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And clouds arise and tempests blow,  
By order from thy throue. SONG 2



# DIVINE SONGS,

IN

Easy Language,

FOR

## CHILDREN.

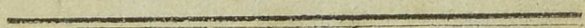


BY ISAAC WATTS, D. D.



MATTHEW xxi. 16.

Out of the Mouth of Babes and Sucklings thou hast  
perfected praise.



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DICTIONARY

OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

BY

JOHN

WALTON

AND

JOHN

WALTON





# DIVINE SONGS.



## SONG 1.

*A General Song of Praise.*

**H**OW glorious is our heav'nly 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 this holy train,  
And my first off'rings 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 2.

*Praise for Creation and Providence.*

**I** SING th' 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:  
That form'd the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounc'd them good.

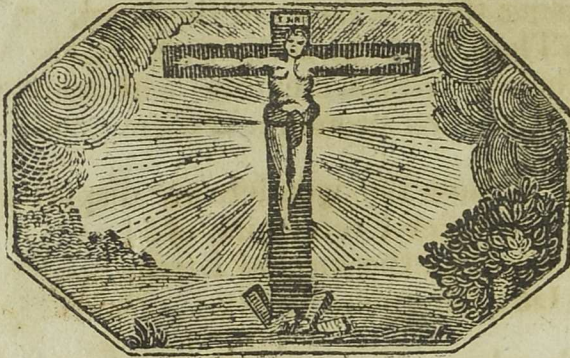
Lord, how thy wonders are display'd  
Where'er I turn mine eye!  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky.

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 3.

*Praise to God for our Redemption.*

**B**LEST be the Wisdom and the Power,  
The Justice and the Grace,  
That join'd in counsel 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 merits there, to save  
Transgressors doom'd to die.

There, on a glorious throne he reigns,  
And, by his power 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 4.

*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 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 strive to serve thee best.



### SONG 5.

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

**G**REAT 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 heavenly 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 Indies hold.

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 !

Thy glorious promises, O Lord,  
Kindle my hopes and my desire ;  
While all the preachers of thy word  
Warn me t'scape eternal fire.

Thy praise shall still employ my breath,  
Since thou hast mark'd the way to heaven,  
Nor will I run the road to death,  
And waste the blessings thou hast given.







## SONG 6.

*Praise for the Gospel.*

**L**ORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,  
And not to chance, as many 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 given,  
Could they have heard those glorious  
things,  
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from  
heaven?

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 7.

*The Excellency of the Bible.*

**G**REAT GOD! with wonder and with  
On all thy works I look; [praise  
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 shew  
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,  
Shew what my faults have been;  
And from thy Gospel let me draw  
Pardon for all my sin.

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



## SONG 8.

*Praise to God for learning to read.*

**T**HE 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,  
Did undertake our great concern :  
Our ransom cost his blood !

And now he reigns above  
He sends his Spirit down  
To shew 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 9.

*The All-seeing God.*

**A**LMIGHTY 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 sun,  
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 10.

*Solemn Thoughts of God and Death.*

**T**HERE is a God that reigns above,  
Lord of the heavens and earth & 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 pardons offer'd to the dead.

Just as the tree's 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 11.

### *Heaven and Hell.*

**T**HERE is beyond the sky  
A heaven of joy and love,  
And holy children when they die  
Go to that world above.

There is a dreadful hell,  
And everlasting pains ;  
Where 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 't eternal death.





## SONG 12.

*The Advantages of Early Religion.*

**H**APPY 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 13.

#### *The Danger of Delay.*

**W**HY 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 heaven,  
I may be harden'd in my sin,  
And never have repentance given!

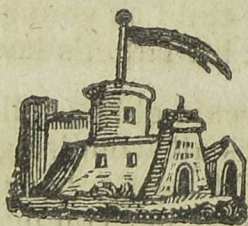


What if the Lord grow wroth and swear,  
While I refuse to read and pray,  
That he'll refuse to lend an ear  
To all my groans another day ?

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 power 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 14.

### *Examples of Early Piety.*

**WHAT** blest examples do I find  
Writ in the Word of Truth,  
Of children that began to mind  
Religion in their youth.

