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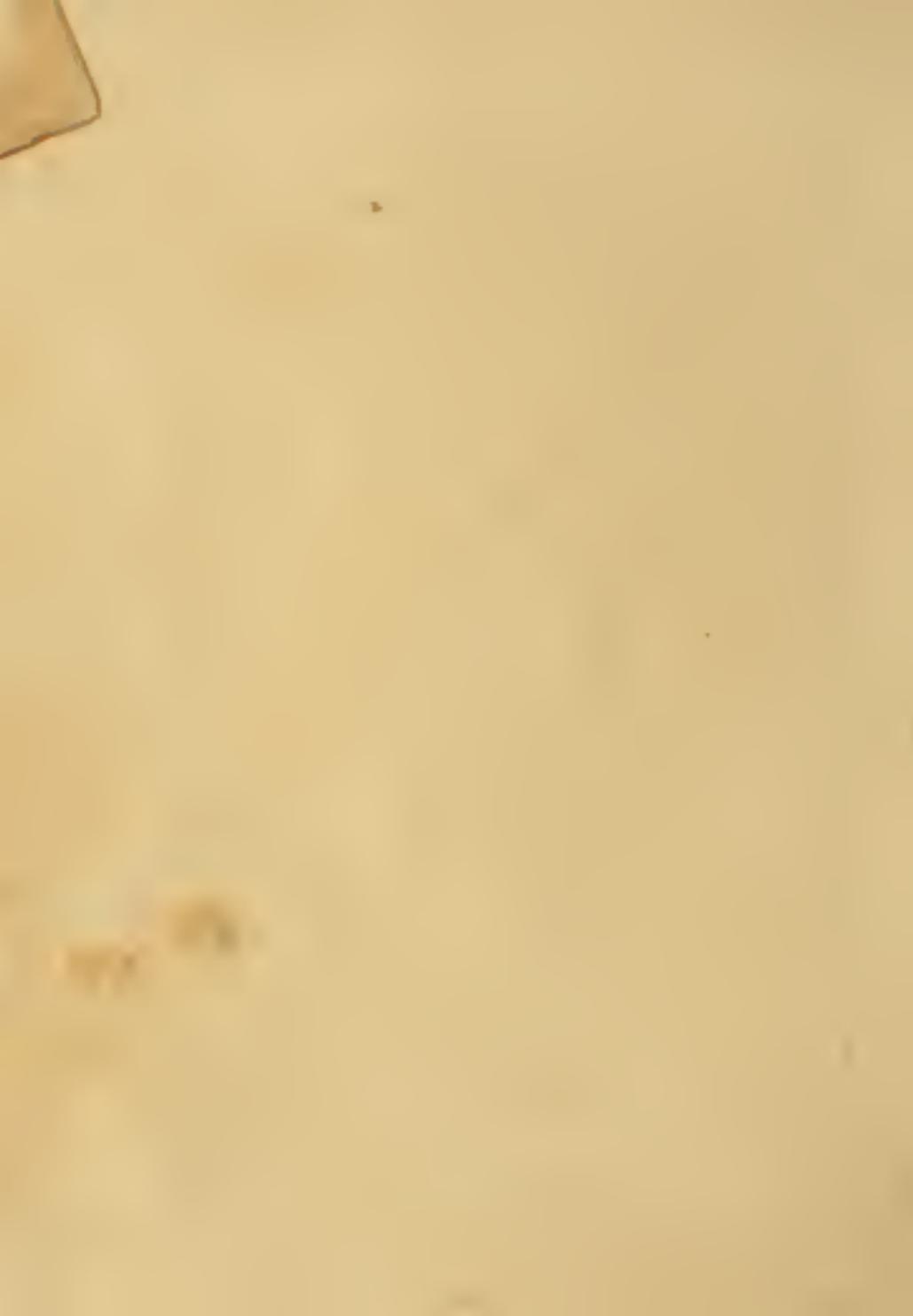
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DR. ISAAC WATTS.

(2)

SONGS,  
DIVINE AND MORAL,

BY

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

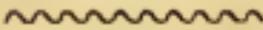


PHILADELPHIA:  
SMITH AND PECK.

1844.

Stereotyped by J. Fagan.  
Printed by C. Sherman.

MEMOIR  
OF  
ISAAC WATTS, D. D.



THE author of this very celebrated and beautiful collection of poems, was a Divine by whose writings almost all classes were equally benefited and delighted. He composed a Catechism for infants of four years of age; the following series of religious songs for childhood; and a treatise on the Im-

provement of the Mind for youth. To the scholar he gave his Logic, and his exquisite Psalms and Hymns were written for the "ordinary christian," by which he might express his "peculiar wants or distresses, his joys or blessings," at once in the language of King David and of a Christian.

Isaac Watts was born at Southampton, in Hampshire, on the 17th of July, 1674, where his father, of the same name, kept a boarding-school. He was the eldest of nine children, and discovered from his infancy such a predilection for study, that he began to learn Latin at four years old; after

which, he was perfected in that tongue, with those of the Greek and Hebrew by Mr. Pinhorn, Master of the Free School of his native city. His ability at that seminary was so conspicuous, that a subscription was proposed for his support at the University to fit him for entering the Church of England; but he declared his intention to remain with the Dissenters, and in 1690 entered an Academy in London taught by Mr. Rowe. He was so much attached to verses, that "from fifteen to fifty," as he states of himself, he was accustomed to compose them; and in his youth he was very successful in Latin

poetry. His conduct under Mr. Rowe was so exemplary, that he was often proposed as a model for the other students, and in his 19th year he was admitted to the communion of the Independent congregation over which his tutor presided. Watts's method of study was such as to combine in a few books, the advantages derivable from a large library; since he used to abridge and interleave them, and amplify one system by supplements from another. At the age of twenty he left the Academy, and spent two years in study and devotion under the roof of his father, whence he removed to the

residence of Sir John Hartopp in 1696, to become domestic tutor to his son. In the course of the five years during which he remained there, Isaac Watts devoted himself to the study of the Holy Scriptures ; and being selected as assistant to Dr. Chauncey, he preached for the first time on the day which completed his twenty-fourth year. In 1702 he succeeded the Doctor in his pastoral charge, but being seized by a dangerous illness soon after, an assistant was appointed him, and his health returning, until 1712 he performed his duty ; but he was then attacked by a fever

of such strength and continuance, that he never perfectly recovered from the effects of it. In this state Isaac Watts was received into the house of Sir Thomas Abney, at Stoke Newington, one of the richest supporters of the Dissenting interest; and for thirty-six years experienced the kindest attention from the family, for though Sir Thomas died in about eight years time, he continued with his widow and her daughters to the end of his life.

In this retreat he composed and produced many of his excellent publications; in which the extent of his

capacity is shown by their variety, his industry by their number, and his piety in every line which is contained in them. His theological treatises are admirable incitements to religion, and his "Improvement of the Mind," a delightful conductor to intellectual perfection ; but his most universal publication was his Psalms and Hymns, in which the strains of the "Sweet Singer of Israel" were adorned with the beauties of the Christian dispensation ; and the pilgrim whose face was set Zionward, was furnished with many a melody to sing on his road to the

celestial city. Nor was the ensuing collection of Moral and Divine Songs of any less utility; since by it youth was furnished with materials for pious and instructive mirth, instead of the baneful or unmeaning verses too commonly made use of.

