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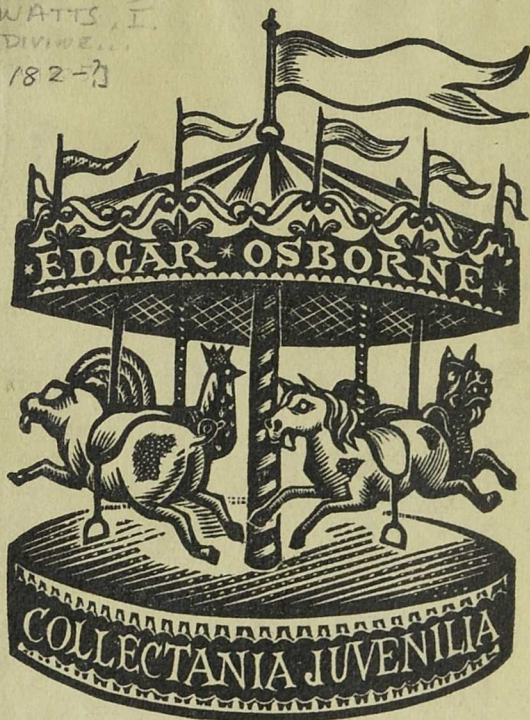


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WATTS, I.
DIVINE
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MABEL OSBORNE



“Of such are the kingdom of Heaven.”

DIVINE
SONGS
ATTEMPTED IN
EASY LANGUAGE
FOR THE USE OF
CHILDREN.

~~~~~  
By I. WATTS, D. D.

~~~~~  
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected
praise. *Matt. xxi. 16.*
~~~~~

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THE

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# PREFACE,

TO ALL WHO 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 intrusted with you beforehand, 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 for virtue and religion, ought in the first place to be proposed to you.

Verse was first designed for the service of God, though it has been wretchedly abused since. The ancients among the Jews and the Heathens, taught their children and disciples the precepts of mora-



lity and worship in verse. The children of Israel were commanded to learn the words of the Song of Moses, Deut. xxxi. 19, 20. 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:

I. There is great delight in the very learning of truth and duties in 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.

II. 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 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.

III. 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.

IV. 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 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 had 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 party; the children of high and low degree, of the church of England dissenters, baptized in infancy, or not, may all join to-

gether 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 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.



# DIVINE SONGS.



## SONG I.

*A 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 is 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 his holy train,  
 And my first offerings bring;  
 Th' 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.



## SONG II.

*Praise for Creation and Providence.*

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

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.

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.

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 !

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

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.

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.

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.*

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.

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

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.

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.

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

There on a glorious throne he reigns,  
And by his pow'r divine,  
Redeems us from the slavish chains  
Of Satan and of sin.

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.

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.*

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 has 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 cloth'd from head to feet,  
 And cover'd 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 try to serve thee best.



## SONG V.

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

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 my song.

'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.

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 India hold.

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

Thy glorious promises, O Lord !  
 Kindle my hopes and my desire !  
 While all the preachers of thy word  
 Warn to escape eternal fire.

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.*

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.

What would the ancient Jewish kings  
And Jewish prophets once have giv'n,  
Could they have heard those glorious  
things,  
Which Christ reveal'd and brought  
from heav'n?

How glad the heathens would have been,  
That worshipp'd idols, wood, and  
stone,  
If they the book of God had seen,  
Or Jesus and his gospel known!



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 VII.

*The Excellency of the Bible.*

GREAT God, with wonder and with  
 praise  
 On all thy works I look :  
 But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,  
 Shine brightest in thy book.

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

'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 satisfy'd,  
 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 sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has dy'd  
 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 these wonders o'er,  
 And meditate by night.



## SONG VIII.

*Praise to God for learning to Read.*

THE praises of my tongue  
 I offer to the Lord,  
 That I was taught, and learnt so young  
 To read his holy word.

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

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

Dear Lord, this book of thine  
 Informs me where to go,



For grace to pardon all my sin,  
And make me holy too.

Here I can read, and learn  
How Christ, the Son of God,  
Has undertook our great concern ;  
Our ransom cost his blood.

And now he reigns above,  
He sends his spirit down  
To show the wonders of his love,  
And make his gospel known.