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 bless'd 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 15.

### *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, [true :  
'Tho' they should speak the thing that's  
And he that does one fault at first,  
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

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.



### SONG 17.

*Love between Brothers and Sisters.*

**W**HATEVER 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 18.

*Against Scoffing and calling Names.*

**O**UR 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 baldhead, 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 19.

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

**A**NGELS 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 begiv'n;  
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 power I fear,  
That heavenly 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 20.

*Against Idleness and Mischief.*

**H**OW doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r !

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



## SONG 21.

*Against Evil Company.*

**W**HY 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 would not dare defile my tongue  
With language such as their's.

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 22.

*Against Pride in Clothes.*

**W**HY 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 shew  
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!  
When the poor sheep & silk worms 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 flow'rs, 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 heav'n and wear it there,  
God will approve it in his sight;  
Tis his own work, and his delight.



## SONG 23.

### *Obedience to Parents.*

**L**ET 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 24.

### *The Child's Complaint.*

**W**HY should I love my sports 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 heavenly voice to hear,  
And let me love to pray ;  
Since God will lend a gracious ear,  
To what a child can say.



## SONG 25.

### *A Morning Song.*

**M**Y 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 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.





## SONG 26.

### *An Evening Song.*

**A**ND 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'll close my eyes,  
Since thou wilt not remove;  
And in the morning let me rise,  
Rejoicing in thy love.



## SONG 27.

*For the Lord's-Day Morning.*

**T**HIS 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 powers 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 heaven ;  
O may I love this blessed day  
The best of all the seven !





## SONG 28:

*For the Lord's-Day Evening.*

**L**ORD, 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 texts and doctrines of thy word;  
That I may break thy laws no more,  
But love thee better than before.

With thoughts of Christ, & 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,*  
Exodus, Chap. 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 & deeds unclean ;
- 8 Nor steal, tho' 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. xvii. 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.



*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 heavenly birth,  
Who brings salvation down to earth.

Let every nation, every 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 the 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 blessings given!  
Let the whole earth his glory sing,  
Who made our peace with heaven.

*Glory to the Father and the Son.*

LONG METRE.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, three in one,  
Be honour, praise, and glory given  
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.





# MORAL SONGS.



## 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 hours  
without number ;  
And when he gets up, he sits folding his  
hands,  
Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he  
stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild  
brier,  
The thorn and the thistle grew broader  
and higher :  
The clothes that hang on him are turning  
to rags ;  
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, talk'd of eating  
and drinking,  
But scarce reads his Bible, and never  
loves thinking.  
Said I then to my heart, " Here's a les-  
son 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 2.—*Innocent Play.*

**A** BROAD in the meadows to see the  
young lambs [dams,  
Run sporting about by the side of their  
With fleeces so clean and so white :  
Or a nest of young doves in a large open  
cage,  
When they play all in love without anger  
or rage,  
How much may we learn by 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 pret-  
ty 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 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 a-  
bout fire,  
And tell you, "'tis all but in sport."

---



SONG 3.—*The Rose.*

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

The glory of April and May;  
But the leaves are beginning to fade in  
an hour,  
And they wither and die in a day.



Yet the Rose has one powerful virtue to  
boast,  
Above all the flowers of the field :  
When its leaves are all dead, and fine  
colours are lost,  
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !

So frail is the youth & the beauty of men,  
Tho' they bloom and look gay like the  
Rose ;

Yet 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 4.—*The Thief.*

**W**HY 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,  
Tho' we fancy none can spy :  
When we take a thing forbidden,  
God beholds it with his eye.

Guard my heart, O God of heaven,  
Lest I covet what's not mine ;  
Lest I steal what is not given,  
Guard my heart and hands from sin,



SONG 5.—*The Ant, or Emmet.*

**T**HESSE 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.

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 creeping  
ant,  
If I take not due care for the things I  
shall want,  
Nor provide against dangers in time :  
When death or old age shall stare in my  
face,  
What a wretch shall I be at the end of  
my days,  
If I trifle away all 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 forgiven :  
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 heaven.