To the end of his life Isaac Watts continued the pastor of a congregation; and his labours were both popular and efficacious, though his stature was low, and he used none of the familiarity and gesticulation, which were not unusual with the Dissenting Ministers even of his day. His discourses, however, were marked with a

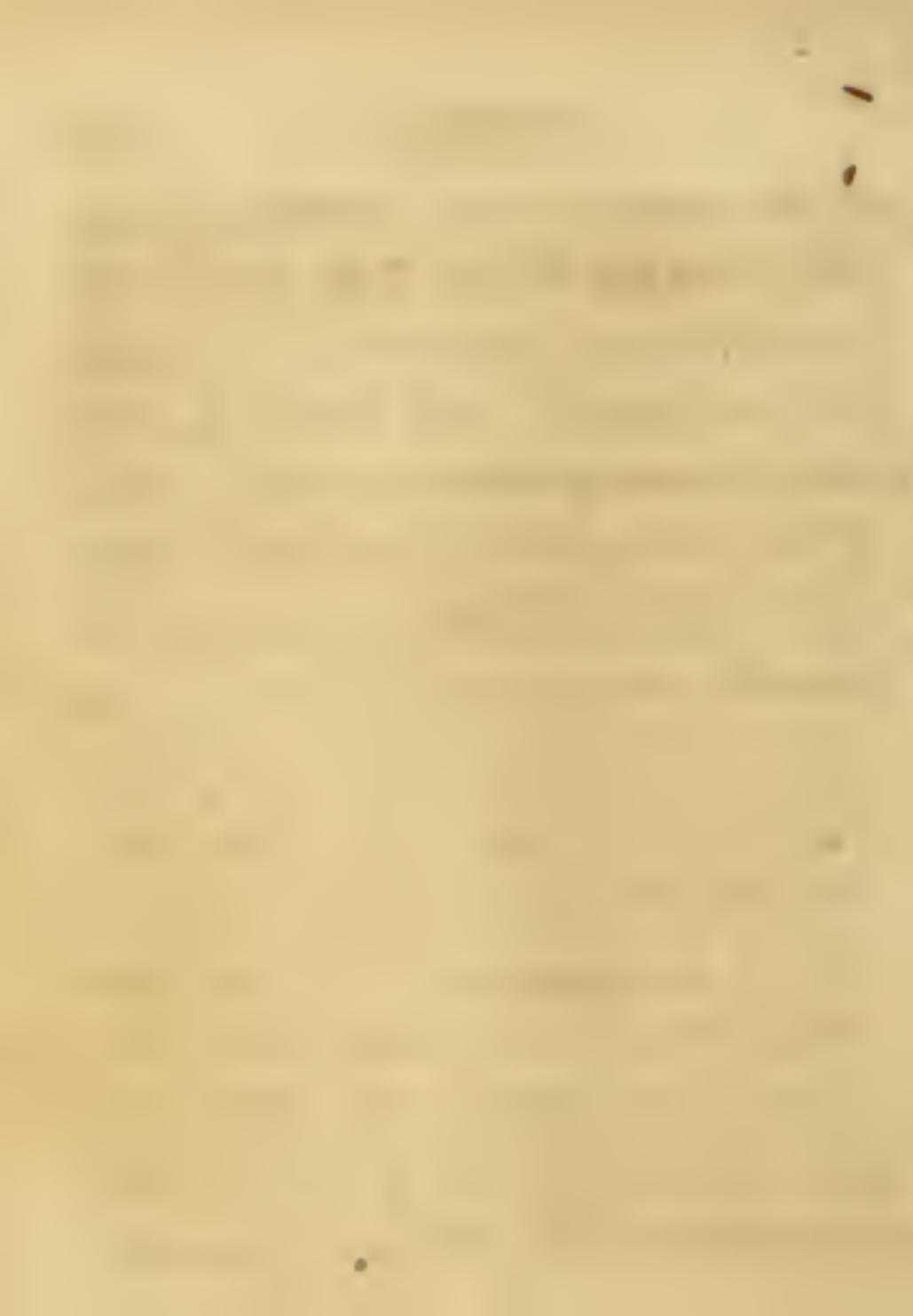
gravity and propriety of delivery, by pauses made at the conclusion of important sentences, and by a continual flow of thought and language, graced by a rich extemporaneous eloquence.

He continued for many years to study and to preach ; and in 1728 he received from the Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen, an unsolicited diploma constituting him a Doctor of Divinity. At length, his age prevented him from discharging the more laborious part of his ministerial office ; but his congregation would not permit him to give up his salary, though the good man's conscience led him to offer to resign it.

As his weakness continued to increase, Dr. Watts became confined to his chamber and to his bed; and there, gradually worn away without pain, he expired on the 25th of November, 1748, at the age of seventy-five.

Few men, says Dr. Johnson—and any memoir of this eminent Divine will be adorned by the adoption of his words—Few men have left behind them such purity of character, or such monuments of laborious piety. His natural quickness of resentment he had softened into gentleness, modesty, and inoffensive conduct; and his charity resigned to the poor a third part

of his annual income, which in the whole was not £100. The young and the uneducated may safely be pleased with his poems; and happy is that reader whose mind is disposed, either by his prose or his verses, to imitate him in his benevolence to man, or his zeal and reverence to God.



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# DIVINE SONGS.



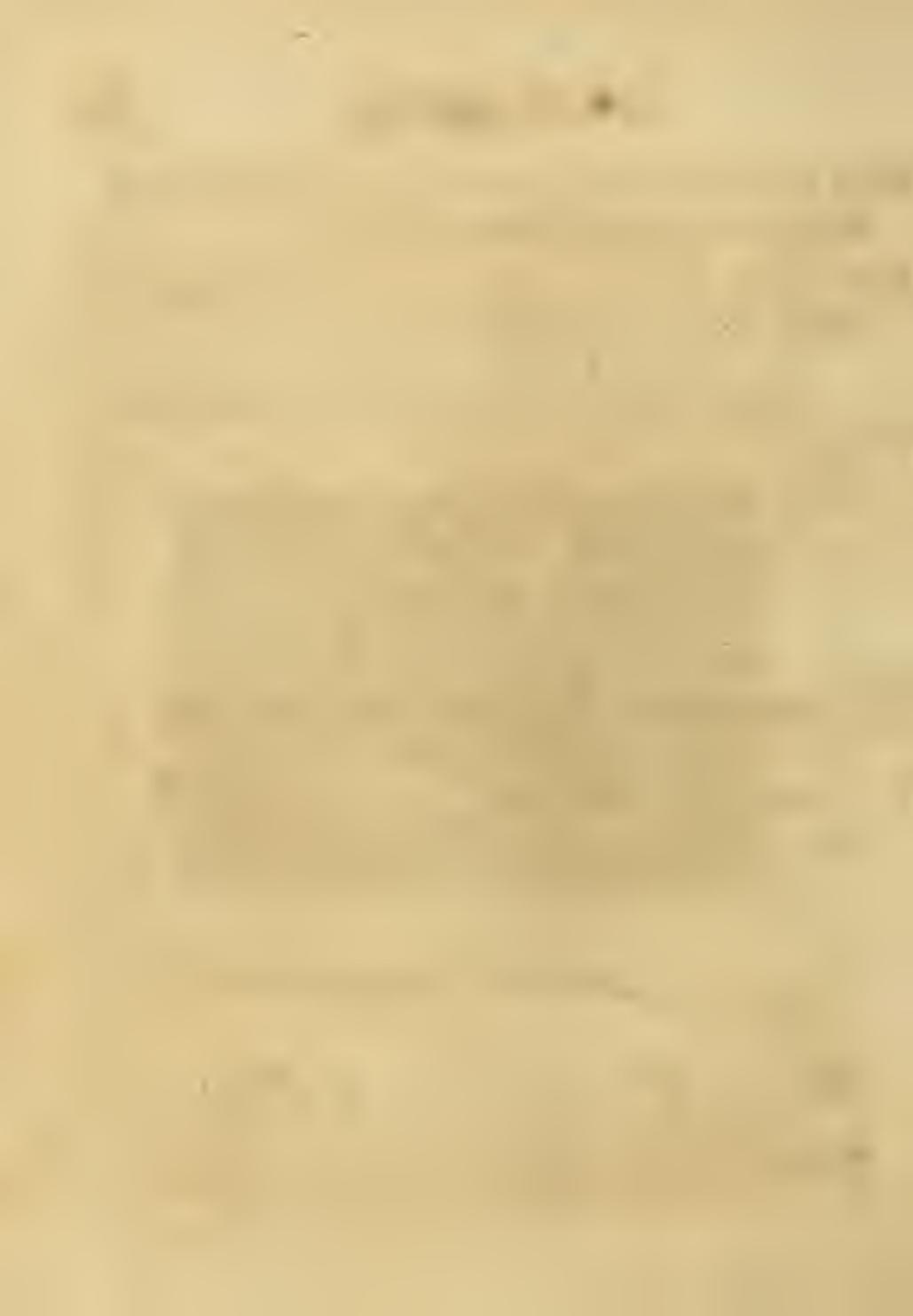
## SONG I.

