


DIVINE : AND : MORAL  
SONGS : FOR : CHILDREN  
BY THE : REVEREND  
ISAAC : WATTS : DD.



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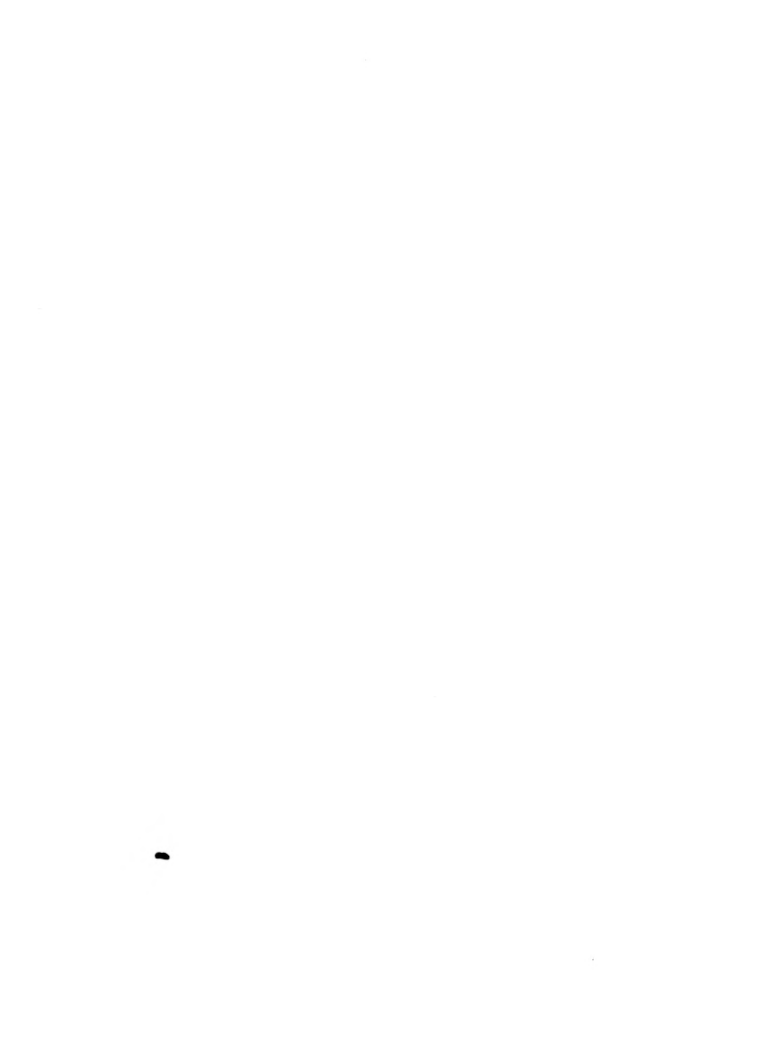
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Divine and Moral Songs for Children



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HOW PROUD WE ARE : HOW FOND  
TO SHOW OUR CLOTHES AND CALL  
THEM RICH AND NEW WHEN THE  
POOR SHEEP AND SILKWORMWORE  
THAT VERY CLOTHING LONG BEFORE.

DIVINE: AND: MORAL  
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2 + 5  
W

THESE LITTLE PICTURES  
ARE DEDICATED  
TO  
MY HUSBAND  
BY HIS  
PUPIL AND WIFE.

THE  
MUSEUM OF  
THE  
CITY OF  
NEW YORK  
AND  
THE  
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART





THE ETERNAL GOD WILL NOT DISDAIN  
TO HEAR AN INFANT SING

# DIVINE SONGS

FOR CHILDREN.

1. *A General Song of Praise to God.*

1 How glorious is our heavenly King,  
Who reigns above the sky!  
How shall a child presume to sing  
His dreadful majesty?

2 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.

3 Not angels that stand round the Lord  
Can search his secret will;  
But they perform his heavenly word,  
And sing his praises still.

4 Then let me join this holy train,  
And my first offerings bring;  
Th' eternal GOD will not disdain  
To hear an infant sing.

5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,  
And angels shall rejoice,  
To hear their mighty Maker's praise,  
Sound from a feeble voice.

*2. Praise for Creation and Providence.*

1 I sing the almighty power 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 numerous as they be)  
Are subject to thy care ;  
There's not a place where we can flee  
But God is present there.
- 7 In Heaven 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 ?

*3. Praise to God for our Redemption.*

- 1 BLESST be the wisdom, and the power,  
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!







