A decorative border of repeating floral and leaf motifs surrounds the text.

**DIVINE AND MORAL  
SONGS,**

ATTEMPTED

IN EASY LANGUAGE,

FOR THE

**USE OF CHILDREN.**

---

By I. WATTS, D.D.

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*Ornamented with an appropriate Frontispiece.*

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**London:**

Printed and Sold by J. INNES, 61, Wells Street,  
Oxford Street.—

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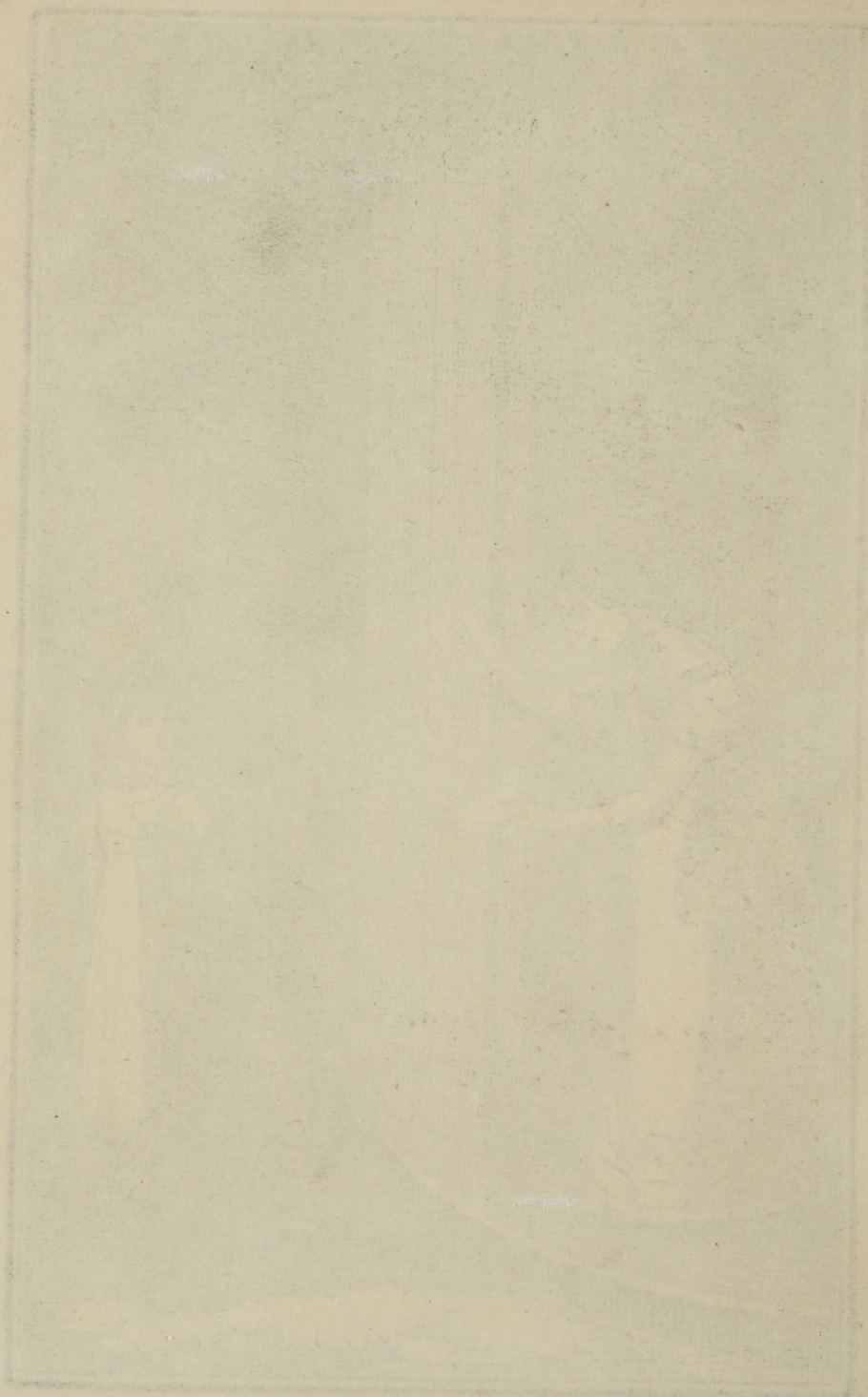
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BY J. WATTS, D.D.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by J. WATTS, 15, N. BARRICK-LANE, in the Strand.

1805.



## DIVINE SONGS.

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### SONG I.—*General Song of Praise to God.*

How glorious is our Heav'nly King,  
Who reigns above the sky!  
How shall a child presume to sing  
His dreadful majesty!

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.

Not angels that stand round the Lord  
Can search his secret will;  
But they perform his heav'nly 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 II.—*Praise for Creation  
and Providence.*

I sing the almighty pow'r 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 pronounced 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 flow'r below  
But makes thy glories known ;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as numerous as they be)  
Are subject to thy care ;  
There's not a place where we can flee,  
But God is present there.

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 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 honor'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 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 IV.—*Praise for Mercies, Spi-  
 ritual 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 giv'n 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 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 the 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 Indies hold.

