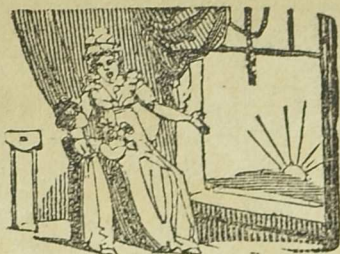


WATTS'S  
DIVINE SONGS,  
attempted in  
EASY LANGUAGE  
FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN.



PUBLISHED BY  
JOHN AND CHARLES MOZLEY,  
DERBY;  
AND PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.  
*Price One Penny.*



1. *A general Song of Praise to God.*
- 1 How glorious is our heavenly King,  
Who reigns above the sky !  
How shall a child presume to sing,  
His dreadful Majesty ?
- 2 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.
- 3 Not angels that stand round the Lord,  
Can search his secret will ;  
But they perform his heavenly word,  
And sing his praises still.
- 4 Then let me join this holy train,  
And my first offerings bring :  
The eternal God will not disdain  
To hear an infant sing.
- 5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,  
And angels shall rejoice  
To hear their mighty Maker's praise  
Sound from a feeble voice.

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# DIVINE SONGS.

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## 2. *Praise for Creation and Providence.*

- 1 I SING the almighty power of God  
That made the mountains rise,  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 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.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That fill'd the earth with food ;  
He form'd the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounc'd them good.
- 4 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.
- 5 There's not a plant, or flower below,  
But makes thy glories known ;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from thy throne.
- 6 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.
- 7 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.
- 8 His hand is my perpetual guard ;  
He keeps me with his eye ;  
Why should I then forget the Lord,  
Who is for ever nigh ?

3. *Praise to God for our Redemption.*

- 1 BLEST be the wisdom and the power,  
The justice and the grace,  
That join'd in council to restore,  
And save our ruin'd race.
- 2 Our Father ate forbidden fruit,  
And from his glory fell :  
And we his children thus were brought  
To death, and near to hell.
- 3 Blest 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.
- 4 He honour'd all his Father's laws,  
Which we have disobey'd :  
He bore our sins upon the cross,  
And our full ransom paid.
- 5 Behold him rising from the grave :  
Behold him rais'd on high :  
He pleads his merit, there to save  
Transgressors doom'd to die.
- 6 There on a glorious throne he reigns,  
And by his power divine,  
Redeems us from the slavish chains  
Of Satan and of sin.
- 7 Thence shall the Lord to judgement come,  
And with a sovereign voice,  
Shall call and break up every tomb,  
While waking saints rejoice.
- 8 O may I then with joy appear  
Before the Judge's face,  
And with the blest assembly there,  
Sing his redeeming grace.



*4. Praises for Mercies spiritual and temporal.*

- 1 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 ?
- 2 Not more than others I deserve,  
Yet God has given me more :  
For I have food, while others starve,  
Or beg from door to door.
- 3 How many children in the street  
Half naked I behold !  
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,  
And cover'd from the cold.
- 4 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.
- 5 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.
- 6 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.

*5. Praise for Birth and Education in a Christian Land.*

- 1 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.

- 2 '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.
- 3 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.
- 4 How do I pity those that dwell  
Where ignorance and darkness reigns !  
They know no heaven, they fear no hell,  
Those endless joys, those endless pains.
- 5 Thy glorious promises, O Lord,  
Kindle my hopes and my desire ;  
While all the preachers of thy word  
Warn me to escape eternal fire.
- 6 Thy praise shall still employ my breath  
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heaven ;  
Nor will I run the road to death,  
And waste the blessings thou hast given.

6. *Praise for the Gospel.*

- 1 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.
- 2 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 ?

- 3 How glad the heathens would have been,  
That worshipp'd idols, wood, or stone,  
If they the book of God had seen,  
Or Jesus and his gospel known !
- 4 Then if his gospel I refuse,  
How shall I dare lift up my eyes !  
For all the Gentiles and the Jews,  
Against me will in judgement rise.

7. *The excellency of the Bible.*

- 1 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.
- 2 The stars that in their courses roll,  
Have much instruction given ;  
But thy good word informs my soul  
How I may climb to heaven.
- 3 The fields provide me food and show  
The goodness of the Lord ;  
But fruits of life and glory grow  
In thy most holy word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,  
Here my best comfort lies ;  
Here my desires are satisfy'd,  
And hence my hopes arise.
- 5 Lord, make me understand thy law ;  
Show what my faults have been ;  
And from thy gospel let me draw  
Pardon for all my sin.
- 6 Here I would learn how Christ has died,  
To save my soul from hell ;  
Not all the books on earth beside  
Such heavenly wonders tell.