A 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.

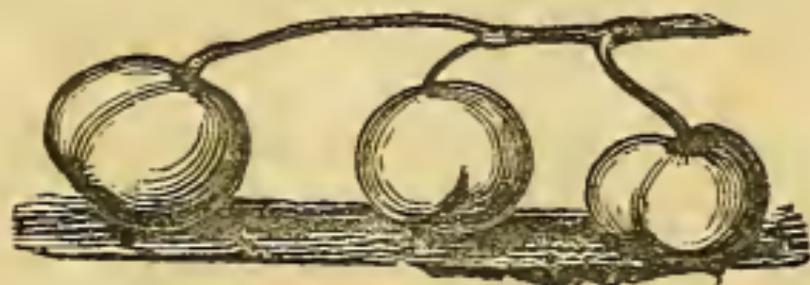




Not angels that stand round the Lord  
Can search his secret will ;  
But they perform his heav'nly word,  
And sing his praises still.

Then let me join his 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 th' almighty power of God,  
That made the mountains rise ;  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
The sun to rule the day ;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That fill'd the earth with food ;  
He form'd the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounc'd them good.

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

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

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

In heav'n he shines with beams of love,  
With wrath in hell beneath !  
'T is on his earth I stand or move,  
And 't is his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard ;  
He keeps me with his eye ;  
Why should I then forget the Lord,  
Who is for ever nigh ?

## SONG III.

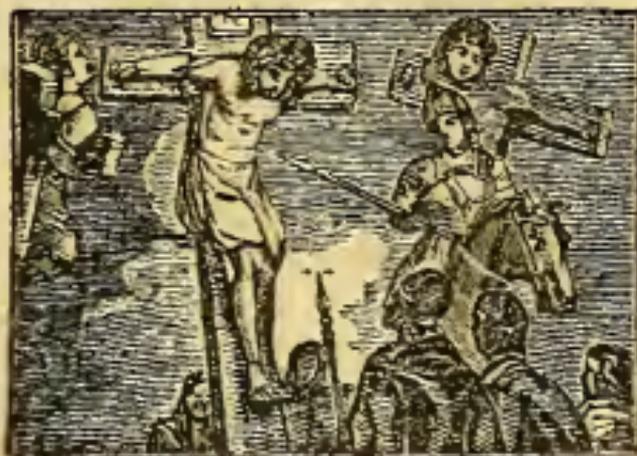
PRAISE TO GOD FOR OUR REDEMPTION.

BLEST be the wisdom and the pow'r,  
The justice and the grace,  
That join'd in council to restore  
And save our ruin'd race !

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

Blest be the Lord, that sent his Son  
To take our flesh and blood ;  
He for our lives gave up his own,  
To make our peace with God.

He honour'd all his Father's laws,  
Which we have disobey'd ;  
He bore our sins upon the cross,  
And our full ransom paid.





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

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

Thence shall the Lord to judgment  
come ;  
And with a sov'reign voice  
Shall call, and break up ev'ry tomb,  
While waking saints rejoice.

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

## SONG IV.

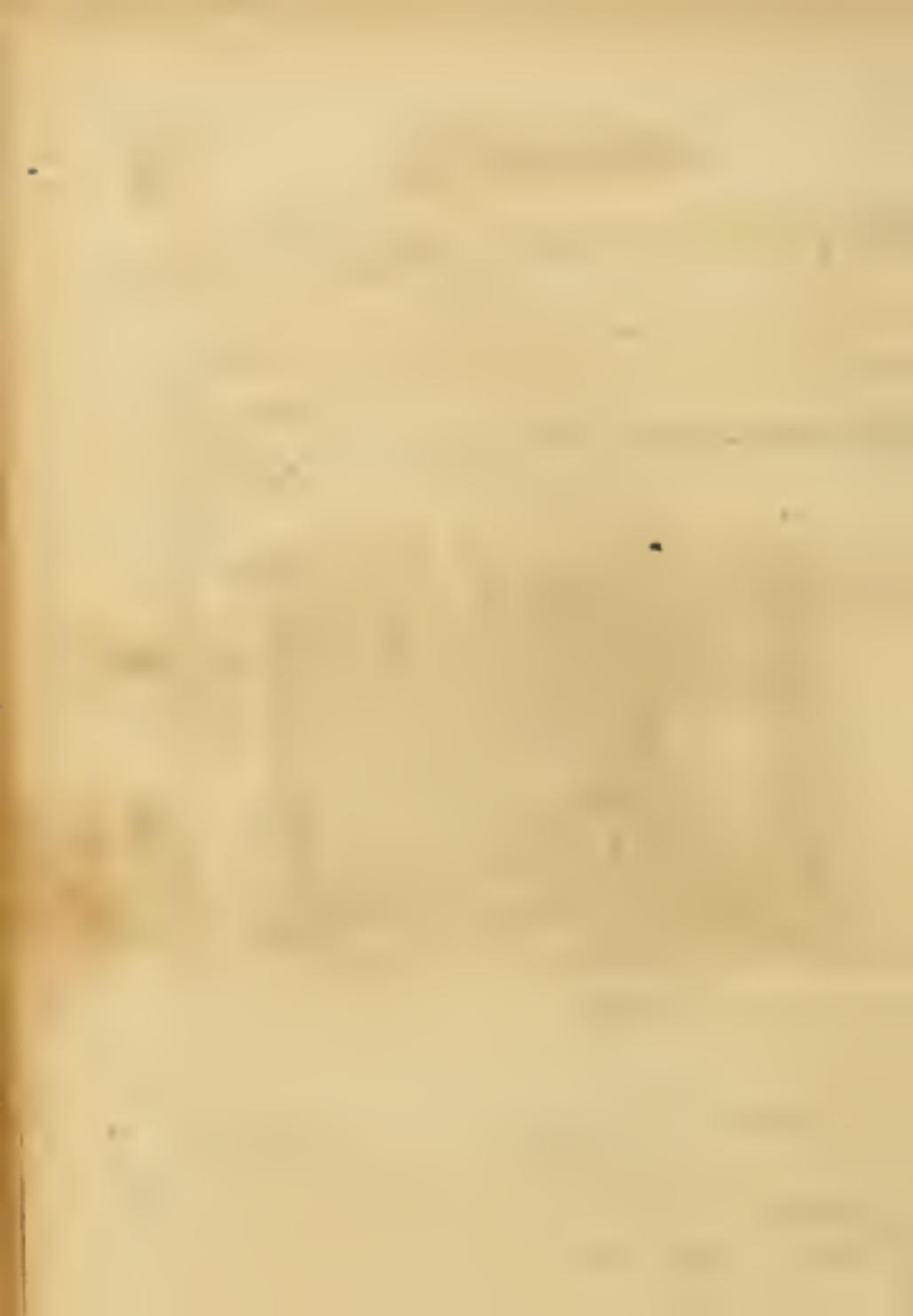
PRAISE FOR MERCIES SPIRITUAL AND  
TEMPORAL.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,  
How many poor I see !  
What shall I render to my God.  
For all his gifts to me ?

Not more than others I deserve,  
Yet God hath 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.

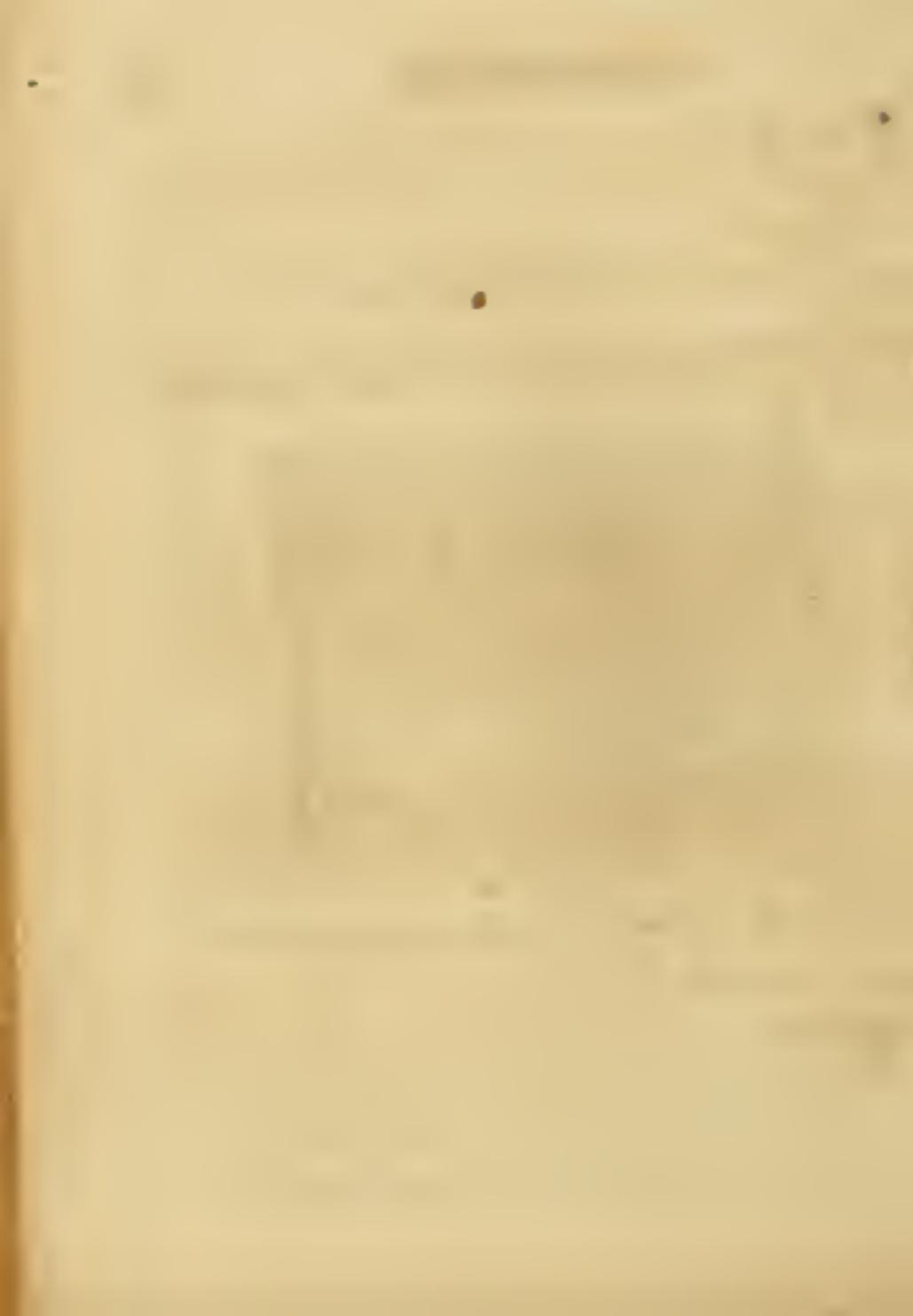
PRAISE FOR BIRTH AND EDUCATION IN  
A CHRISTIAN LAND.

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 christian 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 t' escape eternal fire.

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

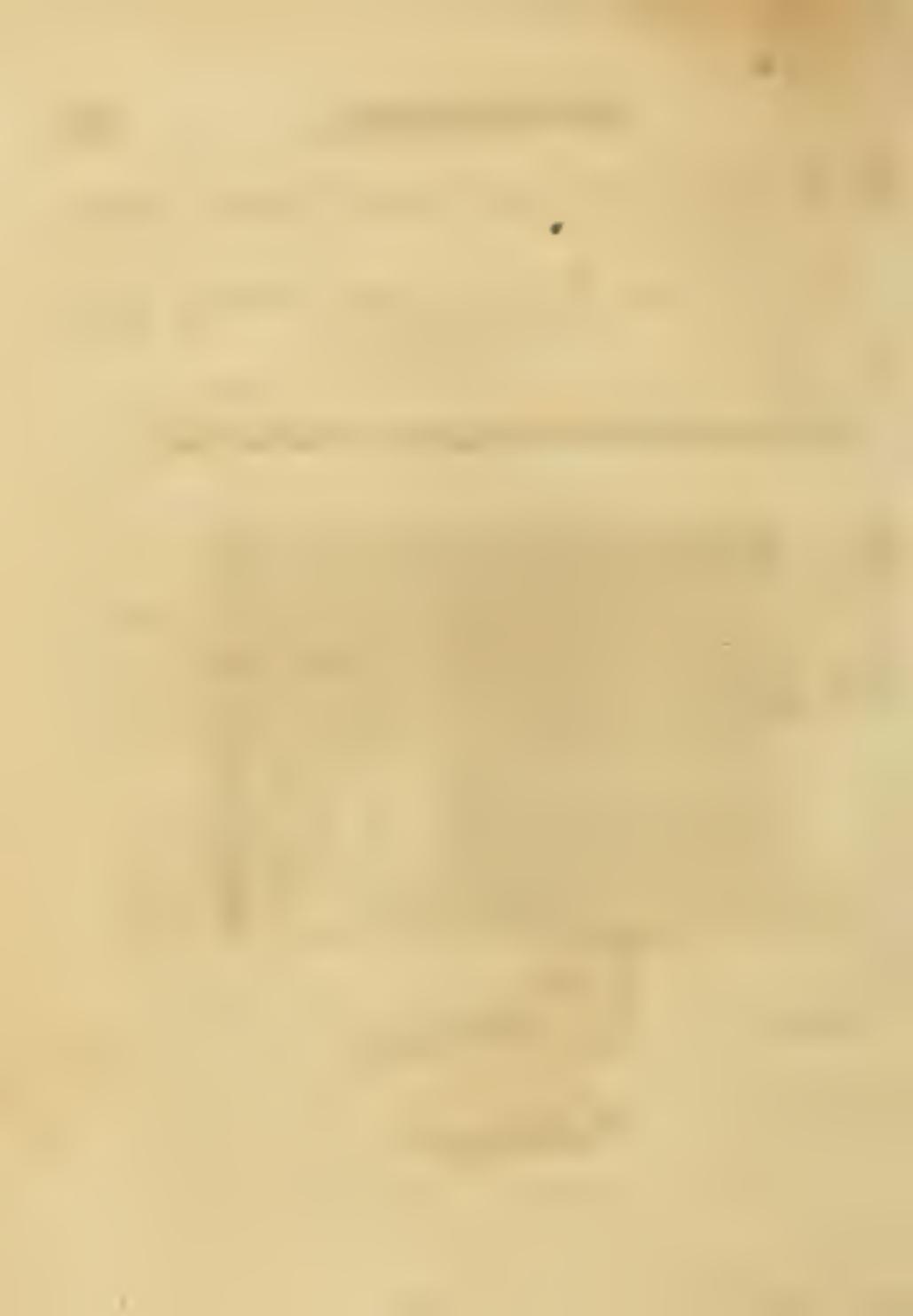
## SONG VI.

