



THE
"OUR FATHER"
FOR LITTLE ONES.



The
“Our Father”

For Little Ones

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This little book is
respectfully dedicated to
the Mothers of America who believe
in teaching their children how to pray.

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To God's Children Everywhere

You could not talk when you were very little. Your parents had to teach you. How happy they were when you first called them by name. How gladly they gave you good things when you asked for them in the right way.

This book will teach you how to talk to God. God is your Father in heaven. You talk to God when you pray.

Your body keeps alive through breathing. The breath of your soul is prayer. Prayer is as easy as breathing for anyone who really loves God.

The little lovers of God pictured in this book will show you how easy it is to talk to your Father in heaven. May you always love Him as much as you do to-day. God bless you.

✠ *John Gregory Murray*

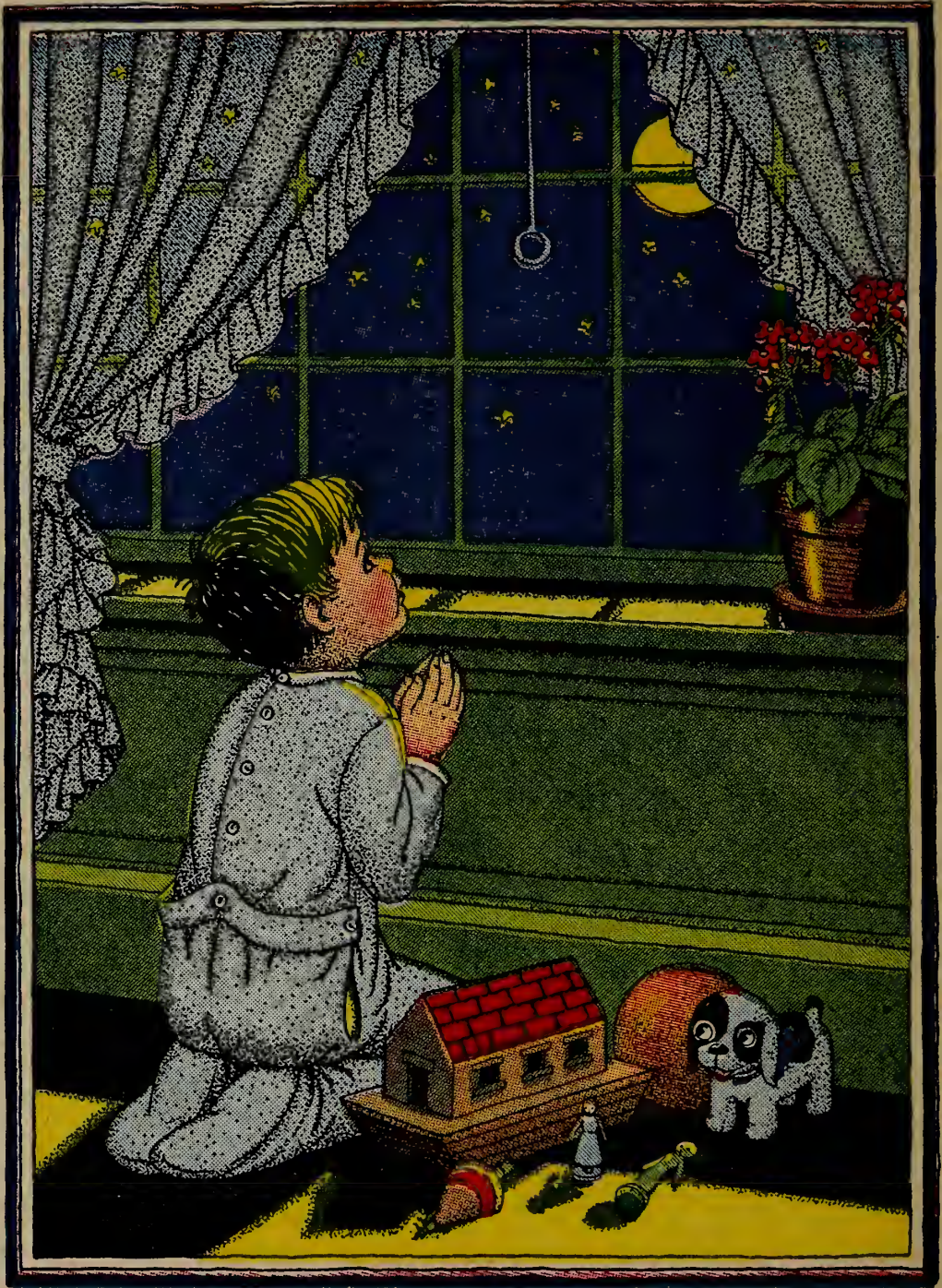
Archbishop of St. Paul



“Lord, teach us how to pray.”

When Jesus lived on earth, long, long ago, He often went alone to pray. His Apostles used to wonder what He said when He prayed, for He looked very beautiful and His thoughts seemed far, far away from earth. One day they said to Him: "Lord, teach us how to pray." Then Jesus taught them that wonderful prayer which we say every day. It is the OUR FATHER. He said to them: "When you pray, say:

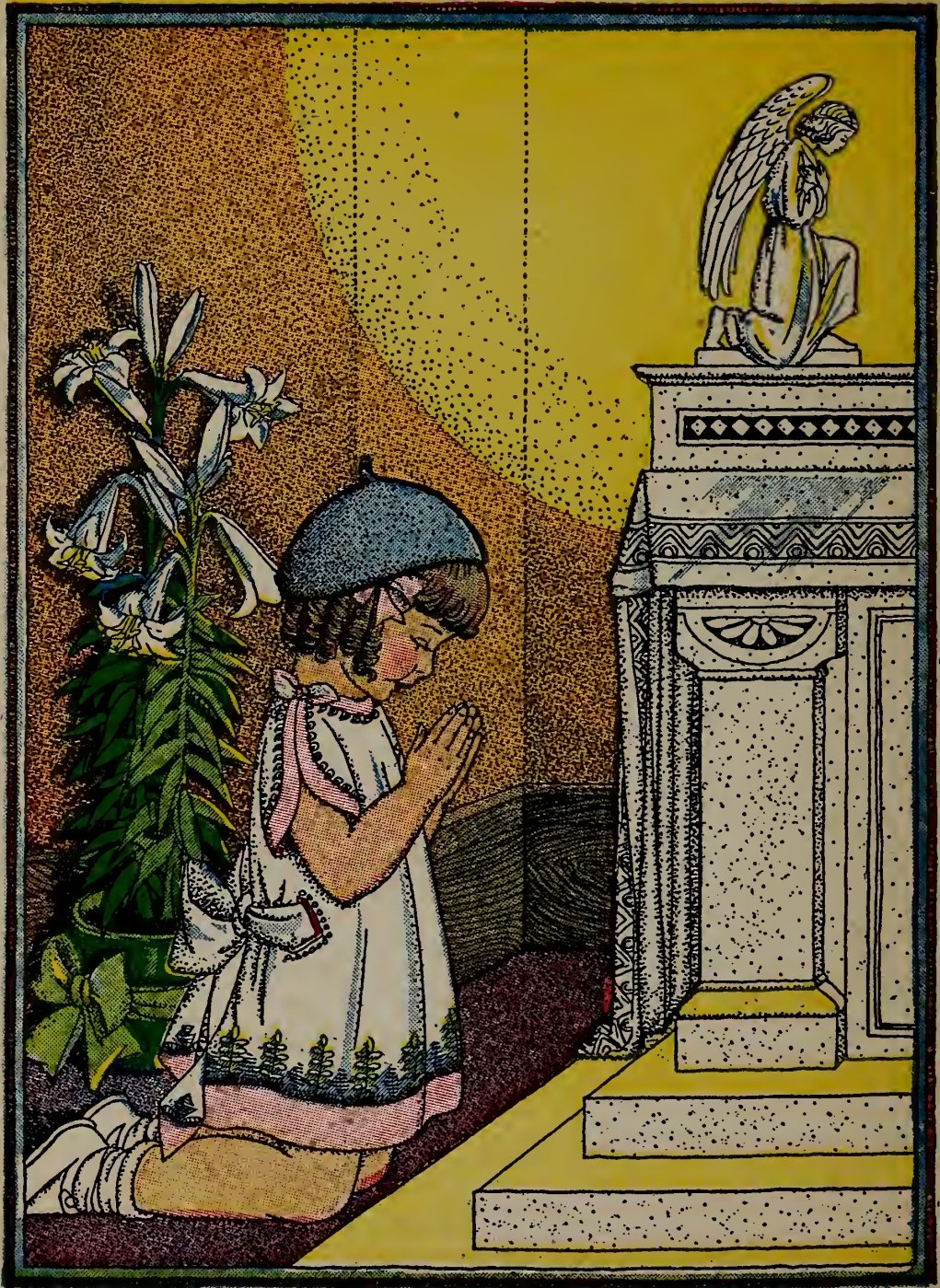
"Our Father, Who art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name:
Thy kingdom come;
Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread:
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those
who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation:
But deliver us from evil.
Amen."



Our Father Who art in heaven

Our Father Who Art In Heaven

Dear God, Thou livest up so high,
I cannot see Thee through the sky,
And yet, Thou hearest when I pray
And knowest all I think and say.
It's wonderful for us below
To think that Thou dost love us so;
But how much better it will be
To live some day in heaven with Thee.



Hallowed be Thy Name

Hallowed Be Thy Name

Holy, holy, holy,
Thy lovely angels sing,
And bow their heads
And bend their knees
To Thee, their God and King.

Dear God,
I'm just a little child,
I cannot praise Thee all day long,
But I can give my heart to Thee
And be myself
Thy little song.



Thy Kingdom come

Thy Kingdom Come

When I am big, dear God, I'll buy
A silver plane to cross the sea;
And teach the pagan children all
To know, and love, and honor Thee.

I'll tell them of Thy Mother, too,
And of Thy cross and everything;
And Thou shalt come and live with them,
And Thou shalt be their God and King.



Thy Will be done

**Thy Will be done
on Earth
as it is in Heaven**

The robin calls from the cherry tree,
The lambs have gone to the field to play;
The brook runs on to the cooling woods,
But I must stay.

Thou art my Father and Thou must know
Why I cannot play and skip and run;
And so, dear God, my prayer shall be,
"Thy will be done!"



Give us this day our daily bread

Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread

Come, Little Lord,
Be Thou our Guest
And share the bread
Thy hand has blessed.
We are all Thine;
And Thou dost give
Us food and drink
That we may live.
Oh care for us
With each new day
And be Thyself
Our food, we pray.



Forgive us our trespasses

And Forgive Us Our Trespasses
As We Forgive Those
Who Trespass Against Us

Oh Betty!

My beautiful Rosabelle Ann is dead!

But you couldn't help

That she broke her head;

I know that you loved her as much as I

And I'll not be angry,

So don't you cry!

Dear God,

When I have been naughty

And come to Thee,

Thou art as loving as Thou canst be;

And so I will try just as hard as I can

To forget about beautiful

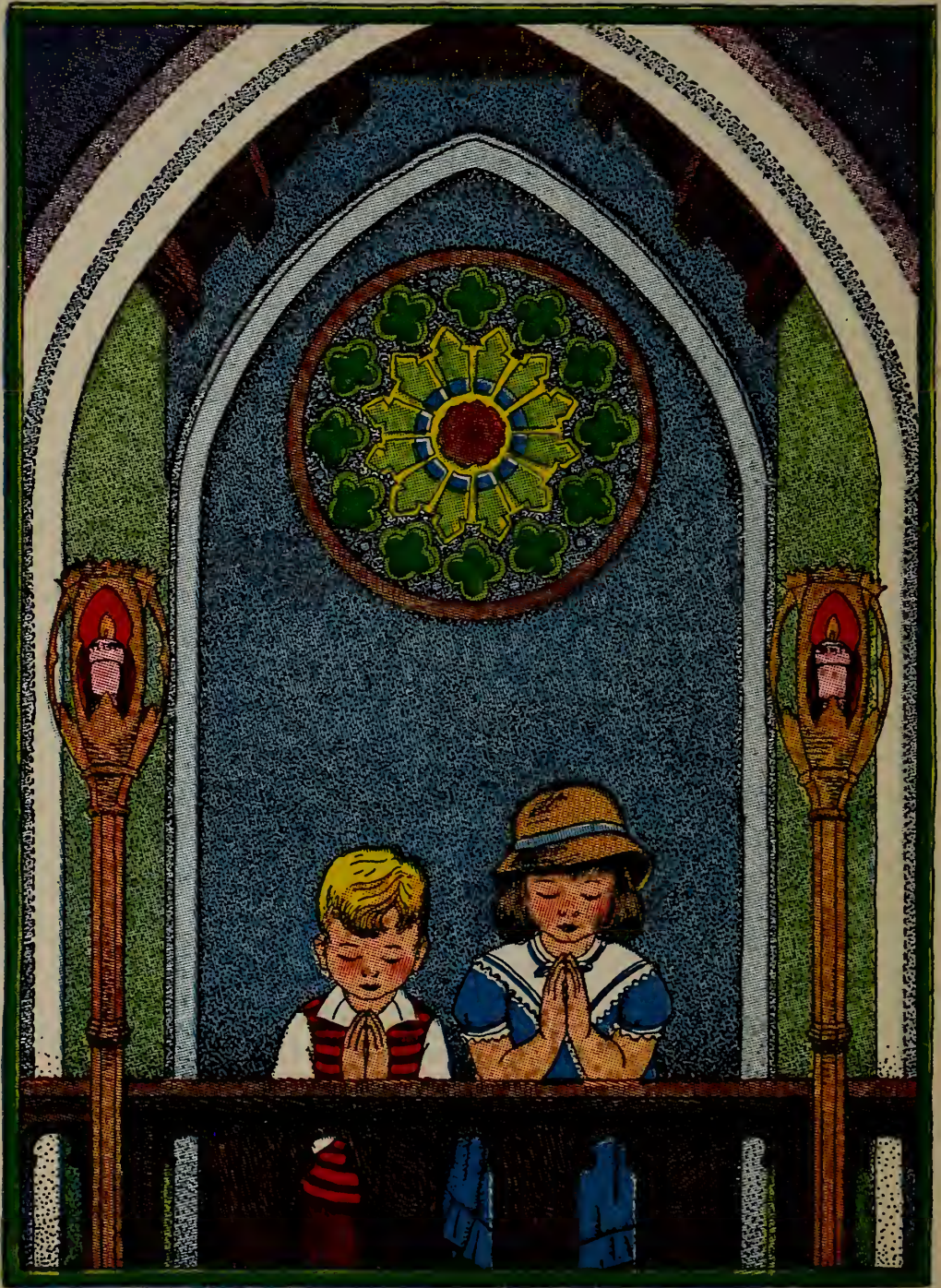
Rosabelle Ann.