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

8. *Praise to God for learning to Read.*

- 1 THE praises of my tongue,  
I offer to the Lord,  
That I was taught and learnt so young,  
To read his holy word.
- 2 That I am brought to know  
The danger I was in,  
By nature and by practice too,  
A wretched slave to sin.
- 3 That I am led to see  
I can do nothing well :  
And whither shall a sinner flee  
To save himself from hell ?
- 4 Dear Lord, this book of thine  
Informs me where to go,  
For grace to pardon all my sin,  
And make me holy too.
- 5 Here I can read and learn,  
How Christ, the Son of God,  
Has undertook our great concern .  
Our ransom cost his blood.
- 6 And now he reigns above,  
He sends his Spirit down  
To show the wonders of his love,  
And make his gospel known.
- 7 O may that Spirit teach,  
And make my heart receive

Those truths which all thy servants  
preach,

And all thy saints believe.

- 8 Then shall I praise the Lord -  
In a more cheerful strain,  
That I was taught to read his word,  
And have not learnt in vain.

9. *The All-seeing God.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye  
Strikes through the shades of night,  
And our most secret actions lie  
All open to thy sight.
- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,  
Nor wicked word we say,  
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,  
Against the judgement-day.
- 3 And must the crimes that I have done  
Be read and publish'd there?  
Be all expos'd before the sun,  
While men and angels hear?
- 4 Lord, at thy feet asham'd I lie;  
Upward I dare not look:  
Pardon my sins before I die,  
And blot them from thy book.
- 5 Remember all the dying pains  
That my Redeemer felt,  
And let his blood wash out my stains,  
And answer for my guilt.
- 6 O may I now for ever fear  
To indulge a sinful thought,  
Since the great God can see and hear,  
And writes down every fault.

10. *Solemn Thoughts of God and Death.*

- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 There is an hour when I must die,  
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come .  
A thousand children young as I,  
Are call'd by death to meet their doom
- 5 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.
- 6 Just as the tree, cut down, that fell  
To north or southward, there it lies ;  
So man departs to heaven or hell,  
Fix'd in the state in which he dies.

11. *Heaven and Hell.*

- 1 THERE is beyond the sky  
A heaven of joy and love ;  
And holy children, when they die,  
Go to that world above.
- 2 There is a dreadful hell,  
And everlasting pains !

There sinners must with devils dwell  
In darkness, fire and chains.

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

4 Then will I read and pray,  
While I have life and breath ;  
Lest I should be cut off to-day,  
And sent to eternal death.

12. *The Advantages of early Religion.*

- 1 HAPPY the child, whose tender years  
Receive instruction well.  
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
The road that leads to hell.
- 2 When we devote our youth to God,  
'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;  
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Tis easier work if we begin  
To serve the Lord betimes ;  
While sinners that grow old in sin  
Are harden'd in their crimes.
- 4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares  
To mind religion young :  
Grace will preserve our following years,  
And make our virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, Almighty God, to thee  
Our childhood we resign ;  
'Twill please us to look back and see  
That our whole lives were thine.

- 6 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise  
Employ my youngest breath :  
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,  
Or fit for early death.

13. *The Danger of Delay.*

- 1 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.
- 2 If this rebellious heart of mine  
Despise the gracious calls of heaven,  
I may be harden'd in my sin,  
And never have repentance given.
- 3 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 !
- 4 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.
- 5 'Tis dangerous to provoke a God !  
His power and vengeance none can tell ;  
One stroke of his almighty rod  
Shall send young sinners quick to hell.
- 6 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.

14. *Examples of early Piety.*

WHAT blest examples do I find  
Writ in the word of truth,



- Of children that began to mind  
Religion in their youth !
- 2 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.
- 3 At twelve years old he talk'd with men,  
(The Jews all wondering stand)  
Yet he obey'd his mother then,  
And came at her command.
- 4 Children a sweet hosanna sung,  
And blest their Saviour's name :  
They gave him honour with their tongue,  
While scribes and priests blaspheme.
- 5 Samuel, the child, was wean'd and brought  
To wait upon the Lord ;  
Young Timothy betimes was taught  
To know his holy word.
- 6 Then why should I so long delay  
What others learnt so soon ?  
I would not pass another day  
Without this work begun.

15. *Against Lying.*

- 1 O '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.
- 2 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.
- 3 Have you not known, nor heard, nor read,  
How God abhors deceit and wrong ?

- How Ananias was struck dead,  
Caught with a lie upon his tongue ?  
4 So did his wife Sapphira die,  
When she came in and grew so bold  
As to confirm that wicked lie  
That just before her husband told.  
5 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.  
6 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.

16. *Against Quarrelling and Fighting.*

- 1 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.  
2 But, children, you should never let  
Such angry passions rise :  
Your little hands were never made  
To tear each other's eyes.  
3 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.  
4 His soul was gentle as a lamb ;  
And as his stature grew,  
He grew in favour both with man,  
And God his father too.  
5 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.