## PRAISE FOR THE GOSPEL.

LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,  
And not to chance, as others do,  
That I was born of Christian race,  
And not a Heathen or a Jew.

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





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

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



## SONG VII.

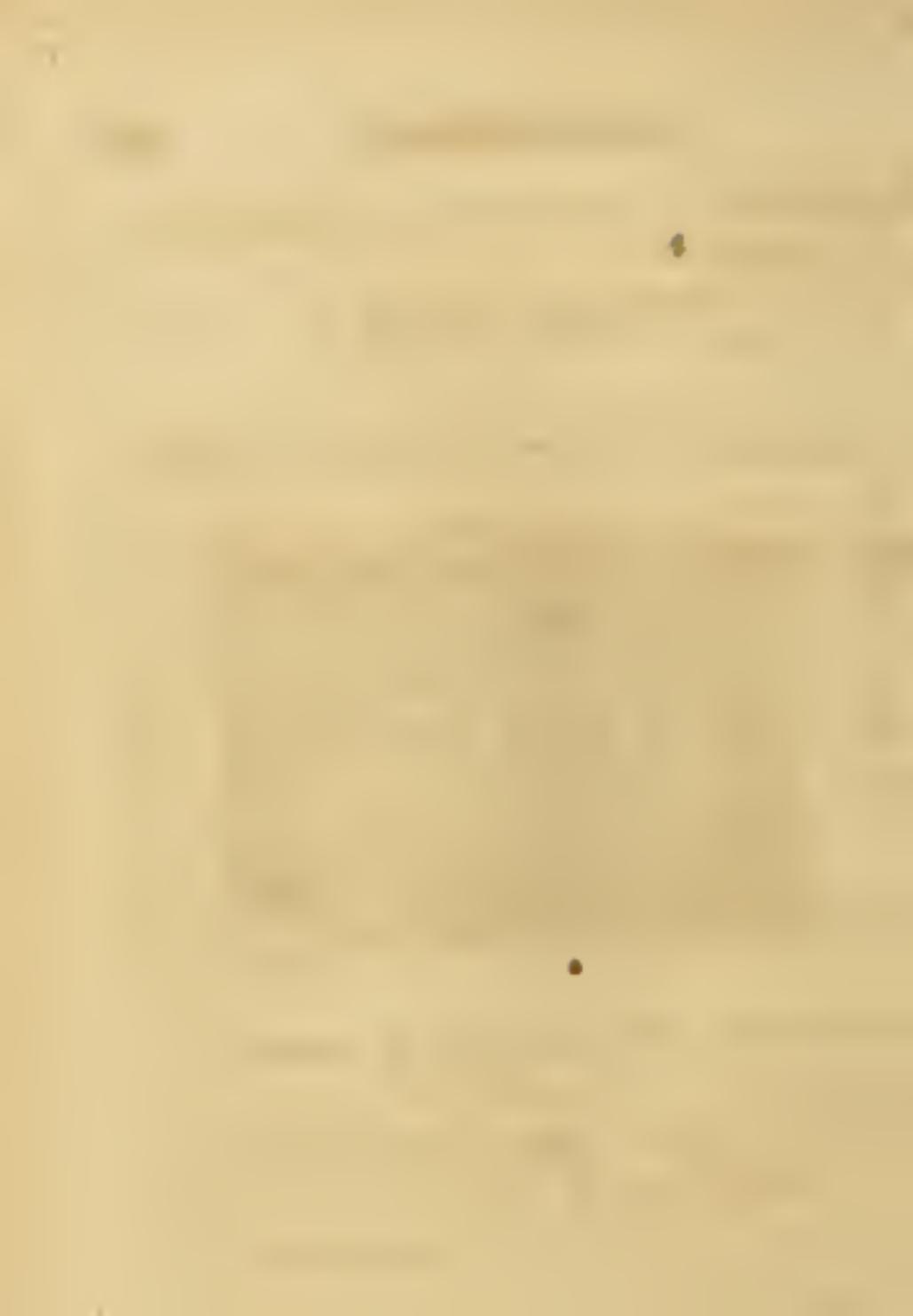
## THE EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.

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

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

The fields provide me food, and show  
The goodness of the Lord ;  
But fruits of life and glory grow  
In thy most holy word.





Here are my choicest treasures hid,  
Here my best comfort lies ;  
Here my desires are satisfy'd,  
And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law,  
Show what my faults have been !  
And from thy gospel let me draw  
Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has  
died,  
To save my soul from hell :  
Not all the books on earth beside,  
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

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.

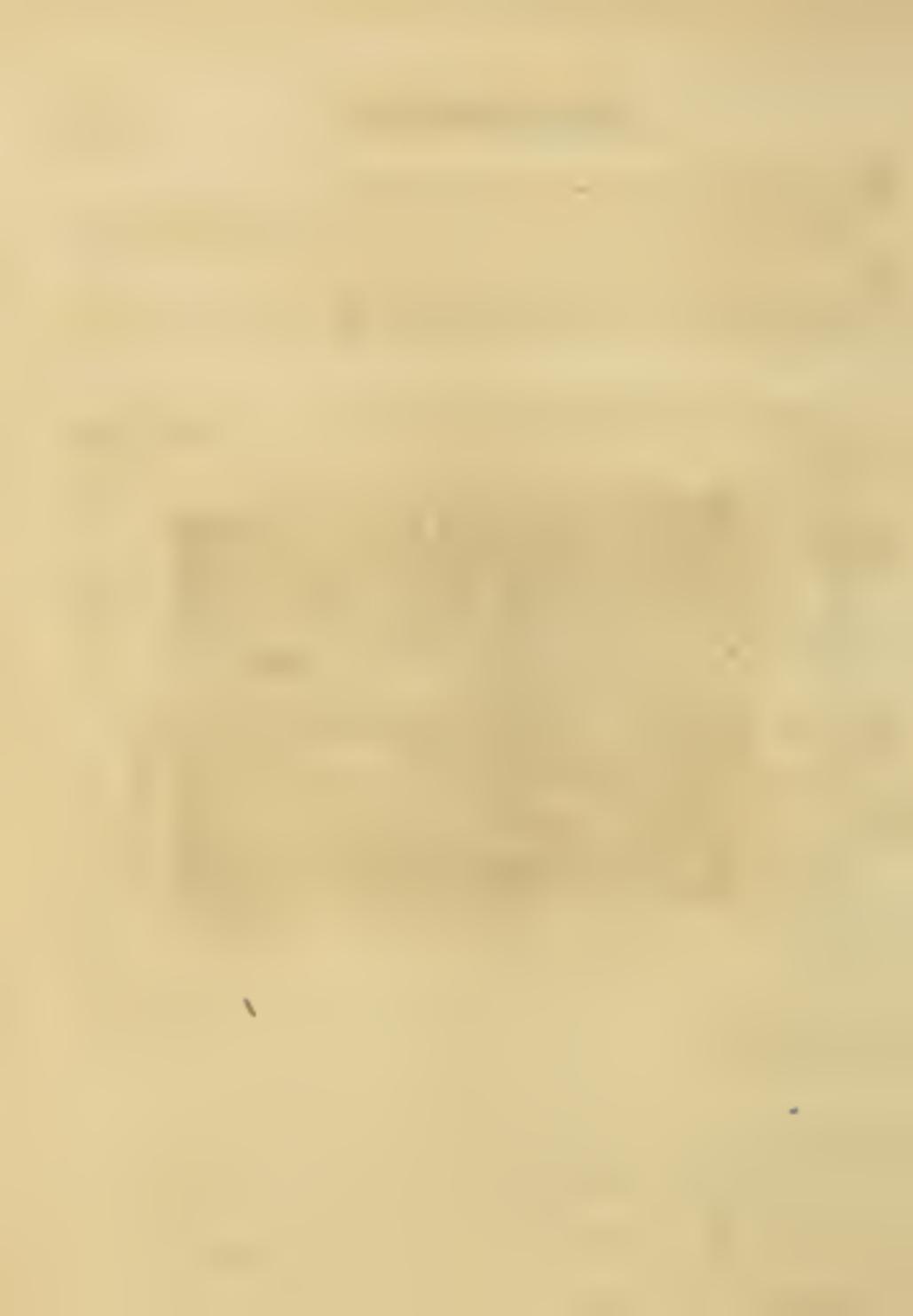
## AGAINST LYING.

