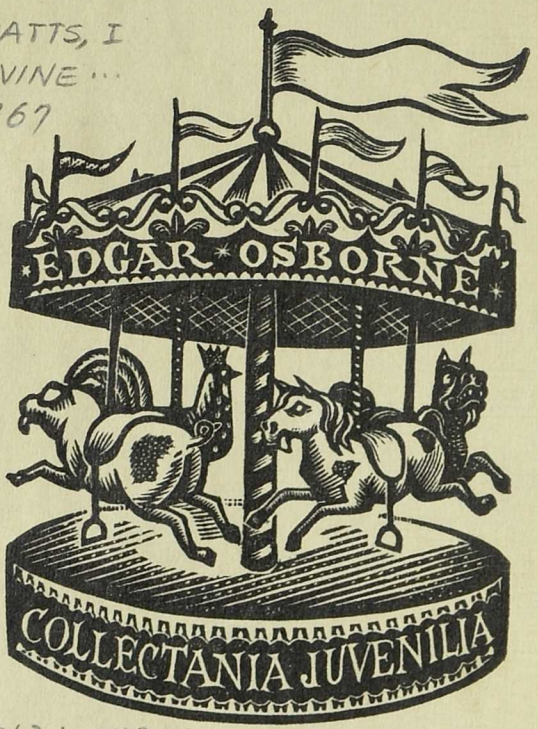


Mary Smith
Her Book 1768

Daughter of
Samuel Smith
of

Hambleton in
the Parish of
Braton
Yorkshire

GEORGE R.

GEORGE the Second, by the Grace of God, King of *Great Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting. Whereas *James Buckland*, *James Waugh*, *John Ward*, *Thomas Longman*, and *Edward Dilly*, Citizens and Booksellers of the City of *London*, have by their Petition humbly represented unto Us, that they have purchased the Copy-Right of the WHOLE WORKS of the late DOCTOR ISAAC WATTS, and that they are now printing and preparing for the Press, new Editions, with Improvements, of several of the separate Pieces of the said Doctor *Isaac Watts*. They have therefore most humbly prayed Us, that We would be graciously pleased to grant them our Royal Licence and Protection for the sole printing, publishing, and vending the said Works, in as ample Manner and Form as has been done in Cases of the like Nature; We being willing to give all due Encouragement to Works of this Nature, which may be of publick Use and Benefit, are graciously pleased to condescend to their Request, and do therefore by these Presents, as far as may be agreeable to the Statute in that Behalf made and provided, grant unto them, the said *James Buckland*, *James Waugh*, *John Ward*, *Thomas Longman*, and *Edward Dilly*, their Executors, Administrators and Assigns, our Royal Privilege and Licence, for the sole printing, publishing, and vending the said Works for the Term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Date hereof, strictly forbidding and prohibiting all our Subjects within our Kingdoms and Dominions, to reprint, abridge, or translate the same, either in the like, or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, or to import, buy, vend, utter, or distribute any Copies thereof reprinted beyond the Seas, during the aforesaid Term of fourteen Years, without the Consent and Approbation of the said *James Buckland*, *James Waugh*, *John Ward*, *Thomas Longman*, and *Edward Dilly*, their Executors, Administrators and Assigns, by Writing under their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they, and every of them, offending herein, will answer the contrary at their Peril; whereof the Commissioners and other Officers of our Customs, the Master, Wardens, and Company of *Stationers* of our City of *London*, and all other our Officers and Ministers, whom it may concern, are to take Notice, that due Obedience be rendered to our Pleasure herein signified.

Given at our Court at St. *James*'s the Twenty First Day of *March* 1758, in the Thirty First Year of Our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command.

W. PITT.

DIVINE SONGS

ATTEMPTED IN

EASY LANGUAGE,

FOR THE USE OF

CHILDREN.

