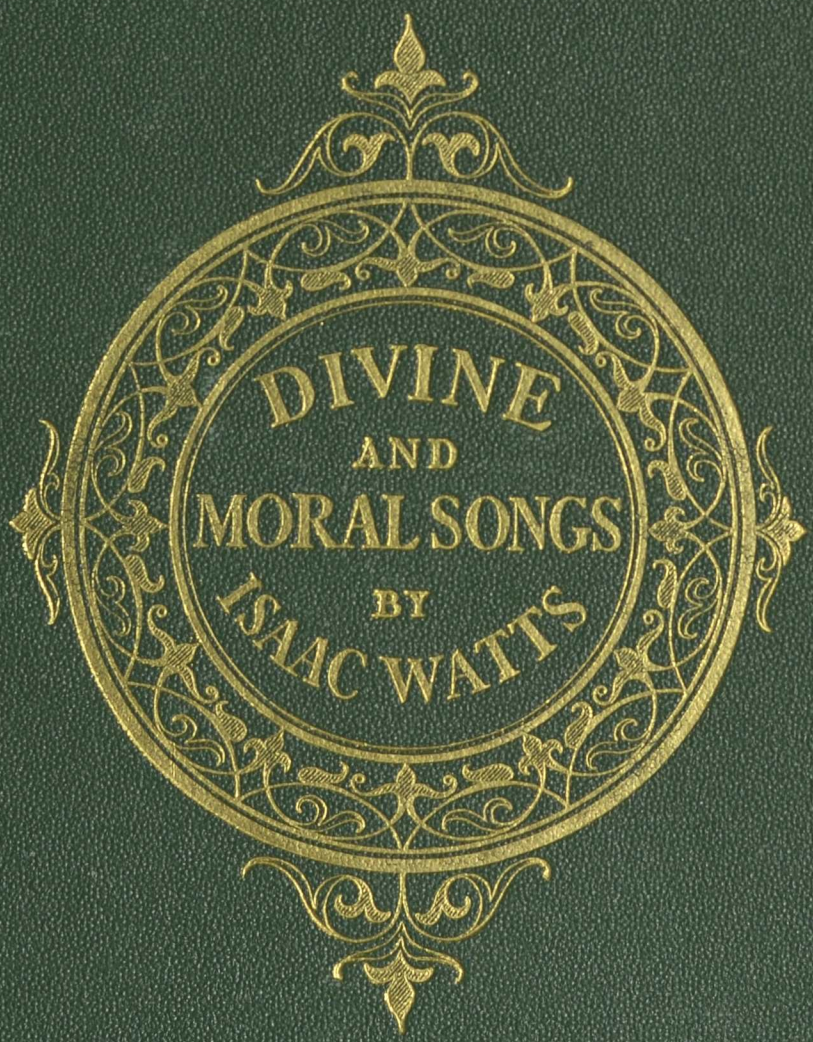
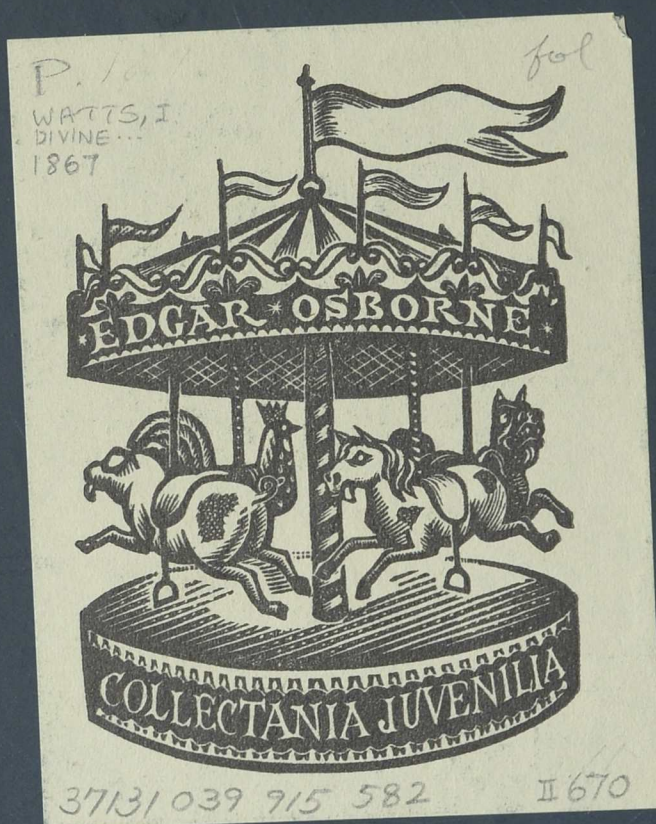




DIVINE
AND
MORAL SONGS
BY
ISAAC WATTS



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DIVINE
AND
MORAL SONGS
FOR
CHILDREN.

BY ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

ILLUSTRATED IN THE
NEW GRAPHOTYPE ENGRAVING PROCESS

BY
W. HOLMAN HUNT,
W. CAVE THOMAS, J. D. WATSON, G. DU MAURIER, T. MORTEN, C. GREEN,
H. K. BROWN, MARCUS STONE, H. ANELAY, FLORENCE CLAXTON,
M. E. EDWARDS, ETC. ETC.
UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF
H. FITZCOOK.

LONDON:
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NOTE.

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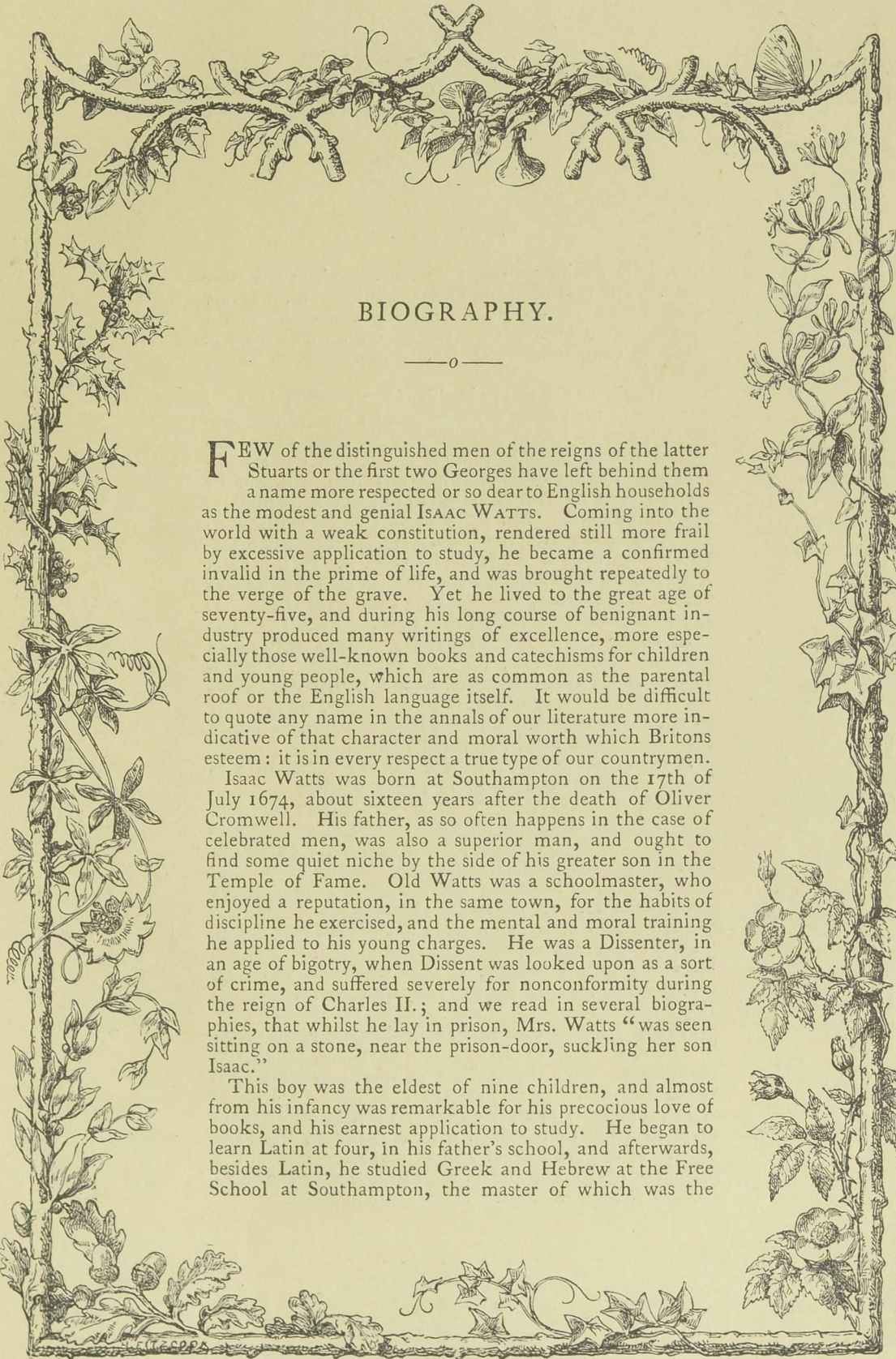
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The Headings, Borders, Tail-pieces, Ornaments, and Cover, are by
H. FITZCOOK.



BIOGRAPHY.

FEW of the distinguished men of the reigns of the latter Stuarts or the first two Georges have left behind them a name more respected or so dear to English households as the modest and genial ISAAC WATTS. Coming into the world with a weak constitution, rendered still more frail by excessive application to study, he became a confirmed invalid in the prime of life, and was brought repeatedly to the verge of the grave. Yet he lived to the great age of seventy-five, and during his long course of benignant industry produced many writings of excellence, more especially those well-known books and catechisms for children and young people, which are as common as the parental roof or the English language itself. It would be difficult to quote any name in the annals of our literature more indicative of that character and moral worth which Britons esteem: it is in every respect a true type of our countrymen.

Isaac Watts was born at Southampton on the 17th of July 1674, about sixteen years after the death of Oliver Cromwell. His father, as so often happens in the case of celebrated men, was also a superior man, and ought to find some quiet niche by the side of his greater son in the Temple of Fame. Old Watts was a schoolmaster, who enjoyed a reputation, in the same town, for the habits of discipline he exercised, and the mental and moral training he applied to his young charges. He was a Dissenter, in an age of bigotry, when Dissent was looked upon as a sort of crime, and suffered severely for nonconformity during the reign of Charles II.; and we read in several biographies, that whilst he lay in prison, Mrs. Watts "was seen sitting on a stone, near the prison-door, suckling her son Isaac."

This boy was the eldest of nine children, and almost from his infancy was remarkable for his precocious love of books, and his earnest application to study. He began to learn Latin at four, in his father's school, and afterwards, besides Latin, he studied Greek and Hebrew at the Free School at Southampton, the master of which was the

Rev. John Penhorne, rector of All Saints', in the same town. The turn of his mind was so thoughtful, that very often during play-hours little Isaac would get into a corner, where he would sit ruminating on what he had read, or composing some little sacred song to amuse himself.

No doubt he did wrong in this, for recreation is indispensable to the young, and as we are all born to mix with society, and to live in good fellowship, those early years should not be spent in solitude apart from our school-fellows. But he could not help it: like Newton, he seemed born for reflection; and the progress he made at this school having been noticed, some of the wealthy inhabitants of Southampton raised a sufficient sum to maintain young Watts at one of the universities. By this time, however, his determination was fixed to abide by the persuasion of his father, and to remain among the Dissenters; so he declined the proffered advantage.

In 1690, at the age of sixteen, he was sent to an academy of some note, directed by the Rev. Thomas Rowe, where, amongst others, he met with Horte, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam, and Samuel Say, who became an eminent preacher. Three years afterwards, he joined the congregation of Mr. Rowe as a communicant.

It would not be an easy task for any young man to labour more assiduously, or to lay in a larger stock of learning, than did Isaac Watts at Mr. Rowe's academy. The late Dr. Gibbons, his earliest biographer, used to show a manuscript volume, written by this diligent youth, containing twenty-two Latin dissertations on every kind of subject likely to engage the interest of a studious and reflective mind. He continued also to cultivate poetry at this school, for he says himself in one of his *Miscellanies*, "I was a maker of verses from fifteen to fifty." Some of his verses to his brother, written when he was only seventeen, in the glyconic measure, are certainly remarkable for their elegance and ease.

Almost all men who arrive at distinction, especially in literature, have some fixed system of labour peculiar to themselves. Now the method of study pursued by this young man was, "to impress the contents of his books upon his memory by abridging them, and by interleaving them to amplify one system with supplements from another. It was his custom also to make remarks on the margin of his books; and on the blank leaves to write an account of what was most distinguishing in them."

When he was twenty years old, he left Mr. Rowe, and returned home to his father, with whom he spent two years in study and devotion. Between this father and this son a great affection and mutual confidence existed, and the worthy schoolmaster had the happiness, before he died, to see his son eminent and venerated. So mild and gentle was the disposition of the earnest student, that his loving preceptor, Mr. Rowe, was often heard to say, "that he never had any occasion to reprove Mr. Watts, who was a model and pattern for his other pupils."

He had now been twenty-two years preparing for the battle of life, when, in 1696, he was invited by a rich friend of his father's, Sir John Hartopp, to reside in his family at Stoke Newington, then a pretty village near the metropolis, and to direct his son's studies as private tutor. In this happy abode he remained five or six years, cultivating his own mind as well as his pupil's, and already sketching the outline of some of those works on which his subsequent celebrity was founded. It was during his residence at Sir John Hartopp's, on the 17th of July 1698, his twenty-fourth birthday, that Isaac Watts preached his first sermon, as assistant to Dr. Chauncy, minister of the Independent congregation in Mark Lane. He officiated four years in this capacity; but, in 1702, he succeeded Dr. Chauncy in his pastoral office, though it was with great reluctance that he was persuaded to accept the charge.

Having well discharged his duties as tutor in Sir J. Hartopp's family, he left their hospitable roof in the course of this year; and shortly after was seized with a dangerous illness, from the effects of which he never completely recovered. So frail had his health become, and so fearfully impaired was his constitution, that his congregation, by whom he was much respected, considering an assistant necessary to relieve his labours, appointed Mr. Samuel Price to divide with him the duties of his ministry. Nine years of debility and languor followed this attack; but his spirit held up, and he contrived to perform his duty until 1712, when he was prostrated again by a violent fever, which almost carried him off.

This was the third time this excellent man saw himself on the brink of the grave, chiefly owing to excess of study; for in good, as well as in evil, there is an intemperance of action which must be shunned; and prudence enjoins us to be moderate in the indulgences of the mind as well as in those of the body. Isaac Watts was only thirty-eight when he rose from his bed a premature

old man, because, to indulge his mental pursuits, he had too much neglected his rest and recreation.

But a great change was at hand. Some young-lady readers will smile and look facetious, as if they could easily guess what that change was. But no! this kind and genial spirit, so well formed for domestic happiness, that he is reputed never to have quarrelled in his life with any one, and whose love for children was that of an apostle, lived and died unmarried. And yet, if with this privation it be possible to attain human felicity, he did in reality enjoy a long course of unalloyed happiness. For his late alarming illness had excited the warmest sympathy among his friends, one of whom was Sir Thomas Abney, who, after many other kind offices, invited the young invalid to try the effect of change of air at his house at Theobalds.

Gratefully accepting this proffered hospitality, the young minister went to Theobalds, intending to spend a week there; but he remained in the mansion of this affectionate family until he died—that is, thirty-six years after. Sir Thomas, who was a knight and alderman of London, entertained him with the utmost tenderness and liberality until his own death, some eight years later, when Lady Abney and her daughter continued to show him the same respect and friendship as before.

From that hour, the tenor of his calm and placid life was uniform, except from his occasional returns of illness and debility. "The mansion of the Abneys at Theobalds adjoined the site of Lord Burleigh's residence, where Queen Elizabeth had more than once been received by the great minister. Of the splendid gardens of that palace there remained little more than a long moss-grown walk, overshadowed by two rows of elms; and within a few yards of the entrance of that walk there stood, in Sir Thomas Abney's garden, a summer-house, which, for fifty years after Watts's death, was shown as the place in which he had composed many of his works."

The thirty-six years, therefore, which Doctor Watts spent at Theobalds, must be looked upon as the working life of that eminent man. In that peaceful retreat he wrote nearly the whole of those admired compositions which have immortalised his name as a poet, a philosopher, and a divine. He occasionally preached; "and in the pulpit," says Dr. Johnson, "though his low stature, which scarcely exceeded five feet, graced him with no advantages of appearance, yet the gravity and propriety of

his utterance made his discourses very efficacious." He was looked upon by his contemporaries as one of the best readers and speakers of his time, whose action and general powers of elocution were so striking, that every sermon he uttered told upon his readers. For upwards of half a century after the death of Doctor Watts, aged persons who, as children, had heard him in the pulpit, used to speak with admiration of his persuasive delivery.

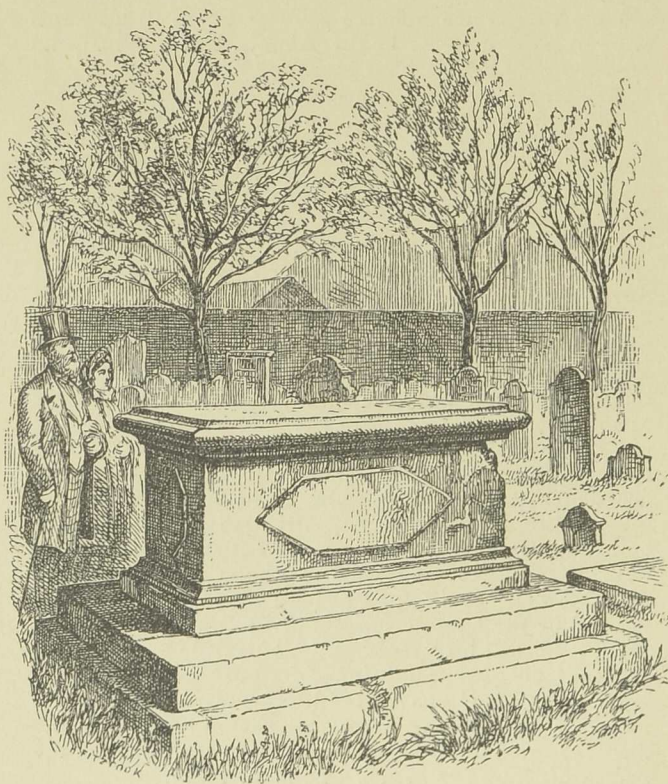
Thus he continued to preach and study many years, and to do good both by his instruction and example, till at last the infirmities of age disabled him from the more laborious part of his ministerial functions, when, being no longer capable of public duty, he offered to relinquish his salary, but his congregation would not accept his resignation. One-third of his income was given to the poor—it did not exceed one hundred pounds; but as all his wants were liberally supplied by the Abneys, this small stipend proved amply sufficient for him.

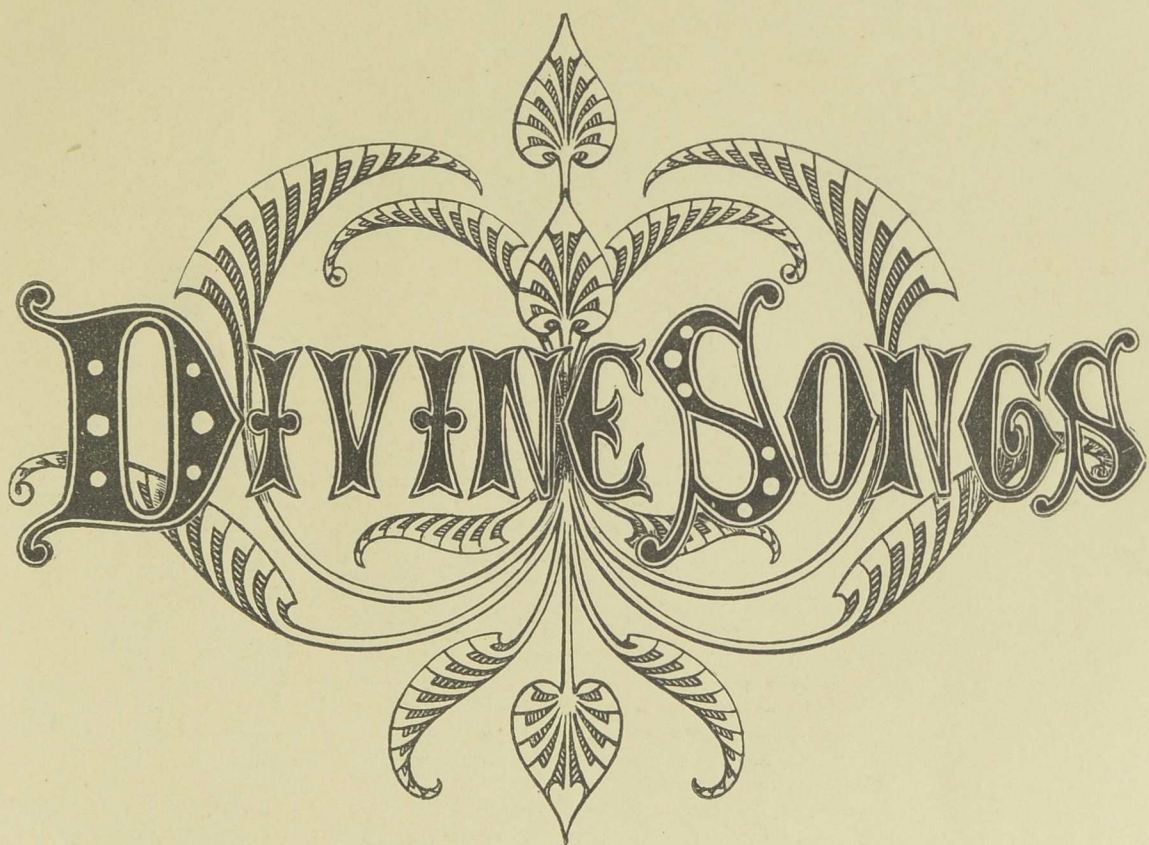
At last, after a long and slow decline, Isaac Watts expired at Stoke Newington, on the 25th of November 1748, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and was buried in Bunhill Fields. A handsome tomb was afterwards erected over his grave by Lady Abney and his pupil Sir John Hartopp.

The collective works of Dr. Watts were originally published in 6 vols. 4to, but a more complete edition has since appeared in 9 vols. 8vo. Of his philosophical compositions, those most likely to endure and perpetuate his name are his "Logic" and "Improvement of the Mind." The former of these came out in 1725, and almost immediately was admitted into the colleges of the day as a class-book for students. Dr. Johnson mentions it as one of the books he read at the university. The latter of these thoughtful writings may even now be met with occasionally on the book-stalls. The Sermons form the great bulk of his writings. Although they abound in judicious reflection, they have not the attraction of those of Blair, Barrow, Robert Hall, and others; but such as they are, the finest pearls they contain appear to have been selected by the humble admirer of Doctor Watts who, in 1782, published his "Beauties." This little duodecimo is an admirable book, consisting of short passages not exceeding a page or half a page; and it is wonderful, considering the great popularity of his name, that no publisher has since reprinted it. A copy of it exists in the library of the British Museum (851 e. 12. London, 1782).

But in point of popularity, his "Psalms and Hymns," and his "Divine and Moral Songs," far exceed all publications of the last century; and of these nearly a million must have been printed in the United Kingdom and America. They are still as fresh in the second half of the nineteenth century as they were in the first half of the eighteenth, when they originally appeared. Besides these, the Doctor wrote many little books of instruction for children in the form of catechisms.

He was constituted a doctor of divinity in 1728 by the Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen.







GRAPHOTYPE

I.

A GENERAL SONG OF
PRAISE TO GOD.

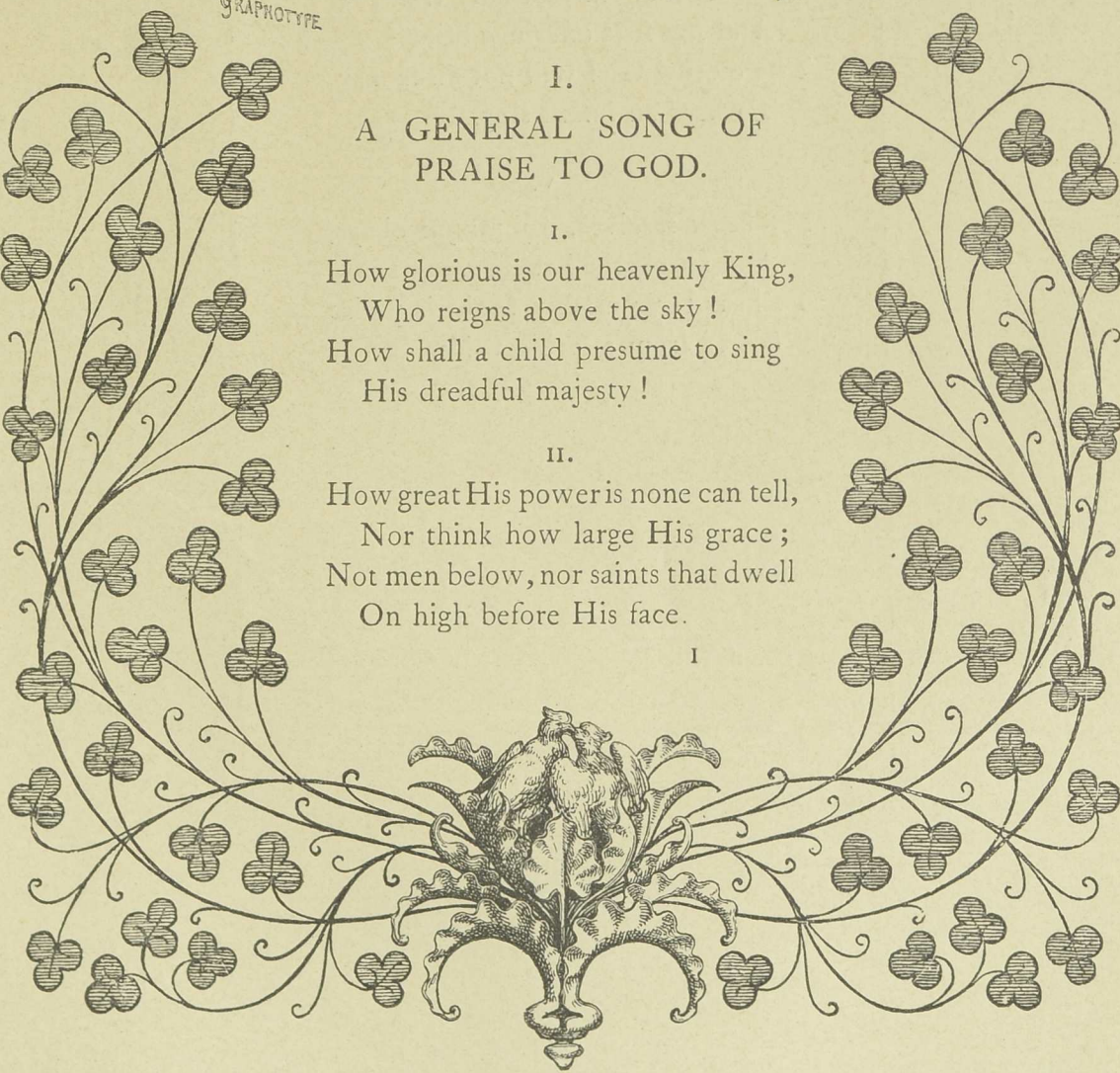
I.

How glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky !
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty !

II.

How great His power is none can tell,
Nor think how large His grace ;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before His face.

1





III.

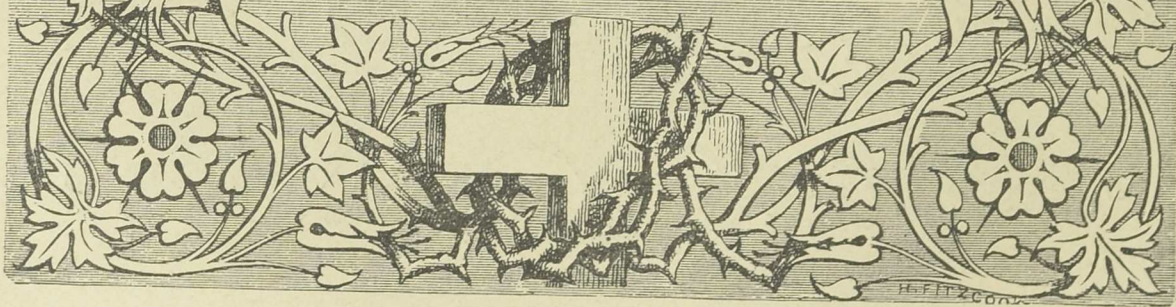
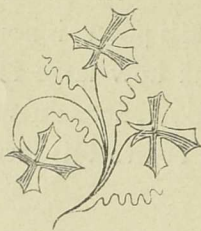
Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search His secret will ;
But they perform His heavenly word,
And sing His praises still.

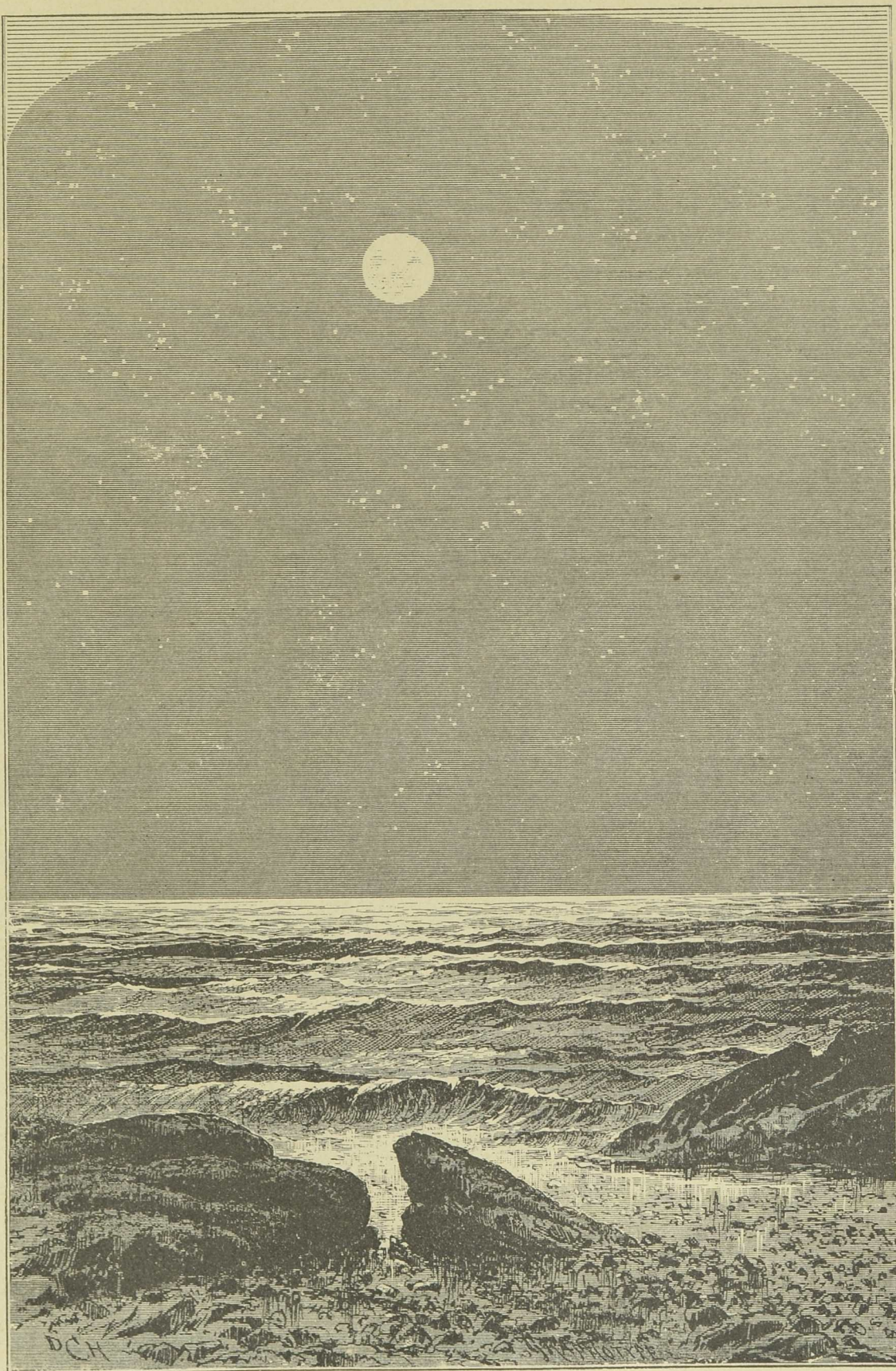
IV.

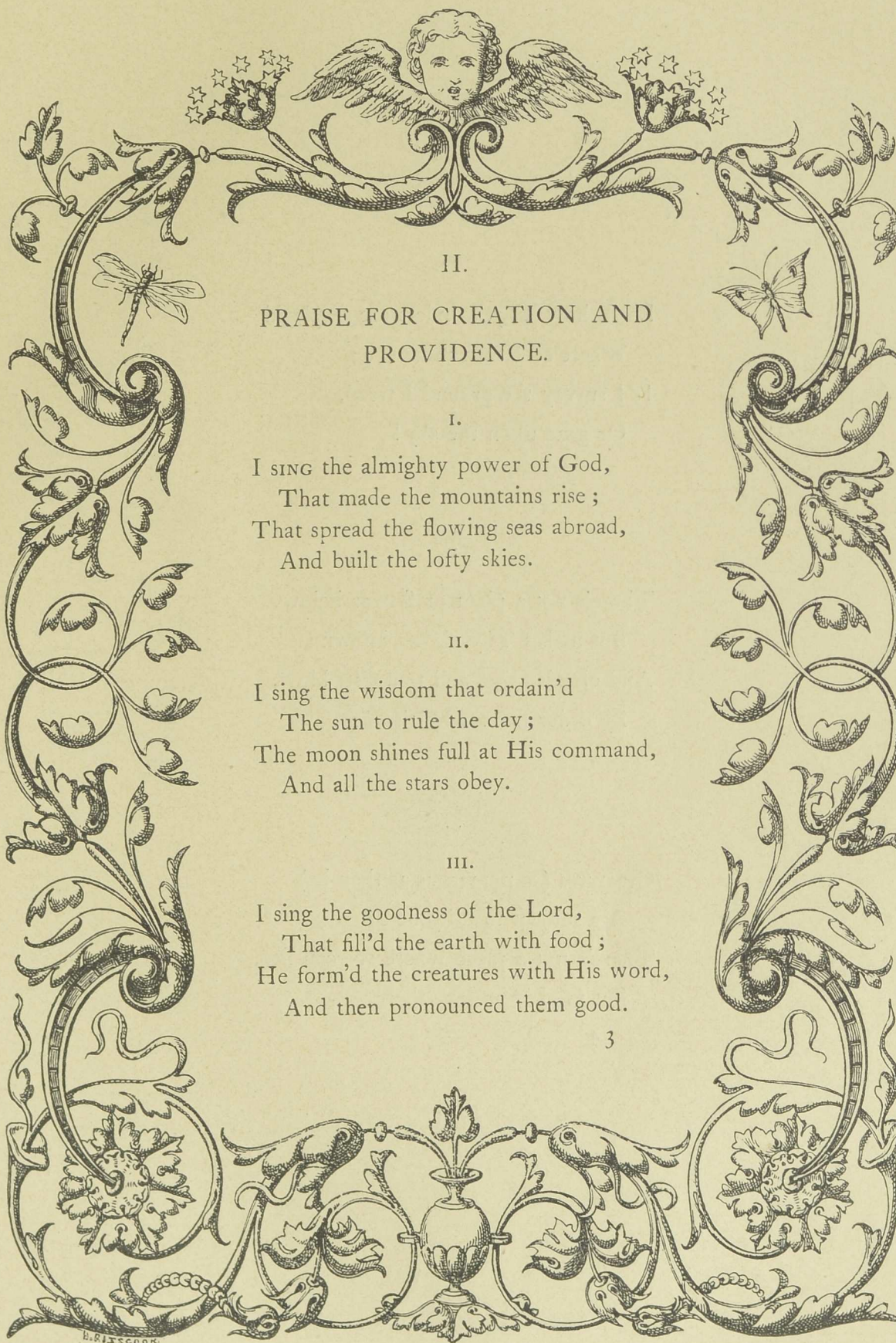
Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring ;
The eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

V.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice,
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.







II.

PRAISE FOR CREATION AND
PROVIDENCE.

I.

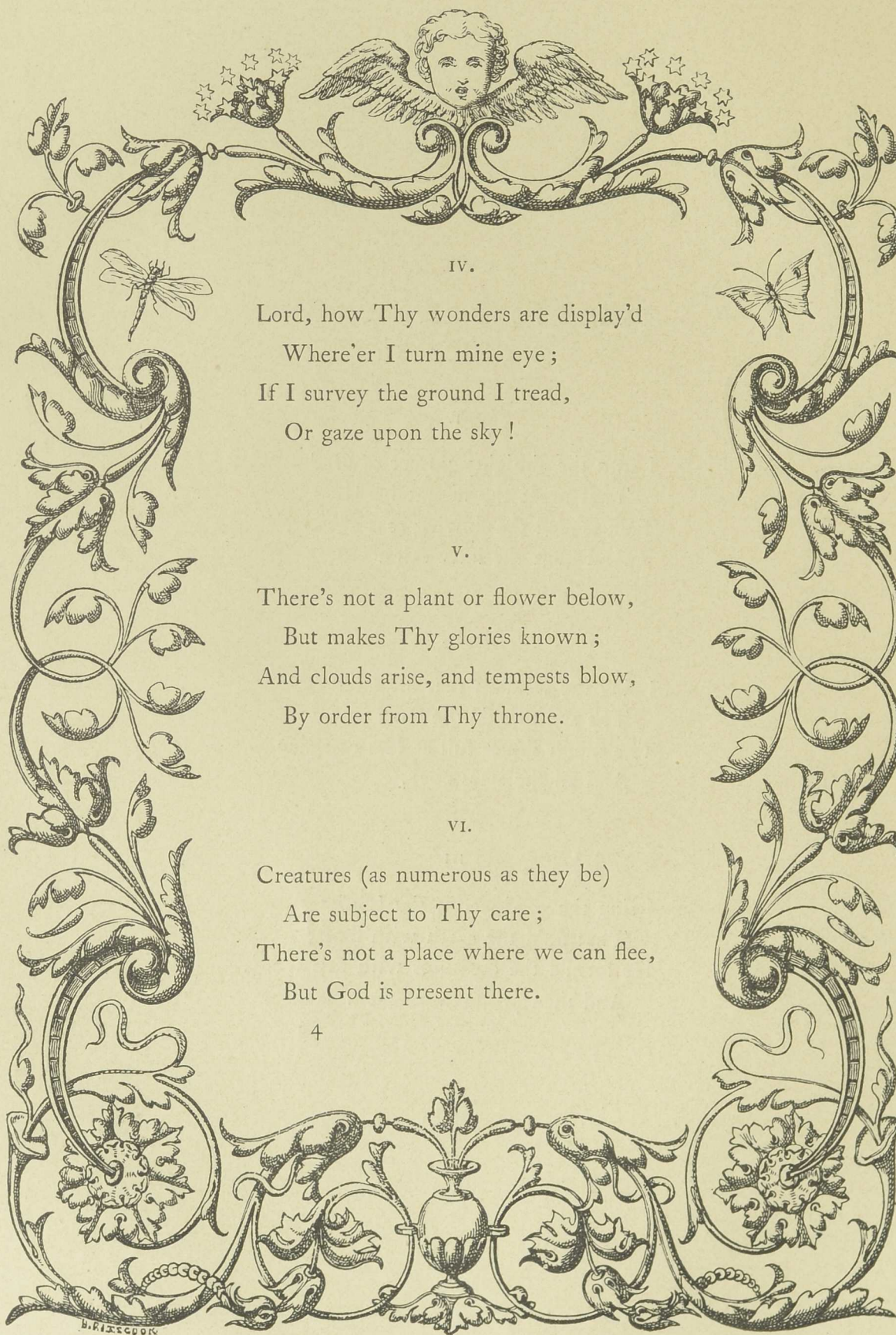
I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

II.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

III.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food ;
He form'd the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.



IV.

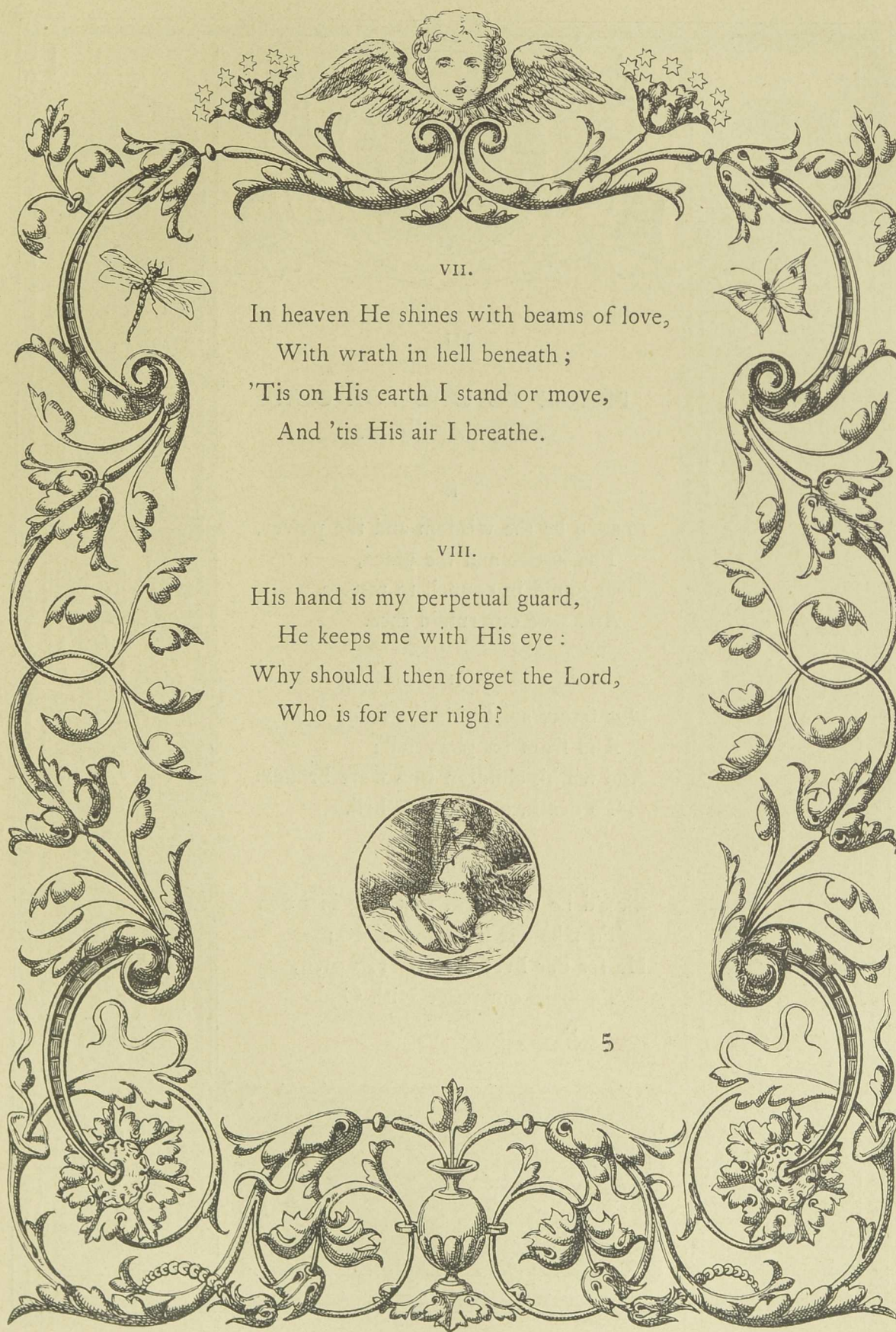
Lord, how Thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn mine eye ;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky !

V.

There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

VI.

Creatures (as numerous as they be)
Are subject to Thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.



VII.

In heaven He shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath ;
'Tis on His earth I stand or move,
And 'tis His air I breathe.

VIII.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with His eye :
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh ?



III.

PRAISE TO GOD FOR OUR
REDEMPTION.

I.

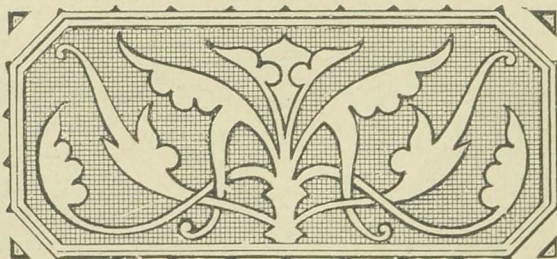
Bless'd be the wisdom and the power,
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in council to restore
And save our ruin'd race.

II.

Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell;
And we his children thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.

III.

Bless'd be the Lord, that sent His Son
To take our flesh and blood;
He for our lives gave up His own,
To make our peace with God.





IV.

He honour'd all His Father's laws,
Which we have disobeyed;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And the full ransom paid.

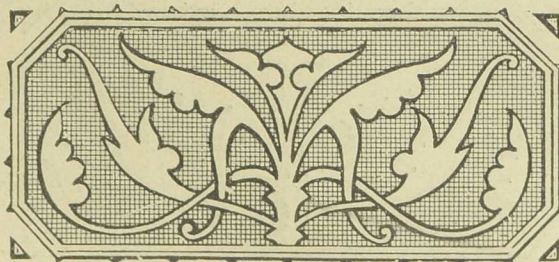
V.

Behold Him rising from the grave,
Behold Him raised on high;
He pleads His merits there, to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

VI.

There on a glorious throne He reigns,
And, by His power Divine,
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.

7



H. FITZCOOK.

GRAPHOTYPE



VII.

Thence shall the Lord to judgment
come,
And, with a sovereign voice,
Shall call and break up every tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.

VIII.

Oh, may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face ;
And with the bless'd assembly there
Sing His redeeming grace !



8



PRAISE FOR MERCIES SPIRITUAL
AND TEMPORAL.

I.

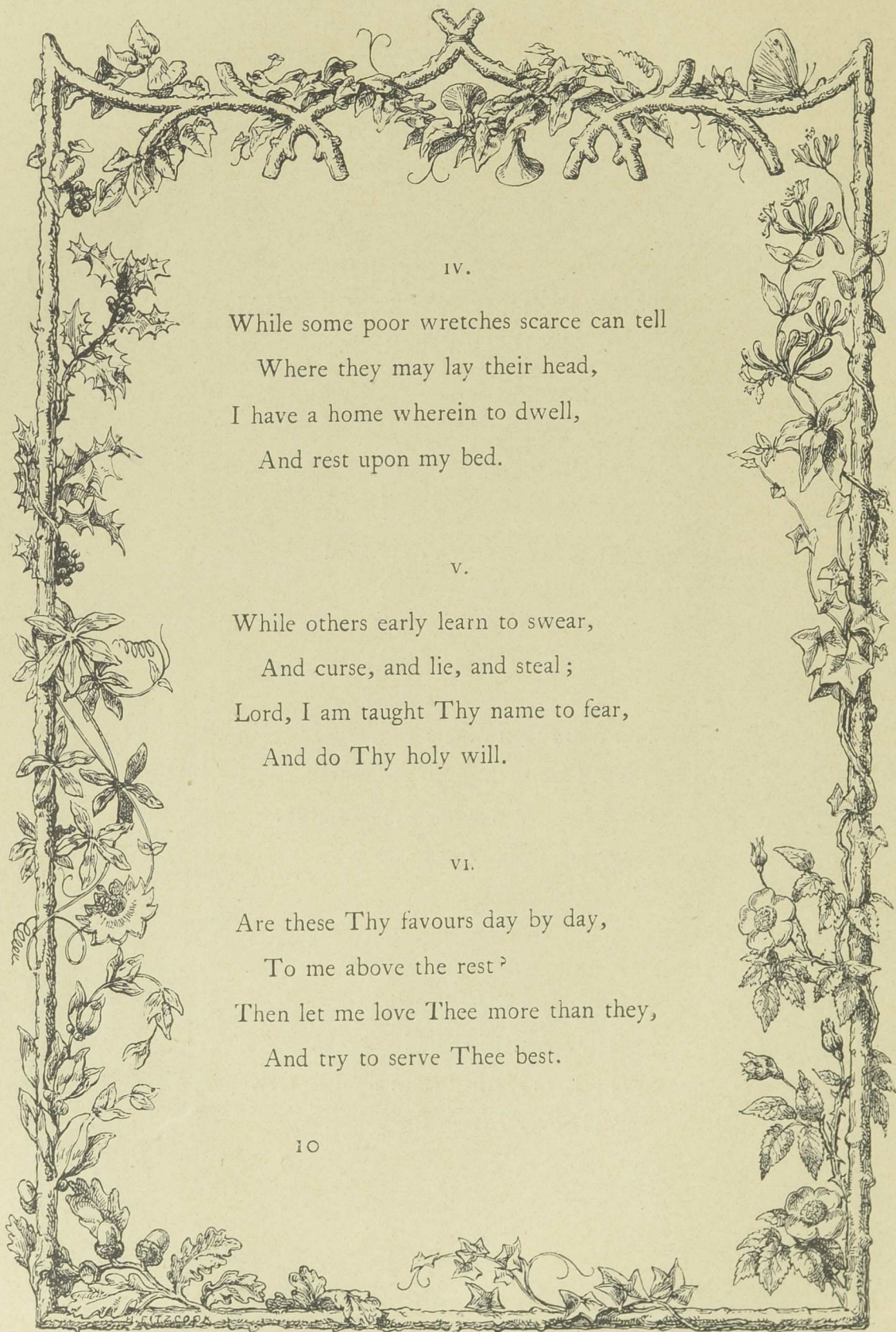
WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all His gifts to me?

II.

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

III.

How many children in the street
Half naked I behold!
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold!



IV.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

V.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal;
Lord, I am taught Thy name to fear,
And do Thy holy will.

VI.

Are these Thy favours day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love Thee more than they,
And try to serve Thee best.

V.

PRAISE FOR BIRTH AND EDUCATION IN A CHRISTIAN LAND.

I.

GREAT God, to Thee my voice I raise ;
To Thee my youngest hours belong ;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

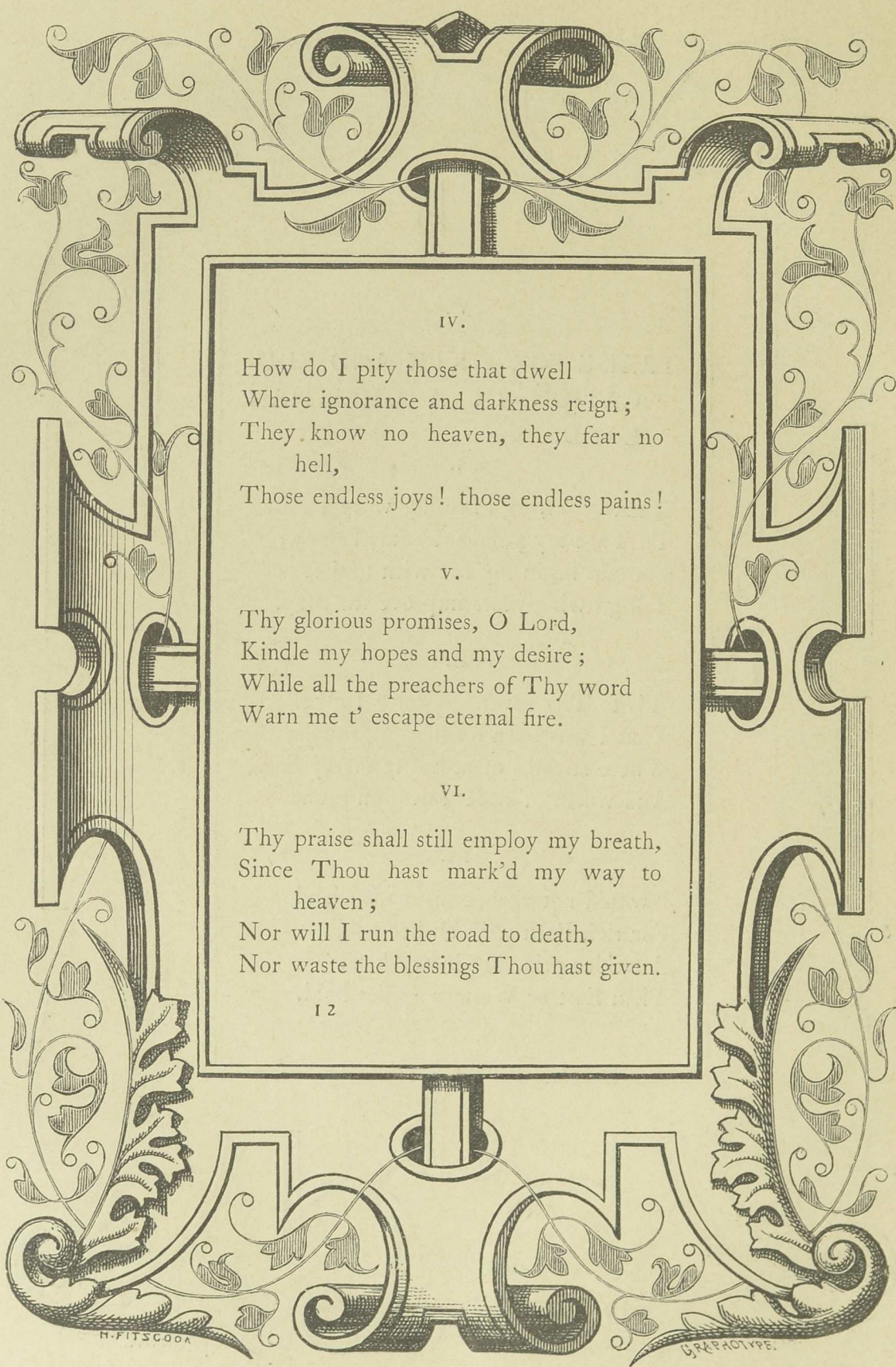
II.

'Tis to Thy sovereign grace I owe,
That I was born on British ground ;
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

III.

I would not change my native land
For rich Peru with all her gold ;
A nobler prize lies in my hand
Than East or Western Indies hold.

11



IV.

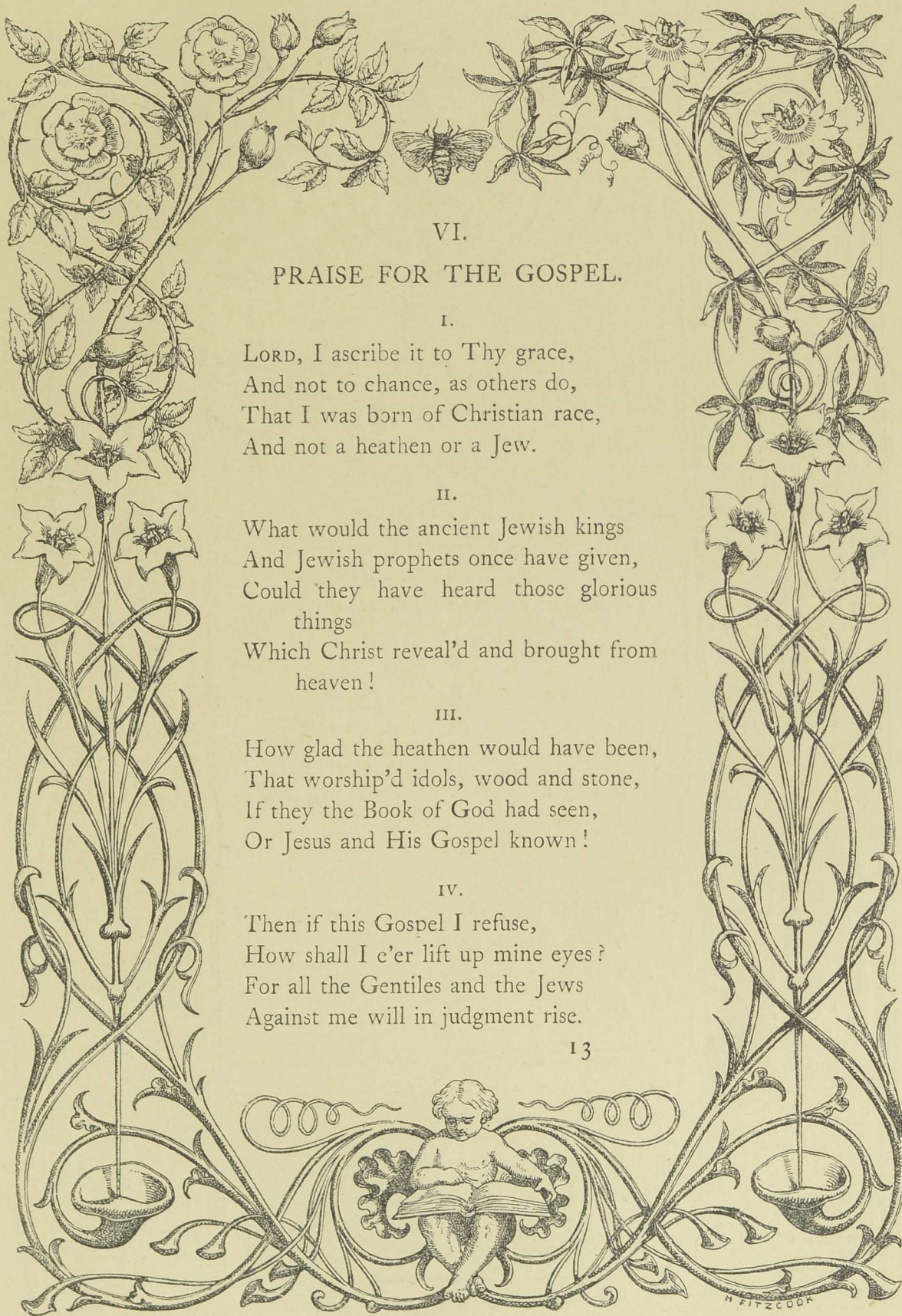
How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance and darkness reign ;
They know no heaven, they fear no
hell,
Those endless joys ! those endless pains !

V.

Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire ;
While all the preachers of Thy word
Warn me t' escape eternal fire.

VI.

Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since Thou hast mark'd my way to
heaven ;
Nor will I run the road to death,
Nor waste the blessings Thou hast given.



VI.

PRAISE FOR THE GOSPEL.

I.

LORD, I ascribe it to Thy grace,
And not to chance, as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a heathen or a Jew.

II.

What would the ancient Jewish kings
And Jewish prophets once have given,
Could they have heard those glorious
things
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from
heaven!

III.

How glad the heathen would have been,
That worship'd idols, wood and stone,
If they the Book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and His Gospel known!

IV.

Then if this Gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.



VII.

THE EXCELLENCY OF THE
BIBLE.

I.

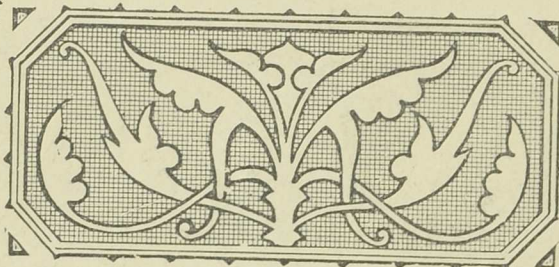
GREAT God, with wonder and with
praise
On all Thy works I look ;
But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace
Shine brightest in Thy Book

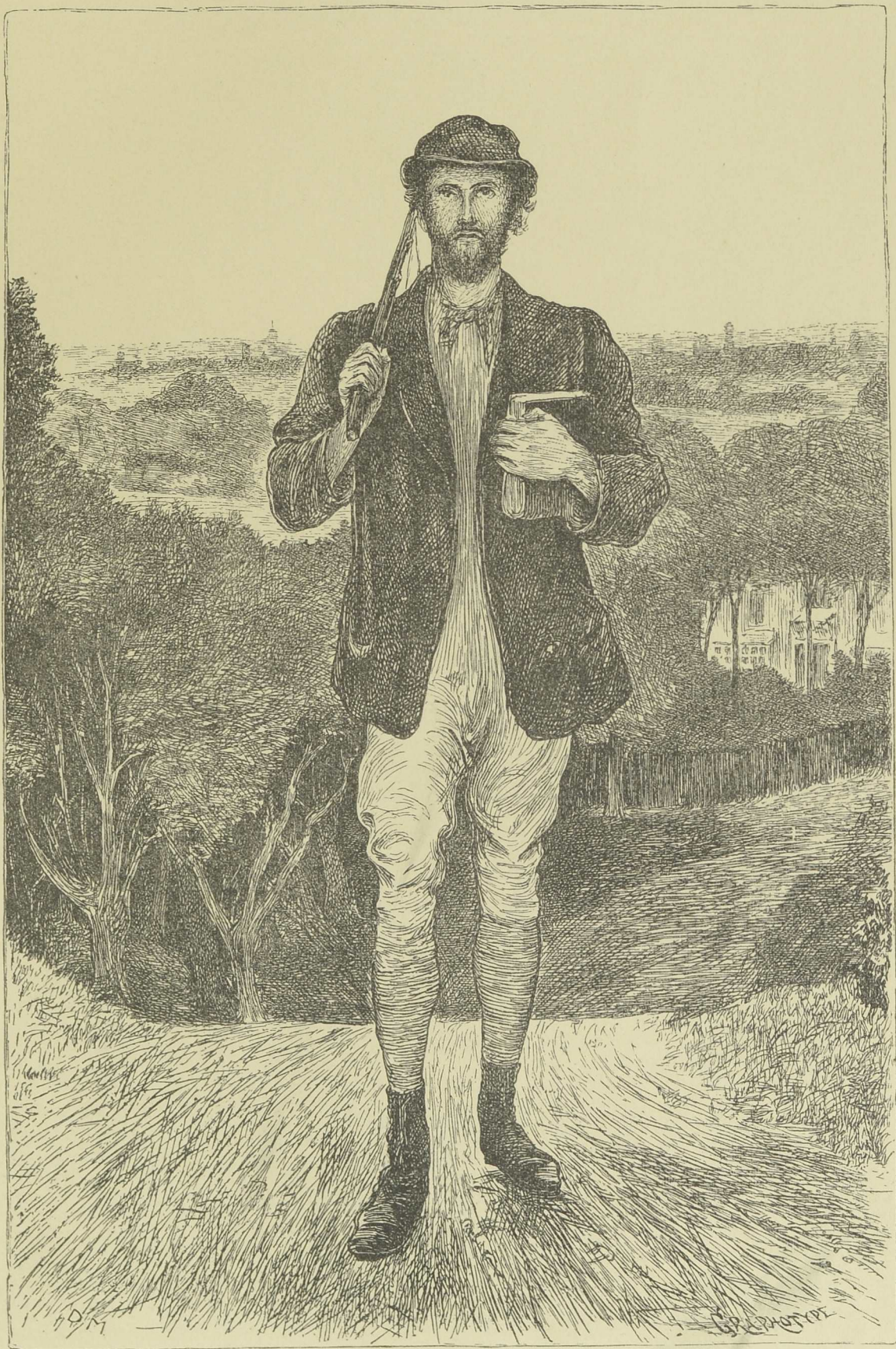
II.

The stars that in their courses roll
Have much instruction given ;
But Thy good Word informs my soul
How I may climb to heaven.

III.

The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord ;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In Thy most holy Word.







IV.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies,
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

V.

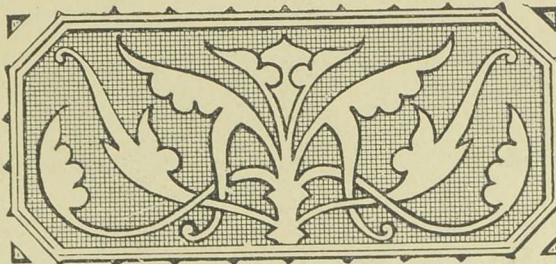
Lord, make me understand Thy law,
Show what my faults have been ;
And from Thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

VI.

Here would I learn how Christ has
died,
To save my soul from hell ;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell.

VII.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.



VIII.
PRAISE TO GOD FOR LEARNING
TO READ.

I.

THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught, and learn'd so young,
To read His holy Word :

II.

That I am brought to know
The danger I was in ;
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin :

III

That I am led to see
I can do nothing well ;
And whither shall a sinner flee,
To save himself from hell ?

IV.

Dear Lord, this book of Thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sin
And make me holy too.

v.

Here I can read and learn
How Christ, the Son of God,
Did undertake our great concern :
Our ransom cost His blood.

vi.

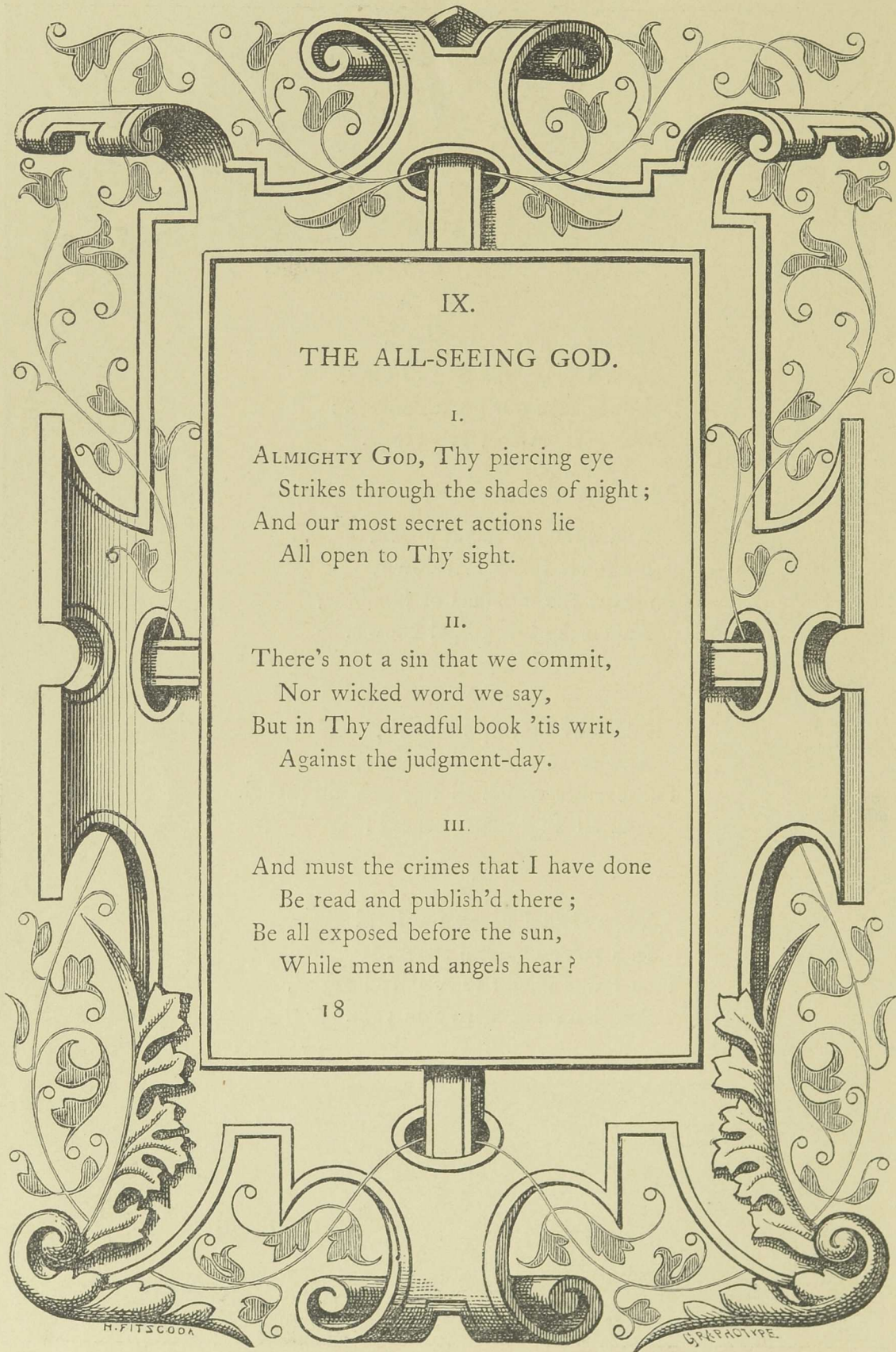
And now He reigns above,
He sends His Spirit down,
To show the wonders of His love,
And make His gospel known.

vii.

Oh, may that Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive,
Those truths which all Thy servants preach
And all Thy saints believe !

viii.

Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read His Word,
And have not learn'd in vain.



IX.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

I.

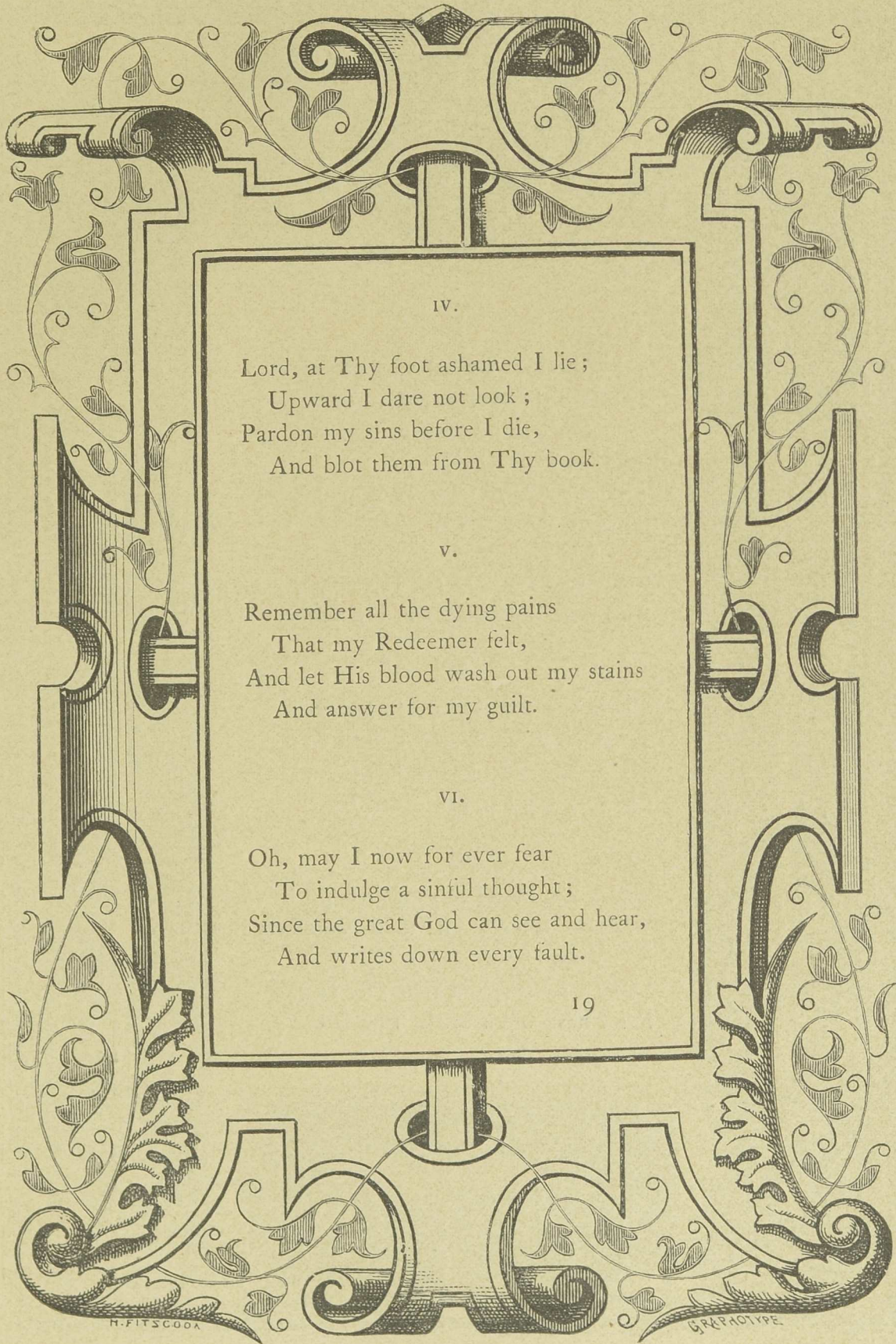
ALMIGHTY GOD, Thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night;
And our most secret actions lie
All open to Thy sight.

II.

There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in Thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment-day.

III.

And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there;
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?



IV.

Lord, at Thy foot ashamed I lie ;
Upward I dare not look ;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from Thy book.

V.

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let His blood wash out my stains
And answer for my guilt.

VI.

Oh, may I now for ever fear
To indulge a sinful thought ;
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault.



X.

SOLEMN THOUGHTS ON
GOD AND DEATH.

I.

THERE is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heavens and earth and
seas ;
I fear His wrath, I ask His love,
And with my lips I sing His praise.

II.

There is a law which He has writ,
To teach us all what we must do ;
My soul, to His commands submit,
For they are holy, just, and true.

III.

There is a gospel of rich grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts
draw ;
Lord, I repent, and seek Thy face,
For I have often broke Thy law.



IV.

There is an hour when I must die,
Nor can I tell how soon 'twill come ;
A thousand children, young as I,
Are call'd by death to hear their
doom.

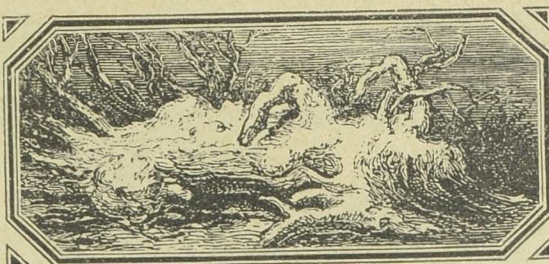
V.

Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled ;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.

VI.

Just as a tree cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies ;
So man departs to heaven or hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

21



H. FITZCOOK.

GRAPHOTYPE



XI.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

I.

THERE is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love ;
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

II.

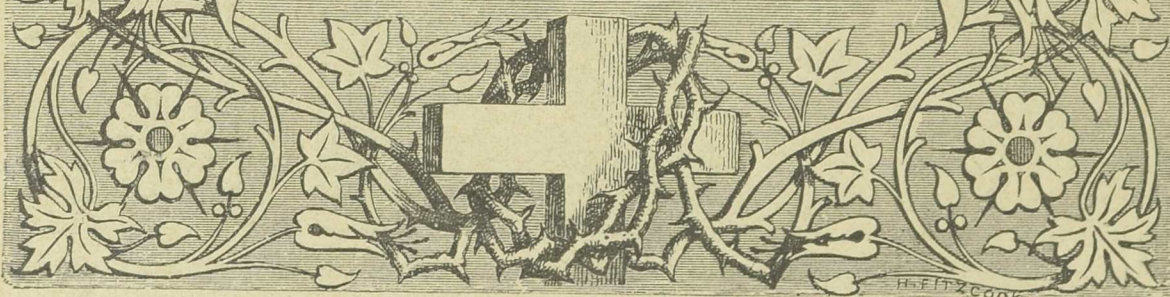
THERE is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains ;
Where sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains.

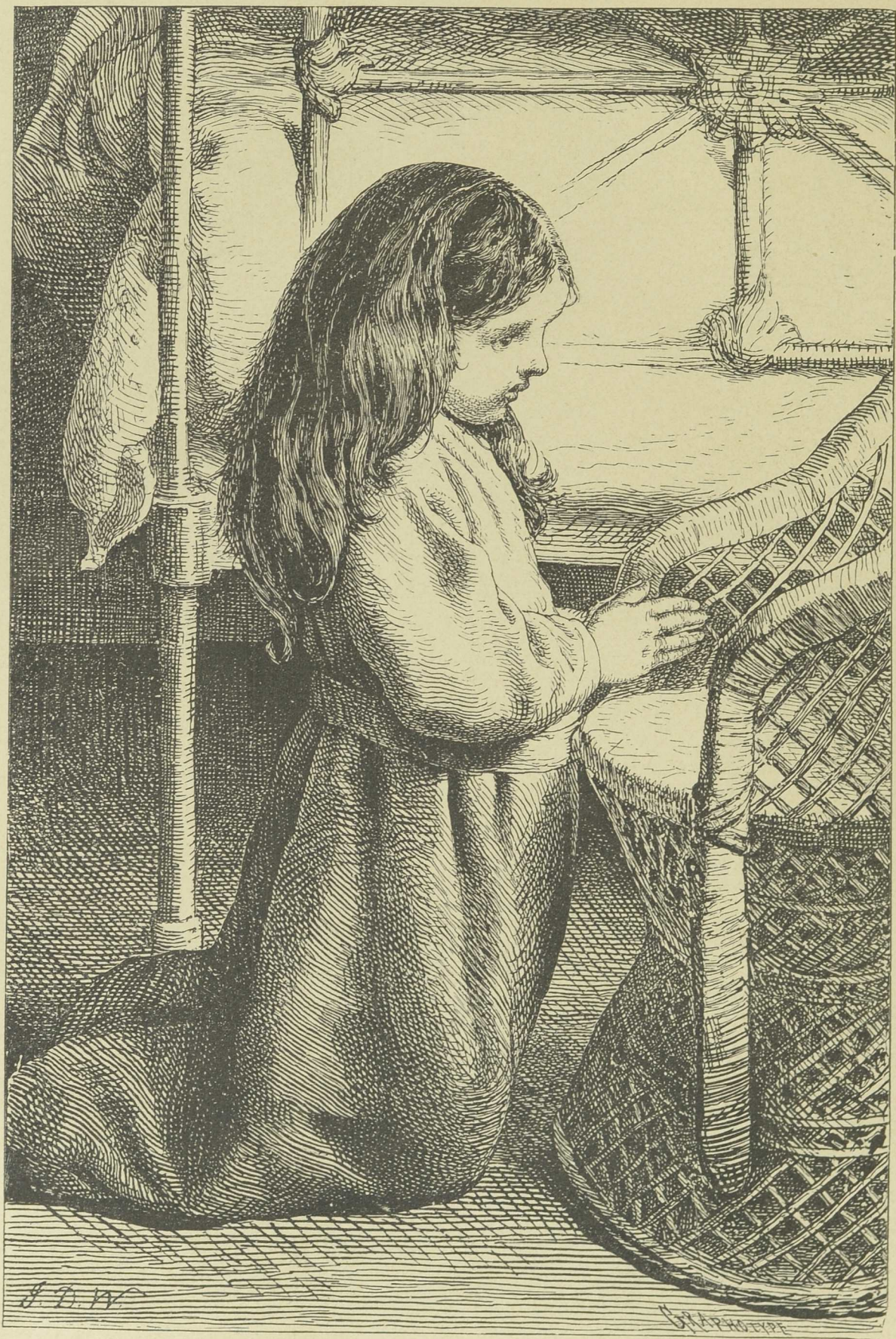
III.

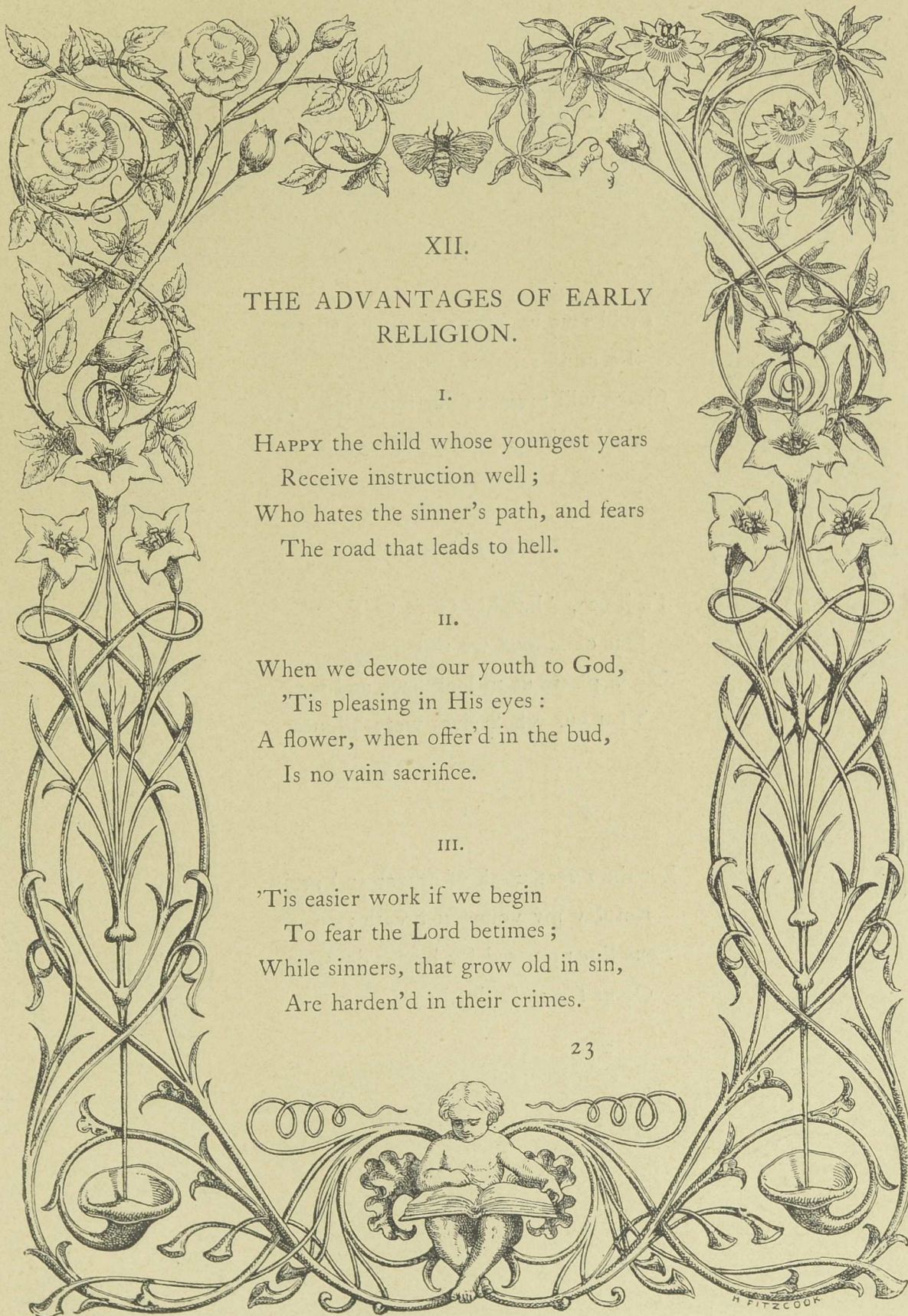
CAN such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end ?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend ?

IV.

THEN I for grace will pray,
While I have life and breath ;
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent to eternal death.







XII.

THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY
RELIGION.

I.

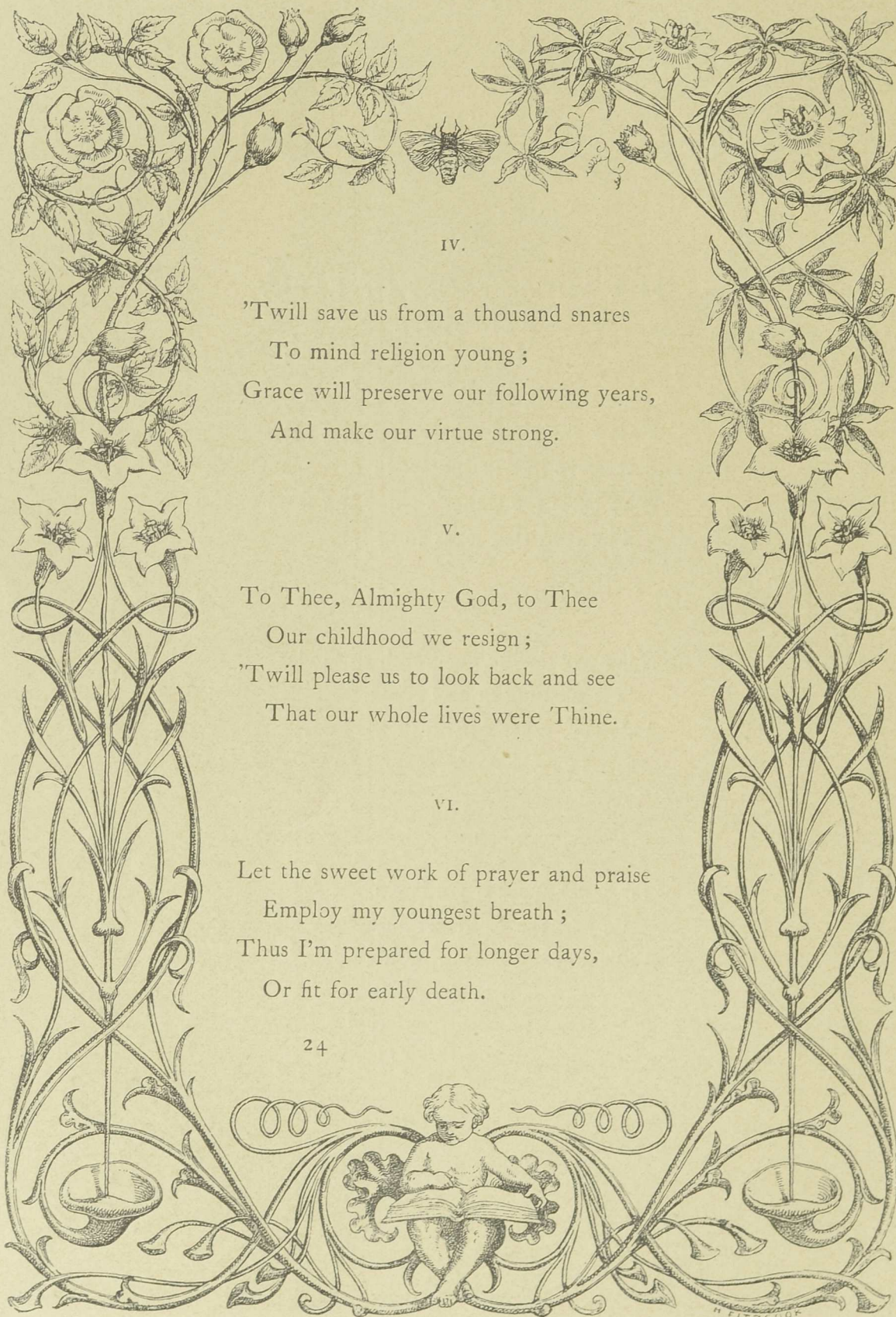
HAPPY the child whose youngest years
Receive instruction well ;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

II.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in His eyes :
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

III.

'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
While sinners, that grow old in sin,
Are harden'd in their crimes.



IV.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young ;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

V.

To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee
Our childhood we resign ;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were Thine.

VI.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath ;
Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

XIII.

THE DANGER OF DELAY.

I.

WHY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon
To seek for heaven, or think of death"?
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

II.

If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious call of Heaven,
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance given.

III.

What if the Lord grow wroth, and swear,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That He'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day!

IV.

What if His dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse His offer'd grace ;
And all His love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place !

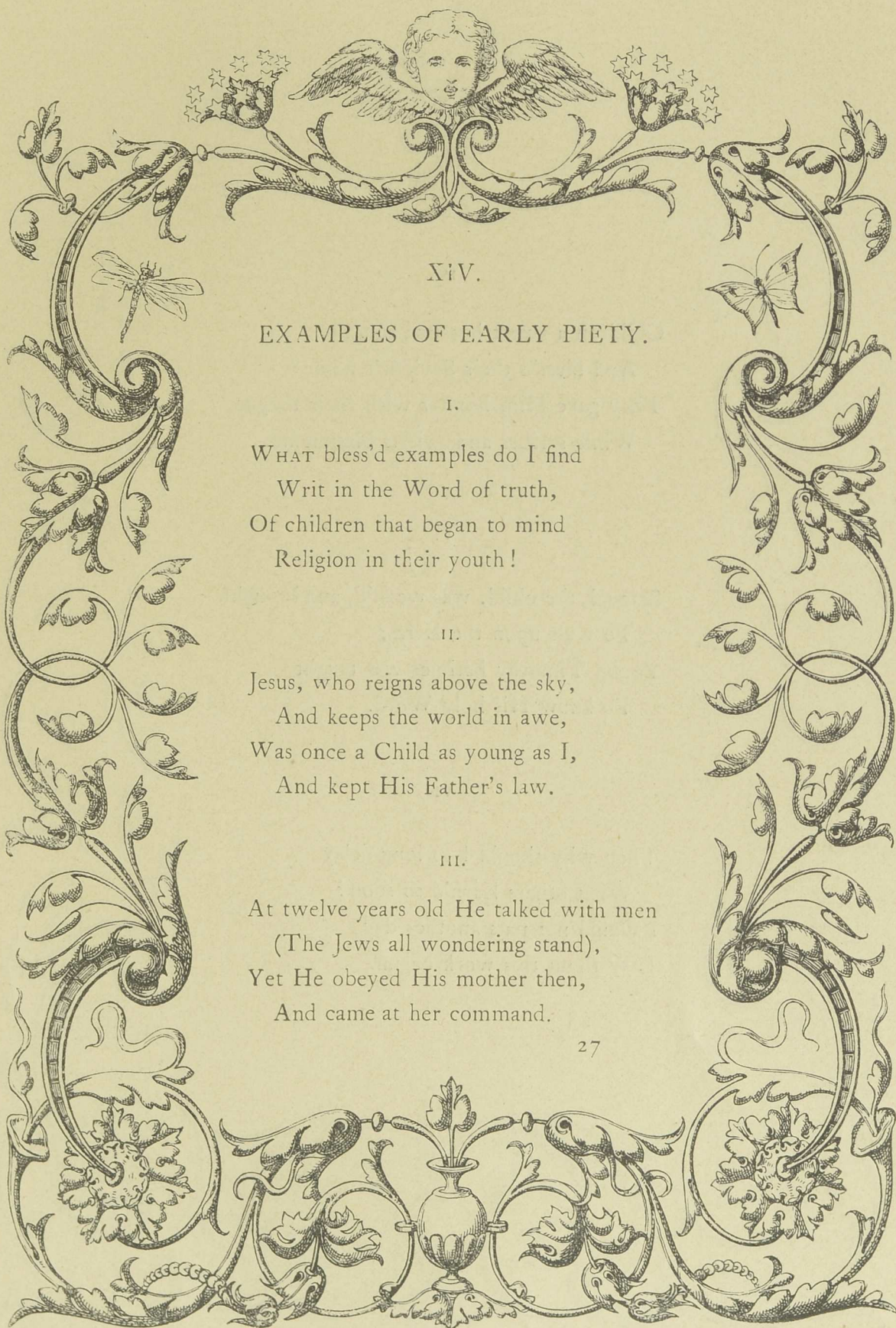
V.

'Tis dangerous to provoke a God ;
His power and vengeance none can tell :
One stroke of His almighty rod
Can send young sinners quick to hell.

VI.

Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace ;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.





XIV.

EXAMPLES OF EARLY PIETY.

I.

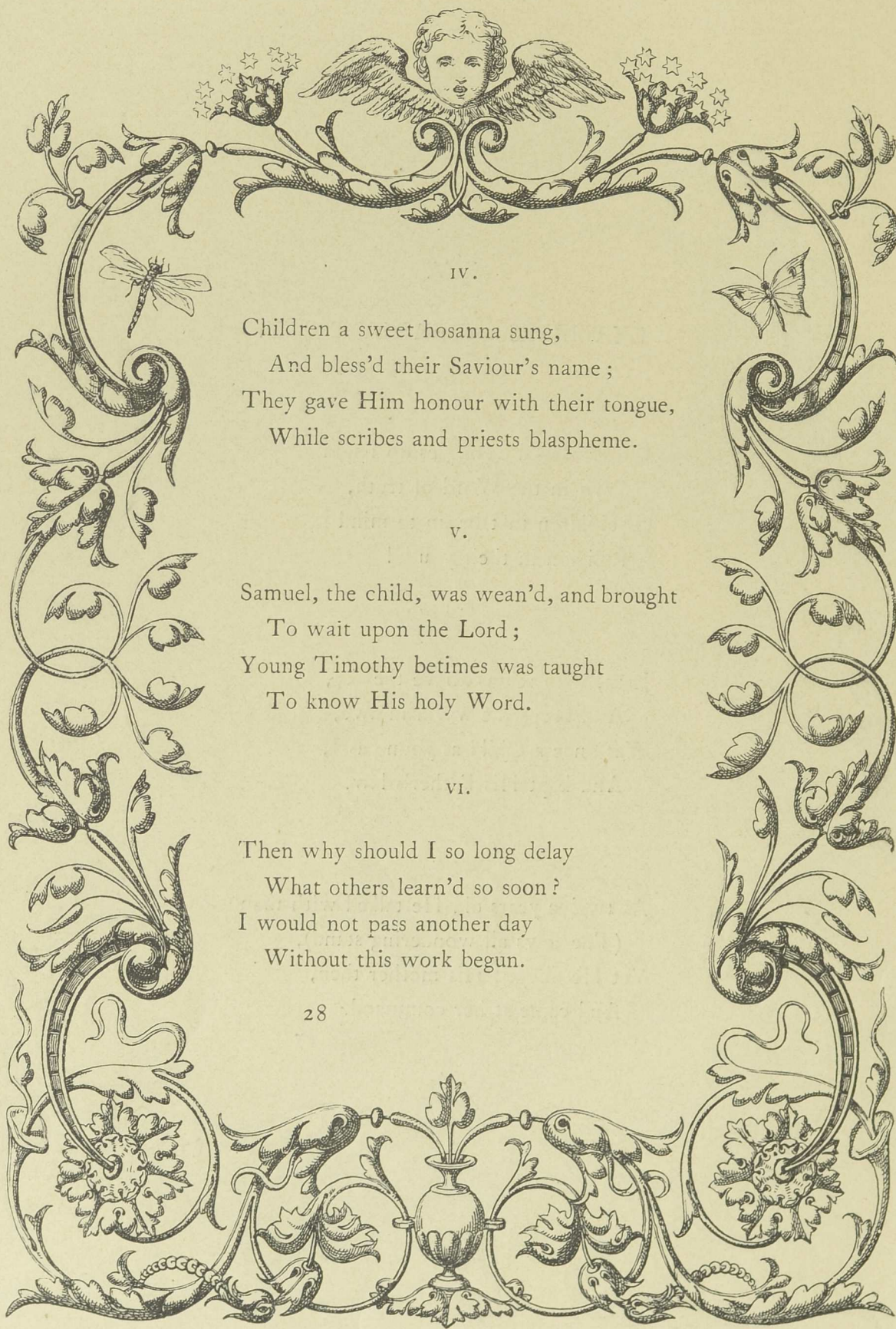
WHAT bless'd examples do I find
Writ in the Word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth!

II.

Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a Child as young as I,
And kept His Father's law.

III.

At twelve years old He talked with men
(The Jews all wondering stand),
Yet He obeyed His mother then,
And came at her command.



IV.

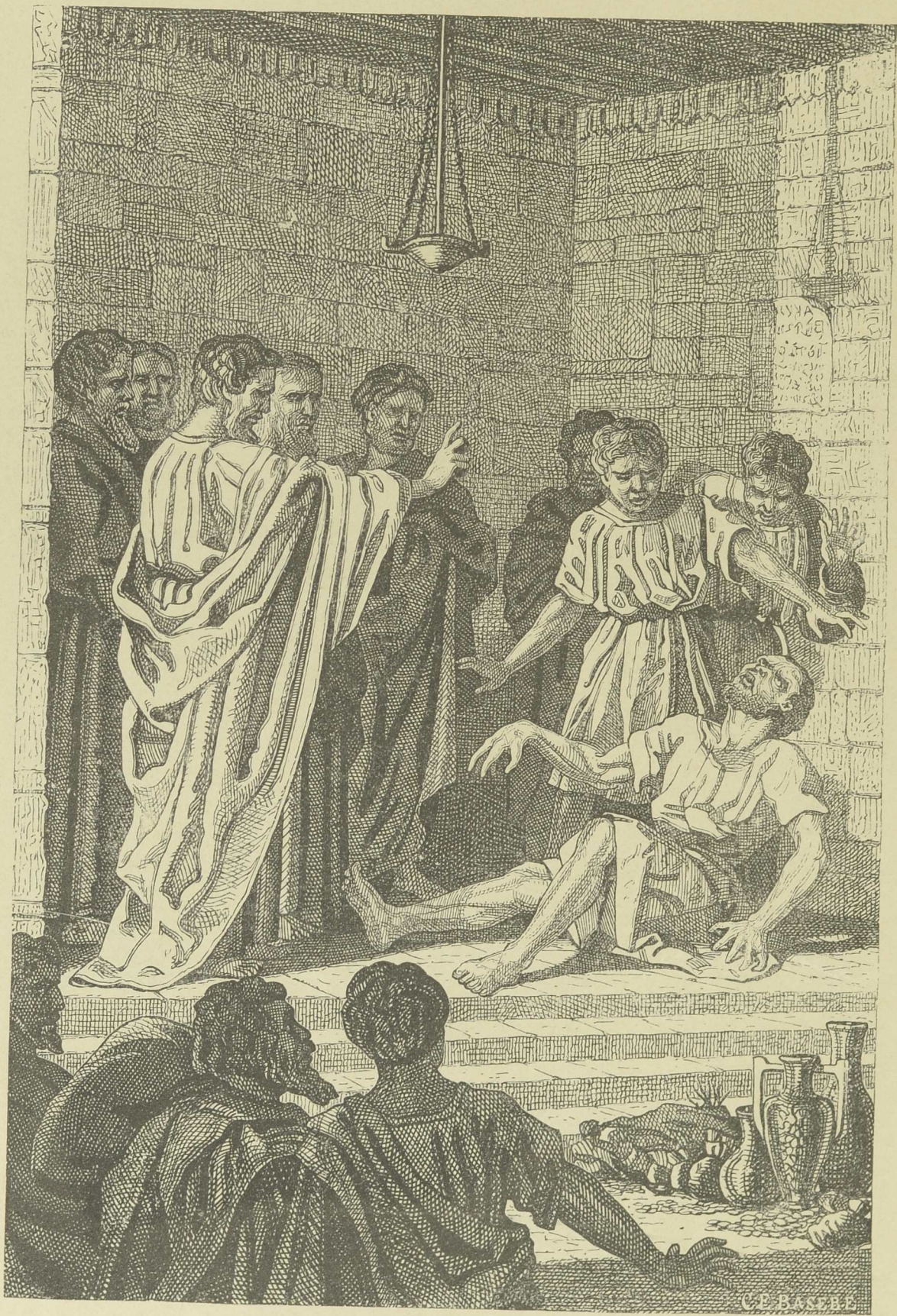
Children a sweet hosanna sung,
And bless'd their Saviour's name ;
They gave Him honour with their tongue,
While scribes and priests blaspheme.

V.

Samuel, the child, was wean'd, and brought
To wait upon the Lord ;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know His holy Word.

VI.

'Then why should I so long delay
What others learn'd so soon ?
I would not pass another day
Without this work begun.



XV.

AGAINST LYING.

I.

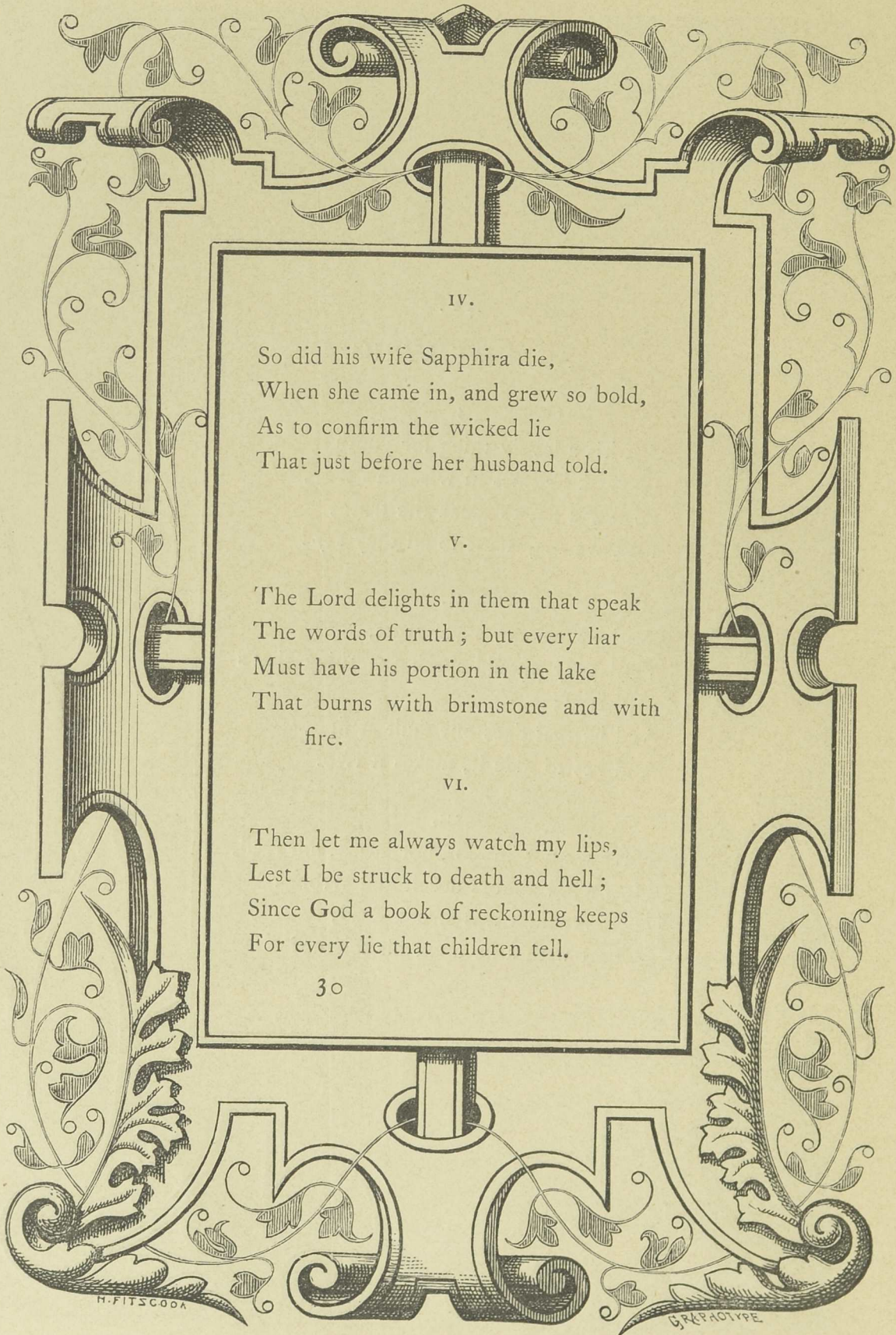
Oh, 'tis a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way,
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say!

II.

But liars we can never trust,
Tho' they should speak the thing that's
true;
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

III.

Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Ananias was struck dead,
Caught with a lie upon his tongue?



IV.

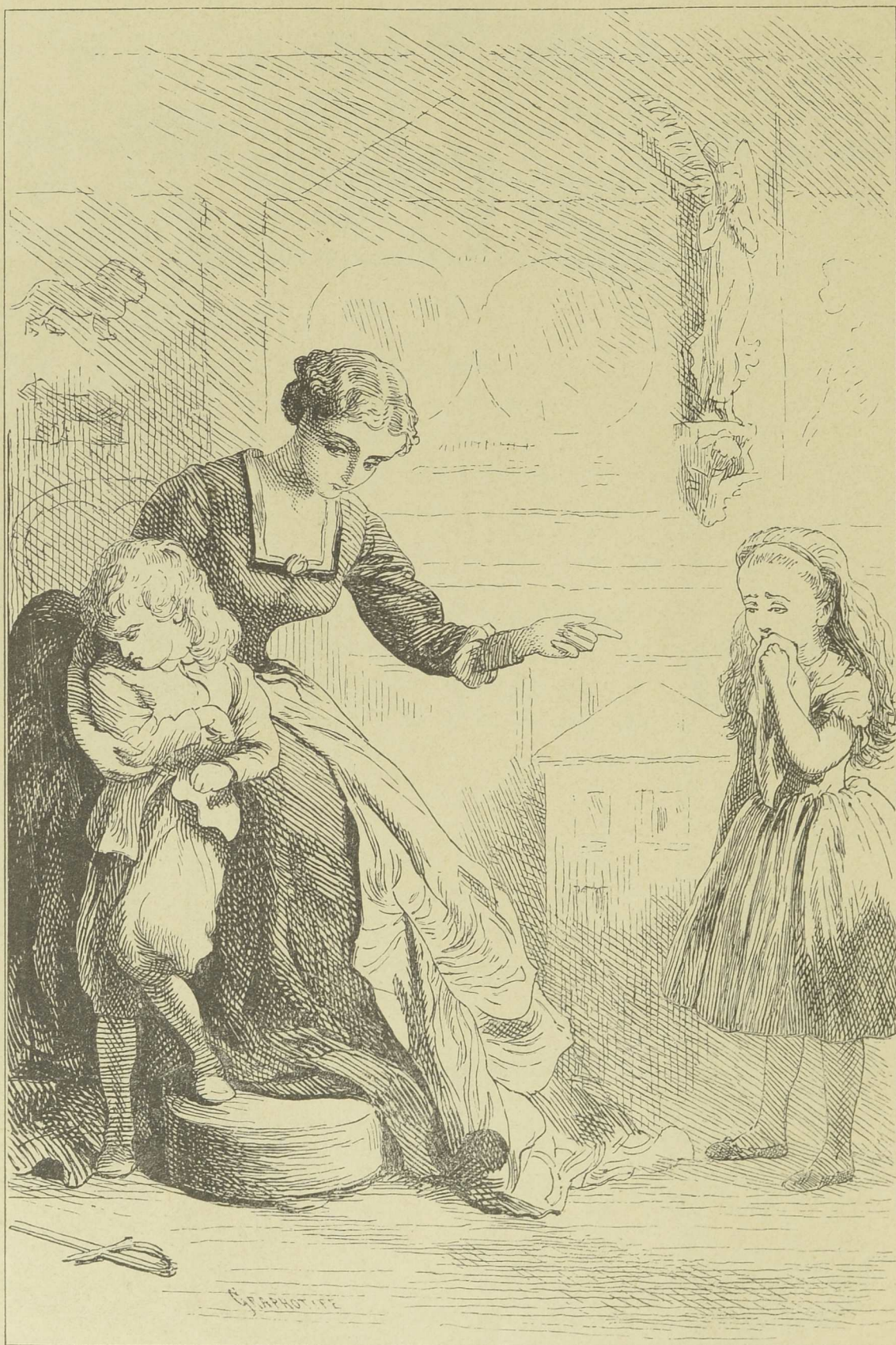
So did his wife Sapphira die,
When she came in, and grew so bold,
As to confirm the wicked lie
That just before her husband told.

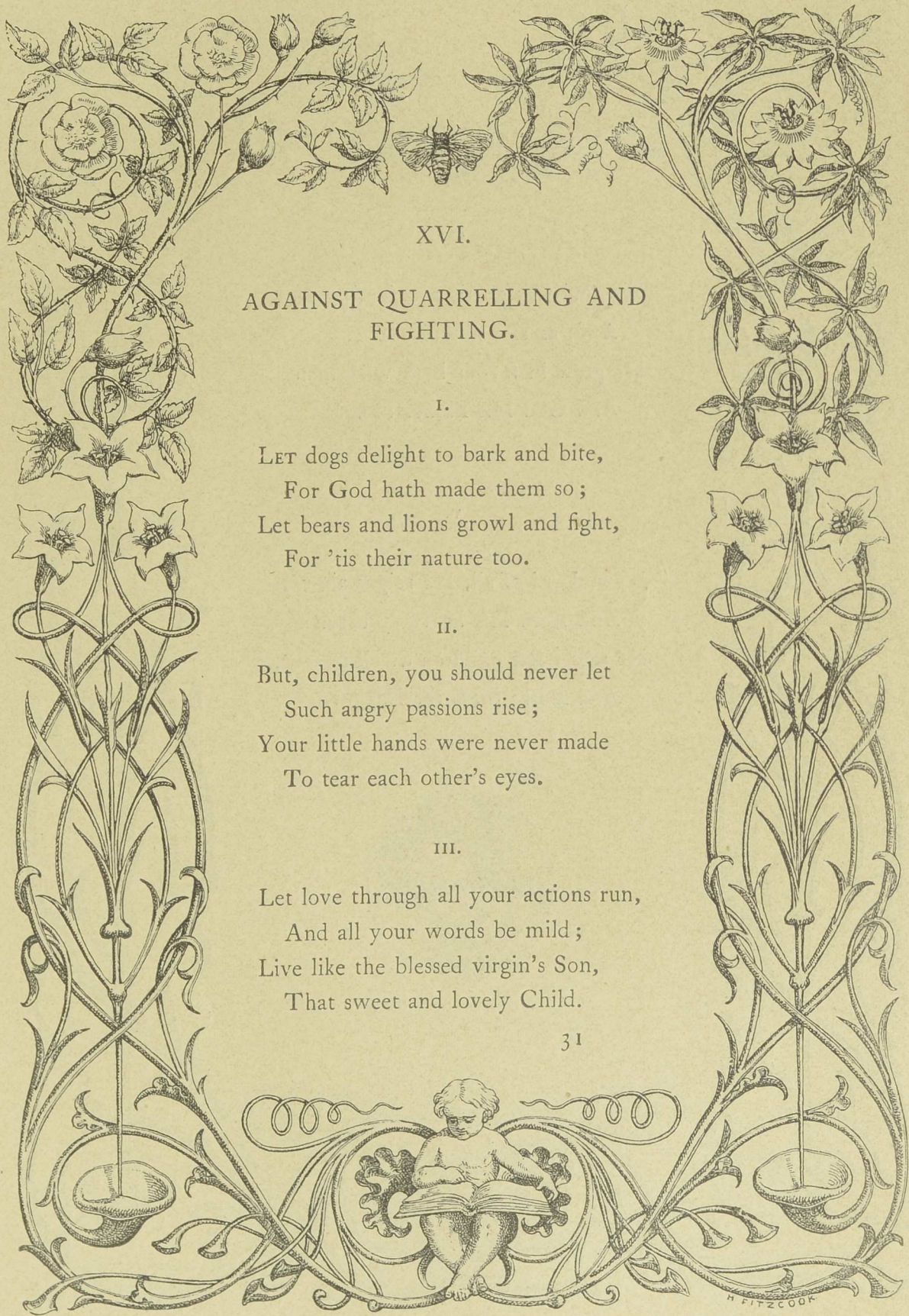
V.

The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth ; but every liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with
fire.

VI.

Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell ;
Since God a book of reckoning keeps
For every lie that children tell.





XVI.

AGAINST QUARRELLING AND
FIGHTING.

I.

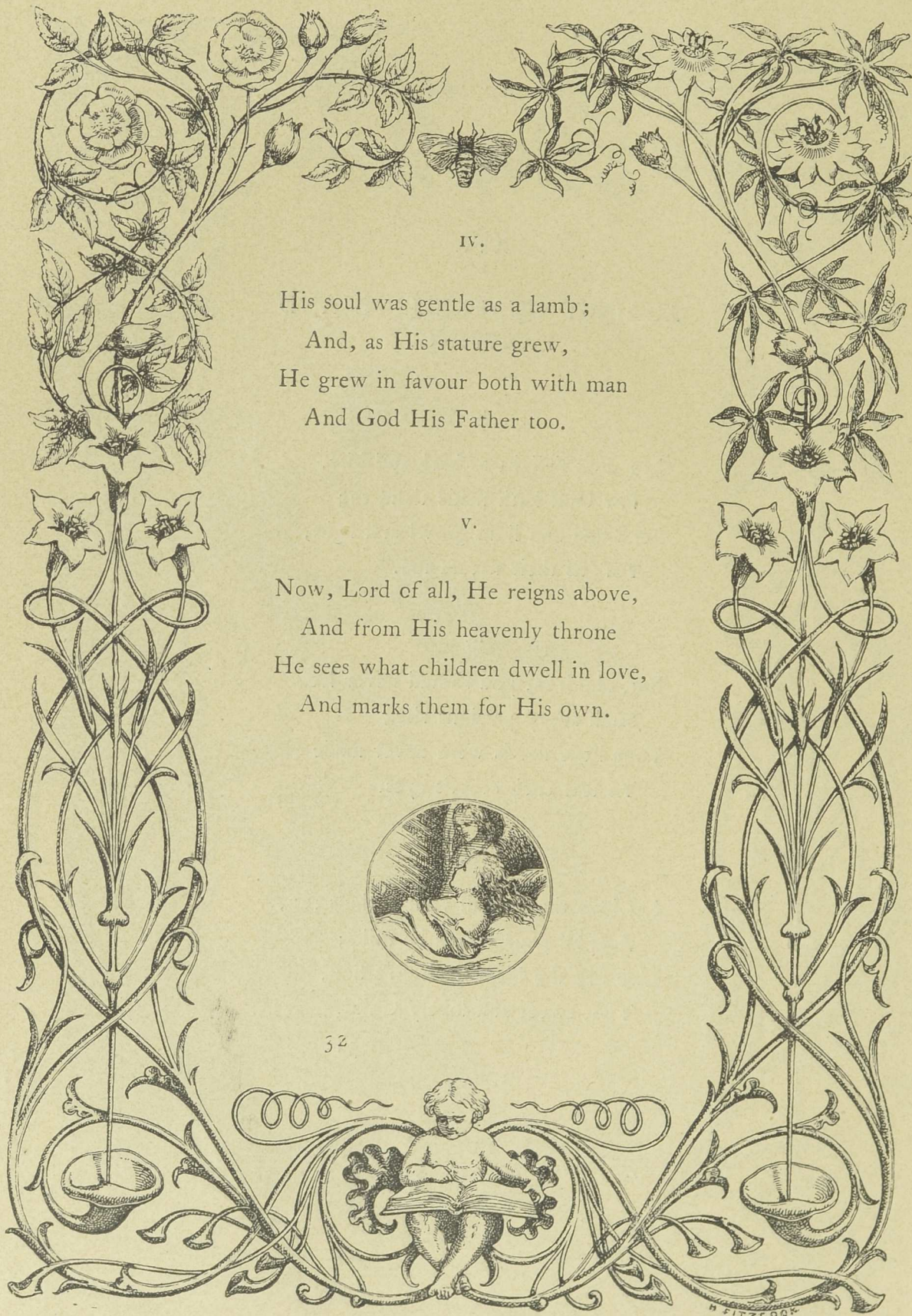
LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so ;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

II.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise ;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

III.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild ;
Live like the blessed virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely Child.



IV.

His soul was gentle as a lamb ;
And, as His stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man
And God His Father too.

V.

Now, Lord of all, He reigns above,
And from His heavenly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for His own.







XVII.

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS
AND SISTERS.

I.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home ;
Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

II.

Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

III.

Hard names at first, and threatening
words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.



IV.

The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another ;
So wicked Cain was hurried on,
Till he had killed his brother.

V.

The wise will let their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night !
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light.

VI.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove ;
That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

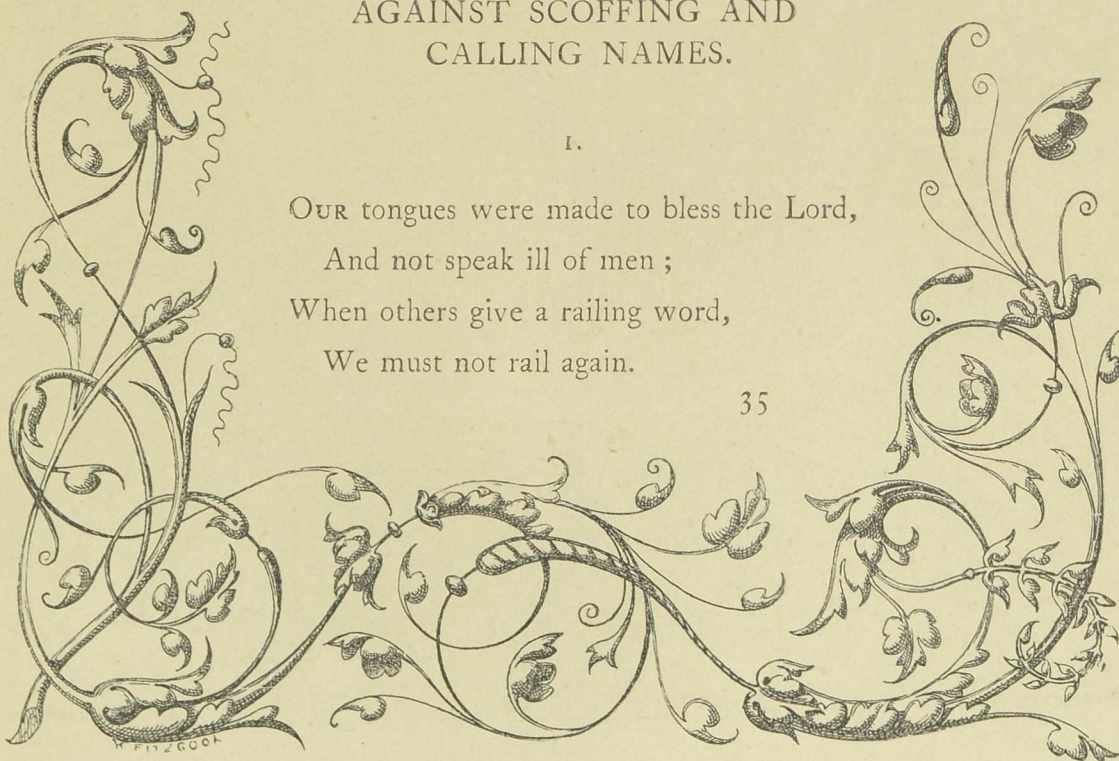


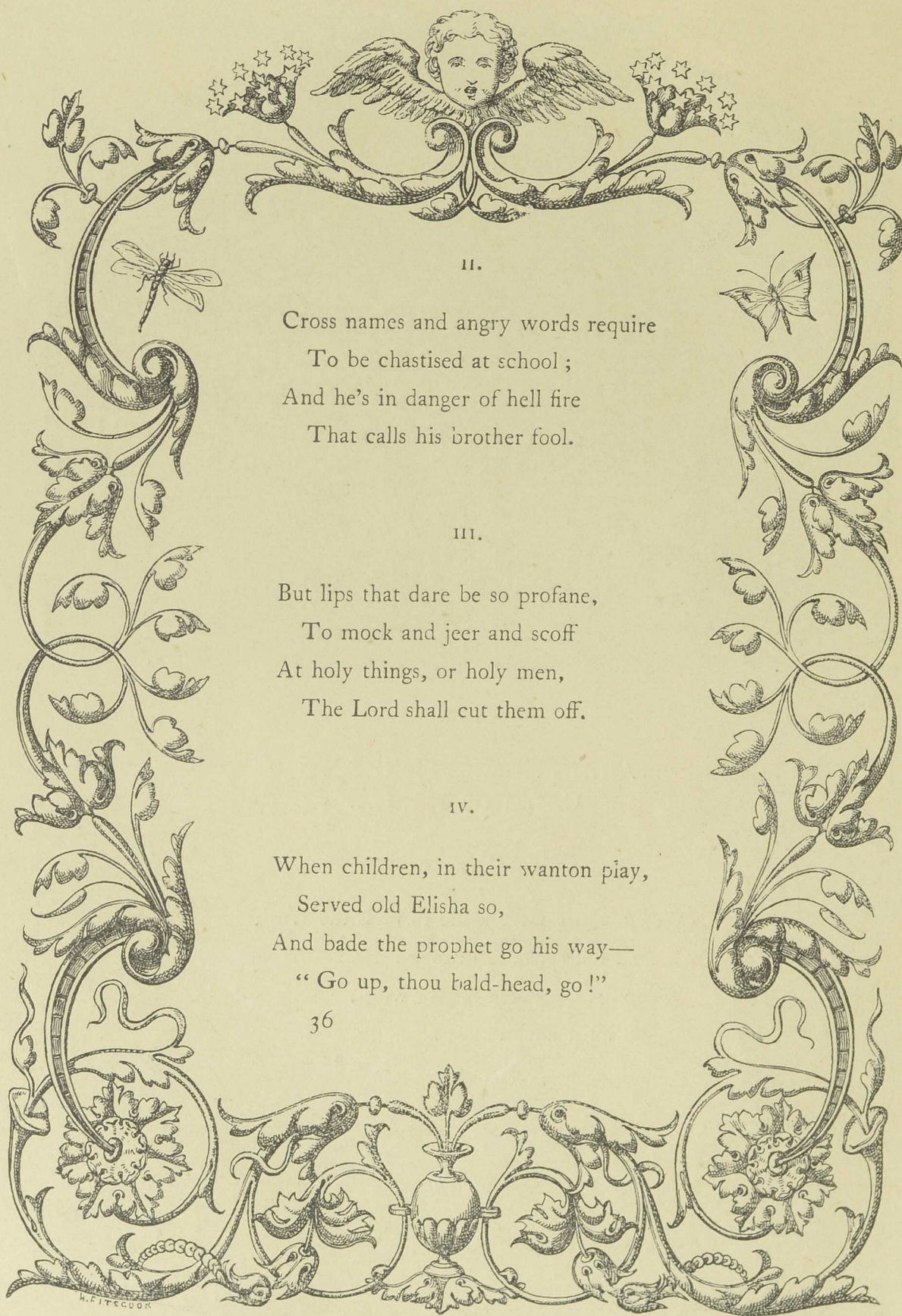
XVIII.

AGAINST SCOFFING AND
CALLING NAMES.

I.

OUR tongues were made to bless the Lord,
And not speak ill of men ;
When others give a railing word,
We must not rail again.





II.

Cross names and angry words require
To be chastised at school ;
And he's in danger of hell fire
That calls his brother fool.

III.

But lips that dare be so profane,
To mock and jeer and scoff
At holy things, or holy men,
The Lord shall cut them off.

IV.

When children, in their wanton play,
Served old Elisha so,
And bade the prophet go his way—
“Go up, thou bald-head, go!”

v.

God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood and groans and tears.

vi.

Great God, how terrible art Thou
To sinners e'er so young!
Grant me Thy grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my tongue.





XIX.

AGAINST SWEARING, CURSING,
AND TAKING GOD'S NAME IN
VAIN.

I.

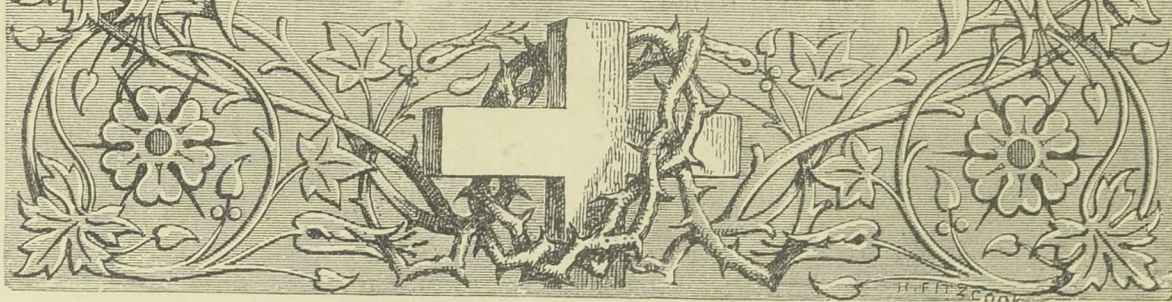
ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
Adore Thy name, Almighty God!
And devils tremble down in hell
Beneath the terrors of Thy rod.

II

And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse Thy dreadful, glorious name!
And when they're angry, how they swear,
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme!

III.

How will they stand before Thy face,
Who treated Thee with such disdain,
While Thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain!





IV.

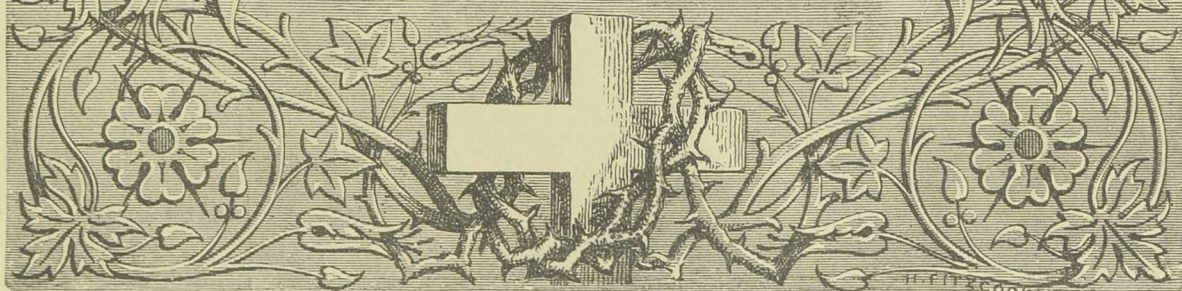
Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be
given ;
But I will praise Thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heaven.

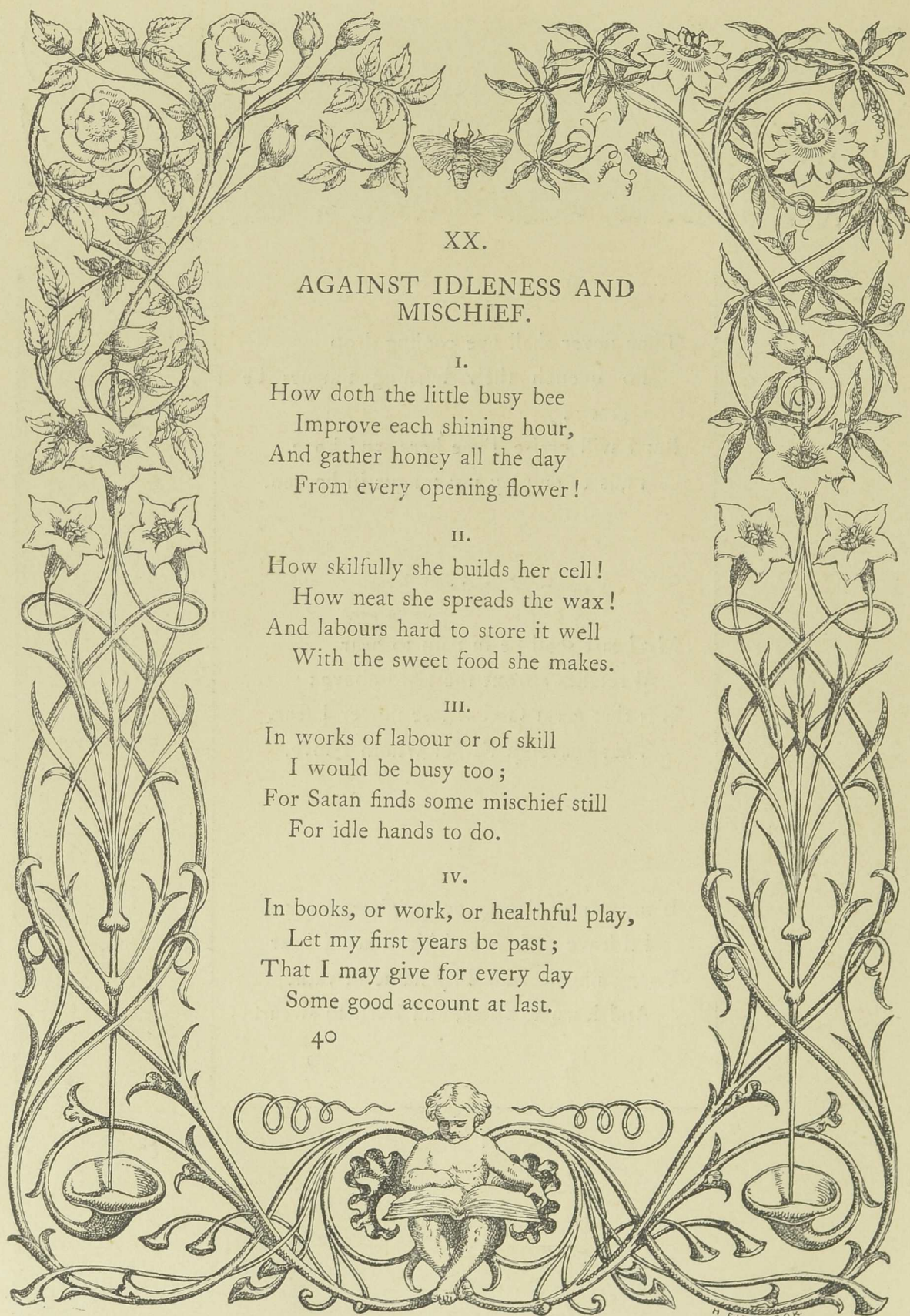
V.

My heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above :
'Tis that great God whose power I fear,
That heavenly Father whom I love.

VI.

If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendship when I hear
Young sinners take Thy name in vain,
And learn to curse, and learn to swear.





XX.

AGAINST IDLENESS AND
MISCHIEF.

I.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

II.

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

III.

In works of labour or of skill
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

IV.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past;
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.



XXI.

AGAINST EVIL COMPANY.

I.

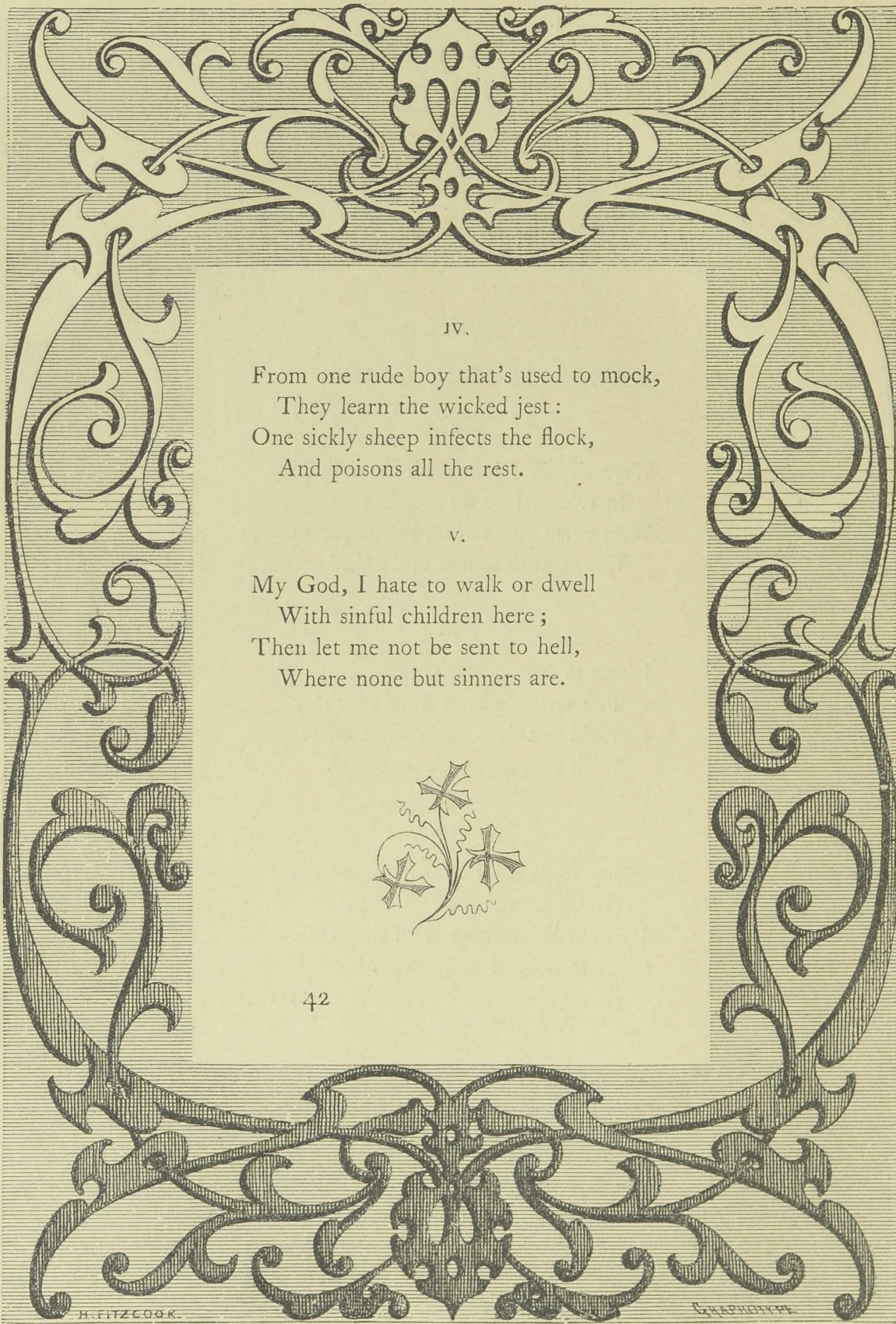
WHY should I join with those in play
In whom I've no delight ;
Who curse and swear, but never pray ;
Who call ill names and fight ?

II.

I hate to hear a wanton song,
The words offend mine ears :
I should not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.

III.

Away from fools I'll turn mine eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go ;
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow.

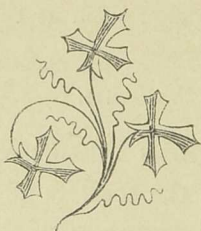


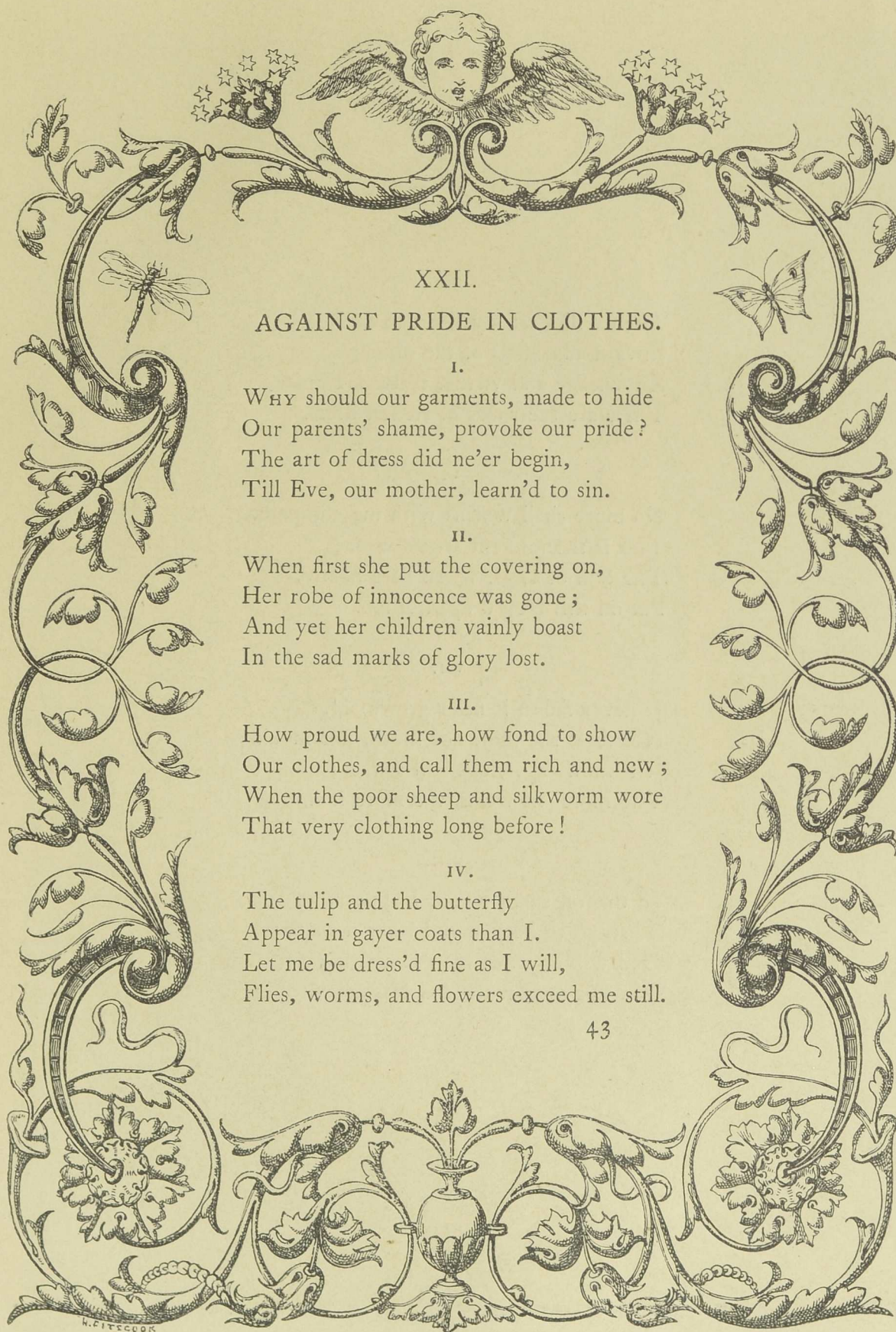
IV.

From one rude boy that's used to mock,
They learn the wicked jest :
One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.

V.

My God, I hate to walk or dwell
With sinful children here ;
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.





XXII.

AGAINST PRIDE IN CLOTHES.

I.

WHY should our garments, made to hide
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin,
Till Eve, our mother, learn'd to sin.

II.

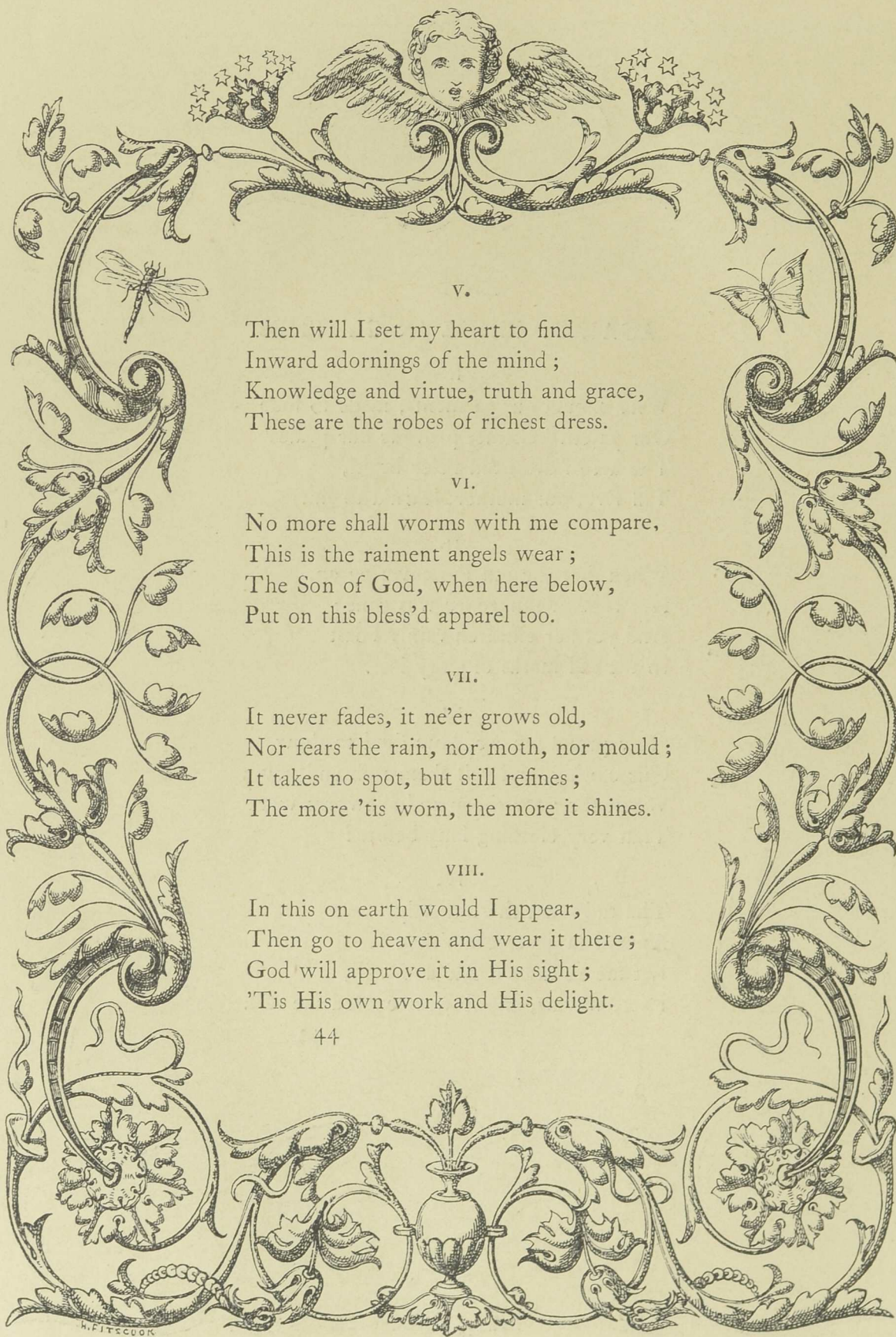
When first she put the covering on,
Her robe of innocence was gone;
And yet her children vainly boast
In the sad marks of glory lost.

III.

How proud we are, how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new;
When the poor sheep and silkworm wore
That very clothing long before!

IV.

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I.
Let me be dress'd fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.



V.

Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind ;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.

VI.

No more shall worms with me compare,
This is the raiment angels wear ;
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this bless'd apparel too.

VII.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould ;
It takes no spot, but still refines ;
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

VIII.

In this on earth would I appear,
Then go to heaven and wear it there ;
God will approve it in His sight ;
'Tis His own work and His delight.



XXIII.

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

I.

LET children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say :
With reverence hear their parents' word,
And with delight obey.

II.

Have you not heard what dreadful
plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's laws,
Or mocks his mother's word ?

III.

What heavy guilt upon him lies !
How cursed is his name !
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.

IV.

But those that worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.



XXIV.

THE CHILD'S COMPLAINT.

I.

WHY should I love my sport so well,
So constant at my play ;
And lose the thoughts of heaven and
hell,
And then forget to pray ?

II.

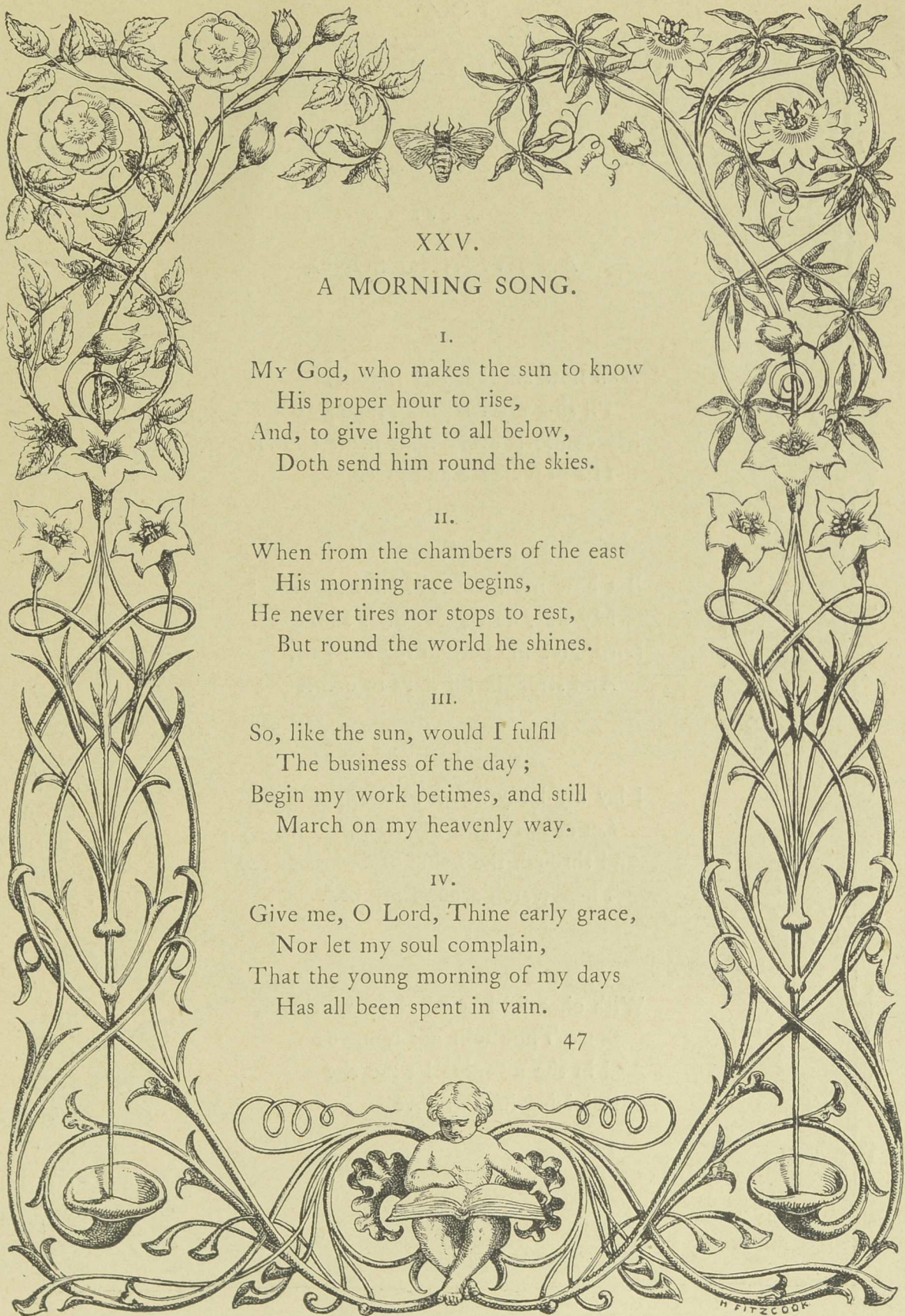
What do I read my Bible for,
But, Lord, to learn Thy will ?
And shall I daily know Thee more,
And less obey Thee still ?

III.

How senseless is my heart, and wild !
How vain are all my thoughts !
Pity the weakness of a child
And pardon all my faults.

IV.

Make me Thy heavenly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray ;
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can say.



XXV.

A MORNING SONG.

I.

My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And, to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

II.