O may that spirit teach,  
And make my heart receive  
Those truths which all thy servants  
preach,  
And all thy saints believe.

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.



## SONG IX.

*The all-seeing God.*

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

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

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

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.

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

O may I now for ever fear  
T' indulge a sinful thought,  
Since the great God can see and hear,  
And writes down every fault.



## SONG X.

*Solemn Thoughts of God and Death.*

THERE is a God, that reigns above,  
Lord of the heav'ns, and earth, and  
seas,  
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,  
And with my lips I sing his praise.



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.

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.

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.

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.

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



## SONG XI.

*Heaven and Hell.*

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

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

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

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.



## SONG XII.

*The advantage of Early Religion.*

HAPPY the child whose tender years  
 Receive instructions well:  
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
 The road that leads to hell.

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

'Tis easier work if we begin  
 To fear the Lord betimes;



While sinners that grow old in sin  
Are harden'd in their crimes.

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

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

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.*

WHY should I say, " 'Tis yet too soon,  
To seek for heav'n, or think of  
death !"

A flower may fade before 'tis noon,  
And I this day may lose my breath.

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 !

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 ?

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.  
 '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.  
 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.*

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



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.

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.

Children a sweet hosanna sung,  
 And blest their Saviour's name:  
 They gave him honour with their  
 tongue,  
 While scribes and priests blaspheme.

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

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



## SONG XV.

*Against Lying.*

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.

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

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

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.

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.

Then let me always watch my lips,

Lest I be struck to death and hell,  
Since God a book of reck'ning keeps  
For every lie that children tell.



## SONG XVI.

*Against Quarrelling and Fighting.*

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.

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 heav'nly throne,  
He sees what children dwell in love,  
And marks them for his own.



## SONG XVII.

*Love between Brothers and Sisters.*

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

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

Hard names at first, and threat'ning  
 words,

That are but noisy breath,  
 May grow to clubs and naked swords,  
 To murder and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son  
 To rage against another,

So wicked Cain was hurried on  
Till he had kill'd his brother.

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

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.*

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.



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.

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.

When children in their wanton play  
 Serv'd old Elisha so,  
 And bid the prophet go his way,  
 " Go up, thou bald-head, go."

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.

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.



## SONG XIX.

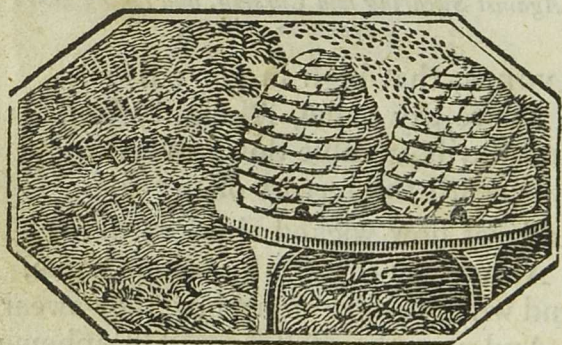
*Against Swearing and Cursing, and taking God's  
Name in vain.*

ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,  
 Adore thy name, Almighty God !  
 And devils tremble down in hell,  
 Beneath the terrors of thy rod.  
 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.  
 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 ?  
 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 heav'n.

My heart shall be in pain to hear  
Wretches affront the Lord above :  
'Tis that great God whose pow'r I fear :  
That heav'nly Father whom I love.

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.*

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From ev'ry op'ning flower !



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.

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.



## SONG XXI.

*Against Evil Company.*

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 ?

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

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.

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.

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 Clothes.*

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.

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.

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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



## SONG XXIII.

*Obedience to Parents.*

LET children that would fear the Lord,  
Hear what their teachers say ;  
With rev'rence meet their parents' word,  
And with delight obey.

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 ?

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

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



## SONG XXIV.

### *The Child's Complaint.*

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?

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?

How senseless is my heart and wild,  
 How vain are all my thoughts!

Pity the weakness of a child,  
 And pardon all my faults.

Make me thy heav'nly 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.*

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, nor 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 heav'nly 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.