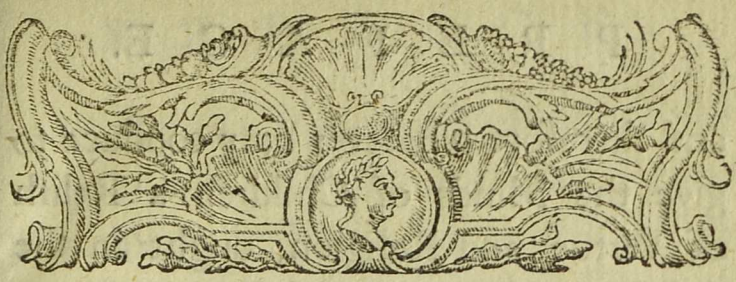
By I. WATTS, D.D.

Out of the Mouth of Babes and Sucklings thou hast perfected Praise. Matt. xxi. 16.

The TWENTY-NINTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for J. BUCKLAND, and T. LONGMAN, in Pater-noster-row; M. WAUGH in Lombard-street; E. and C. DILLY, in the Poultry; and T. FIELD, in Leadenhall-street. M.DCC.LXVII.



PREFACE,

To all that are concerned in

The EDUCATION of CHILDREN.

My Friends,

IT is an awful and important Charge that is committed to you. The Wiſdom and Welfare of the ſucceeding Generation are entruſted with you before-hand, and depend much on your Conduct. The Seeds of Miſery or Happineſs in this World, and that to come, are oftentimes ſown very early;

and therefore whatever may conduce to give the Minds of Children a Relish of Virtue and Religion, ought in the first Place, to be proposed to you.

VERSE was at first designed for the Service of God, though it hath been wretchedly abused since. The Ancients among the *Jews* and the *Heathens*, taught their Children and Disciples the Precepts of Morality and Worship in Verse. The Children of *Israel* were commanded to learn the Words of the Song of *Moses*, Deut. xxxi. 19, 30. And we are directed in the New Testament, not only to sing with Grace in the Heart, but to *teach, and admonish one another by Hymns and Songs*, Ephes. v. 19. And there are these four Advantages in it.

1. THERE

1. THERE is a great Delight in the very learning of Truths and Duties this Way. There is ſomething ſo amuſing and entertaining in Rhymes and Metre, that will incline Children to make this Part of their Buſineſs a Diverſion. And you may turn their very Duty into a Reward by giving them the Privilege of learning one of theſe SONGS every Week, if they fulfil the Buſineſs of the Week well, and promiſing them the Book itſelf, when they have learnt ten or twenty Songs out of it.

2. WHAT is learnt in *Verſe*, is longer retained in Memory, and ſooner recollected. The like Sounds, and the like Number of Syllables, exceedingly aſſiſt the Remembrance. And it may often happen, that the End of a Song running

running in the Mind, may be an effectual means to keep off ſome Temptations, or to incline to ſome Duty, when a Word of Scripture is not upon their Thoughts.

3. THIS will be a conſtant Furniture for the Minds of Children, that they may have ſomething to think upon when alone, and ſing over to themſelves. This may ſometimes give their Thoughts a divine Turn, and raiſe a young Meditation. Thus they will not be forced to ſeek Relief for an Emptineſs of Mind, out of the looſe and dangerous Sonnets of the Age.

4. THESE *Divine Songs* may be a pleaſant and proper Matter for their Daily or Weekly Worſhip, to ſing one in the Family, at ſuch Time as the Parents or Governors ſhall appoint;

and

and therefore I have confined the Verſe to the moſt uſual Pſalm Tunes.

The greateſt Part of this little Book was compoſed ſeveral Years ago, at the Requeſt of a Friend, who has been long engaged in the Work of Catechiſing a very great Number of Children of all kinds, and with abundant Skill and Succeſs. So that you will find here nothing that ſavours of a Party: The Children of high and low degree, of the Church of *England*, or Diſſenters, baptized in Infancy, or not, may all join together in theſe Songs. And as I have endeavoured to ſink the Language to the Level of a Child's Underſtanding, and yet to keep it (if poſſible) above Contempt; ſo I have deſigned to profit all (if poſſible) and offend none. I hope the more general

the

the Sense is, these Composures may be of the more universal Use and Service.

I HAVE added at the End some Attempts of SONNETS on MORAL SUBJECTS, for Children, with an Air of Pleasantry, to provoke some fitter Pen to write a little Book of them.

MAY the Almighty God make you faithful in this important Work of Education; may he succeed your Cares with his abundant Grace, that the rising Generation of *Great Britain* may be a Glory among the Nations, a Pattern to the Christian World, and a Blessing to the Earth.

