood
The shepherds watched their flocks of sheep,
--All made of painted wood.

Outside the house the air was cold
And quiet all about,
Till far across the snowy roofs
The Christmas bells rang out.

But soon the sleigh-bells jingled by
Upon the street below,
And people on the way to church,
Went crunching through the snow.

We did not quarrel once all day;
Mamma and Grandma said
They like to be in where we were,
So pleasantly we played.

I do not see how any child
Is cross on Christmas day,
When all the lovely toys are new,
And everyone can play!
The Special Touch of Prayers...

There is nothing any more precious to read than a prayer. Prayers are a precious touch when added to the nature notebook. Using prayers for copywork will encourage little ones to journal their own prayers as they develop their writing skills. You can find more prayers in different collections of poetry and prose and in the Bible! Enjoy!

Dear Lord, I offer Thee this day
All I shall think, or do, or say.
God, we thank You for this food,
For rest and home and all things good;
For wind and rain and sun above,
But most of all for those we love.
Maryleona Frost

We thank Thee, Lord, for happy hearts,
For rain and sunny weather.
We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
And that we are together.
Emilie Fendall Johnson

Jesus friend of little children,
Be a friend to me;
Take my hand and ever keep me
Close to Thee.
Walter J. Mathans

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd’s care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye.
Joseph Addison
At the New Year
Thanks be to Thee, Lord Jesus,
For another year to serve Thee,
   To love Thee,
   And to praise Thee.

A Birthday Grace
By Leah Gale

God made the sun
And God made the tree,
God made the mountains
And God made me.

Thank you, O God,
For the sun and the tree,
For making the mountains
And for making me.

On Easter
By Sharon Banigan

Joyfully, this Easter day,
I kneel, a little child, to pray;
Jesus, Who hath conquered death,
Teach me, with my every breath,
   To praise and worship Thee.

Springtime
By C.F. Alexander

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

For Thanksgiving

May God give us grateful hearts
And keep us mindful
Of the needs of others.
Hymns and Songs...

Nature study is incomplete without including hymns and songs! 😊

Most hymns are full of great thoughts or ideas from those who knew God's creation. Just singing them is a perfect lesson straight from those who knew God's creation personally. Take a look at your favorite hymns. You will never sing the same again!

If you would like to include hymns and songs in your nature studies, you can use them in a variety of ways. They make wonderful copywork selections for the older child. You can easily incorporate the study of hymn histories into your lessons (a good source for “Hymn Histories” is listed in the section with Internet resources…we also have several books that we bought second-hand that have hymn stories!) by researching the story behind the hymns and hymn writers. You may want to make a “hymn/song” book for your children or you may just want to adorn their nature notebooks with the precious words of an appropriate hymn. However you decide to dig in, your children will love these treasures!

Beyond the Sunset...
Blanche Brock

Beyond the sunset, O blissful morning,
When with our Savior heav’n is begun;
Earth’s toiling ended, O glorious dawning -
Beyond the sunset when day is done.
Beyond the sunset no clouds will gather,
No storms will threaten, no fears annoy;

O day of gladness, O day unending-
Beyond the sunset, eternal joy!
Beyond the sunset a hand will guide me
To God the Father, whom I adore;
His glorious presence, His words of welcome,
Will be my portion on that fair shore.
Beyond the sunset, O glad reunion
With our dear loved ones who’ve gone before;
In that fair homeland we’ll know no parting -
Beyond the sunset forevermore!
Come Thou Fount
Robert Robinson

Come, Thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

Here I raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

O to grace, how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;

Prone to wander, Lord I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

Ruler of all nature!
O Thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honor,
Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown!

Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing!

Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight.
And all the twinkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heav'n can boast!

Beautiful savior!
Lord of all the nations!
Son of God and son of Man!
Glory and honor.
Praise, adoration, now and forevermore be Thine!

For The Beauty of the Earth
Folliot Sanford Pierpoint

For the beauty of the earth, for the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
over and around us lies:
Christ our God, to thee we raise
this our hymn of grateful praise.
For the wonder of each hour of
the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
sun and moon, and stars of light:
Christ our God, to thee we raise
this our hymn of grateful praise.
For the joy of human love, brother,
sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends
above, for all gentle thoughts and
mild:
Christ our God, to thee we raise
this our hymn of grateful praise.
For the church that evermore
lifeth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore her
pure sacrifice of love:
Christ our God, to thee we raise
this our hymn of grateful praise.

**Great is Thy Faithfulness**
Thomas Chisholm

Great is Thy faithfulness, O God
my Father,
There is no shadow of turning with
Thee;
Thou changest not, Thy
compassions, they fail not;
As Thou hast been Thou forever
wilt be.
Summer and winter, and springtime
and harvest,
Sun, moon and stars in their
courses above,
Join with all nature in manifold
witness,
To Thy great faithfulness, mercy
and love.
Pardon for sin and a peace that
endureth,
Thy own dear presence to cheer
and to guide;
Strength for today and bright
hope for tomorrow,
Blessing all mine, with ten thousand
beside!
Great is Thy faithfulness! Great is
Thy faithfulness!
Morning by morning new mercies I
All I have needed Thy hand hath provided -
Great is Thy faithfulness, Lord unto me!

His Eye is on the Sparrow
Civilla Martin

Why should I feel discouraged,
Why should the shadows come,
Why should my heart be lonely and long for Heav’n and home,
When Jesus is my portion? My constant Friend is He;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me,
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.
"Let not your heart be troubled," His tender word I hear,
And resting on His goodness, I lose my doubts and fears;
Tho’ by the path He leadeth but one step I may see;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

I am the Vine
By Knowles Shaw

“I am the vine and ye are the branches;” Bear precious fruit for Jesus today;
Branches in Him no fruit ever bearing, Jesus hath said, “He taketh away.”
“I am the vine and ye are the branches;
I am the vine, be faithful and true;
Ask what ye will, your pray’r shall be granted,
The Father loved me, so I have loved you.”

“Now ye are clean thro’ words I have spoken,
Living in Me, much fruit ye shall bear;
Dwelling in you, My promise unbroken, Glory in heav’n with Me ye shall share.”
“I am the vine and ye are the branches;
I am the vine, be faithful and true;
Ask what ye will, your pray’r shall be granted,

see;
His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He cares for me.
I sing because I’m happy,
I sing because I’m free,
For His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He watches me.

I sing because I’m happy,
For His eye is on the sparrow, and I know He cares for me.
The Father loved me, so I have loved you."

Yes, by your fruits the world is to know you,
Walking in love as the children of day;
Follow your Guide,
He passeth before you,
Leading to realms of glorious day.
"I am the vine and ye are the branches;
I am the vine, be faithful and true;
Ask what ye will, your pray'r shall be granted,
The Father loved me, so I have loved you."

**Immortal, Invisible, God Only Wise**
By Walter Chalmers Smith

Immortal, invisible, God only wise,
In light inaccessible hid from our eyes,
Most blessed, most glorious, the Ancient of Days,
Almighty, victorious, Thy great name we praise.

Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light,
Nor wanting, nor wasting, Thou rulest in might;
Thy justice like mountains of goodness and love.

To all, life Thou givest, to both great and small;
In all life Thou livest, the true life of all;
We blossom and flourish as leaves on the tree,
And wither and perish - but naught changeth Thee.

**It is Well**
Horatio G. Spafford

When peace, like a river,
Attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea-billows roll;
Whatever my lot,
Thou hast taught me to say,
"It is well, it is well with my soul."
It is well, with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet,
Tho' trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
It is well, with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

My sin - oh, the bliss of this glorious thought,
My sin - not in part, but the whole,
Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul.