

Jane Humby  
her Book.

March<sup>the</sup> 26 1806

the gift of Mrs Parker

Jane Humby  
her Book.

54

1863



*MORAL SONGS,*  
FOR THE  
INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT  
OF  
CHILDREN;

INTENDED AS A COMPANION TO

DR. WATTS'S  
*DIVINE SONGS.*

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By JOHN OAKMAN, and OTHERS.

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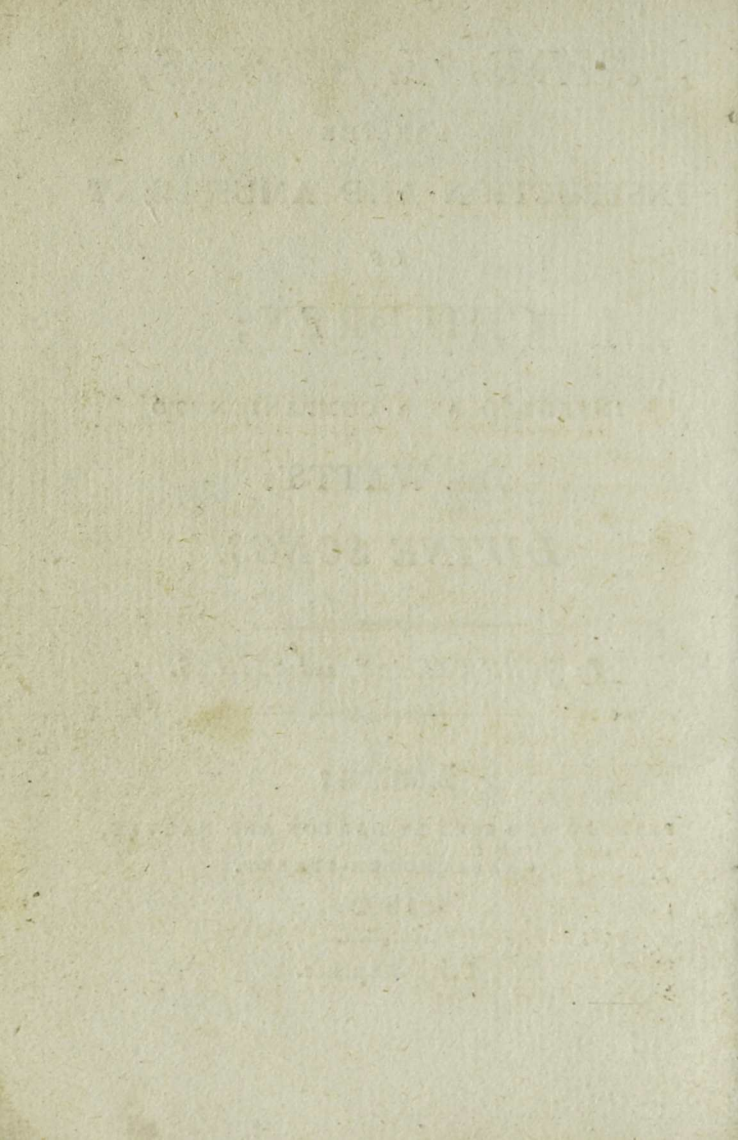
London:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY DARTON AND HARVEY,  
GRACECHURCH-STREET.

1802

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Price Sixpence.



## INTRODUCTION.

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WHOEVER follows the manner of another who has been happy in any particular way, however successful he may prove in his labours, will only gain the servile name of an imitator.

A man so eminent as Dr. Watts has been in his Hymns and Moral Songs, for the edification of children, it must be granted, there is little hopes of following with much success.

The facility of his numbers, his knowledge of the Divine Scriptures, his attention to the duty he was called to as a clergyman, and his sincere regard to the flock over whom he was an appointed shepherd, no doubt, must have placed him first in this useful and truly instructive method of writing.

But, as he has declared himself, there is much room left to proceed in the same way, and has in a manner exhorted others to pursue his ideas, the Author of this little book hopes to be excused for the attempt, if not applauded.

There cannot exist any religion without morality; therefore, to mingle it in an easy manner, so as to be understood by infant minds, must be right, and

the intention excuse the faintness of the performance. The formal practice of religion is easy, but the real knowledge of it not so soon attainable; therefore, morality may be used like a ladder, for young minds to climb, till they are capable of understanding more sublime truths.

I would have it understood, that the present performance is not confined to any particular sect, but in general, that the good of all denominations may safely recommend it to their children. That it may amuse and edify, for which it was intended, is the sincere wish of

THE EDITOR.



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# MORAL SONGS, &c.

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## 1. *The Careful Boy.*

- 1 **T**HE boy that is careful will rise in the  
morn,  
With pleasure behold the new day,  
While dew drops, like di'monds, are seen  
on each thorn,  
And the woodlark is heard from the  
spray.
- 2 He is careful to learn, as it is for his  
good,  
All that virtue and prudence can give,  
With care too he tries, as a pretty boy  
shou'd,  
No one in the world to deceive.
- 3 Tho' humble his station, perhaps in a cot,  
With innocence still he is found,  
He is careful his Maker is seldom forgot,  
And that care with contentment is  
crown'd.

- 4 Thus, thankful for favours by night and  
by day,  
Each blessing he finds to increase ;  
His moments, like down on the air, fleet  
away, [peace.  
And his end will be crowned with

2. *The careless Boy.*

- 1 **T**HE boy that is careless will never be  
good,  
Since idly he passes his time ;  
Not learning, nor minding his book as  
he should,  
And that is a very bad crime.
- 2 Though the cry of fair wisdom is heard  
in the streets,  
He foolishly heeds not her voice ;  
But loiters his time with each truant he  
meets,  
For wisdom is seldom his choice.
- 3 Such a boy you will shun, and will go on  
to school,  
And there you will learn to be wise,  
For a boy that is careless will sure be a  
fool ;  
And so will go on till he dies.



3. *Sickness.*

- 1 **W**HEN I sorrowing lay on my bed,  
     Afflicted with sickness and pain ;  
 When health from my countenance fled,  
     Then oft was I heard to complain.
- 2 How faintly I then drew my breath,  
     I thought that my last hour was nigh ;  
 I fancy'd the form of grim death  
     In terror appear'd to my eye.
- 3 Yet comfort I found to my mind,  
     Hope gave me a beam of her joy,  
 That happiness still I might find,  
     As I'd not been a very bad boy.
- 4 Let goodness be found in each breast,  
     Since all must submit to their fate ;  
 And you will be sure to be blest,  
     Let your period be early or late.

4. *Recovery.*

- 1 **N**O more I languish, fret, and sigh,  
     Returning health I find,  
 Lustre again re'lumes my eye,  
     And pleasure swells my mind.

- 2 I pray'd to him who gave me breath,  
 He kindly heard my pray'r,  
 Reliev'd me from disease and death,  
 Freed me from ev'ry care.
- 3 Humbly to him, then let me bend,  
 And adoration pay,  
 Who was my guardian and my friend  
 In life's uncertain day.
- 4 My infant voice to him I'll raise  
 At morning, noon, and night;  
 His merits still shall be my praise,  
 My joy, and my delight.

5. *The Bird's Nest*

- 1 **H**OW sweet the birds are heard to sing,  
 To hail the glad return of spring;  
 How sweet resounds the vocal grove,  
 The voice of harmony and love.
- 2 How neat their mossy nest is made,  
 How carefully the eggs are laid;  
 Among the shady verdant boughs,  
 With what sweet joy each bosom glows.

- 3 Keep far away, each little boy,  
And neither bird nor nest destroy;  
It is a wicked, base design,  
Then let not such a crime be thine.
- 4 Nor take the tender unfledg'd brood,  
Such cruelty can do no good;  
But cull the flowrets of the field,  
A harmless pleasure that will yield.

6. *The Star-light Night.*

- 1 BEHOLD the starry firmament,  
How wonderful! how bright!  
By the Almighty's hand o'erspread,  
To cheer the darksome night.
- 2 How brilliant every star to view!  
How glorious to behold!  
Let goodness shine as bright in you,  
In virtue's cause be bold.
- Consider learning as a star,  
Take wisdom for your guide,  
And o'er each little boy and girl,  
Let virtue still preside.

- 4 By wisdom's laws the starry skies  
 Were evidently plann'd,  
 Then praise the great Creator's name,  
 Who form'd them with his hand.

7. *The happy Child.*

- 1 **I** Love my book, yet sometimes play,  
 Tho' neither rude nor wild,  
 But with good boys and girls I stay,  
 And am a happy child.
- 2 By lime twigs, on a day I saw  
 A little bird beguil'd,  
 I set it free—it flew away,  
 I was a happy child.
- 3 I saw a poor man at the door,  
 A penny gave, and smil'd;  
 He was quite thankful for my store,  
 Wish'd me a happy child.
- 4 I once was told I must do good,  
 In words so sweet and mild,  
 And that way have I yet persu'd,  
 To be a happy child.



8. *Spring.*

- 1 **N**OW winter gives way to the spring,  
What music is heard in the grove!  
The wood-lark and linnet now sing,  
And soft is the coo of the dove.
- 2 The blackbird is heard in the bush,  
The goldfinch too, sings on the spray,  
And, wide o'er the meadows, the thrush  
Charms the ear with its musical lay.
- 3 How charming each prospect around,  
The violet blooms in the shade;  
And many sweet flowers are found  
By nature most finely display'd.
- 4 The lambkins frisk over the plain,  
With innocent pastimes are gay,  
And happy each nymph, and each swain,  
To hail the return of the May.
- 5 Like birds I will sing and rejoice,  
As blithe as the lambkins I'll be,  
And praise, with my heart and my voice,  
My God, who so kind is to me.



*Published by W.Darton & T.Harvey. Sept. 30. 1802.*

6 Since youth is the spring time of life,  
In learning, that time I'll employ,  
And while I shun envy and strife  
I hope I shall be a good boy.

7 And when this gay season is o'er,  
I shall not have cause to relent;  
If I've laid up of knowledge a store,  
My time it has not been mispent.



9. *Summer.*

1 **H**OW bright is the sun when on high!  
How sweet is the new-scatter'd hay,  
How still and how warm is the sky,  
What beauties the flowrets display.

2 How benevolent, kind, and how good,  
The Author of all I behold,  
'Tis he that supplies us with food;  
His bounty can never be told.



- 3 Tho' weary with labour and toil,  
 The thirsty swain trudges along,  
 His honesty makes him to smile,  
 And the valley resounds with his song.
- 4 How clear is the murmuring-stream,  
 To bathe in the heat of the day ;  
 But listen good boys to my theme,  
 Attentively mind what I say.
- 5 Beware of the water, beware,  
 Tho' refreshing and cool to each limb,  
 Nor venture too far, but take care  
 Lest you sink when intending to swim.
- 6 How many thro' rashness had died,  
 Indeed, to appearance were dead ;  
 But HAWES, with humanity tried,  
 And banish'd each fond parent's dread.
- 7 How noble, how great, is his plan,  
 His object alone is to save,  
 Applause must be due to the man  
 Who snatches you thus from the grave.





10. *Autumn.*

1 THE corn fields are waving with gold,  
The orchards abundance display,  
How bright is the sun to behold;  
Intense is the heat of the day.

2 The peach that's so dainty and fine,  
The apricot sweet to the taste,  
The clusters that burthen the vine,  
All furnish a cooling repast.

- 3 To my God let me raise up my song,  
 Who scatter'd these blessings around,  
 'Tis he that each good does prolong,  
 With him ev'ry pleasure is found.
- 5 Still humble, O let me be known,  
 And thankful for all I receive;  
 Autumn fruits then my wishes will crown,  
 While my Maker I trust and believe.

11. *Winter.*

- 1 **B**LEAK winter in storms now appears,  
 And leafless is seen ev'ry tree;  
 The frost like old age with grey hairs,  
 In every prospect we see.
- 2 Yet youth is as gay as the spring,  
 And after new pleasures will rove,  
 On the ice, like the birds on the wing,  
 In sliding their skill they will prove.
- 3 Yet, brittle the path which they tread,  
 And suddenly, crack goes the ice!  
 The water flows over the head,  
 And life may be lost in a trice.

- 4 Forbear than the dangerous play,  
 Take caution before 'tis too late ;  
 This moment is cheerful and gay,  
 The next may be alter'd by fate.
- 5 Let me while I youth yet enjoy,  
 In the pleasure of learning engage ;  
 Let wisdom be all my employ,  
 To provide for the winter of age.
- 6 Let the seasons then circle around,  
 While thus I provide in my youth ;  
 With happiness I shall be crown'd,  
 Attended by prudence and truth.

12. *Universal Love.*

- 1 **T**O love your neighbour be inclin'd,  
 It always shews a gen'rous mind ;  
 Obey his universal call,  
 Who kindly gives his love to all.
- 2 Look round, see how he does dispense,  
 Throughout the world, benevolence ;  
 Attend the great Creator's plan,  
 And try to do the best you can.





- 3 Let charity with kind good will,  
With all her charms, attend you still ;  
All selfish notions drive away,  
And you'll be happy every day.
- 4 The greatest blessing from above,  
Is surely universal love ;  
'Tis that cements us all you'll find,  
Then love your playmates and be kind,



13. *The Sea.*

- 1 **H**OW calm is the ocean, delightful  
to view,  
Extended how far, and how wide,  
And the sky, which now beams with a  
beautiful blue,  
Reflected you see in the tide.
- 2 But, lo! how the prospect is seen to decay,  
The clouds, and the winds now arise,  
What darkness at once overshadows the  
day,  
And the billows now foam to the skies.
- 3 Attend, my good boy, and the moral you'll  
find,  
Which is by the ocean express :  
The storm is the passions, which alter the  
mind,  
The sunshine the calm of the breast.
- 4 Let wisdom and prudence be always  
your guide,  
The dark clouds of vice keep away,  
And you may be happy by sea and by  
land,  
To enjoy the bright beams of the day.



14. *House of Mirth.*

1 I PASS'D by a house where I heard a  
loud din  
Of music, and singing, Mirth tempted me  
in ;  
As you know that most children to mirth  
are inclin'd,  
I thought that some pleasure I surely  
should find ;  
But soon as I enter'd, and look'd round  
the hall,  
I found it was Folly that kept up the ball.



2 There Vanity, deck'd with the flowrets  
of May,  
Delusive and wanton, her charms did  
display ;  
And many, the dupes of her whim, or  
her pride,  
Were laughing the moments away by her  
side ;  
I soon saw she beckon'd me forth to ad-  
vance,  
To join in the song, or to trip in the dance.



3 But prudence, and virtue, who kept at  
     my side,  
 In a whisper, more pleasing, thus tenderly  
     cried :  
 From the maxims of wisdom, fond child,  
     never stray,  
 Tho' flow'ry the path, yet deceitful the  
     way ;  
 Hold the gay hour of mirth, and of folly  
     in scorn,  
 And you'll gather the rose without feel-  
     ing the thorn.

4 I quitted the mansion, and happily went  
 Thro' the true path of Joy, to the Cot of  
     Content,  
 There innocent pleasure, and pastime I  
     found,  
 And flowrets more lovely enliven'd the  
     ground :  
 No more to the house of gay Folly I'll  
     roam,  
 But serenely I'll stay with fair virtue at  
     home.



15. *House of Sorrow.*

- 1 **A**S yet but a child,  
 Nor by passion beguil'd,  
 I knew not a thought of to-morrow;  
 On a sudden I found,  
 That I heard a sad sound, [row.  
 Which came from the mansion of sor-
- 2 I thought, simple lad,  
 All within must be mad,  
 For weeping and sighing so long:  
 By night and by day,  
 Thus to pass time away,  
 Must certainly be very wrong.
- 3 But when I went in,  
 I found for past sin,  
 They now did lament and bewail;  
 This, this, was their grief,  
 And past hope of relief,  
 If repentance should never prevail.
- 4 To myself then I said,  
 Now the harm I've survey'd,  
 May sin never bring me to sorrow:  
 From vice I will fly,  
 And to virtue draw nigh,  
 That I may be happy to-morrow.



- 1 **S**TOUT labour I saw, as he went to  
his work,  
So cheerfully over the dale,  
In his mouth was a pipe, in one hand  
was a fork,  
At his back hung his wallet and flail.
- 2 Ruddy health in his countenance seem'd  
to have place,  
For his mind was a stranger to care;  
Contentment was seated, I saw, in his  
face:  
Such happiness who would not share.



3 He brush'd off the dew as he pass'd on  
his way,  
Which spangled the grass in the morn,  
To the barn then he went, without fur-  
ther delay,  
To thresh, for his living, the corn.

4 How industrious he labours from morn-  
ing to night,  
So happy is he with his lot,  
And after his toil, he returns with delight,  
To his cleanly old dame, and his cot.



5 If industry thus can give health--what  
a prize!

I now will resolve in my mind,  
Like him in the morning to labour I'll  
rise,

To work at my book be inclin'd.

6 The corn of fair knowledge I then shall  
obtain,

And winnow the chaff far away;

I shall find that it will not be labour in  
vain,

Nor work without profit or pay.

17. *Idleness.*

1 **I**N holiday time, when I'd got leave to  
play,

As a boy I went rambling about,

I look'd at each place which I found in  
my way,

And peep'd through each window, no  
doubt.

2 In a hut like a hog's sty, a figure I saw,  
't look'd like--I cannot tell what;

Surrounded with filthiness, dirt, and wet  
straw,

When a man I beheld there was fat.





3 Half asleep, half awake, half naked and  
poor,

At first, how I pity'd his case;  
I was told he was idle, and then, to be  
sure,  
I thought him to man a disgrace.

4 The summer was smiling, all nature was  
gay,

And work then was plenty around;  
Yet lazy and nasty he there chose to lay,  
And wallow, like pigs, on the ground.

- 5 I will not be idle, for that is a crime  
 Which nourishes sloth and disease;  
 But industrious in learning what's good,  
 pass my time,  
 Then God and my friends I shall please.

18. *The contented Child.*

- 1 **H**OW pleasing the child who is al-  
 ways content,  
 Who never for trifles is known to lament,  
 But cheerfully ever receives what is given,  
 And by his obedience is meriting heav'n.

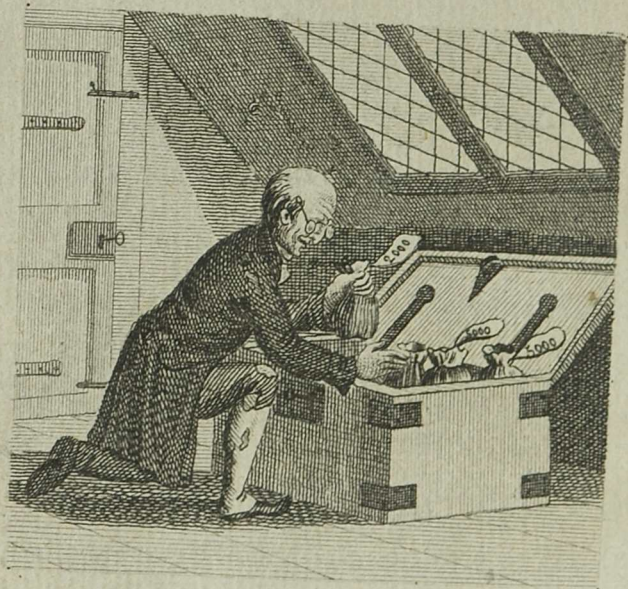
- 2 He never finds fault with his drink or  
 his food,  
 But cheerfully takes what is sent him as  
 good;  
 Is thankful for all, and with sweet smil-  
 ing face,  
 Repeats in his mind an acceptable grace.

- 3 He is pleas'd with his book, in instruction  
 delights,  
 And happily passes his days and his nights;  
 If it rains, or it shines, or it snows, or it  
 hails,  
 He never repines at what weather pre-  
 vails.

19. *The Miser.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the miser at his box,  
 With careful eye his gold unlocks;  
 With so much store, the wretched elf,  
 To save a penny, starves himself.
- 2 And if the hapless and the poor,  
 With lamentations crowd his door;  
 He heeds them not, or turns the key,  
 Or sternly bids them, "go away!"
- 3 No widow's thanks, no orphan's pray'r,  
 His churlish soul will ever share;  
 No friend, no child, will e'er come nigh,  
 Alone, he with his gold may die.
- 4 Unthinking man, thy gold is dross,  
 Thy earthly gain, eternal loss;  
 By times then let thy guineas fly,  
 For goodness, and for charity.
- 5 Be humble, seek for heavenly love,  
 And let thy riches be above;  
 A precious store thou there wilt find,  
 Above all earthly ore refin'd.





6 Whate'er thy lot, whate'er thy store,  
Give what thou canst, there's ask'd no  
more ;

O ! think how once the widow's mite,  
Her Saviour view'd with great delight.

O ! Lord, then let my infant mind  
Be to sweet charity inclin'd,  
Then blessings will to me be given,  
And point the flow'ry path to heaven.



20. *On the Crowing of a Cock.*

- 1 **H**ARK how the cock with sprightly  
note,  
Crows loudly, shrill, and gay!  
And the brisk sounds that strain his throat,  
Foretel approaching day.
- 2 Tho' then surrounding darkness reigns,  
Soon will the shadow fly,  
And light adorn the cheerful plains  
With beauty from the sky.
- 3 This makes the crowing of the cock  
So grateful to the ear,  
Like music from a tuneful clock,  
To tell that pleasure's near.
- 4 Th' industrious swain, to labour bred,  
Hears his exciting sound,  
And soon he leaves his softer bed,  
To cultivate the ground.
- 5 The restless man, oppress'd with grief,  
That longs to see the morn,  
From this kind herald finds relief,  
And waits its bright return.



6 Whilst I this watchful bird admire,  
Let me some lesson learn,  
To early diligence aspire,  
In ev'ry good concern.

7 And though disheart'ning scenes should  
rise,  
Let not my courage fail,  
But brighten under gloomy skies,  
And o'er the shades prevail.



*St. The Boy and the Butterfly.*

- 1 **T**HE sun his warmest beams display'd,  
And cattle sought the cooler shade;  
When little Charles to school was sent,  
And cheerfully the scholar went.
- 2 But walking through a verdant mead,  
With flow'ry beauties overspread,  
The child beheld, with eager eyes,  
A pretty butterfly arise.



- 3 Its wings were richly streak'd and gay,  
Like speckled pride of blooming May;  
The boy to seize the prize made haste,  
And long the charming insect chace'd.
- 4 And now it lighted on a flower,  
And seem'd as just within his power;  
Then gave a sudden active spring,  
And soar'd and glitter'd on the wing.
- 5 While thus the fond deluded boy,  
Sought to obtain his painted joy;  
He tir'd his little busy feet,  
And gain'd but weariness and sweat.
- 6 Besides, the time so far was gone,  
He was afraid to venture on;  
He durst not see his master's face,  
Nor answer for his silly chace.
- 7 Thus, persons more advanc'd in years,  
When some delusive charm appears;  
Forget their great and main design,  
And with the fond proposal join.



- 8 Though matters of the greatest weight,  
 Call for a present wise debate,  
 They after glittering trifles fly,  
 That still deceive, though ever nigh.

23. *Upon waking out of a frightful Dream.*

- 1 **H**OW grateful is the glad surprise,  
 That strikes my joyful soul ;  
 While cheerful day salutes my eyes,  
 And soft the minutes roll.
- 2 How was I frighted in my dream,  
 What anguish seiz'd my heart ;  
 Despair was then my only theme,  
 And racking was my smart.
- 3 Through gloomy woods I seem'd to stray,  
 Where threat'ning terror reign'd ;  
 And savage monsters round my way,  
 Perpetual watch maintain'd.
- 4 Just ready then to be devour'd,  
 I gave myself for lost ;  
 When morning beauties round me pour'd,  
 And peaceful was the coast.

- 5 Happy, if thus in real life  
     Our pain would pass away,  
 When we are plung'd in scenes of strife,  
     Or brought to sad decay.
- 6 But sorrow claims a greater share  
     Of all our wakeful hours ;  
 Presses the soul with longer fear,  
     And ruffles all its pow'rs
- 7 Yet Providence sometimes appears,  
     Swift to the suff'ers aid,  
 And shews a train of brighter years  
     Behind the moving shade.
- 8 Then, as the darkness disappears,  
     When light remounts the skies,  
 Reviving thoughts dispel their fears,  
     And all their anguish dies.

23. *The Folly of Envy.*

- 1 **W**HY should pale envy rack my breast  
     To see my brother shine ?  
 Should wit or learning break my rest  
     By far transcending mine ?

- 2 The very charms we should admire,  
Make this vile passion rise ;  
And loveliest objects of desire,  
Offend and pain our eyes.
- 3 In other vices pleasure smiles,  
And captivates the heart ;  
But here malignant venom kills ;  
Tormenting is the smart.
- 4 The man that fondly harbours this,  
Admits a guest unkind ;  
That soon will spoil his former bliss,  
And ruffle all his mind.
- 5 The satisfaction he can gain,  
Must rise from scenes of woe ;  
He triumphs at his neighbour's pain,  
When tears should rather flow.
- 6 But if prosperity attends  
The envy'd object long,  
He pines, like discontented friends ;  
His pangs of grief are strong.

- 7 Then let us shun this odious stain,  
Which pierces to the heart;  
And makes the subjects of its reign,  
With grief and pain to smart.

24. *The deceitful Brook.*

- 1 A SPRIGHTLY boy, fatigu'd with heat,  
Did to a neighb'ring brook retreat;  
Where oft he'd seen the waters flow,  
And pretty pebbles shine below.
- 2 But when arriv'd, with sad surprise,  
He saw no bubbling current rise;  
No liquid treasure could be found,  
Nor lovely springs enrich'd the ground.
- 3 The fervour of a summer's sky,  
And constant heat, had drain'd it dry;  
And no remains at all appear'd,  
Of that which once had cool'd and cheer'd.
- 4 How oft, said he, have I beheld,  
Thy banks o'erflow'd, thy waters swell'd;  
And with a rapid torrent pass,  
O'er rising flow'rs and springing grass.



- 5 But now I thirst, and long in vain,  
 Thy timely favours to obtain ;  
 Thy transient streams are sure unkind,  
 They have not left one drop behind.
- 6 So fickle friends withdraw their aid,  
 When fortune's favours are decay'd ;  
 When all our smiling hours are gone,  
 And sharp adversity comes on.
- 7 All mortal joys are apt to fade,  
 Like hasty rills that wash the glade ;  
 Or gushing brooks, that, fill'd with rain,  
 Rush on awhile, and sink again.

25. *The Rainbow.*

- 1 SEE how the rainbow richly shines,  
 And smiles upon the storm !  
 While sunbeams all its arch define,  
 And pleasing colours form.
- 2 What lovely mixtures here we see,  
 Of red, of blue, and green ;  
 And various dyes of light agree,  
 To paint the gaudy scene.

- 3 Yet soon its lustre will decay,  
    Its glittering beauty fade,  
Like streaks that make the morning gay,  
    And glance across the glade.
- 4 Thus fly the scenes that charm our sight,  
    And flatter young desire,  
At first they shed a pleasant light,  
    And set our souls on fire.
- 5 But while transported thus we gaze,  
    It leaves our longing eyes ;  
While we march o'er the flow'ry place,  
    The withering herbage dies.
- 6 Honour, with all its pompous train,  
    Flees like a midnight dream ;  
Then sounding titles prove but vain,  
    And fame of small esteem.
- 7 Riches may make a glittering show,  
    Yet soon they stretch their wings ;  
And softest pleasures here below,  
    Fly off, and leave their stings.

8 Friendship's the most substantial bliss  
 That earth pretends to yield ;  
 Yet there we satisfaction miss,  
 Nor are our hopes fulfill'd.

9 Death, with a sharp surprising stroke,  
 Can dearest friends divide ;  
 Then all the lovely scheme is broke,  
 And sorrow swells her tide.

26 *On relieving a necessitous Person.*

1 **W**HAT various changes do we see  
 Who live beneath th' inconstant  
 moon ;  
 Riches, like changing shadows flee,  
 And vanish from our grasp as soon.

2 This very man, whom I reliev'd,  
 In fair prosperity has shone ;  
 How must his wounded soul be griev'd,  
 How sharp necessity comes on.

3 Perhaps some unexpected blow,  
 Has brought him thus to sad decay ;  
 The sudden, the surprising woe,  
 Took all his sprightly airs away.

- 4 Or say the worst ; that he has liv'd  
 At too profuse and loose a rate ;  
 Or else the wretch might still have thriv'd,  
 And flourish'd in his large estate.
- 5 Yet nature makes a tender plea,  
 For persons overwhelm'd with grief ;  
 The human mind from pain to free,  
 And give the drooping soul relief.
- 6 I would not turn away my eyes,  
 Nor treat the desolate with scorn ;  
 A thousand sorrows may arise,  
 And make the bravest man forlorn.
- 7 Yet let me keep a constant guard  
 Against expensive, sensual mirth,  
 Whose charms have multitudes ensnar'd,  
 And brought them low to grief and  
 earth.

27. *The Parrot.*

- 1 A PARROT in a gilded cage,  
 Near a broad window stately hung ;  
 An active boy of tender age,  
 Took mighty pleasure in his tongue.



2 So prettily this bird would talk,  
 And cry, "Good morrow, and good  
 night:"

Young James about the hall would walk,  
 And hear him prate with vast delight.

3 Sure, cry'd the fond transported boy,  
 There never was a voice more sweet;  
 Thy merry accents give me joy,  
 And ev'ry sound thou dost repeat.

4 His elder brother coming by  
 Observ'd with pleasure all his mirth;  
 And smiling, asked a reason why,  
 He thought the bird had so much  
 worth?

5 The bird, says James, it does rehearse  
 Each pointed sentence with an air,  
 Can mimic either prose or verse;  
 Besides, it looks exceeding fair.

6 Just thus, his brother soon reply'd,  
 Some comely lads at school will look;  
 Their tongues will o'er their lessons glide,  
 Yet they know little of their book.

- 7 With words and sounds they idly play,  
 But never exercise the mind :  
 Such talents as these boys display,  
 In gaudy parrots we may find.

28. *The Folly of Drunkenness.*

- 1 'TIS the voice of some drunkards! now  
 let us attend,  
 To see how confusion and clamour will  
 end ;  
 With features distorted and brains set on  
 fire,  
 They reel round the room, and more  
 liquor require.
- 2 Each thinks himself wiser than ever be-  
 fore,  
 And the worse he's besotted he glories  
 the more.  
 He boasts of those actions that merit but  
 shame,  
 And discovers the vices which tarnish  
 his name.
- 3 Each latent corruption sprouts from him  
 apace,  
 And folly and impudence flush in his  
 face ;

He friendship abuses, and flights all advice,  
 Drives reason before him, exulting in  
 vice.

- 4 Though the wine in the bottle looks  
 charmingly red,  
 Yet it raises a tempest, and ruffles his  
 head;  
 So giddy, so fickle, he soon falls a prey  
 To the vilest delusions that come in his  
 way.

29. *The Glutton.*

- 1 THE voice of the glutton I heard with  
 disdain,  
 I've not eaten this hour, I must eat again;  
 O! give me a pudding, a pye, or a tart,  
 A duck, or a fowl, which I love from my  
 heart:  
 How sweet is the picking  
 Of capon or chicken;  
 A turkey and chine  
 Is most charming and fine;  
 To eat and to drink all my pleasure is  
 fill,  
 I care not what 'tis if I have but my fill.

2 O! let me not belike the glutton inclin'd,  
 In feasting my body, and starving my mind;  
 With moderate viands be thankful, and

pray

That the Lord may supply me with food  
 the next day :

Not always a craving,  
 With hunger still raving,  
 But little and sweet,  
 Be the food that I eat;

To learning and wisdom, O! let me  
 apply,

And leave to the glutton his pudding  
 and pie.



30. *The happy Disappointment.*

- 1 THE moon in clouded state arose,  
     No cheerful red adorn'd the east;  
 When William left his soft repose,  
     And soon the active lad was dress'd.
- 2 But when he saw the skies o'ercast,  
     And hollow winds presaged rain,  
 The boy repented of his haste,  
     And thought his rising but in vain.
- 3 "How can I go to school to day,  
     Thro' driving winds and stormy gales?  
 My safest plan is here to stay;  
     I find my resolution fails."
- 4 These words his careful parents heard,  
     And, as they thought his judgment  
         wrong,  
 With grave remonstrance soon appear'd,  
     And check'd the fallies of his tongue.
- 5 Their strict commands were on him laid,  
     No more to murmur or repine;  
 The youth with filial fear obey'd,  
     Nor waited for the sun to shine.

*Published as the Act directs. Sept.<sup>r</sup> 30. 1802.  
Will.<sup>m</sup> Darton & Jo<sup>s</sup> Harvey. London.*



- 6 Then, when arriv'd at school, he found  
Fresh entertainments sweetly rise,  
And every lesson did abound  
With new delight, and soft surprise.
- 7 His master, to reward his care,  
Gave him a book which richly shone;  
Thus, he that came with anxious fear,  
Return'd with pleasure seldom known.



31. *Danger of mispending Time.*

1 **H**OW craftily the spider weaves,  
And draws her slender threads !  
Yet sudden chance her hopes deceives,  
And spoils the nets she spreads.

2 Let me not spend my precious hours  
In trifling works like these ;  
But still employ my active pow'rs  
In what may truly please.



3 Let virtue be my chiefeſt care,  
 And learning my delight,  
 To make the day completely fair,  
 And gild the gloomy night.

4 Let my diverſions all be free  
 From miſchief and from guile,  
 So ſhall my play delightful be,  
 And ev'ry hour will ſmile.

5 If I miſpend this early time,  
 'Twill darken on review,  
 And the remembrance of this crime,  
 My penſive ſoul purſue.

6 But 'tis delicious to ſurvey  
 The years well-ſpent and paſt;  
 It makes the mind ſerene and gay,  
 And yields a rich repaſt.

7 Thus pleas'd th' induſtrious gard'ner ſees  
 Green plants his walks adorn,  
 And cluster'd fruits, which bend the trees,  
 And redden ev'ry morn.





32. *The Whipping Top.*

1 **S**EE the tops on the pavement, they  
twirl and they bound,  
And swift is the circuit they take on the  
ground ;  
The lads all pursuing, each doubles his  
blow,  
And the faster they scourge them, the  
better they go.

- 2 If once the whip ceases to urge its career,  
 The little gay plaything will heavy appear;  
 'Tis the lash, when well follow'd, that  
 makes them to spin,  
 And the boy that leaves striking, his  
 work's to begin.
- 3 Thus obstinate tempers will nothing perform,  
 Except that you drive them as fierce as  
 a storm;  
 With softest address use your utmost endeavour,  
 You'll labour in vain thus to mend them  
 for ever.
- 4 But the lad that is blest with a tractable  
 mind,  
 The better will grow when his master is  
 kind;  
 A word, or a look, is enough to excite  
 him,  
 And he ne'er gives occasion for tutors to  
 fright him.