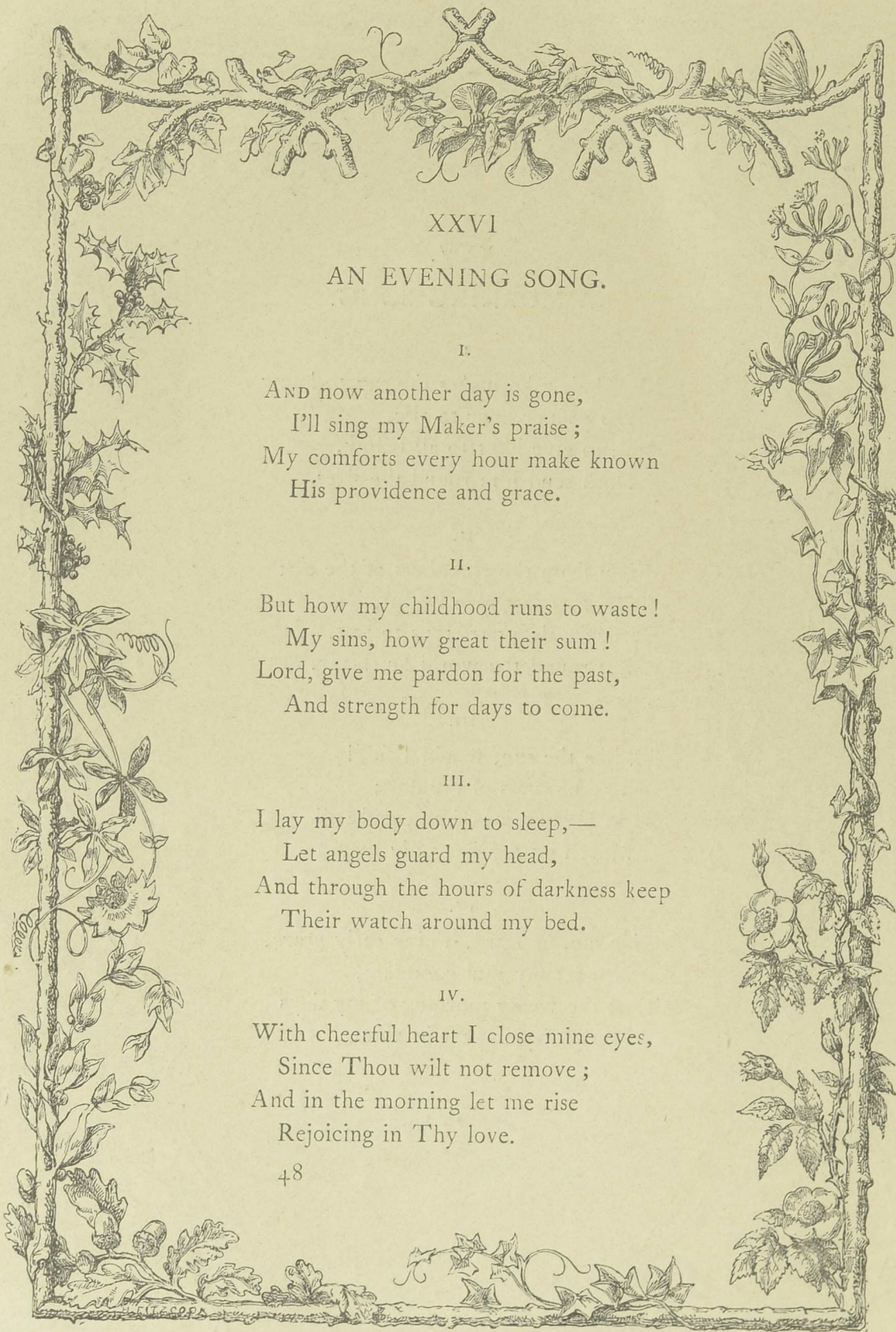
When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

III.

So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day ;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

IV.

Give me, O Lord, Thine early grace,
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.



XXVI

AN EVENING SONG.

I.

AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

II.

But how my childhood runs to waste !
My sins, how great their sum !
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

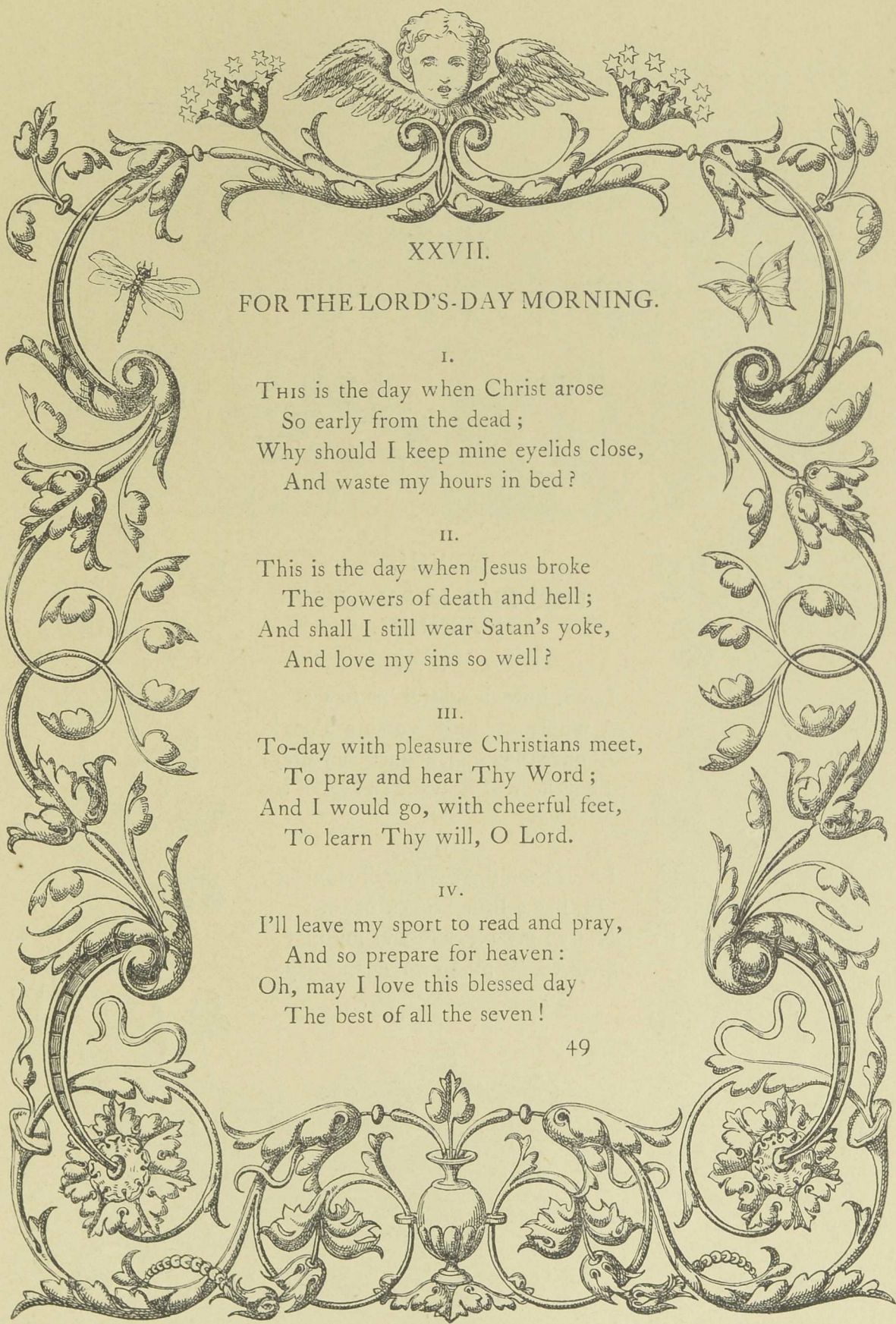
III.

I lay my body down to sleep,—
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

IV.

With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since Thou wilt not remove ;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in Thy love.





XXVII.

FOR THE LORD'S-DAY MORNING.

I.

THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead ;
Why should I keep mine eyelids close,
And waste my hours in bed ?

II.

This is the day when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell ;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well ?

III.

To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear Thy Word ;
And I would go, with cheerful feet,
To learn Thy will, O Lord.

IV.

I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
And so prepare for heaven :
Oh, may I love this blessed day
The best of all the seven !



XXVIII.
FOR THE LORD'S-DAY
EVENING.

I.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship Thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the
way.

II.

I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

III.

Oh, write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of Thy Word ;
That I may break Thy laws no more,
But love Thee better than before.

IV.

With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
That, hoping pardon through His blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.



The Ten Commandments.

I Thou shalt have no more Gods but me.

Before no idol bend the knee.

Take not the name of God in vain,

Nor dare the sabbath day profane.

Give both thy parents honor due,

Take heed that thou no murder do.

Abstain from words and deeds unclean,

Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean.

Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.

What is thy neighbors dare not covet.

The Sum of the Commandments.

With all thy soul love God above,
And as thyself thy neighbour love.

Our Saviour's Golden Rule.

Matt. vii. 12.

Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again.

Duty to God and our Neighbour.

I.

Lobe God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind ;
And lobe your neighbour as yourself ;
Be faithful, just, and kind.

II.

Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you :
What you're unwilling to receive,
Be sure you never do.



THE HOSANNA ; OR, SALVATION
ASCIBED TO CHRIST.

I.

HOSANNA to King David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne ;
We bless the Prince of heavenly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.

II.

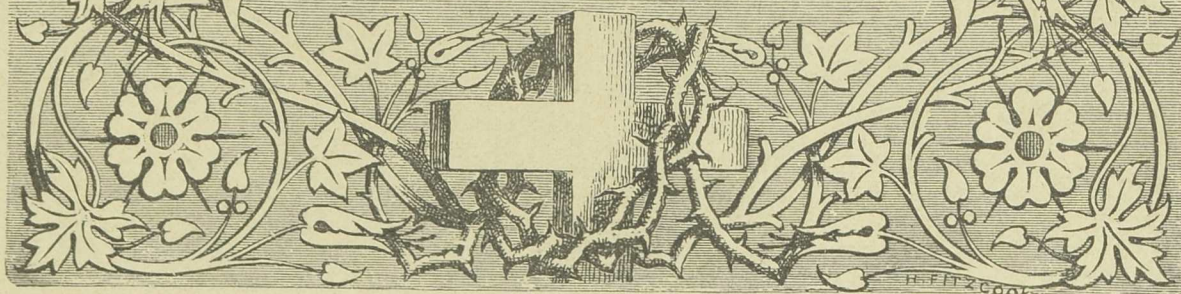
Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage,
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her King.

I.

HOSANNA to the Prince of grace :
Sion, behold thy King !
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

II.

Hosanna to the eternal Word,
Who from the Father came :
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.



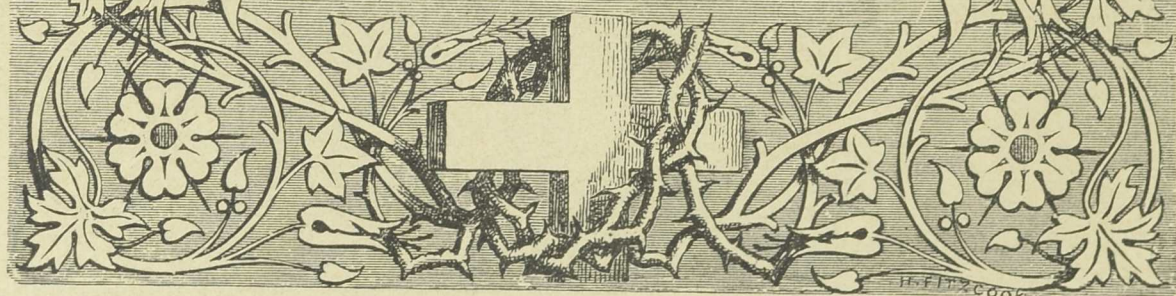


I.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with His blood.

II.

To Christ, the anointed King,
Be endless blessings given :
Let the whole earth His glories sing,
Who made our peace with heaven.



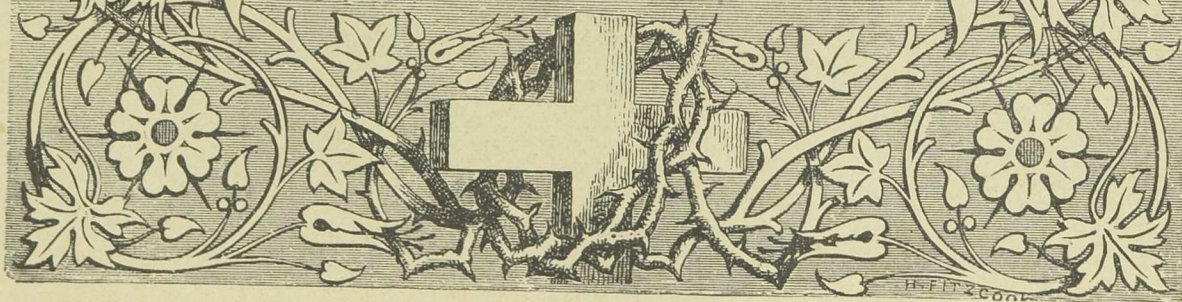


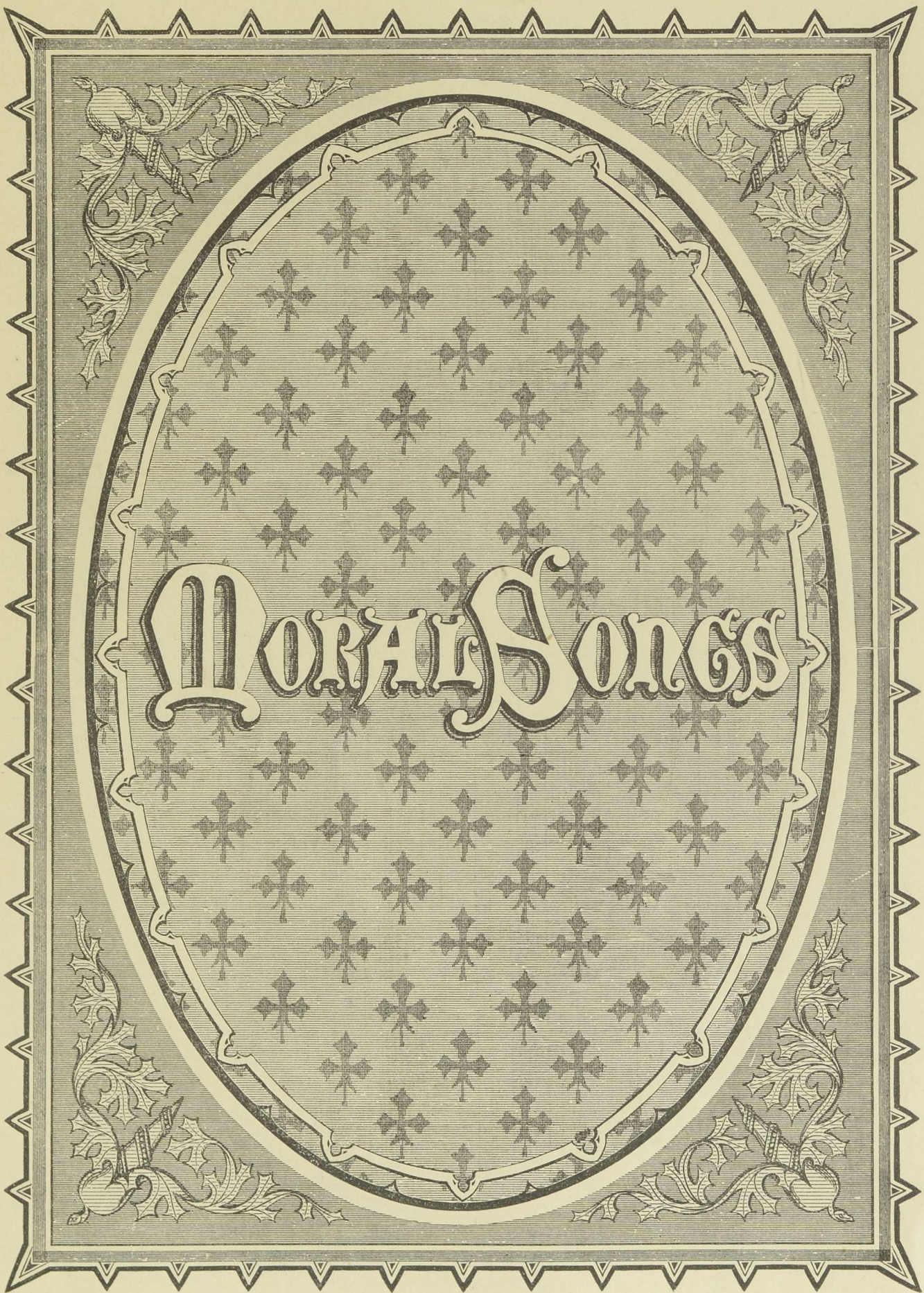
GLORY TO THE FATHER, AND
TO THE SON, &c.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

Now let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make Him
known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of His grace
Be equal honour done.







I.
THE SLUGGARD.

I.
'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him
complain :
" You have waked me too soon, I must
slumber again."
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his
heavy head.

II.
" A little more sleep, and a little more
slumber ;"
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours
without number :
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he stands.

III.
I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle, grow broader and
higher ;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to
rags ;
And his money still wastes, till he starves or
he begs.

IV.

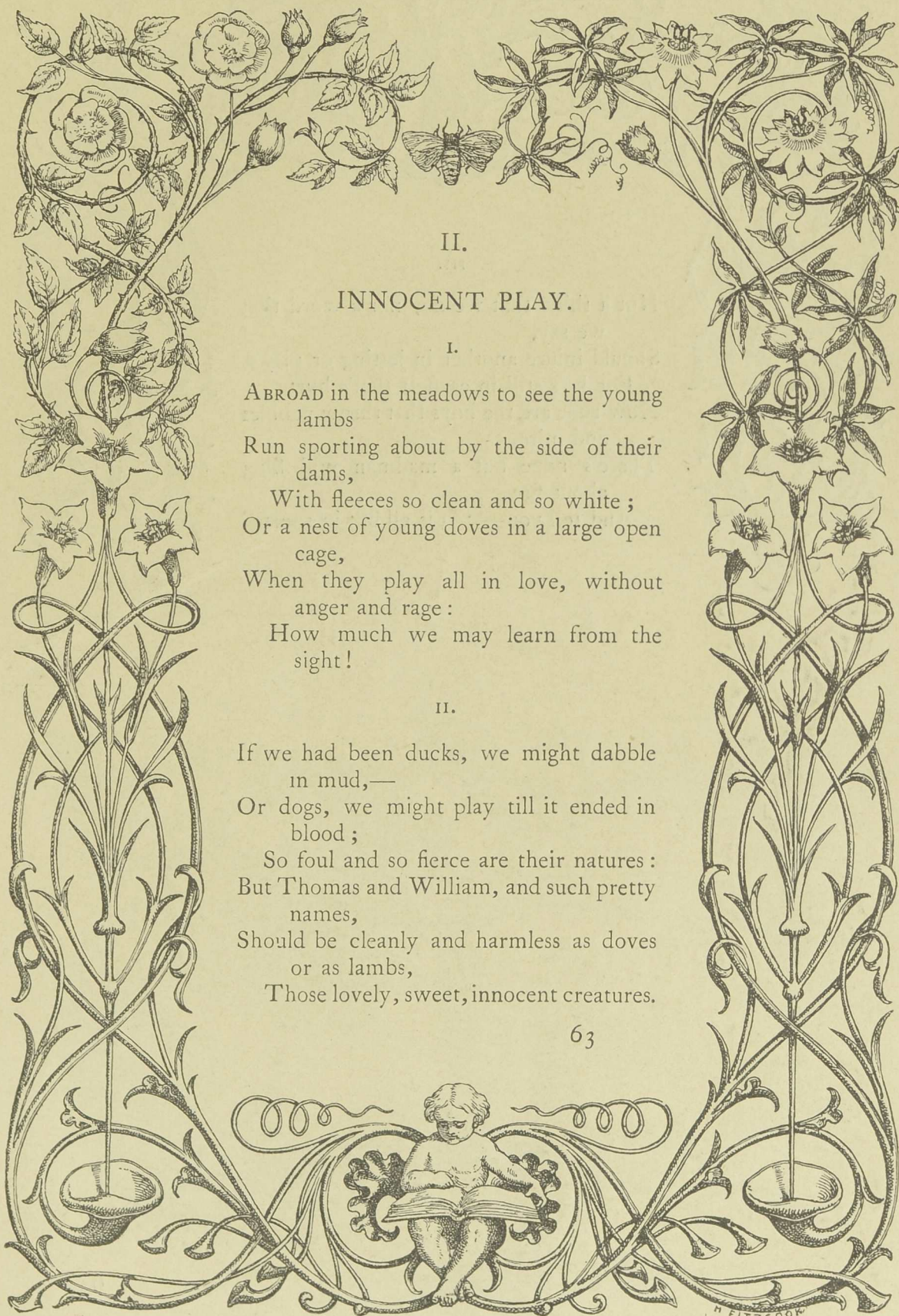
I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his
mind :
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and
drinking ;
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves
thinking.

V.

Said I then to my heart, " Here's a lesson for
me :
This man's but a picture of what I might be ;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my
breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and
reading."







II.

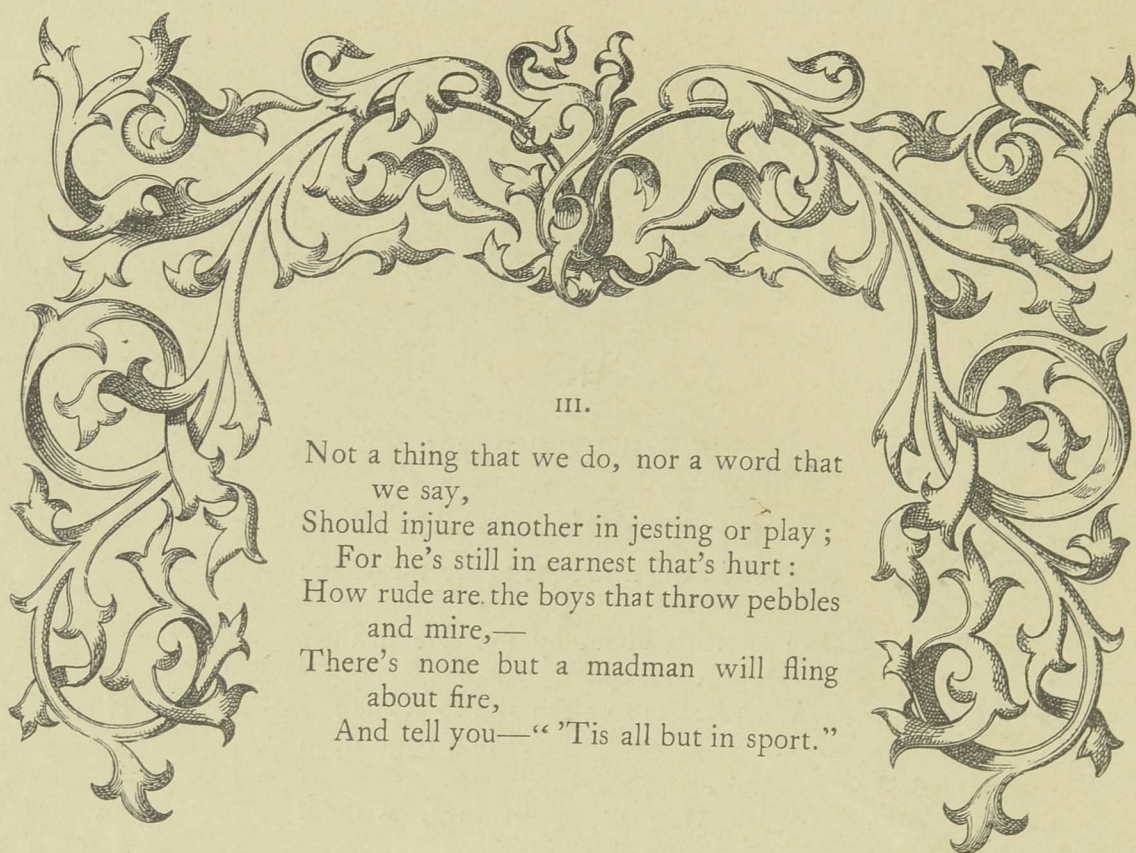
INNOCENT PLAY.

I.

ABROAD in the meadows to see the young
lams
Run sporting about by the side of their
dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white ;
Or a nest of young doves in a large open
cage,
When they play all in love, without
anger and rage :
How much we may learn from the
sight !