Lead us not into temptation

And Lead Us Not Into Temptation

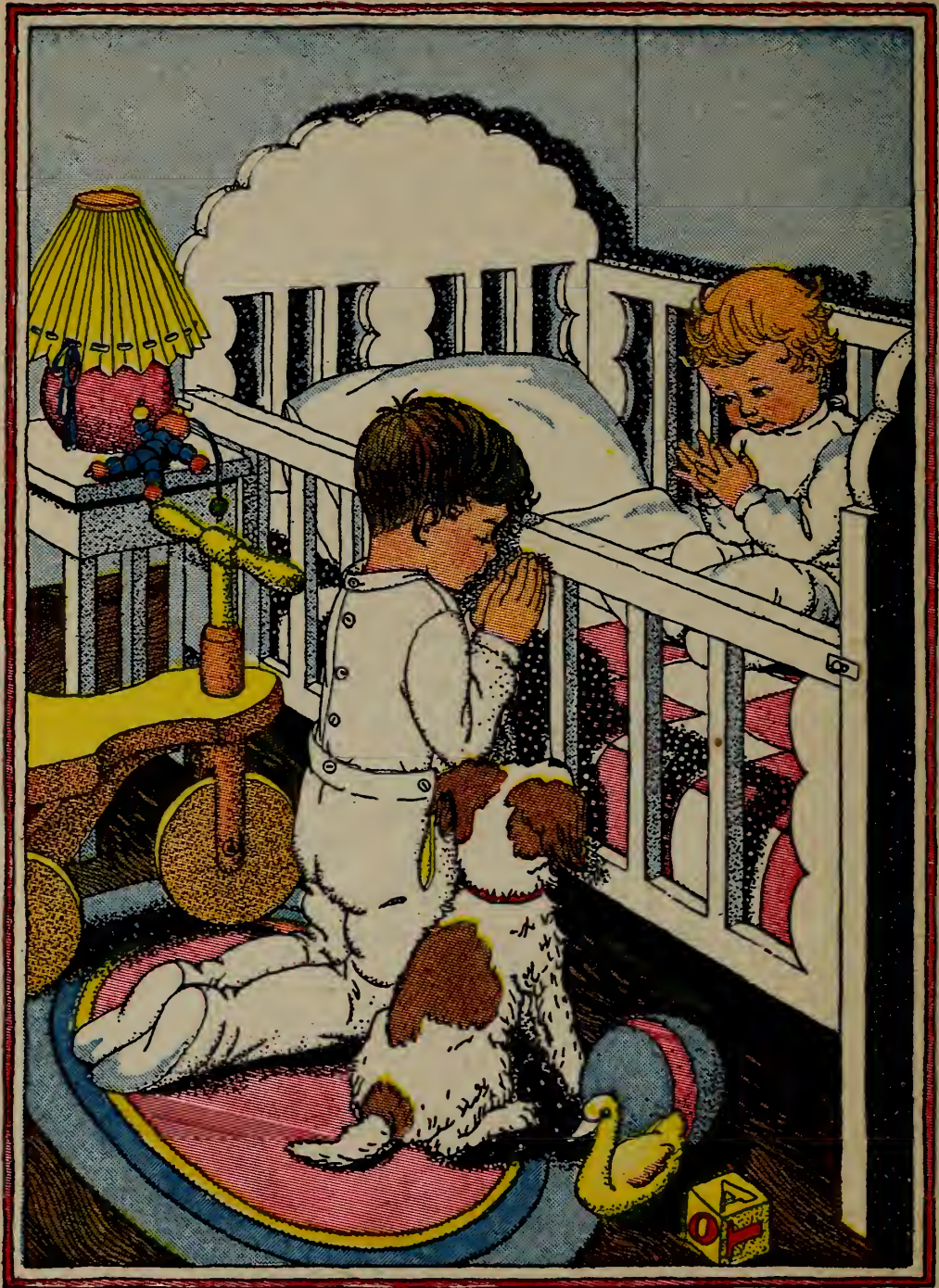
Darling little daisy buds,
Dancing at my feet,
God must love you very much,
You are so pure and sweet.
I'm God's little flower, too,
My heart is His, you know;
So I must always keep it white
And pure as falling snow.
Dear Lord, I shall not listen to
The voice that tempts to sin,
Nor open wide my little heart
To let the tempter in.



Deliver us 'from evil

But Deliver Us From Evil

When sin and sorrow
Frighten me,
Dear Father,
I shall run to Thee.
And Thou shalt take me
In Thine arm
And keep away
All care and harm.
Thou art so good,
I shall not fear
When Thou art near,
When Thou art near!



Amen

Amen

Dear God,

Good night, good night!

I'm sleepy as can be.

But first I kneel to say my prayers

And give my thanks to Thee.

I thank Thee for my parents and

For Baby Lou, and then

For Rover and my kiddie-car,

Good night, dear God,

Amen.

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