SONG 6.—*Good Resolutions.*

**T**HOUGH I am now in younger days,  
Nor can tell what will 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 shewing 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, 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,

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,

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,  
Tho' 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 7.—*A Summer Evening.*

air:

**H**OW 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  
began,

And there followed some droppings of  
rain.

But now the fair traveller's come to the  
west,

His rays are all gold, and his beauties  
are blest:

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.



*A Cradle Hymn.*

**H**USH my dear ! lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed !  
Heavenly blessings without number  
Gently falling on thy head.



Sleep, my babe ! thy food and raiment,  
House and home thy friends provide ;  
All without thy care or payment,  
All thy wants are well supply'd.

How much better thou'rt attended  
Than the Son of God could be,  
When from heaven he descended,  
And became a child like thee !

Soft and easy is thy cradle ;  
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,  
When his birth-place was a stable,  
And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe ! what glorious features !  
Spotless fair ! divinely bright !  
Must he dwell with brutal creatures ?  
How could angels bear the sight !

Was there nothing but a manger  
Cursed sinners could afford,  
To receive the heavenly Stranger ?  
Did they thus affront the Lord ?

Soft, my child ! I did not chide thee,  
Tho' my song might sound too hard :  
'Tis thy mother \* 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 word Brother, Sister, 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.



# SELECT PIECES.



## *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 Heaven will bless  
your store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak  
These hoary locks proclaim my length-  
en'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 a humbler shed.

Oh ! take me to your hospitable doom ;  
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 died, & 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,

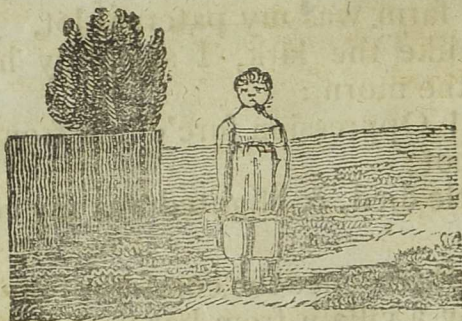
Fell, lingering fell, a victim to Despair,  
And left the world to Wretchedness and  
me.

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.

Moss.



*The Blind Boy.*

**O** SAY, what is that thing call'd light,  
Which I must ne'er enjoy?  
What are the blessings of the sight?  
O tell your poor blind boy.

You talk of wond'rous things you see  
You say the sun shines bright;  
I feel him warm, but how can he  
Or make it day or night.

My day or night myself I make,  
Whene'er I sleep or play:  
And could I always keep awake,  
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear  
You mourn my hapless woe;  
But sure with patience I can bear  
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have  
My cheer of mind destroy;  
While thus I sing, I am a king,  
Altho' a poor blind boy.



**A CATECHISM**  
FOR A YOUNG CHILD,

---

*Q. CAN you tell me, Child, who made you?*

A. The great God, who made heaven & earth.

*Q. What doth God do for you?*

A. He keeps me from harm, by night and by day, and is always doing me good.

*Q. What must you do for this great God, who is so good to you?*

A. I must learn to know him first, and then I must do every thing to please him.

*Q. Where doth God teach us to know him, and to please him?*

A. In his holy word, which is contained in the Bible.

*Q. Have you learnt to know who God is?*

A. God is a spirit; and though we cannot see him, yet he sees and knows all things, and can do all things.

*Q. What must you do to please God?*

A. I must do my duty both toward God and toward man.

*Q. What is your duty to God?*

A. My duty to God is, to fear and honour him, to love and serve him, to pray to him, and to praise him.

*Q. What is your duty to Man?*

A. My duty to man is, to obey my parents, to speak the truth always, and to be honest and kind to all,

*Q. What good do you hope for, by seeking to please God?*

*A. Then I shall be a child of God, and have God for my father and friend for ever.*

*Q. And what if you do not fear God, nor love him, nor seek to please him?*

*A. Then I shall be a wicked child, and the great God will be very angry with me.*

*Q. Why are you afraid of God's anger?*

*A. Because he can kill my body, and make my soul miserable after my body is dead.*