O 'T is a lovely thing for youth  
To walk betimes in wisdom's way ;  
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,  
That we may trust to all they say.

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

Have we not known, nor heard, nor  
read,  
How God abhors deceit and wrong ?  
How Ananias was struck dead,  
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 IX.

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 the 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 X.

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 't is 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 F'ather 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 XI.

SOLEMN THOUGHTS ON GOD AND DEATH.

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

There is a law which he has writ,  
To teach us all what we must do ;  
My soul, to his commands submit,  
For they are holy, just, and true.

There is a gospel of rich grace,  
Whence sinners all their comforts  
draw ;  
Lord, I repent, and seek thy face,  
For I have often broke thy law.





There is an hour when I must die,  
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come ;  
A thousand children, young as I,  
Are call'd by death to hear their  
doom.

Let me improve the hours I have,  
Before the day of grace is fled ;  
There 's no repentance in the grave,  
Nor pardon offer'd to the dead.

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

## SONG XII.

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

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

Birds in their little nests agree ;  
And 't is a shameful sight,  
When children of one family  
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threat'ning  
words,  
That are but noisy breath ;  
May grow to clubs and naked swords,  
To murder and to death.





The devil tempts one mother's son  
To rage against another ;  
So wicked Cain was hurried on,  
Till he had kill'd his brother.

The wise will let their anger cool,  
At least before 't is 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 XIII.

## 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 't is writ,  
Against the judgment day.

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

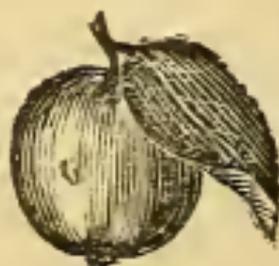




Lord, at thy foot asham'd I lie ;  
Upward I dare not look ;  
Pardon my sins before I die,  
And blot them from thy book.

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

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



## SONG XIV.

## 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 t' eternal death.

## SONG XV.

## THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RELIGION.

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

When we devote our youth to God,  
'T is pleasing in his eyes;  
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,  
Is no vain sacrifice.

'T is 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 foll'wing 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 XVI.

## THE DANGER OF DELAY.

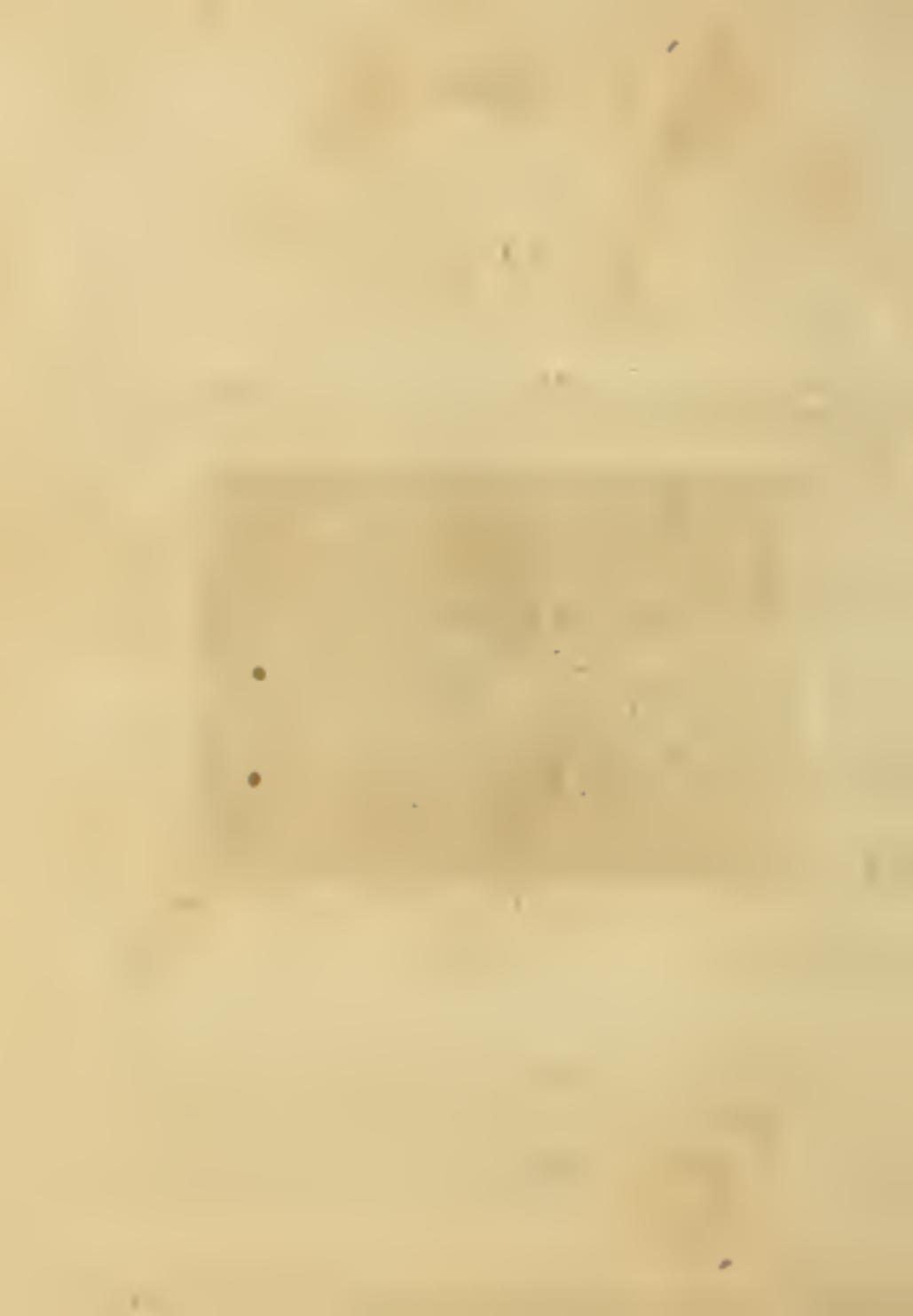
WHY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon,  
To seek for heav'n, or think of  
death?"

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.

'T is dang'rous to provoke a God!  
His pow'r and vengeance none can  
tell!  
One stroke of his almighty rod  
Shall send young sinners quick to  
hell.

Then 't will 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 XVII.

## EXAMPLES OF EARLY PIETY.

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

Jesus, who reigns above the sky,  
And keeps the world in awe,  
Was once a child as young as I,  
And kept his Father's law.