17. *Love between Brothers and Sisters.*

- 1 WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,  
There should be peace at home ;  
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,  
Quarrels should never come.
- 2 Birds in their little nests agree ;  
And 'tis a shameful sight,  
When children of one family  
Fall out, and chide, and fight.
- 3 Hard names at first, and threatening words  
That are but noisy breath,  
May grow to clubs and naked swords,  
To murder and to death.
- 4 The devil tempts one mother's son  
To rage against another,  
So wicked Cain was hurried on  
Till he had kill'd his brother.
- 5 The wise will make their anger cool,  
At least before 'tis night :  
But in the bosom of a fool  
It burns till morning light.
- 6 Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,  
Our little brawls remove ;  
That as we grow to riper age,  
Our hearts may all be love.

18. *Against Scoffing and calling ill Names.*

- 1 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.

- 2 Cross words and angry names require  
To be chastis'd at school ;  
And he's in danger of hell-fire  
That calls his brother " Fool."
- 3 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.
- 4 When children in their wanton play,  
Serv'd old Elisha so :  
And bade the prophet go his way,  
" Go up, thou bald-head, go !"
- 5 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.
- 6 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.

19. *Against Swearing and Cursing, and taking  
God's name in vain.*

- 1 ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,  
Adore thy name, Almighty God :  
And devils tremble down in hell,  
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.
- 2 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 !
- 3 How will they stand before thy face,  
Who treated thee with such disdain,

- Whilst thou shalt doom them to the place  
Of everlasting fire and pain ?
- 4 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.
- 5 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.
- 6 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.

20. *Against Idleness and Mischief*

- 1 How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower.
- 2 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.
- 3 In works of labour or of skill,  
I would be busy too ;  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.
- 4 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.



21. *Against evil Company.*

- 1 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.
- 2 I hate to hear a wanton song;  
Their words offend mine ears:  
I should not dare defile my tongue  
With language such as theirs.
- 3 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.
- 4 From one rude boy that's us'd to mock,  
'They learn the wicked jest;  
One sickly sheep infects the flock,  
And poisons all the rest.
- 5 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.

22. *Against pride in Clothes.*

- 1 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, learnt to sin.
- 2 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.
- 3 How proud we are! how fond to show  
Our clothes, and call them rich and new

- When the poor sheep and silk-worms wore  
That very clothing long before.
- 4 The tulip and the butterfly  
Appear in gayer coats than I :  
Let me be drest fine as I will,  
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.
- 5 Then let me set my heart to find  
Inward adornings of the mind ;  
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,  
These are the robes of richest dress.
- 6 No more shall worms with me compare ;  
This is the raiment angels wear ;  
The Son of God, when here below,  
Put on this blest apparel too.
- 7 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.
- 8 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.

23. *Obedience to Parents.*

- 1 LET children that would fear the Lord  
Hear what their teachers say ;  
With reverence hear their parents' word,  
And with delight obey.
- 2 Have you not heard what dreadful plagues  
Are threaten'd by the Lord,  
To him that breaks his father's law,  
Or mocks his mother's word ?
- 3 What heavy guilt upon him lies !  
How cursed is his name !

The ravens shall pick out his eyes,  
And eagles eat the same.

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

24. *The Child's Complaint.*

- 1 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 ?
- 2 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 ?
- 3 How senseless is my heart, and wild !  
How vain are all my thoughts !  
Pity the weakness of a child,  
And pardon all my faults.
- 4 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.

25. *A Morning Song.*

- 1 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.
- 2 When from the chambers of the east  
His morning race begins,  
He never tires nor stops to rest,  
But round the world he shines.

- 3 So like the sun would I fulfil  
The business of the day ;  
Begin my work betimes, and still  
March on my heavenly way.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,  
Nor let my soul complain  
That the young morning of my days  
Has all been spent in vain.

26. *An Evening Song.*

- 1 And now another day is gone  
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;  
My comforts every hour make known  
His providence and grace.
- 2 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.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;  
Let angels guard my head ;  
And thro' the hours of darkness keep  
Their watch around my bed.
- 4 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,  
Since thou wilt not remove :  
And in the morning let me rise  
Rejoicing in thy love.

27. *For the Lord's Day Morning.*

- 1 THIS is the day when Christ arose  
So early from the dead ;  
Why should I keep my eye-lids clos'd,  
And waste my hours in bed ?
- 2 This is the day when Jesus broke  
The power of death and hell !

And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,  
And love my sins so well?

3 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.

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

28. *For the Lord's Day Evening.*

1 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

2 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.

3 O 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.

4 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.



A SLIGHT SPECIMEN OF MORAL SONGS.

1. *The Sluggard.*

'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him  
complain; [ber again;  
You have wak'd me too soon, I must slum-  
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,  
'Turns his sides and his shoulders and his  
heavy head.

