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DR. WATTS'S
DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS.



How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

722.
f. 89.



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14722 f. 89







Praise to Thee, thou great Creator!
Praise be Thine from ev'ry tongue:
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature;
Join the universal song!



DIVINE AND MORAL
SONGS,
ATTEMPTED IN EASY LANGUAGE,
FOR THE
USE OF CHILDREN:
By I. WATTS, D. D.



DERBY:
Printed by and for
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PREFACE,

TO ALL THAT ARE CONCERNED IN THE EDUCATION
OF CHILDREN.

MY FRIENDS,

It is an awful and important charge that is committed to you. The wisdom and welfare of the succeeding generation are intrusted with you before-hand, and depend much on your conduct. The seeds of misery or happiness in this world and that to come, are oftentimes sown very early; and therefore whatever may conduce to give the minds of children a relish for virtue and religion, ought, in the first place, to be proposed to you.

Verse was at first designed for the service of God, though it has been wretchedly abused since. The ancients among the Jews and the heathens taught their children and disciples the precepts of morality and worship in verse. The children of Israel were commanded to

learn the words of the Song of Moses: *Deut.* xxxi. 19—30; and we are directed in the New Testament, not only to sing with grace in the heart, but to teach and admonish one another by hymns and songs: *Eph.* v. 19. And there are these four advantages in it.

I. There is great delight in the very learning of truths 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 learned 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 temptation, 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 their 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 has been long engaged in the work of catechising a very great number of children of all kinds, and with abundant skill and success. So that you will find here nothing that savours of a party: the children of high and low degree; of the Church of England, or dissenters; baptized in infancy or not, may all join together in these songs. And as I have endeavoured to sink the lan-

guage 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.

- 1 How glorious is our heav'nly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful Majesty?
- 2 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.
- 3 Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search his secret will;
But they perform his heav'nly word,
And sing his praises still.

- 4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first off'rings bring ;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.
- 6 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.

- 1 I SING th' almighty pow'r of God,
That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 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.

- 3 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.
- 4 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.
- 5 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.
- 6 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.
- 7 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.
- 8 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.

- 1 **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.
- 2 **Our** father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell;
And we his children thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.
- 3 **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.
- 4 **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.

- 5 Behold him rising from the grave;
Behold him rais'd on high;
He pleads his merits there, to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.
- 6 There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And by his pow'r divine
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.
- 7 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.
- 8 O! may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face,
And with the blest assembly there
Sing his redeeming grace!



SONG IV.

PRAISE FOR MERCIES SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL.

- 1 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?
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay there head;
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.
- 5 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.
- 6 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.

- 1 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.
- 2 '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.
- 3 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.
- 4 How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance and darkness reigns!
They know heav'n, they fear no hell,
Those endless joys, these endless pains.

- 5 Thy glorious promises, O Lord!
Kindle my hopes, and my desire;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me t' escape eternal fire.
- 6 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.

- 1 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 nor a Jew.
- 2 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!

3 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!

4 Then if this gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up my eyes;
For all the Gentiles and the Jews,
Against me will in judgment rise.



SONG VII.

THE EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.

1 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.

- 2 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.
- 8 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfy'd,
And hence my hopes arise.
- 5 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.
- 6 Here would I learn how Christ has dy'd,
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heav'nly wonders tell.
- 7 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read those wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.



SONG VIII.

PRAISE TO GOD FOR LEARNING TO READ.

- 1 THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learnt so young,
To read his holy word:
- 2 That I am brought to know
The danger I was in;
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin:
- 3 That I am led to see
I can do nothing well;
And whither shall a sinner flee
To save himself from hell?
- 4 Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.
- 5 Here I can read and learn,
How Christ the Son of God

- Has undertook our great concern;
Our ransom cost his blood.
- 6 And now he reigns above,
He sends his Spirit down,
To show the wonders of his love,
And make his gospel known.
- 7 O, may that Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.
- 8 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.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the shades of night;

And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

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

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there;
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

4 Lord, at thy feet asham'd I lie;
Upward I dare not look:
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

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

6 Oh, 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.

- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 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 meet their doom.

- 2 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.
- 6 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 in which he dies.



SONG XI.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

- 1 THERE is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love;
And holy children when they die,
Go to that world above.
- 2 There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains;
Where sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains.

- 3 Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end?
And may I hope whene'er I die,
I shall to heav'n ascend?
- 4 Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath;
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent t' eternal death.



SONG XII.

THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RELIGION.

- 1 HAPPY the child, whose youngest years
Receive instructions well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.
- 2 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flow'r when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

- 3 'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
While sinners that grow old in sin,
Are harden'd in their crimes.
- 4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young ;
Grace will preserve our foll'wing years,
And make our virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, Almighty God, to thee,
Our childhood we resign ;
'Twill please us to look back and see,
That our whole lives were thine.
- 6 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.

- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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?
- 4 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?

- 5 '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.
- 6 Then 'twill for ever be in vain
 To cry for pardon or for grace;
 To wish I had my time again,
 Or hope to see my Maker's face.



SONG XIV.

EXAMPLES OF EARLY PIETY.

- 1 WHAT blest examples do I find
 Writ in the word of truth,
 Of children that began to mind
 Religion in their youth!
- 2 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.

- 3 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.
- 4 Children a sweet hosanna sung,
 And blest their Saviour's name;
They gave him honour with their tongue,
 While scribes and priests blaspheme.
- 5 Samuel the child was wean'd, and brought
 To wait upon the Lord;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
 To know his holy word.
- 6 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.

- 1 OH, '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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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 ?
- 4 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.

5 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.

6 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.

1 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.

2 But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise ;

Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

3 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.

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

5 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.

1 **WHATEVER** brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;

- Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.
- 2 Birds in their little nests agree ;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight:
- 3 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.
- 4 The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another ;
So wicked Cain was hurried on
'Till he had kill'd his brother.
- 5 The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night ;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light.
- 6 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 ILL NAMES.

- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 When children in their wanton play,
Serv'd old Elisha so ;
And bid the prophet go his way,
"Go up, thou bald-head, go ;"

5 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.

6 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.

- 1 ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
 Adore thy name, Almighty God!
 And devils tremble down in hell,
 Beneath the terrors of thy rod.
- 2 And yet how wicked children dare
 Abuse thy glorious, dreadful name!
 And when they're angry, how they swear,
 And curse their fellows, and blaspheme!

- 3 How will they stand before thy face,
Who treated thee with such disdain,
While thou shalt doom them to that place
Of everlasting fire and pain!
- 4 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.
- 5 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.
- 6 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.

- 1 How doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour,
 And gather honey all the day
 From ev'ry op'ning flow'r!
- 2 How skilfully she builds her cell!
 How neat she spreads her wax!
 And labours hard to store it well
 With the sweet food she makes.
- 3 In works of labour, or of skill,
 I would be busy too;
 For Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do.
- 4 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.

- 1 **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?
- 2 I hate to hear a wanton song;
Their words offend my ears:
I should not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.
- 3 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.
- 4 From one rude boy that's us'd to mock,
Ten learn the wicked jest:
One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.

- 5 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.

- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.

- 4 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.
- 5 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.
- 6 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.
- 7 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.
- 8 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.

- 1 LET children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say;
With rev'ence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.
- 2 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?
- 3 What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How cursed is his name!
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.
- 4 But those that 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.

- 1 **WHY** 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?
- 2 **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?
- 3 **How** senseless is my heart, and wild!
How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults.
- 4 **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.

- 1 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.
- 2 When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.
- 3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes and still
March on my heav'nly way.
- 4 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.

- 1 AND now another day is gone,
 I'll sing my Maker's praise;
 My comforts ev'ry hour make known
 His providence and grace.
- 2 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.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep;
 Let angels guard my head,
 And through the hours of darkness keep
 Their watch around my bed.
- 4 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.

- 1 **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?
- 2 **This** is the day when Jesus broke
The pow'r of death and hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?
- 3 **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!
- 4 **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.

- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 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, 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 unclean.
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 TEN 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 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 heav'n.

GLORY TO THE FATHER, AND THE SON, &c.

LONG METRE.

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit three in one,
 Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,
 By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

COMMON METRE.

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

SHORT METRE.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son ;
And to the Spirit of his grace,
Be equal honour done.

A
SLIGHT SPECIMEN
OF
MORAL SONGS,

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

THE sense and subjects might be borrowed plentifully from the Proverbs of Solomon; from all the common appearances of nature; from all 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.

A SLIGHT SPECIMEN
OF
MORAL SONGS.



SONG I.

THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him
complain,

“ You have wak'd me too soon, I must sleep
again ;”

As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and
heavy head.

“ A little more sleep, and a little more sleep
ber ;”

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 took better care for improving the
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 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,
Tho' they bloom and look gay like the rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain:
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

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 pilf'ring 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 hands and heart 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 wear not their time out in sleeping or
play,

But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores :
They manage their work in such regular
forms,

One would think they foresaw all the frosts
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 of 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 my prime!

Now, now, while my strength and my youth
are in bloom,
Let me think what will serve me when sick-
ness 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 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 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,
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.



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,
Tho' he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there follow'd some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller comes 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 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.



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 and 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 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 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 may be used the words 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 his 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;
 O! 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 a humbler shed.

*O! 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.

Heav'n 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 ner 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;
O! give relief, and heav'n will bless your store.

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