At twelve years old he talk'd with men,  
(The Jews all wond'ring stand,)  
Yet he obey'd his mother then,  
And came at her command.





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

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

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



## SONG XVIII.

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

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

How skilfully she builds her cell!  
How neat she spreads the wax!  
And labours hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour, or of skill,  
I would be busy too;  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.





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

## SONG XIX.

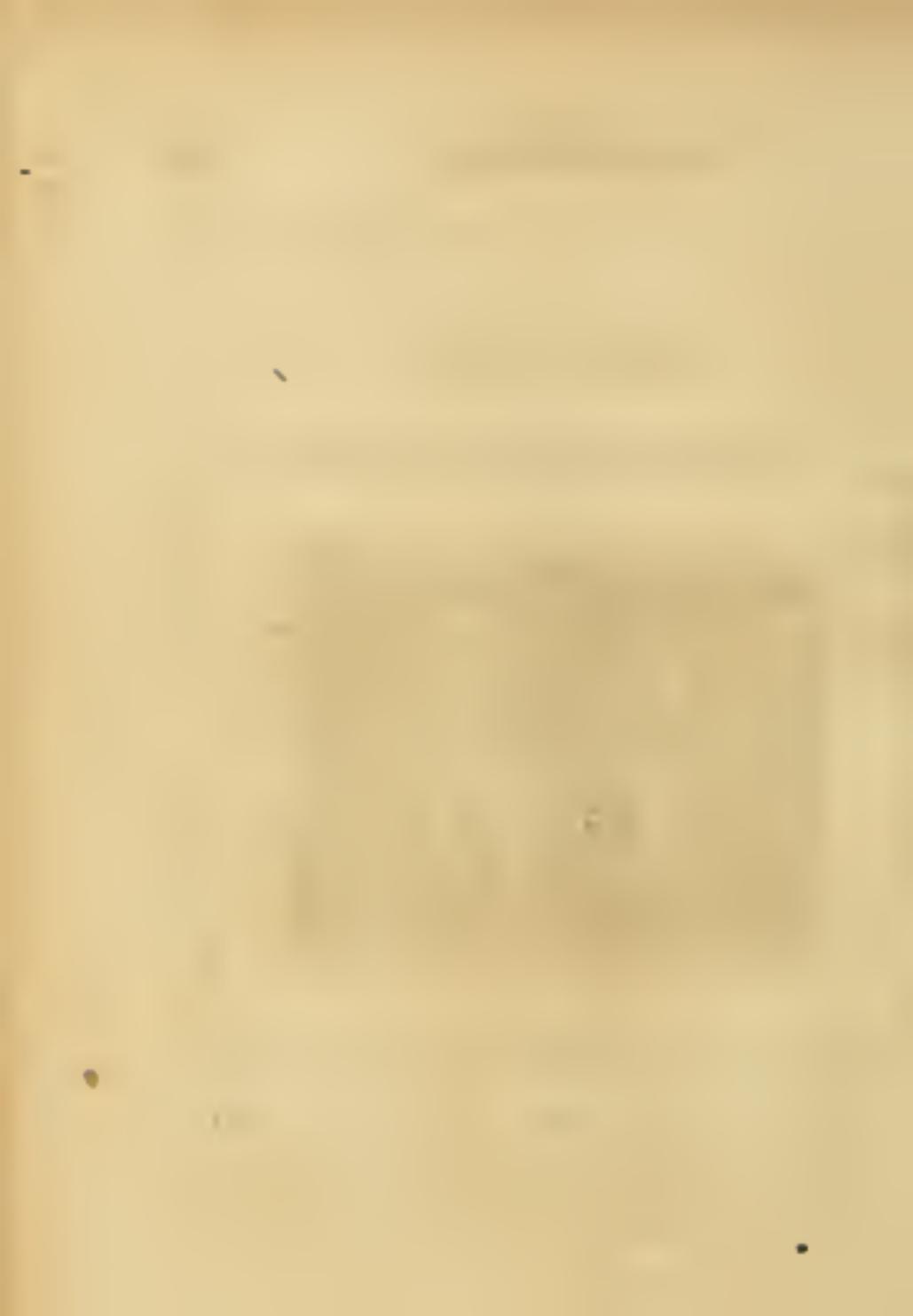
## AGAINST EVIL COMPANY.

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 ;  
The words offend my ears :  
I should not dare defile my tongue  
With language such as theirs.

Away from fools I'll turn mine eyes ;  
Nor with the scoffers go ;  
I would be walking with the wise,  
That wiser I may grow.





From one rude boy that's us'd to  
mock,  
They learn the wicked jest:  
One sickly sheep infects the flock,  
And poisons all the rest.

My God, I hate to walk or dwell  
With sinful children here:  
Then let me not be sent to hell,  
Where none but sinners are.



## SONG XX.

## OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

LET children that would fear the Lord,  
Hear what their teachers say ;  
With rev'ence 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 that worship God, and give  
Their parents honour due,  
Here on this earth they long shall live,  
And live hereafter too.



DIVINE SONGS.

SONG XXI.

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 XXII.

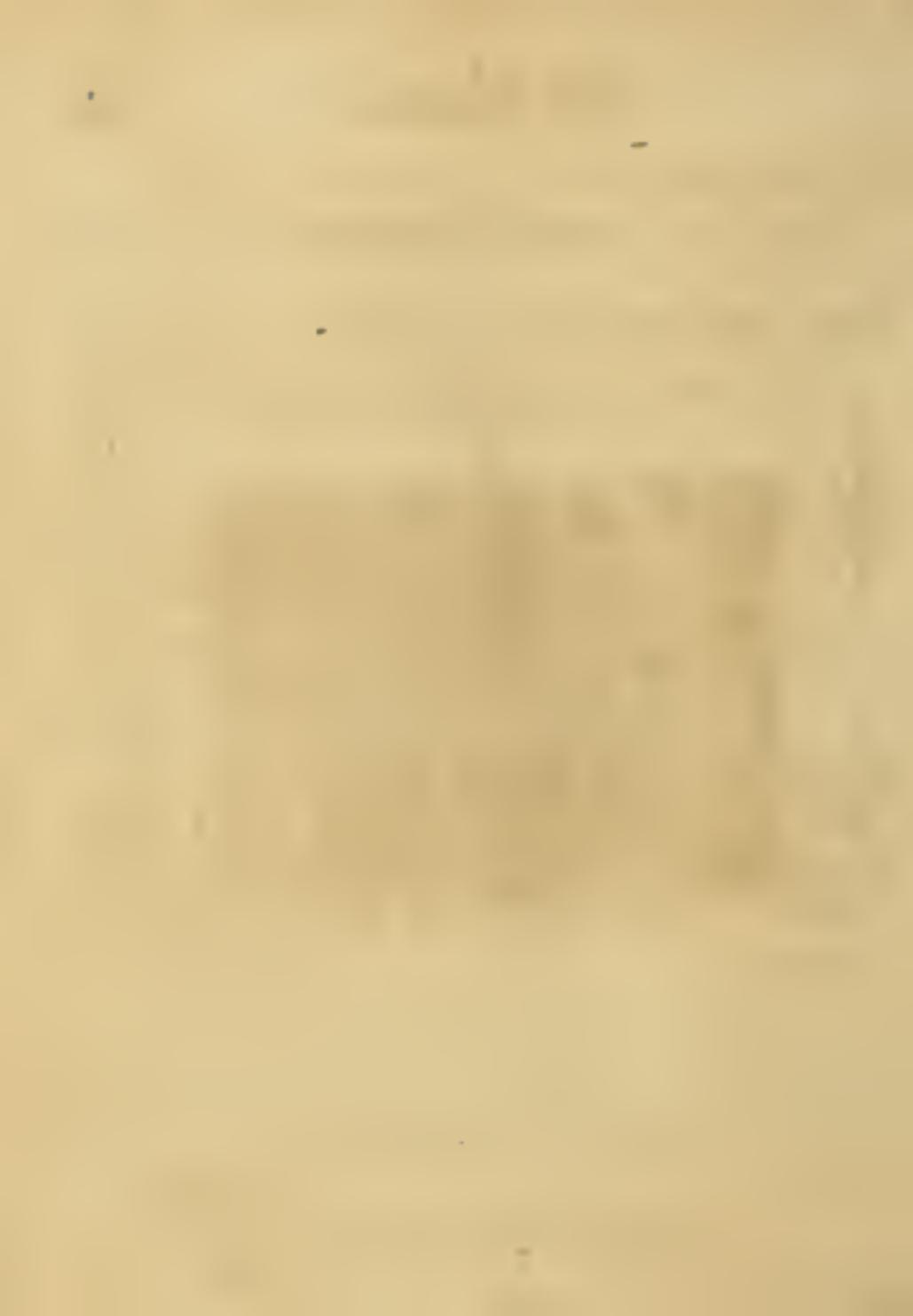
AGAINST SWEARING AND CURSING, AND  
TAKING GOD'S NAME IN VAIN.