CON-

CONTENTS.

23. *Obe-*

DIVINE SONGS

FOR

CHILDREN.

SONG I.

A general Song of Praiſe to God.

I.

HOW glorious is our heav'nly King,
Who reigns above the Sky!
How ſhall a Child preſume to ſing
His dreadful Majeſty?

II.

How great his Pow'r is none can tell,
Nor think how large his Grace;
Not Men below, nor Saints that dwell
On high before his Face.

III.

Not Angels that ſtand round the Lord
Can ſearch his ſecret Will;
But they perform his heav'nly Word,
And ſing his Praiſes ſtill.

IV.

Then let me join this Holy Train,
And my firſt Off'rings bring;
Th' 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.

SONG II.

Praiſe for Creation and Providence.

I.

I Sing th' Almighty Pow'r 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 pronounc'd 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 Flow'r below,
But makes thy Glories known;
And Clouds ariſe, and Tempeſts blow,
By Order from thy Throne.

VI.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are ſubject to thy Care;
There's not a Place where we can flee,
But God is preſent there.

VII.

In Heav'n 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?

SONG III.

Praiſe to God for our Redemption.

I.

BLeſt be the Wiſdom and the Pow'r,
The Juſtice and the Grace,
That join'd in Council to reſtore,
And ſave our ruin'd Race.

II.

Our Father eat forbidden Fruit,
And from his Glory fell,
And we his Children thus were brought
To Death, and near to Hell.

III.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

Behold him riſing from the Grave,
Behold him rais'd on high;
He pleads his Merit there, to ſave
Tranſgreſſors doom'd to die.

VI.

There on a glorious Throne he reigns,
And by his Pow'r divine,
Redeems us from the ſlaviſh Chains
Of *Satan*, and of Sin.

VII.

Thence ſhall the Lord to Judgment come,
And with a ſov'reign Voice
Shall call, and break up ev'ry Tomb,
While waking Saints rejoice.

VIII.

O may I then with Joy appear
Before the Judge's Face,
And, with the bless'd Assembly there,
Sing his Redeeming Grace.

SONG IV.

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 giv'n 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 cloath'd from Head to Feet,
And cover'd from the Cold.

IV.

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 lye, 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.

SONG 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.

II.

'Tis to thy ſov'reign Grace I owe,
That I was born on *Britiſh* Ground,
Where Streams of heav'nly 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.

IV.

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.

V.

Thy glorious Promiſes, O Lord,
Kindle my Hopes and my Deſire;
While all the Preachers of thy Word
Warn me to 'ſcape eternal Fire.

VI.

Thy Praiſe ſhall ſtill employ my Breath,
Since thou haſt mark'd my Way to Heav'n;
Nor will I run the Road to Death,
And waſte the Bleſſings thou haſt giv'n.

SONG 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 giv'n,
Could they have heard theſe glorious things,
Which Chriſt reveal'd and brought from [Heav'n.

III.

How glad the *Heathens* would have been,
That worſhip 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.

SONG

SONG VII.

The Excellency of the Bible.

I.

GReat God, with Wonder and with [Praiſe,
On all thy Works I look;
But ſtill thy Wiſdom, Pow'r, and Grace,
Shine brighter 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 ſhew
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 ſatisfy'd,
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 dy'd
To ſave my Soul from Hell:
Not all the Books on Earth beſide
Such heav'nly 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.

SONG VIII.

Praiſe to God for learning to Read.

I.

THE Praiſes of my Tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught, and learnt 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,
Has undertook our great Concern;
Our Ranſom coſt his Blood.

VI.

And now he reigns above,
He ſends his Spirit down,
To ſhew the Wonders of his Love,
And make his Goſpel known.

VII.

O 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 chearful Strain,
That I was taught to read his Word,
And have not learnt in vain.

SONG 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 expos'd before the Sun,
While Men and Angels hear.

IV.

Lord, at thy Foot aſham'd 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.

O may I now for ever fear,
T' indulge a ſinful Thought,
Since the great God can ſee and hear,
And writes down ev'ry Fault.

SONG X.