WHENE'ER I TAKE MY WALKS  
ABROAD HOW MANY POOR I SEE

He pleads his merits there, to save  
Transgressors doom'd to die.

6 There on a glorious throne he reigns,  
And by his power 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 every tomb,  
While waking saints rejoice.

8 O may I then with joy appear  
Before the judge's face;  
And with the bless'd assembly there  
Sing his redeeming grace!

4. *Praise for Mercies spiritual and  
temporal.*

1 WHEN'E'R 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 their 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.

5. *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 heavenly 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 no Heaven, they fear no  
Hell,  
Those endless joys, those endless pains.
- 5 Thy glorious promises, O LORD,  
Kindle my hopes and my desire;  
While all the preachers of thy word  
Warn me to escape eternal fire.
- 6 Thy praise shall still employ my breath,  
Since thou hast mark'd my way to  
heaven;  
Nor will I run the road to death,  
And waste the blessings thou hast giv'n.

*6. 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 or a Jew.

2 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?

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 mine eyes?  
For all the Gentiles and the Jews,  
Against me will in judgment rise.

### *7. The Excellency of the Bible.*

1 GREAT GOD, with wonder and with  
praise  
On all thy works I look;

But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,  
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 The stars that in their courses roll,  
Have much instruction given;  
But thy good word informs my soul  
How I may climb to Heaven.

3 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 satisfied,  
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 died,  
To save my soul from Hell:



Not all the books on earth beside,  
Such heavenly wonders tell.

7 Then let me love my Bible more,  
And take a fresh delight,  
By day to read these wonders o'er,  
And meditate by night.

*8. 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,  
Did undertake 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.

9. *The All-seeing God.*

1 ALMIGHTY GOD, thy piercing eye  
Strikes through 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 expos'd before the sun,  
While men and angels hear?

4 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.

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

6 O man I now for ever fear  
To indulge a sinful thought;  
Since the great GOD can see and hear,  
And writes down ev'ry fault!

*10. Solemn thoughts on God and Death.*

1 THERE is a GOD that reigns above,  
LORD of the heavens, and earth, and seas  
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,  
And with my lips I sing his praise.

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 hear their doom.
- 5 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.
- 6 Just as the tree, cut down, that fell  
To north or southward, there it lies;  
So man departs to Heaven or Hell,  
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

### 11. *Heaven and Hell.*

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

- 2 There is a dreadful Hell,  
And everlasting pains :  
There 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 Heaven ascend?
- 4 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.

**12.** *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.

G E C G



HAPPY THE CHILD WHOSE YOUNGEST  
YEARS RECEIVE INSTRUCTIONS  
WELL





- 2 When we devote our youth to God,  
'Tis pleasing in his eyes.  
A flower, 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 'T will save us from a thousand snares,  
To mind religion young;  
Grace will preserve our following years,  
And make our virtue strong.
- 5 To thee, Almighty God, to thee,  
Our childhood we resign;  
'T will please us to look back, and see,  
That our whole lives were thine.
- 6 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.

### 13. *The Danger of Delay*

- 1 WHY should I say, " 'Tis yet too soon  
To seek for heaven, or think of death?"  
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,  
And I this day may lose my breath.
- 2 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.
- 3 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!
- 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 power 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 and for grace;  
To wish I had my time again,  
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

14. *Examples of early Piety.*

- 1 WHAT bless'd 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 obeyed his mother then,  
And came at her command.

- 4 Children a sweet hosanna sung,  
And bless'd 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.

15. *Against Lying.*

- 1 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.

- 2 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.
- 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.

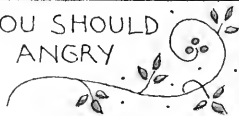
16. *Against Quarrelling and Fighting.*

- 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 heavenly throne



GECC

BUT CHILDREN YOU SHOULD  
NEVER LET SUCH ANGRY  
PASSIONS RISE











WHATEVER BRAWLS DISTURB THE  
STREET THERE SHOULD BE  
PEACE AT HOME



He sees what children dwell in love,  
And marks them for his own.

17. *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 threatening  
They are but noisy breath, [words,  
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 let 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 of riper age,  
Our hearts may all be love.

*18. Against Scoffing and calling 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.

GECG



BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS  
AGREE





- 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 stopt 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.

**19.** *Against Swearing, 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 dreadful glorious 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 the place  
Of everlasting fire and pain?

4 Then never shall one cooling drop,  
To quench their burning tongues be  
given;  
But I will praise thee here, and hope  
Thus to employ my tongue in Heaven.

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.







HOW DOETH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE  
IMPROVE EACH SHINING HOUR

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.

**20.** *Against Idleness and Mischief.*

- 1 How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour;  
And gather honey all the day,  
From ev'ry opening flow'r.
- 2 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.
- 3 In works of labour, or of skill,  
    would be busy too;  
For Satan finds some mischief still,  
For idle hands to do.
- 4 In books, or work, or healthful play,  
Let my first years be past;

That I may give for ev'ry day  
Some good account at last.

**21.** *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 mine ears;  
I should not dare defile my tongue  
With language such as theirs.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.



GEC6

SATAN FINDS SOME  
MISCHIEF STILL FOR  
IDLE HANDS TO DO





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.

**22.** *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 covering 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 shew  
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 clothes than I :  
Let me be drest fine as I will, [still.  
Flies, worms, and flowers, exceed me
- 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 Heaven, and wear it there :  
God will approve it in his sight,  
'Tis his own work, and his delight.



### 23. *Obedience to Parents.*

- 1 LET children that would fear the LORD,  
Hear what their teachers say;  
With reverence 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 who worship God, and give  
Their parents honour due,  
Here on this earth they long shall live,  
And live hereafter too.

24. *The Child's Complaint*

- 1 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?
- 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 heavenly voice to hear,  
And let me love to pray;  
Since GOD will lend a gracious ear,  
To what a child can say.

25. *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 heavenly 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!

## 26. *An Evening Song.*

1 AND now another day is gone,  
I'll sing my maker's praise:  
My comforts every 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 mine eyes,  
Since thou wilt not remove;  
And in the morning, let me rise  
Rejoicing in thy love.



I LAY MY BODY DOWN TO SLEEP  
LET ANGELS GUARD MY HEAD  
AND THROUGH THE HOURS OF  
DARKNESS KEEP THEIR WATCH  
AROUND MY BED



**27.** *For the Lord's Day Morning.*

1 THIS is the day when Christ arose,  
So early from the dead;  
Why should I keep my eye lids clos'd  
And waste my hours in bed?

2 This is the day when Jesus broke,  
The power of death and hell;  
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,  
And love my sins so well?

3 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.

4 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!

28. *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 heaven and learn the way.

2 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.

3 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.

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,  
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 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 COMMANDMENTS,  
MATT. XXII. 37.

WITH all thy soul love GOD above,  
And as thyself, thy neighbour love.

OUR SAVIOUR'S GOLDEN RULE.

MATT. VII. 12.

Be you to others kind and true,  
As you'd have others be to you;  
And neither do nor say to men,  
Whate'er you would not take again.

DUTY TO GOD AND OUR NEIGHBOUR.

- 1 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.
- 2 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. L. M.

1 HOSANNA to King David's Son,  
Who reigns on a superior throne;





AND TEACH THE BABES  
TO SING



We bless the prince of heavenly birth,  
Who brings salvation down to earth.

2 Let every nation every age,  
In this delightful work engage;  
Old men and babes in Sion sing  
The growing glories of her King.

C. M.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of grace;  
Sion, behold thy king!  
Proclaim the Son of David's race,  
And teach the babes to sing.

2 Hosanna to the eternal Word,  
Who from the Father came;  
Ascribe salvation to the LORD,  
With blessings on his name.

S. M.

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

2 To Christ, the anointed King,  
Be endless blessings given;  
Let the whole earth his glory sing,  
Who made our peace with Heaven.

GODRY TO THE FATHER, AND THE SON, AND  
THE HOLY SPIRIT. L. M.

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.

C. M.

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

S. M.

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





T'IS THE VOICE OF THE SLUGGARD I HEARD  
HIM COMPLAIN YOU HAVE WAK'D ME  
TOO SOON I MUST SLUMBER  
AGAIN AS THE DOOR ON ITS HINGES  
SO HE ON HIS BED TURNS HIS SIDES  
AND HIS SHOULDERS & HIS HEAVY HEAD



# MORAL SONGS.

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## 1. *The Sluggard.*

t' Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard  
him complain,

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

As the door on its hinges, so he on his  
bed,

Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and  
his heavy head.

2 “A little more sleep and a little more  
slumber;”

Thus he wastes half his days, and his  
hours without number;

And when he gets up he sits folding  
his hands,

Or walks about sauntering, or trifling  
he stands.

3 I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild  
brier,  
The thorn and the thistle grow broader  
and higher;  
The clothes that hang on him are turn-  
ing to rags;  
And his money still wastes, till he starves  
or he begs.

4 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 he scarce reads his Bible, and never  
loves thinking.

5 Said I then to my heart, "Here's a les-  
son for me;  
This 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 work-  
ing and reading.”

*2. Innocent Play.*

1 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:  
Oranest 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!  
2 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.  
3 Not a thing that we do, not 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."

### 3. *The Rose*

1 How 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.

2 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.

3 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.

4 Then I'll not be proud of my youth or  
my beauty,  
Since both of them wither and fade;

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But gain a good name by well doing my  
duty;  
That will scent like a Rose when I'm  
dead.

4. *The Thief.*

- 1 WHY should I deprive my neighbour  
Of his goods against his will?  
Hands were made for honest labour,  
Not to plunder or to steal.
- 2 '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.
- 3 Have not Eve and Adam taught us  
Their sad profit to compute?  
To what dismal state they brought us,  
When they stole forbidden fruit.
- 4 Oft we see a young beginner  
Practice little pilf'ring ways,

Till grown up a harden'd sinner:  
Then the gallows ends his days.  
5 Theft will not be always hidden,  
Though we fancy none can spy;  
When we take a thing forbidden,  
God beholds it with his eye.  
6 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.

### 5. *The Ant, or Emmet.*

1 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.

2 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  
frosts and the storms,  
And so brought their food within doors.

3 But I have less sense than a poor creep-  
ing ant,  
If I take not due care for the things I  
shall want,  
Nor provide against dangers in time:  
When death or old age shall once stare  
in my face,



What a wretch shall I be in the end of  
my days,

If I trifle away all their prime.

4 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 reading 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.

## 6. *Good Resolutions.*

I THOUGH I'm now in younger days,

Nor can tell what shall befall me,

I'll prepare for every place,

Where my growing age shall call me.

- 2 Should I e'er be rich or great,  
Others shall partake my goodness;  
I'll supply the poor with meat,  
Never shewing scorn nor rudeness.
- 3 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.
- 4 If I meet with railing tongues,  
Why should I return them railing?  
Since I best revenge my wrongs,  
By my patience never failing.
- 5 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.
- 6 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.

- 7 If I should be poor and sick,  
I shall meet, I hope, with pity;  
Since I love to help the weak,  
Though they're neither fair nor witty.
- 8 I'll not willingly offend,  
Nor be easily offended;  
What's amiss I'll strive to mend,  
And endure what can't be mended.
- 9 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.
- 10 Wicked fashions lead to Hell:  
Ne'er may I be found complying:  
But in life behave so well,  
Not to be afraid of dying.

*7. A Summer Evening.*

1 How fine has the day been! How bright  
was the sun!

How lovely and joyful the course that  
he run!

Though he rose in a mist when his race  
he begun,

And there follow'd some droppings of  
rain:

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

His rays are all gold, and his beauties  
are best;

He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his  
rest,

And foretels a bright rising again.

2 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;





HUSH MY DEAR LIE STILL AND SLUMBER

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.

**8.** *A Cradle Hymn.*

- 1 HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed;  
Heavenly blessings, without number,  
Gently falling on thy head.
- 2 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.
- 3 How much better thou'rt attended  
Than the Son of GOD could be,

When from heaven he descended,  
And became a child like thee.

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

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

6 Was there nothing but a manger  
Cursed sinners could afford,  
To receive the heav'nly stranger?  
Did they thus affront their LORD?

7 Soft, my child; I did not chide thee,  
Though my song might sound too hard;  
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,  
And her arm shall be thy guard.



8 Yet to read the shameful story,  
How the Jews abus'd their King,  
How they served the LORD of glory,  
Makes me angry while I sing.

9 See the kinder shepherds round him,  
Telling wonders from the sky;  
Where they sought him, there they  
found him,  
With his virgin mother by.

10 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.

11 Lo, he slumbers in the manger,  
Where the horned oxen fed;  
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,  
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

12 'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,  
Save my dear from burning flame,

- Bitter groans, and endless crying,  
That thy blest Redeemer came.
- 13 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!
- 14 I could give thee thousand kisses,  
Hoping what I most desire;  
Not a mother's fondest wishes,  
Can to greater joys aspire!

CENTRAL CHURCH  
CHILDREN'S UNION

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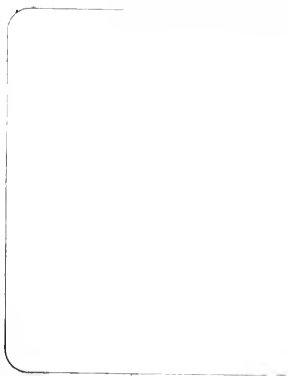


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