*Q. But have you never done any thing to make God angry with you already?*

*A. Yes, I fear I have too often sinned against God and deserved his anger.*

*Q. What do you mean by sinning against God?*

*A. To sin against God is to do any thing that God forbids me, or not to do what God commands me.*

*Q. And what must you do to be saved from the anger of God, which your sins have deserved?*

*A. I must be sorry for my sins; I must pray to God to forgive me what is past, and serve him better for the time to come.*

*Q. Will God forgive you, if you pray for it?*

*A. I hope he will forgive me, if I trust in his mercy, for the sake of what Jesus Christ has done, and what he has suffered.*

*Q. Do you know who Jesus Christ is?*

*A. He is God's own Son, who came down from heaven, to save us from our sins, and from God's anger.*

*Q. What has Christ done towards the saving of men?*



A. He obeyed the law of God himself, and has taught us to obey it also.

Q. *What has Christ suffered in order to save men?*

A. He died for sinners, who had broke the law of God, and deserved to die themselves.

Q. *Where is Jesus Christ now?*

A. He is alive again, and gone to heaven, to provide a place there for all that serve God and love his Son Jesus.

Q. *Can you of yourself love and serve God and Christ?*

A. No, I cannot do it of myself, but God will help me by his own Spirit, if I ask him for it.

Q. *Will Jesus Christ ever come again?*

A. Christ will come again, and call me and all the world to account for what we have done.

Q. *For what purpose is this account to be given?*

A. That the children of God as well as the wicked may all receive according to their works.

Q. *What must become of you if you are wicked?*

A. If I am wicked I shall be sent down to everlasting fire in hell, among wicked and miserable creatures.

Q. *And whither shall you go if you are a child of God?*

A. If I am a child of God, I shall be taken up to heaven, and dwell there with God and Christ for ever. *Amen.*

## The SCRIPTURE NAMES in the NEW TESTAMENT.



Q. *Who was Jesus Christ?*

A. The Son of God, and the Saviour of men.

Q. *Who was the Virgin Mary?*

A. The mother of Jesus Christ.

Q. *Who was Joseph the Carpenter?*

A. The supposed father of Christ, because he married his mother.

Q. *Who were the Gentiles?*

A. All the nations besides the Jews.

Q. *Who was Cæsar?*

A. The emperor of Rome, and the ruler of the world.

Q. *Who was Herod the Great?*

A. The king of Judea, who killed all the children in a town, in hopes to kill Christ.

Q. *Who was John the Baptist?*

A. The prophet who told the Jews that Christ was come.

Q. *Who was the other Herod?*

A. The king of Galilee, who cut off John the Baptist's head.

Q. *Who were the disciples of Christ?*

A. Those who learned of him as their master.

Q. *Who was Nathaniel?*

A. A disciple of Christ, & a man without guile.

Q. *Who was Nicodemus?*



A. The fearful disciple, who came to Jesus by night.

Q. *Who was Mary Magdalene?*

A. A great sinner, who washed Christ's feet with her tears, and wiped them with her hair.

Q. *Who was Lazarus?*

A. A friend of Christ's, whom he raised to life when he had been dead four days.

Q. *Who was Martha?*

A. Lazarus' sister, who was cumbered too much in making a feast for Christ.

Q. *Who was Mary the sister of Martha?*

A. The woman who chose the better part, and heard Jesus preach.

Q. *Who were the Apostles?*

A. Those disciples whom Christ chose for the chief ministers of the gospel.

✓ Q. *Who was Simon Peter?*

A. The apostle who denied Christ & repented.

Q. *Who was John?*

A. The beloved apostle who leaned on the bosom of Christ.

Q. *Who was Thomas?*

A. The apostle who was hard to be persuaded that Christ rose from the dead.

Q. *Who was Judas?*

A. The wicked disciple who betrayed Christ with a kiss.

✓ Q. *Who was Caiaphas?*

A. The high priest who condemned Christ.

Q. *Who was Pontius Pilate.*

A. The governor of Judea, who ordered Christ to be crucified.

Q. *Who was Joseph of Arimathea?*

A. A rich man who buried Christ in his own tomb.

Q. *Who were the four Evangelists?*

A. Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, who wrote the history of Christ's life and death.