' 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 sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,  
The thorn and the thistle grew broader and  
higher ;

The clothes that hang on him are turning to  
rags, [begs.

And his money still wastes till he starves or he

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 ; [thinking.

But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves

Said I then to my heart, ' Here's a lesson for me ;  
That man's but a picture of what I might be ;  
But thanks to my friends, for their care in  
my breeding, [reading.'

Who taught me betimes to love working and

2. *Innocent Play.*

ABROAD in the meadows to see the young  
lamb

Run sporting along 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 or  
rage,

How much may we learn from the sight !  
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.  
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.'

3. *The Rose.*

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.

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

#### 4. *The Thief.*

WHY should I deprive my neighbour  
 Of his goods against his will ?  
 Hands were made for honest labour,  
 Not to plunder or to steal.  
 '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.  
 Have not Eve and Adam taught us  
 Their sad profit to compute ?  
 To what dismal state they brought us  
 When they stole forbidden fruit !  
 Oft we see a young beginner,  
 Practise little pilfering ways,  
 Till grown up a harden'd sinner,  
 Then the gallows ends his days.  
 Theft will not be always hidden,  
 Though we fancy none can spy ;

When we take a thing forbidden,  
God beholds it with his eye.  
Guard my heart, O God of heaven,  
Lest I covet what's not mine;  
Lest I steal what is not given,  
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

*The Ant, or Emmet.*

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.  
They don't wear their time out in sleeping or  
play,  
But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,  
And for winter they lay up their stores:  
They manage their work in such regular  
forms,  
One would think they foresaw all the frosts  
and the storms,  
And so brought their food within doors.  
But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,  
If I take not due care for the things I shall  
want,  
Nor provide against dangers in time.  
When death or old age shall stare in my face,  
What a wretch shall I be at the end of my  
days,  
If I trifle away all my prime!

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,  
Then when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,  
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

6. *Good Resolutions.*

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.  
Should I e'er be rich or great,  
Others shall partake my goodness;  
I'll supply the poor with meat,  
Never showing scorn nor rudeness.  
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.  
If I meet with railing tongues,  
Why should I return them railing?  
Since I best revenge my wrongs  
By my patience never failing.  
When I hear them telling lies,  
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing,  
First I'll try to make them wise,  
Or I'll soon get out of hearing.  
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.  
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.  
I'll not willingly offend  
Nor be easily offended ;  
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,  
And endure what can't be mended.  
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.  
Wicked fashions lead to hell,  
Ne'er may I be found complying ;  
But in life behave so well  
Not to be afraid of dying.

7. *A Summer Evening.*

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 follow'd some droppings of rain !  
But now the fair traveller's come 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.  
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.

8. *A Cradle Hymn.*

HUSH, my dear ! lie still, and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed !

Heavenly blessings without number,  
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe ; thy food and raiment,  
House and home thy friends provide ;

All without thy care or payment,  
All thy wants are well supply'd.

How much better thou'rt attended,  
Than the Son of God could be

When from heaven he descended,  
And became a child like thee !

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.

Blessed Babe ! what glorious features !

Spotless fair, divinely bright ;  
Must he dwell with brutal creatures ?  
How could angels bear the sight ?

Was there nothing but a manger  
Cursed sinners could afford,

To receive the heavenly stranger ?  
Did they thus affront their Lord ?

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

\* Here may be used the words, Brother, Sister,  
Friend, &c.

Yet to read the shameful story,  
How the Jews abus'd their King,  
How they serv'd the Lord of Glory,  
Makes me angry while I sing.

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

See the lovely babe a-dressing,  
Lovely infant, how he smil'd !  
When he wept, the mother's blessing  
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy Child !

Lo, he slumbers in a manger,  
Where the horned oxen fed :  
Peace, my darling ! here's no danger,  
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

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

Mayest 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 !

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

*The following Books, neatly done up.*

Hymns in prose, for Children, by A. L. Barbauld, 6d.

First Week—Hymns on the Creation, by the Rev. S. Rickards, 2d.

The Young Cottager, and the Visit to the Infirmary, by Legh Richmond, A. M. 6d.

The Dairyman's Daughter, an authentic and interesting Narrative, by Legh Richmond, A. M. 6d.

Mason's Scriptural Prayers, for every Morning and Evening throughout the Week, for the use of Families, bound in cloth, 1s.

Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul, bound in cloth, 1s.

Clarke's Promises of Scripture, in two parts; The Blessings promised, and the Duties to which Promises are made, bound in cloth, 1s.

Wesley's Thomas á Kempis; an extract of the Christian's Pattern; a Treatise on the Invitation of Christ, bound in cloth, 1s.

Crossman's Introduction to the Knowledge of the Christian Religion; and Short Forms of Prayer for several Occasions, 1s.

Short Prayers for young Christians, 1d.

*And a great variety of others.*