33. *The Shepherd.*

- 1 THE morn in smiling purple rose,  
 And call'd the swain from sweet repose,  
 The dewy meads to trace ;  
 While glancing beams the mountains gild,  
 And shone on ev'ry rising field,  
 With a delightful grace.
- 2 A youth that tended flocks of sheep,  
 Left the soft charms of tempting sleep,  
 And sought the neighb'ring brook ;  
 There, while his charge was seeking grass,  
 He made his minutes smoothly pass,  
 By reading in a book.
- 3 Though poor and friendless here I sit,  
 With cheerful temper I submit  
 To this obscure retreat ;  
 Without desire I could survey,  
 The gems which make a crown look gay,  
 And think a cottage sweet.
- 4 Here nature paints the fragrant fields,  
 And scenes of constant pleasure yields,  
 Unknown to crowns and courts ;  
 Here the base flatt'rer will not come,  
 Here lies and slanders find no room,  
 Nor envy here resorts.





*Published as the Act directs. Sept: 30. 1802.*

5 Sometimes whole ev'nings here I stay,  
And see the stars in bright array,  
Disperse their lovely fires:  
Profoundly then my soul adores,  
His hand that brings the starry hours  
When day's bright king retires.



34. *The Swallows.*

- 1 **T**HES Eswallows in our chimneys build,  
 When nature with delight is fill'd,  
 And ev'ry mead in rich array,  
 Does fragrant ornaments display.
- 2 Thus, in the loveliest time of year,  
 These fickle birds are always near ;  
 And tire us with continual notes,  
 While pleasant weather tunes their  
     throats.
- 3 But soon as wintry storms come on,  
 These wand'ring tenants soon are gone ;  
 They spread their pinions in the wind,  
 And leave the mould'ring nests behind.
- 4 So round the man of prosp'rous state,  
 Obsequious friends will humbly wait ;  
 With pleasure his desires fulfil,  
 And wait the dictates of his will.
- 5 With flatt'ry they'll corrupt his mind,  
 And make him to his int'rest blind ;  
 Bring soothing gales to swell his pride,  
 And waft him gently down the tide.



6 But when misfortune clouds the scene,  
That once was joyful and serene,  
His fond attendants disappear,  
And to some brighter regions steer.

5 Their mighty promises are lost,  
Like characters trac'd out on dust;  
By sporting whirlwinds scatter'd round,  
And not one letter can be found.



35. *The Harvest*

- 1 SEE how the yellow harvests rise,  
And wave along the fields :  
The swain, with pleasure and surprise  
Beholds the rich, the full supplies,  
That bounteous nature yields.
  
- 2 With joy the ready lab'ers come,  
To cut the ripen'd grain,  
And bring their sheaves with shouting  
home :  
Scarce can the largest barns find room,  
So fruitful is the plain.



- 3 Before these blessings can be found,  
 Much toil must be endur'd;  
 The plough must tear the stubborn ground,  
 And e're the vales with corn abound,  
 They must be well manur'd.
- 4 The seed must die beneath the earth,  
 Before the blades can spring;  
 Long lies conceal'd its hidden worth,  
 Before it yields a verdant birth,  
 And makes the valleys ring.
- 5 Thus youth instruction must attend,  
 To form their tender souls;  
 To wisdom's dictates gently bend,  
 And take him for the greatest friend,  
 Who most their lust controuls.
- 6 If children in their tender days  
 To discipline submit,  
 The glad effect of wisdom's ways  
 Will crown their lives with lasting praise,  
 And fruits of solid wit.





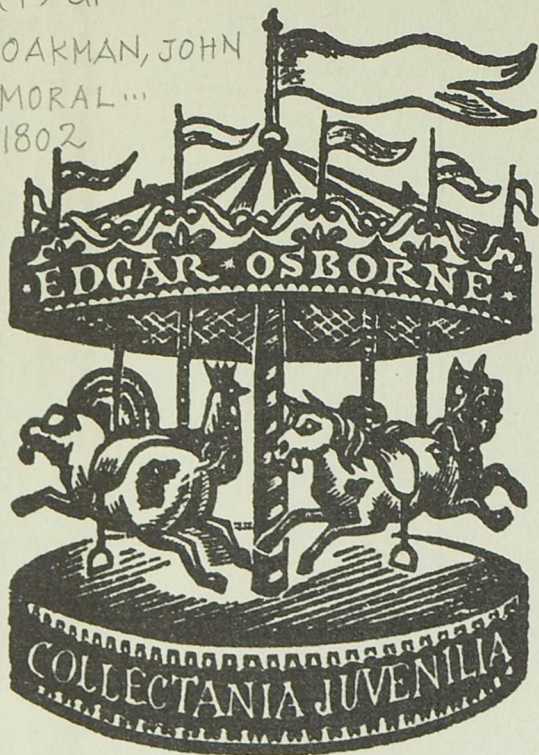
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