Solemn Thoughts of 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 do I know 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 Pardons 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.

SONG 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;
There Sinners muſt with Devils dwell
In Darkneſs, Fire, and Chains.

III.

III.

Can ſuch a Wretch as I
  Eſcape this curſed End?
And may I hope whene'er I die
  I ſhall to Heav'n aſcend?

IV.

Then will I read and pray,
  While I have Life and Breath;
Leſt I ſhould be cut off to-day,
  And ſent t'eternal Death.

SONG XII.

The Advantages of early Religion.

I.

HAppy's the Child whoſe youngeſt years
  Receive Inſtructions well;
Who hates the Sinners 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 prepar'd for longer Days,
Or fit for early Death.

SONG 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 Calls of Heav'n,
I may be harden'd in my Sin,
And never have Repentance giv'n.

III.

What if the Lord grow wrath 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 dang'rous to provoke a God;
His Pow'r and Vengeance none can tell;
One Stroke of his Almighty Rod
Shall 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.

SONG 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.

III.

At twelve Years old he talk'd with Men,
(The *Jews* all wond'ring ſtand)
Yet he obey'd his Mother then,
And came at her Command.

IV.

Children a ſweet *Hoſanna* ſung,
And bleſt 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 ſo ſoon?
I would not paſs another Day
Without this Work begun.

SONG XV.

Against Lying.

I.

O 'Tis a lovely Thing for Youth
To walk betimes in Wisdom's Way;
To fear a Lye, to speak the Truth,
That we may trust to all they say.

II.

But Lyars we can never trust,
Tho' they should speak the thing that's true;
And he that does one Fault at first,
And lyes 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,
Catch'd with a Lye upon his Tongue?

IV.

So did his Wife *Sapphira* die,
When she came in and grew so bold,
As to confirm that wicked Lye,
That just before her Husband told.

V.

V.

The Lord delights in them that ſpeak
The Words of Truth; but ev'ry Lyar
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 Reck'ning keeps
For ev'ry Lye that Children tell.

SONG 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.

III.

Let Love thro' 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 heav'nly Throne,
He ſees what Children dwell in Love,
And marks them for his own.

SONG 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.

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 threatning 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 hurry'd on
  'Till he had kill'd his Brother.

V.

The Wiſe will make 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.

SONG 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 Words and angry Names require
To be chaſtis'd 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,
Serv'd old *Eliſha* ſo;
And bid the Prophet go his Way,
" *Go up, thou Bald-head, Go;*"

V.

God quickly ſtopt 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, ne'er ſo young!
Grant me thy Grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my Tongue.

SONG XIX.

Againſt Swearing, and 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 giv'n;
But I will praiſe thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my Tongue in Heav'n.

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.

SONG XX.

Against Idleness and Mischief.

I.

HOW doth the little busy Bee
Improve each shining Hour,
And gather Honey all the Day
From ev'ry op'ning Flow'r!

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 ev'ry Day
Some good Account at last.

SONG 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,
Their Words offend my Ears;
I ſhould not dare defile my Tongue
With Language ſuch as theirs.

III.

Away from Fools I'll turn my 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 us'd to mock,
They learn the wicked Jeſt;
One ſickly Sheep infects the Flock,
And poiſons all the reſt.

V.

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.

SONG XXII.

Againſt Pride in Cloaths.

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, learnt to ſin.

II.

When firſt ſhe put the Cov'ring 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 ſhew
Our Cloaths, and call them rich and new!
When the poor Sheep and Silk-worm wore
That very Cloathing long before.

IV.

IV.

The Tulip and the Butterfly
Appear in gayer Coats than I:
Let me be dreſt, fine as I will,
Flies, Worms, and Flow'rs 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 bleſt 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 Heav'n, and wear it there;
God will approve it in his Sight,
'Tis his own Work, and his Delight.

SONG XXIII.

Obedience to Parents.

I.

LET Children that would fear the Lord
Hear what their Teachers ſay;
With Rev'rence meet their Parents Word,
And with Delight obey.

II.

Have not you heard what dreadful Plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his Father's Law,
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 who worſhip God, and give
Their Parents Honour due,
Here on this Earth they long ſhall live,
And live hereafter too.

