

BROTHER SUNSHINE'S

ONE SHILLING

UNTEARABLE BOOKS

13
DIFFERENT SORTS VIZ



STEAMBOAT A B C



SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE &c



MOTHER HUBBARD



THREE USEFUL GIANTS



PLEASING PASTIMES



CINDERELLA



DOGS DINNER PARTY



COCK ROBIN



CHILDREN IN THE WOOD



THE WONDERFUL BROTHERS



SIMPLE SIMON &c



MORAL SONGS



JACK & THE BEANSTALK

DEAN & SON.

PRINTERS & PUBLISHERS, 31 LUDGATE HILL.

WATTS' SONGS

DR. WATTS'S DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS



GENERAL SONG OF PRAISE TO GOD.

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

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

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

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

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

A MORNING SONG.

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.

When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires or stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day:



Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

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.

~~~~~

AGAINST QUARRELLING AND  
FIGHTING.

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

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

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.

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

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.

~~~~~

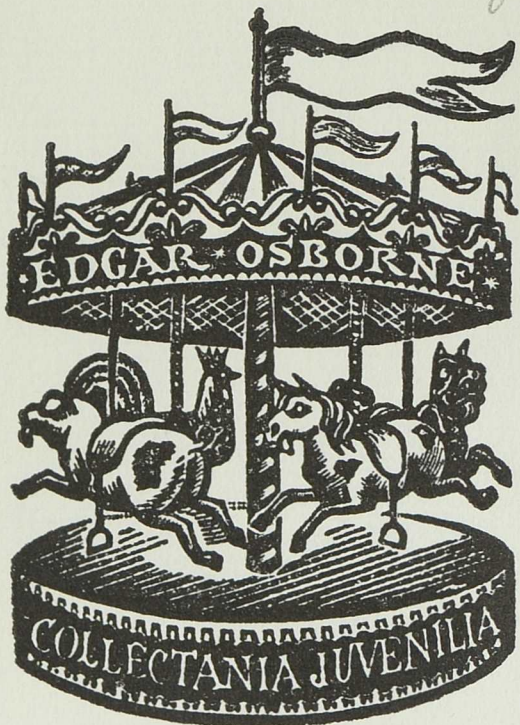
OUR SAVIOUR'S GOLDEN RULE.

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.



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AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

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

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

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

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

PRAISE FOR MERCIES SPIRITUAL
 AND TEMPORAL.

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.

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.

How many children in the street,
 Half naked I behold;
 While I am clothed from head to feet,
 And covered from the cold.

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.
 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.
 Are these thy favours day by day,
 To me above the rest ?
 Then let me love thee more than they,
 And strive to serve thee best.

FOR THE LORD'S DAY MORNING.

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

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 ?

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

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.

FOR THE LORD'S DAY EVENING.

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.

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.

O write upon my memory, Lord,
The text and doctrines of thy word,
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

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

THE EXCELLENCE OF THE BIBLE.

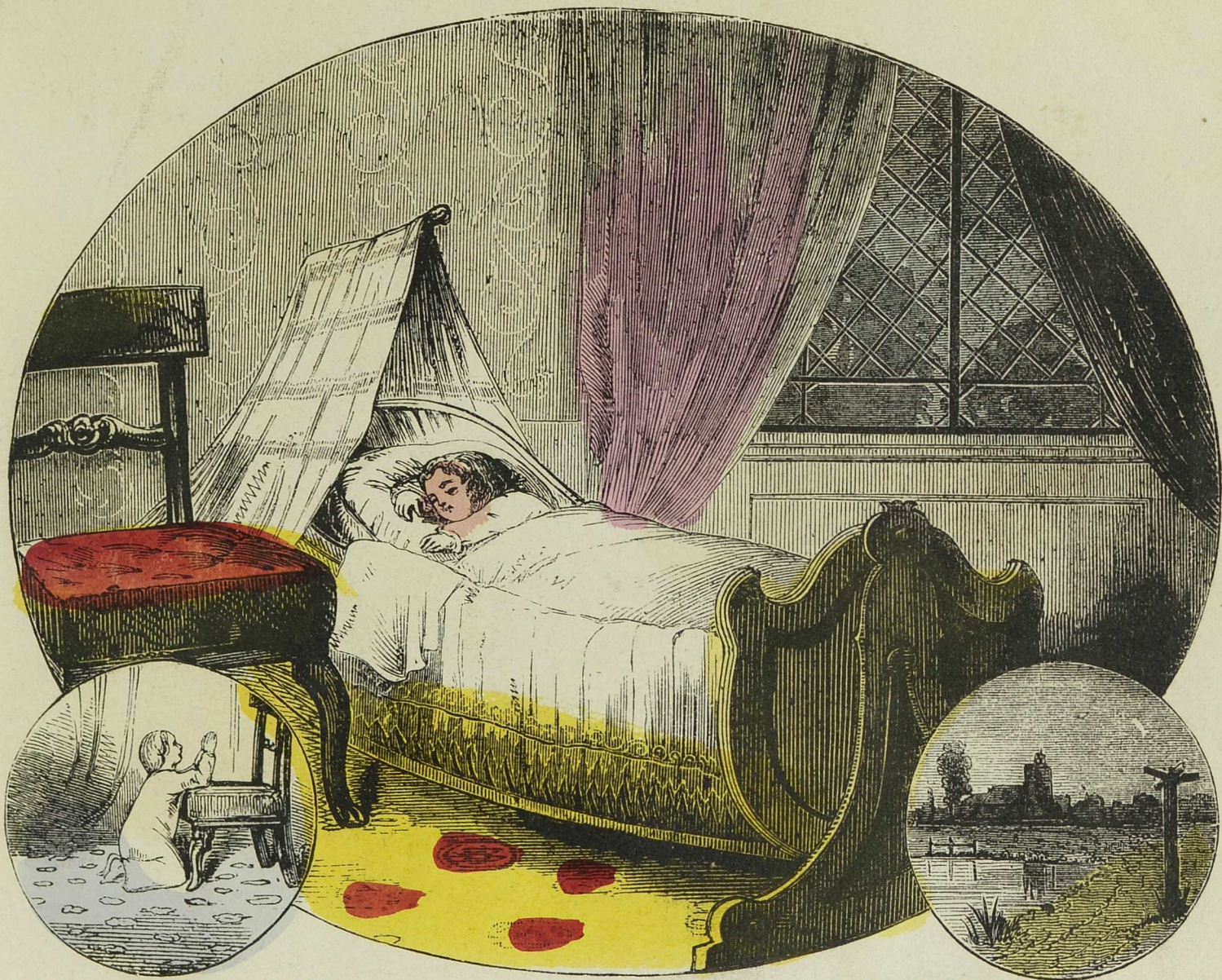
GREAT GOD, with wonder and with
praise

On all thy works I look ;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace
Shine brightest in thy book.

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

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

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies :

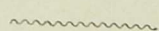


Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sins.

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

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



AN EVENING SONG.

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

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.

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

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



THE SLUGGARD.

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.

“ 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 passed by his garden, and saw the wild
 briar,
 The thorn and the thistle grew broader
 and higher ;
 The clothes that hang on him are turn-
 ing to rags,
 And his money still wastes, 'till he
 starves or he begs.

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



Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson
to me;
That 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."

~~~~~  
THE ROSE.

**H**OW fair is the Rose! what a  
beautiful flower!

The glory of June and July!  
But its leaves are beginning to fade in  
an hour,  
In a day they will wither and die.

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,  
Though 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.

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