## SONG XXVI.

### *An Evening Song.*

AND now another day is 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 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.*

THIS is the day when Christ arose  
 So early from the dead ;  
 Why should I keep my eyelids clos'd,  
 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 would go with cheerful feet  
 To learn thy will, O Lord

I'll leave my sport to read and pray,  
 And so prepare for heav'n ;  
 O may I love this blessed day  
 The best of all the sev'n.





## SONG XXVIII.

*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 heav'n 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 mem'ry, Lord,  
The texts 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  
divine,  
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;  
That hoping pardon through his blood,  
I may lie down and wake with God.

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

EXODUS, Chapter xx.

1. THOU shalt not have 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 you no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds un-  
clean.
8. Nor steal, though thou art poor and  
mean.
9. Nor make a wilful lie, 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 thou 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 your 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.

HOSANNA 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.

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.

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

Hosanna to th' eternal word,  
 Who from the Father came:  
 Ascribe Salvation to the Lord,  
 With blessings on his name.

## SHORT METRE.

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

To Christ th' anointed King,  
 Be endless blessing given;  
 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 heaven.

## 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  
M O R A L S O N G S,

*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 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 cheerfulness, 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.





## SONG I.

*The Sluggard.*

'Tis the voice of a sluggard : I hear 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.

“ 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 grow 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  
 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.

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."



## SONG II.

*Innocent Play.*

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 !  
 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 peb-  
     bles and mire !  
 There's none but a madman will fling  
     about fire,  
 And tell you, "'Tis all but in sport."



### SONG III.

#### *The Rose.*

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.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to  
boast,

Above all the flow'rs 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.



## SONG IV.

### *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 giv'n,  
 Guard my heart and hands from sin.



## SONG V.

*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 sleep-  
ing 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  
frost and the storms,  
And so brought their food within  
doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creep-  
ing 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 their prime !

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 forgiv'n :  
Let me read in good books, and believe,  
and obey,  
That when death turns me out of this  
cottage of clay,  
I may dwell in a palace in heav'n.





## SONG VI.

*Good Resolution.*

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 or 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 go out of hearing.

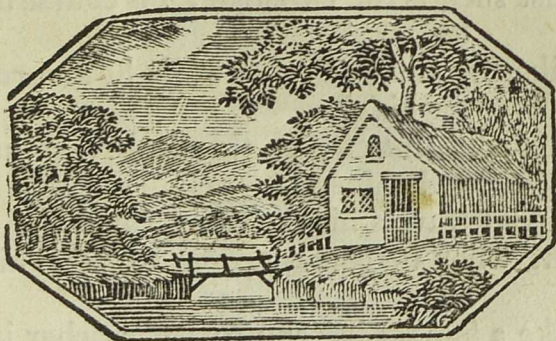
What though I be low and mean,  
 I'll engage the rich to love me,  
 Whilst I'm modest, neat, and clean,  
 And submit when they reprove me.

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 ;  
 Never may I be complying ;  
 But in life behave so well,  
 Not to be afraid of dying.



## SONG VII.

*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 foretels 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.



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.*

HUSH ! my dear, lie still and slumber,  
 Holy angels guard thy bed !  
 Heav'nly 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 heav'n 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 heav'nly stranger ?  
 Did they thus affront their Lord ?

Soft, my child ! I did not chide thee,  
 Tho' my song might sound too hard ;  
 'Tis thy { <sup>\*mother</sup> nurse that } sits beside thee,  
 And her arms shall be thy guard.

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.

\* Here you may use the words *brother, sister, neighbour, friend, &c.*



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 flame,  
 Bitter groans and endless crying,  
     That thy blest Redeemer came.

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 !

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



## THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your  
door,

Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
Oh ! give relief, and heav'n will bless your store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,  
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years ;  
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek  
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,  
With tempting aspect drew me from my road ;  
For plenty there a residence has found,  
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor !  
Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,  
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,  
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh ! take me to your hospitable dome ;  
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold ;

Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,  
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,  
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,  
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,  
And tears of pity would not be repress.

Heaven sends misfortunes; why should we  
repine?

'Tis heaven has brought me to the state you see;  
And your condition may be soon like mine,  
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,  
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;  
But ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,  
My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,  
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,  
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,  
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care,  
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,  
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,  
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your  
door,

Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
Oh! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.

THE END.



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