SONG

SONG XXIV.

The Child's Complaint.

I.

WHY ſhould I love my Sport ſo well?
So conſtant at my Play?
And loſe the Thoughts of Heav'n 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.

SONG 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, thy early Grace,
Nor let my Soul complain
That the young Morning of my Days
Has all been spent in vain.

SONG XXVI.

An Evening Song.

I.

AND now another Day is gone,
I'll ſing my Maker's Praiſe;
My Comforts ev'ry 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 thro' the Hours of Darkneſs keep
Their Watch around my Bed.

IV.

With chearful Heart I cloſe my Eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove:
And in the Morning let me riſe
Rejoicing in thy Love.

SONG XXVII.

For the Lord's-Day Morning.

I.

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?

II.

This is the Day when *Jesus* broke
The Pow'rs 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 the Word:
And I would go with chearful Feet,
To learn thy Will, O Lord.

IV.

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!

SONG 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 Heav'n, and learn the Way.

II.

I have been there, and ſtill would go:
'Tis like a little Heav'n below;
Not all my Pleaſure and my Play
Shall tempt me to forget this Day.

III.

O write upon my Mem'ry, 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 thro' his Blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

The Ten Commandments, *out of the Old Teſtament, put into ſhort Rhyme for Children.*

EXOD. XX.

1. THOU ſhalt have no more Gods but me.
2. Before no Idol bow thy Knee.
3. Take not the Name of God in vain.
4. Nor dare the Sabbath-Day profane.
5. Give both thy Parents Honour due.
6. Take heed that thou no Murder do.
7. Abſtain from Words and Deeds unclean.
8. Nor ſteal, tho' thou art poor, and mean.
9. Nor make a wilful Lye, nor love it.
10. What is thy Neighbour's dare not covet.

The Sum of the Commandments out of the New Teſtament.

MATT. XXII. 37.

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.

LOVE God with all your Soul and Strength,
With all your Heart and Mind,
And love your Neighbour as yourſelf;
Be faithful, juſt, and kind.
Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you;
What you're unwilling to receive,
Be ſure you never do.

* * *

Out of my Book of Hymns *I have here added The* Hoſanna, *and* Glory to the Father, *&c. to be ſung at the End of any of theſe Songs, according to the Direction of Parents or Governors.*

The Hoſanna; *or Salvation aſcribed to* Chriſt.

Long Metre.

I.

H*Oſanna* to King *David*'s Son,
Who reigns on a ſuperior Throne;
We bleſs the Prince of Heav'nly Birth,
Who brings Salvation down on Earth.

II.

Let ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Age,
In this delightful Work engage;
Old Men and Babes in *Sion* ſing,
The growing Glories of her King.

Common Metre.

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 th' Eternal Word,
Who from the Father came;
Aſcribe Salvation to the Lord,
With Bleſſings on his Name.

Short Metre.

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, th' anointed King,
Be endleſs Bleſſings giv'n;
Let the whole Earth his Glory ſing,
Who made our Peace with Heav'n.

Glory to the Father, and the Son, &c.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in one,
Be Honour, Praiſe, and Glory giv'n,
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n.

Common Metre.

NOW let the Father and the Son
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or Saints to love the Lord.

Short Metre.

GIVE to the Father Praiſe,
Give Glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his Grace
Be equal Honour done.

A SLIGHT SPECIMEN OF MORAL SONGS,

Such as I wiſh ſome happy and condeſcending Genius would undertake for the Uſe of Children, and perform much better.

THE Senſe and Subjects might be borrowed plentifully from the *Proverbs of Solomon*, from all the common Appearances of Nature, from all the Occurrences in Civil Life, both in City and Country: (Which would alſo afford Matter for other Divine Songs.) Here the Language and Meaſures ſhould be eaſy, and flowing with Chearfulneſs, with or without the Solemnities of Religion, or the ſacred Names of God and Holy Things; that Children might find Delight and Profit together.

This would be one effectual Way to deliver them from the Temptation of loving or learning thoſe idle, wanton, or profane Songs, which give ſo early an ill Taint to the Fancy and Memory, and become the Seeds of future Vices.

I. *The*

I. *The Sluggard.*

I.