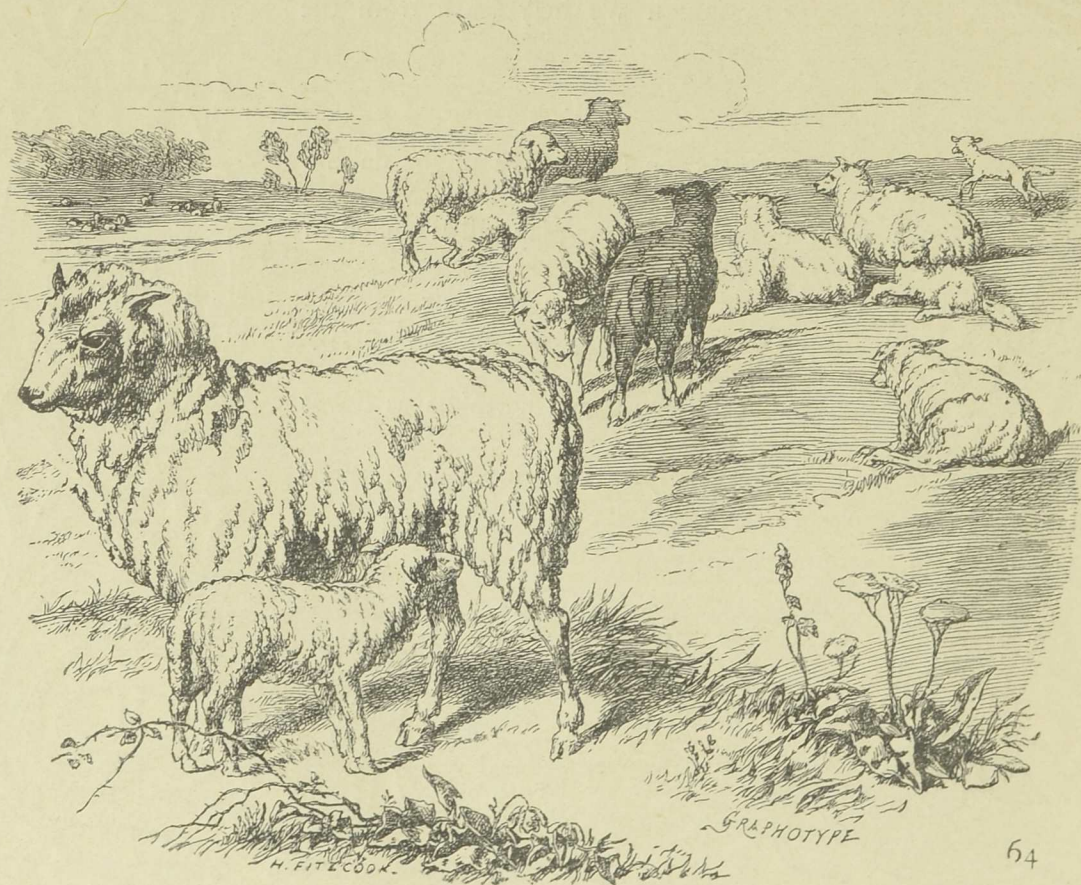
II.

If we had been ducks, we might dabble
in mud,—
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in
blood ;
So foul and so fierce are their natures :
But Thomas and William, and such pretty
names,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves
or as lambs,
Those lovely, sweet, innocent creatures.



III.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that
we say,
Should injure another in jesting or play ;
For he's still in earnest that's hurt :
How rude are the boys that throw pebbles
and mire,—
There's none but a madman will fling
about fire,
And tell you—" 'Tis all but in sport."





III.
THE ROSE.

I.

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower!
The glory of April and May;
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

II.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast
Above all the flowers of the field:
When its leaves are all dead, and fine
colours are lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

III.

So frail is the youth and the beauty of man,
Though they bloom and look gay like a
rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

IV.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my
beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.



IV.

THE THIEF.

I.

WHY should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder or to steal.

II.

'Tis a foolish self-deceiving
By such tricks to hope for gain;
All that's ever got by thieving
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

III.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their sad profit to compute ;
To what dismal state they brought us,
When they stole forbidden fruit ?

IV.

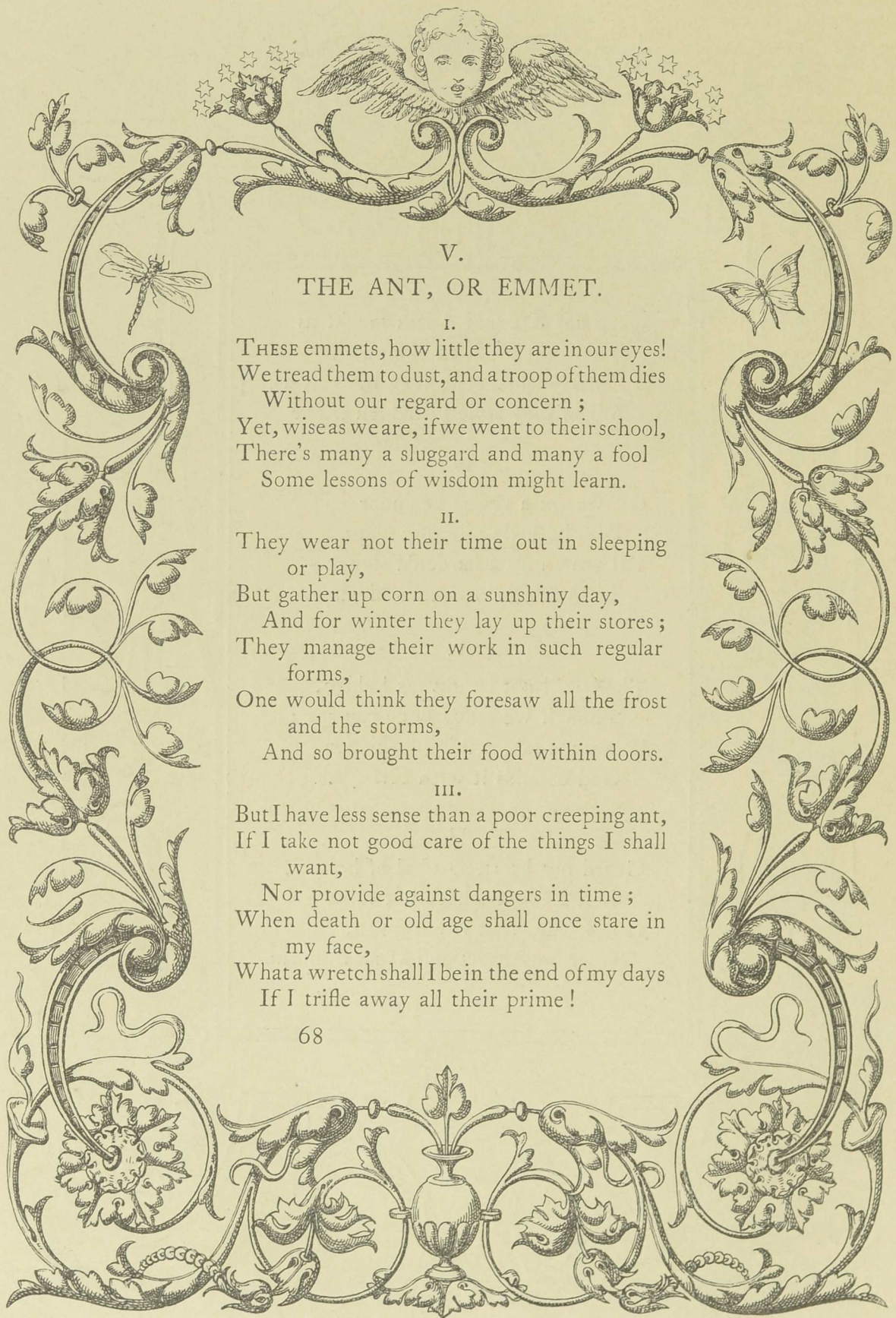
Oft we see a young beginner
Practise little pilfering ways,
Till grown up a harden'd sinner—
Then the gallows ends his days.

V.

Theft will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can spy ;
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with His eye.

VI.

Guard my heart, O God of heaven,
Lest I covet what's not mine ;
Lest I take what is not given,
Guard my heart and hands from sin.



V.

THE ANT, OR EMMET.

I.

THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes!
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies
Without our regard or concern ;
Yet, wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There's many a sluggard and many a fool
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

II.

They wear not their time out in sleeping
or play,
But gather up corn on a sunshiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores ;
They manage their work in such regular
forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frost
and the storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

III.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not good care of the things I shall
want,
Nor provide against dangers in time ;
When death or old age shall once stare in
my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days
If I trifle away all their prime !



IV.

Now, now, while my strength and my
youth are in bloom,
Let me think what shall serve me when
sickness shall come,
And pray that my sins be forgiven:
Let me read in good books, and believe, and
obey,
That when death turns me out of this
cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.



VI.
GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

I.

THOUGH I'm now in younger days,
Nor can tell what shall befall me,
I'll prepare for every place
Where my growing age shall call me.

II.

Should I e'er be rich or great,
Others shall partake my goodness :
I'll supply the poor with meat,
Never showing scorn or rudeness.

III.

Where I see the blind or lame,
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them ;
I deserve to feel the same,
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

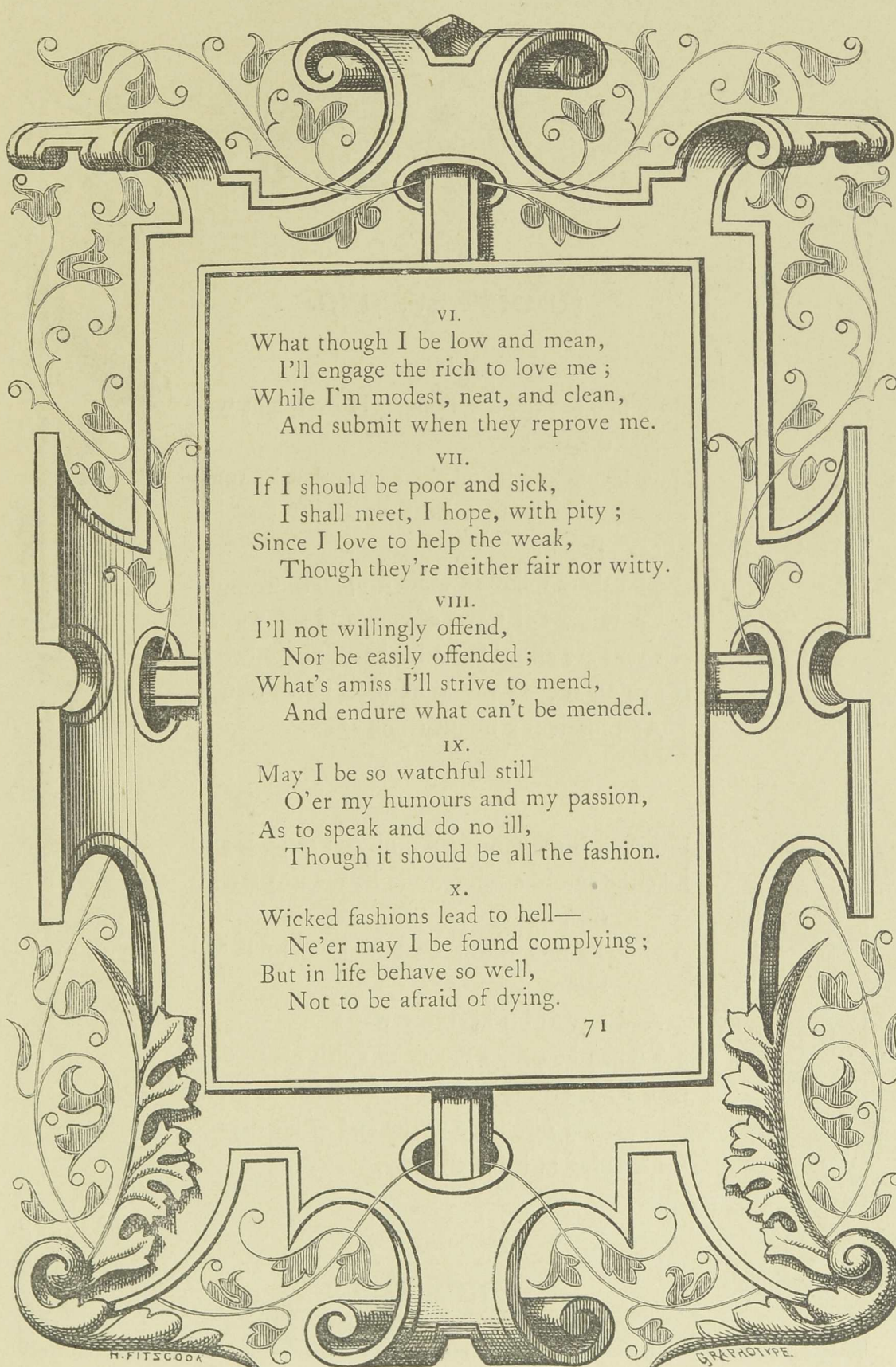
IV.

If I meet with railing tongues,
Why should I return their railing ?
Since I best revenge my wrongs
By my patience never failing.

V.

When I hear them telling lies,
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing ;
First I'll strive to make them wise,
Or I'll soon go out of hearing.





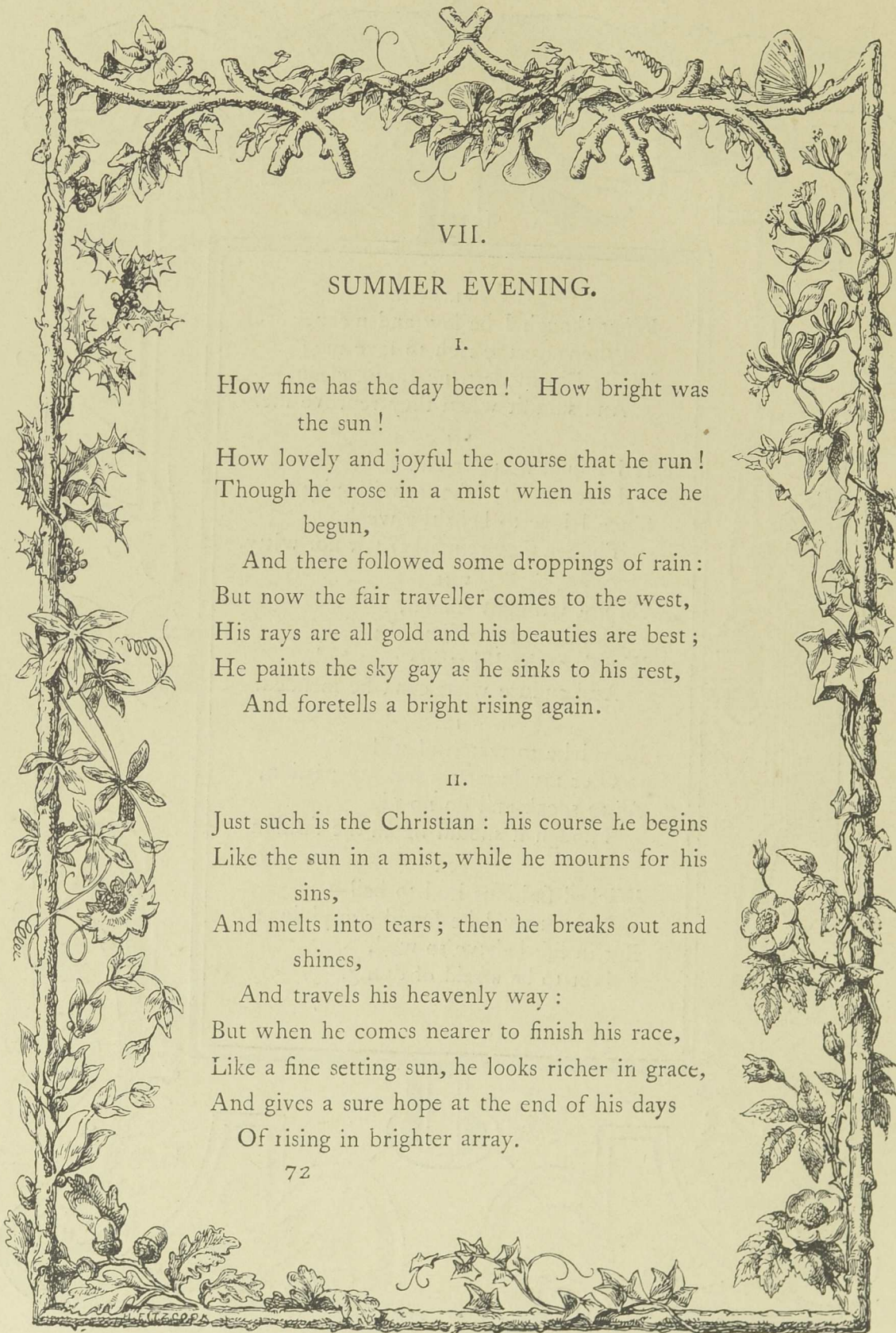
VI.
What though I be low and mean,
I'll engage the rich to love me ;
While I'm modest, neat, and clean,
And submit when they reprove me.

VII.
If I should be poor and sick,
I shall meet, I hope, with pity ;
Since I love to help the weak,
Though they're neither fair nor witty.

VIII.
I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended ;
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended.

IX.
May I be so watchful still
O'er my humours and my passion,
As to speak and do no ill,
Though it should be all the fashion.

X.
Wicked fashions lead to hell—
Ne'er may I be found complying ;
But in life behave so well,
Not to be afraid of dying.



VII.

SUMMER EVENING.

I.

How fine has the day been ! How bright was
the sun !

How lovely and joyful the course that he run !
Though he rose in a mist when his race he
begun,

And there followed some droppings of rain :
But now the fair traveller comes to the west,
His rays are all gold and his beauties are best ;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

II.

Just such is the Christian : his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his
sins,

And melts into tears ; then he breaks out and
shines,

And travels his heavenly way :
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days
Of rising in brighter array.





VIII.

CRADLE HYMN.

I.

HUSH, my dear, lie still and slumber ;
Holy angels guard thy bed :
Heavenly blessings, without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

II.

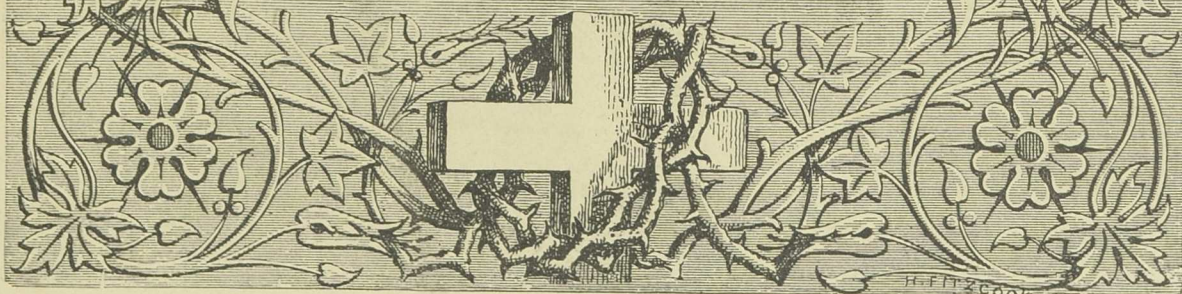
Sleep, my babe ; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide ;
And, without thy care or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

III.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee !

IV.

Soft and easy is thy cradle ;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birth-place was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.





V.

Blessed Babe ! what glorious features !
Spotless fair, Divinely bright !
Must He dwell with brutal creatures ?
How could angels bear the sight ?

VI.

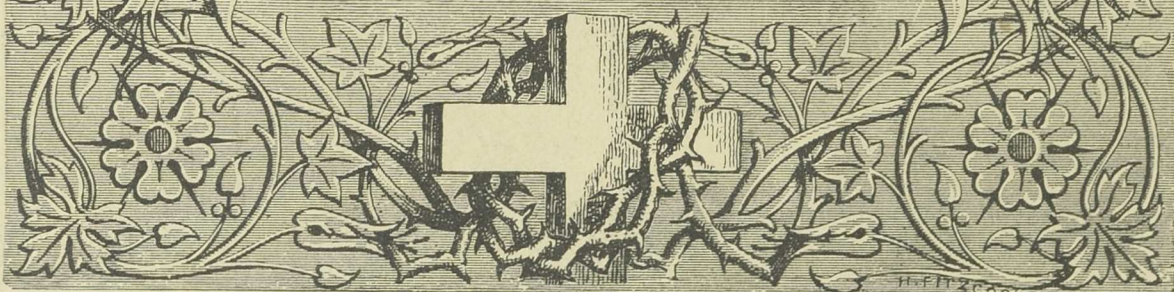
Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly Stranger ?
Did they thus affront the Lord ?

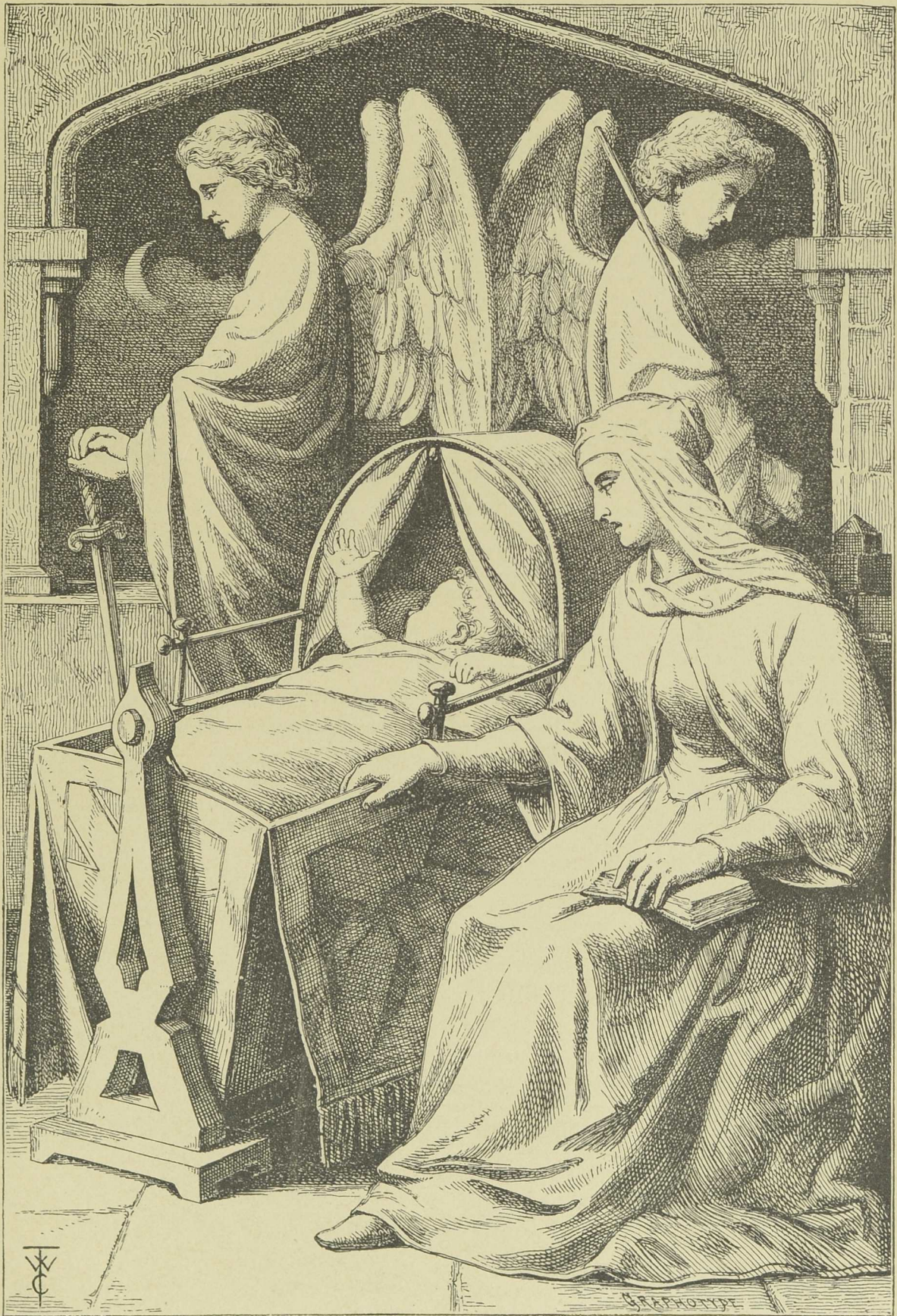
VII.

Soft, my child ; I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard ;
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

VIII.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abused their King,
How they served the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.







IX.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky ;
Where they sought Him, there they found
Him,
With His virgin mother by.

X.

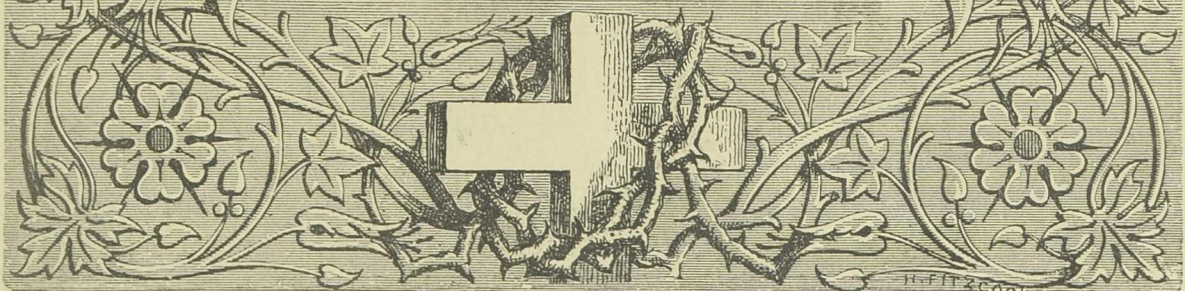
See the lovely babe a-dressing,—
Lovely Infant, how He smiled !
When He wept, the mother's blessing
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy Child.

XI.

Lo ! He slumbers in the manger,
Where the horned oxen fed !—
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
'There's no ox a-near Thy bed.

XII.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.





XIII.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise.

XIV.

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.



London: Levey & Co., Printers, Great New Street, Fetter Lane, E.C.