Q. *Who were Ananias and Sapphira?*

A. A man and his wife who were struck dead for telling a lie.

Q. *Who was Stephen?*

A. The first man who was put to death for Christ's sake.

Q. *Who was Paul?*

A. A young man who was first a persecutor and afterwards an apostle of Christ.

Q. *Who was Dorcas?*

A. A good woman who made clothes for the poor, and she was raised from the dead.

Q. *Who was Elymas?*

A. A wicked man who was struck blind for speaking against the gospel.

Q. *Who was Apollos?*

A. A warm and lively preacher of the gospel.

Q. *Who was Eutychus?*

A. A youth who slept at sermon, and falling down was taken up dead.

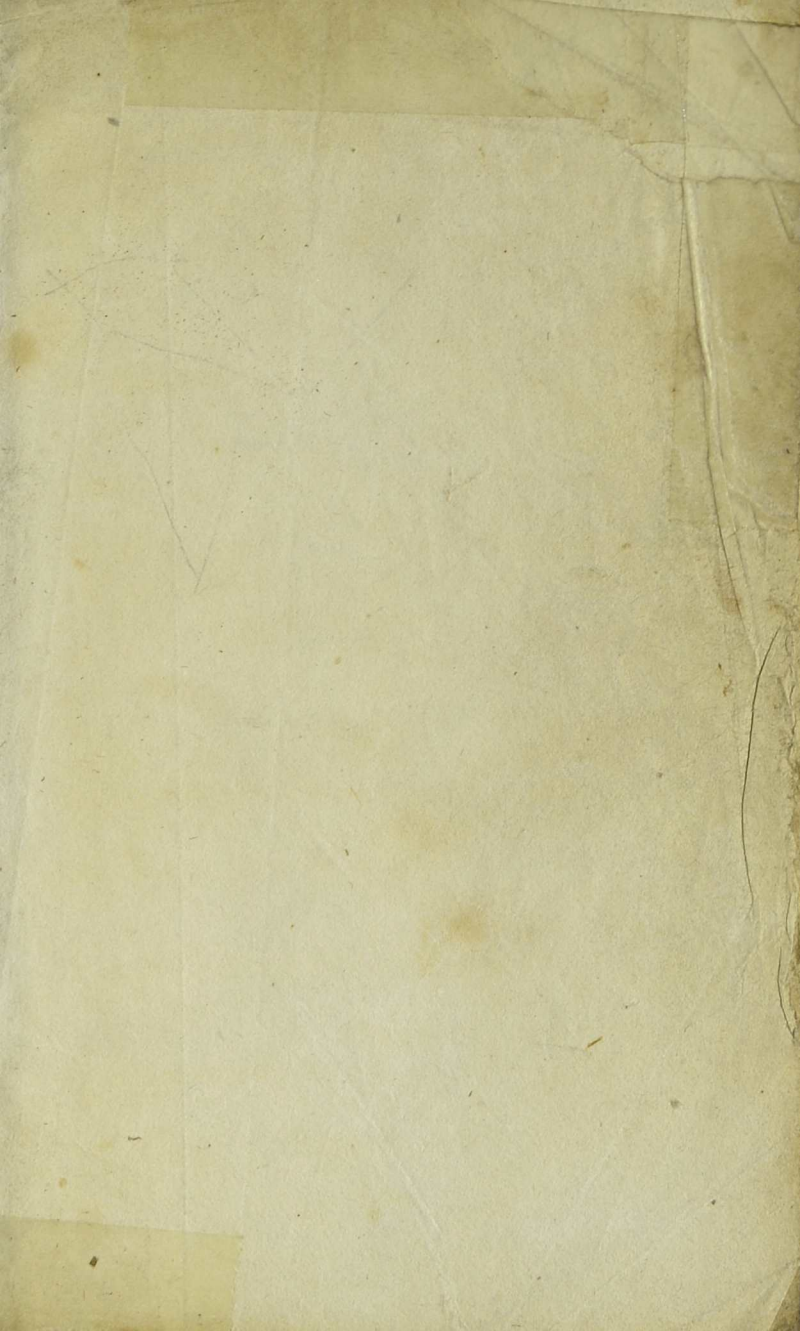
Q. *Who was Timothy?*

A. A young minister who knew the scriptures from his youth.

Q. *Who was Agrippa?*

A. A king, who was almost persuaded to be a Christian.



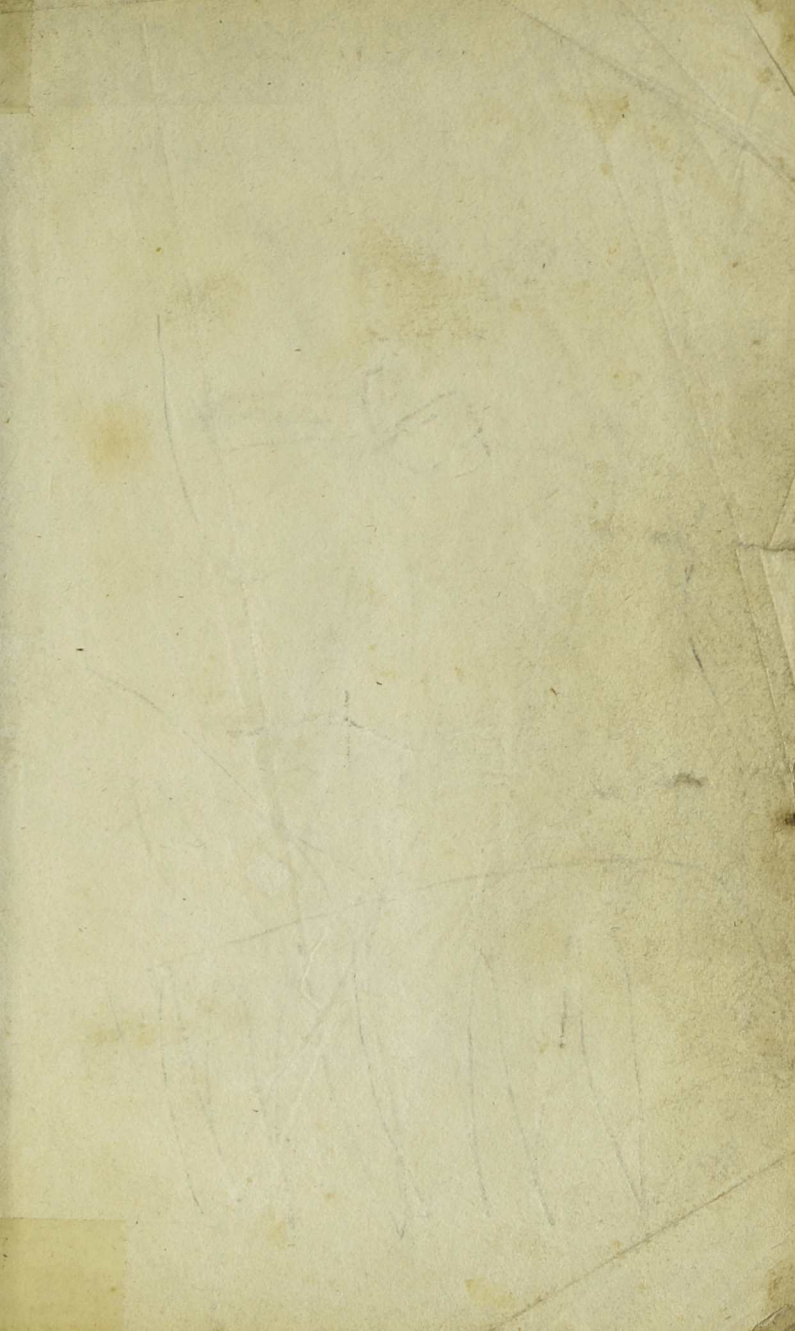


A. A rich man  
tomb.

Q. *W*

A.









April the 15<sup>th</sup>

My dear Sir

Yrs  
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