'TIS the Voice of the *Sluggard*; I heard him complain,
You have wak'd 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 ſauntring, 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 Cloathes that hang on him are turning to Rags;
And his Money ſtill waſtes, till he ſtarves, or he begs.

IV.

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*;
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.

II. *Innocent Play.*

I.

ABroad in the Meadows to ſee the young Lambs,
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 or Rage,
How much we may learn from the Sight.

II.

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 hinder 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 Flow'r?
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,
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.

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 ſhou'd 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,
  Tho' 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 ſteal 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, as 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 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 wou'd 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 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 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 will ſerve me when
Sickneſs ſhall come,
And pray that my Sins be forgiven:
Let me read in good Books, and be-
lieve, 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.

THO' I am now in younger Days,
Nor can tell what ſhall befall me,
I'll prepare for ev'ry 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 ſhewing Scorn nor 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 them 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 try to make them wiſe,
Or I'll ſoon go out of hearing.

VI.

What tho' 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,
Tho' they're neither fair nor witty.

VIII.

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,
  Tho' 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. *A Summer Evening.*

I.

HOW fine has the Day been? How bright was the *Sun?*
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Tho' 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 foretels 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.

Some

Some Copies of the following Hymn *having got abroad already into ſeveral Hands, the Author has been perſuaded to permit it to appear in Public, at the End of theſe* Songs for Children.

A 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,
All without thy Care or Payment,
All thy Wants are well ſupply'd.

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 Heav'nly Stranger?
Did they thus affront their Lord?

VII.

Soft, my Child; I did not chide thee,
Tho' my Song might sound too hard;
'Tis thy { * Mother / Nurse that } sits beside thee,
And her Arms shall be thy Guard.

VIII.

* Here you may use the Words, *Brother*, *Sister*, *Neighbour*, *Friend*, &c.

VIII.

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.

IX.

See the kinder Shepherds round him,
Telling Wonders from the Sky;
There they ſought him, there they found [him,
With his Virgin Mother by.

X.

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.

XI.

Lo, he ſlumbers in his Manger,
Where the horned Oxen fed;
Peace, my Darling, here's no Danger,
Here'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.

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.

THE END.

BOOKS published by the AUTHOR *for the Use of* CHILDREN.

I. *THE first Set of Catechisms and Prayers:* or the Religion of Little Children under seven or eight Years of Age. The Twelfth Edition.

II. *The second Set of Catechisms and Prayers:* or some Helps to the Religion of Children, and their Knowledge of the Scripture, from seven to twelve Years of Age. The Twelfth Edition.

III. *The Assembly's Catechism, with Notes*; or the *short Catechism*, composed *by the Assembly of Divines at* Westminster: To which is added, *A brief Explication of the more difficult Words and Phrases* contained in it, for the Instruction of Youth at twelve or fourteen Years of Age. The Eighth Edition.

IV. *A Preservative from the Sins and Follies of Childhood and Youth*; written in a Way of Question and Answer: To which is added, *A large Catalogue of remarkable Scripture-Names*, collected for the

Use

Uſe of Children, and explained for their better Acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures. The Seventh Edition.

V. *The Art of Reading and Writing* Engliſh; with Rules for reading Verſe, and for true Spelling. The Seventh Edition.

VI. *Prayers for the daily Uſe and Imitation of Children:* ſuited to their different Ages, and the various Occaſions of their younger Years: Together with *Inſtructions to Youth in the Duty of Prayer*, drawn up by Way of Queſtion and Anſwer; and a *ſerious Addreſs* to them on that Subject. The Eighth Edition.

VII. *A ſhort View of the whole Scripture Hiſtory:* with a Continuation of the *Jewiſh* Affairs from the *Old Teſtament*, till the Time of *Chriſt*; and an Account of the chief Prophecies that relate to Him: repreſented in a Way of Queſtion and Anſwer. Illuſtrated with various Remarks on the Hiſtory and the Religion of the *Patriarchs*, *Jews* and *Chriſtians*; and on the Laws, Government, Sects, Cuſtoms, and Writings of the *Jews*; and adorned with Figures relating to their Camp, Tabernacle, and Worſhip. The Seventh Edition.

Mary Smiths Book