How do I pity those that dwell  
 Where ignorance and darkness reigns;  
 They know no heav'n, 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 to 'scape 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 these 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. — *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 brighter 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 satisfied,  
And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law,  
Show what my faults have been ;  
And from thy gospel let me draw  
Pardon for all my 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 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 published there?  
Be all expos'd before the sun,  
While men and angels hear?

Lord! at thy foot ashamed 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 ev'ry 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 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 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 heav'n 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 Advantages  
of early Religion.*

Happy's the child, whose youngest 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 pray'r 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 flow'r 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 dangerous 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 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 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 learn 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,  
Tho' they should speak the thing that's  
true ;  
And he that does one fault at first,  
And lies to hide it, makes it two.



Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,  
 How God abhors deceit and wrong ?  
 How Ananias was struck dead,  
 Caught 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  
 Which just before her husband told.  
 The Lord delights in them that speak  
 The words of truth ; but ev'ry 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 ev'ry 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 thro' 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 hurry'd 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 giv'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 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 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 works, 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.*

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 my ears;  
 I should not dare defile my tongue  
 With language such as their's.

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.

From one rude boy that 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 shew  
 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 flow'rs exceed me still.



Then will I set my heart to find  
 Inward adornings of the mind ;  
 Knowledge of 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 bléssed 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 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.*

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 heaven 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 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 XXVI. — *An Evening  
 Song.*

And now another day is gone,  
 I'll sing my Maker's praise ;  
 My comforts ev'ry 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 thro' 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 pow'rs 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 the 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 seven.

---

SONG XXVIII.—*For the Lord's Day  
Evening.*

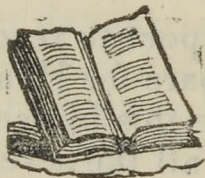
Lord ! how delightful 'tis to see  
A whole assembly worship thee !  
At once they sing, at once they pray,  
They hear of Heav'n, and learn the way.

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



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

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



SONG XXVII — For the Lord's Day

Lord! how delightful 'tis to see  
A whole assembly worship thee  
At once they sing, and they pray,  
They hear of heaven, and learn the way  
I have been there, and still would go  
'Tis like a little Heav'n below  
Not all my pleasures and my joys  
Shall tempt me to forget this day

A FEW SLIGHT  
SPECIMENS  
OF  
Dr. WATTS'S MORAL SONGS.

---

SONG I.—*The Sluggard.*

'TIS the voice of a sluggard, I heard him complain,  
“ You've 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 saunt'ring, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild briar,  
The thorn and the thistle grow 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  
He had taken more care in 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 pebbles 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 flower !  
 The glory of June and of May ;  
 But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,  
 And they wither and die in a day.

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

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,  
 Though 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.

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 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 given,  
 Guard my heart and hands from sin.

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 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 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 sleeping or play,  
 But gather up corn in a sunshiny day,  
 And for winter they lay up their stores ;  
 They manage their work in such regular forms,  
 One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the  
 And so brought their food within doors. [storms,

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,  
 If I take no due care for the things that I want,  
 Nor provide against dangers in time ;  
 When death or old age shall stare me in the face,  
 What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,  
 If I trifle away all their prime.

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in  
 bloom, [come,  
 Let me think what will serve me when sickness shall  
 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 heav'n.

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### SONG VI.—*A Summer's 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 followed 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 skies gay as he sinks to his rest,  
 And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian : his course he begins,  
 Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,  
 And melts into tears ; then he breaks out and shines,  
 And travels his heavenly way :  
 But when he comes nearer to finish his race,  
 Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,  
 And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,  
 Of rising in brighter array.

## SONG VII.

*Good Resolutions.*

Though 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.

Should I e'er be rich or great,  
Others shall partake my goodness;  
I'll supply the poor with meat,  
Never showing scorn nor rudeness.

Where I see the blind or lame,  
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;  
I deserve to feel the same,  
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues,  
Why should I return them railing?  
Since I best revenge my wrongs,  
By my patience never failing.

When I hear them telling lies,  
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing;  
First I'll try to make them wise,  
Or I'll soon go out of hearing.

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



If I should be poor and sick,  
 I shall meet, I hope, with pity;  
 Since I love to help the weak,  
 Though they're neither fair or witty.

I'll not willingly offend,  
 Nor be easily offended;  
 What's amiss I'll strive to mend,  
 And endure what can't be mended.

May I be so watchful still  
 O'er my humours and my passion,  
 As to speak and do no ill,  
 Though it should be all the fashion.

Wicked fashions lead to hell;  
 Ne'er may I be found complying;  
 But in life behave so well,  
 Not to be afraid of dying.

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SONG VIII.—*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 supplied.

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 heav'nly stranger ?  
 Did they thus affront their Lord ?

Soft, my child, I did not chide thee,  
 Though 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 abused their King,  
 How they serv'd the Lord of Glory,  
 Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round him,  
 Telling wonders from the sky !  
 There 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.

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



Lo! he slumbers in a manger,  
Where the horned oxen fed;  
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,  
Here's no ox anear thy head.  
'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 END.

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