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 blas-  
pheme ;

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 XXIII.

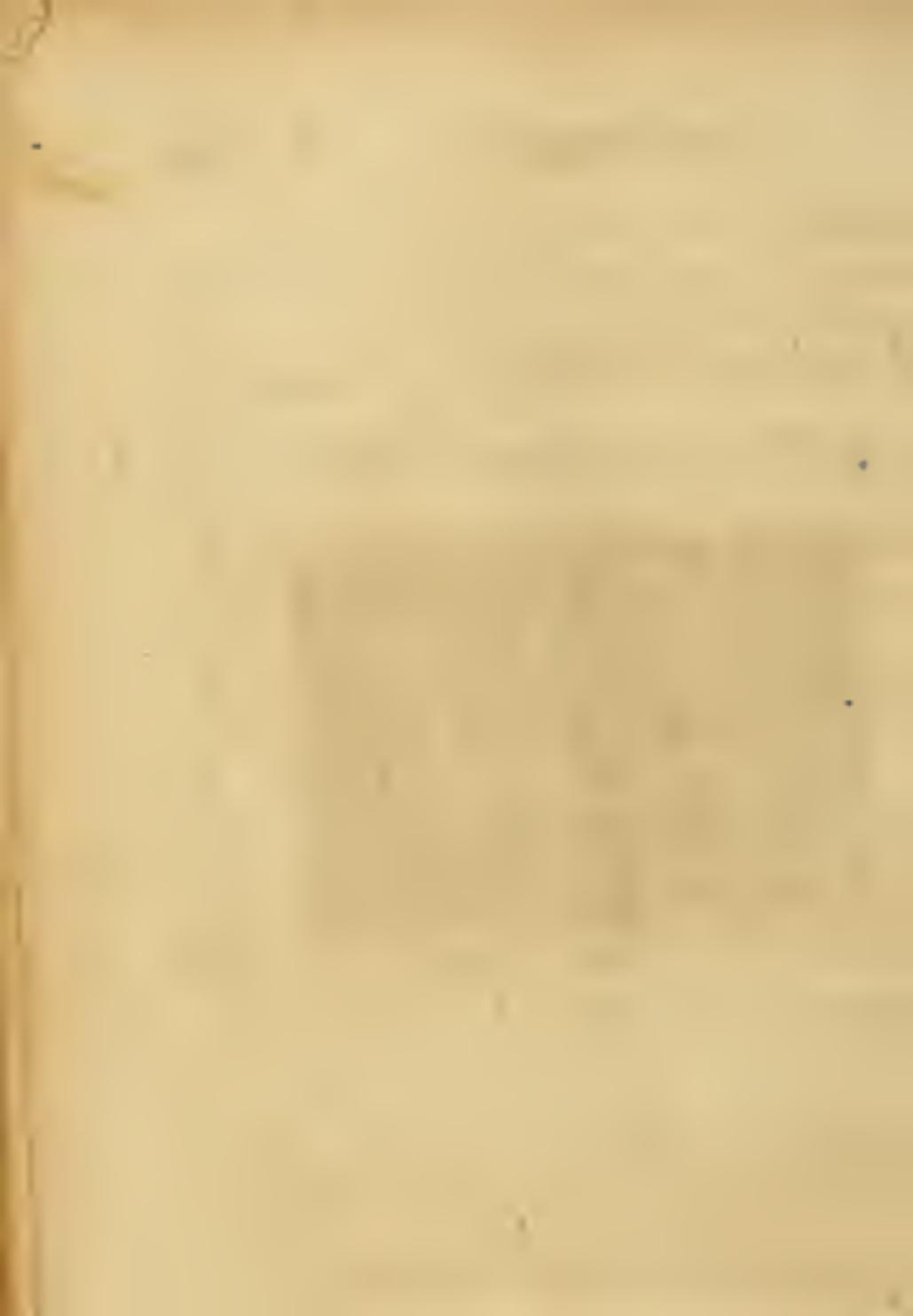
## AGAINST PRIDE IN CLOTHES.

WHY should our garments, made to  
hide  
Our parents' shame, provoke our  
pride?  
The art of dress did ne'er begin  
'Till Eve, our mother, learnt to sin.

When first she put the cov'ring on  
Her robe of innocence was gone;  
And yet her children vainly boast  
In the sad marks of glory lost.

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





The tulip and the butterfly  
Appear in gayer coats than I :  
Let me be drest fine as I will,  
Flies, worms and flow'rs exceed me still.

Then will I set my heart to find  
Inward adornings of the mind :  
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,  
These are the robes of richest dress.

No more shall worms with me compare ;  
This is the raiment angels wear ;  
The Son of God, when here below,  
Put on this blest apparel too.

It never fades ' it ne'er grows old,  
Nor fears the rain, nor moth nor mould ;  
It takes no spot, but still refines ;  
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

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

## SONG XXIV.

## THE CHILD'S COMPLAINT.

WHY should I love my sport so well,  
So constant at my play ;  
And lose the thoughts of heav'n and  
hell,  
And then forget to pray ?

What do I read my Bible for,  
But, Lord, to learn thy will ?  
And shall I daily know thee more,  
And less obey thee still ?

How senseless is my heart, and wild !  
How vain are all my thoughts !  
Pity the weakness of a child,  
And pardon all my faults.





Make me thy heav'nly voice to hear,  
And let me love to pray ;  
Since God will lend a gracious ear  
To what a child can say.

## SONG XXV.

## A MORNING SONG.

MY God, who makes the sun to know  
His proper hour to rise,  
And, to give light to all below,  
Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the East  
His morning race begins ;  
He never tires, nor stops to rest,  
But round the world he shines ;

So, like the sun, would I fulfil  
The business of the day ;  
Begin my work betimes, and still  
March on my heav'nly way.





Give me, O Lord ! thy early grace,  
Nor let my soul complain,  
That the young morning of my days  
Has all been spent in vain.

## SONG XXVI.

## AN EVENING SONG.

AND now another day is gone,  
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;  
My comforts 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 through the hours of darkness keep  
Their watch around my bed.





With cheerful heart I close mine 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 eye-lids clos'd,  
And waste my hours in bed ?

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 ?

To-day with pleasure Christians meet,  
To pray and hear thy word ;  
And I would go with cheerful feet  
To learn thy will, O Lord.





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

## SONG XXVIII.

FOR THE LORD'S-DAY EVENING.

LORD, how delightful 't is 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,  
'T is 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 texts and doctrines of thy word ;  
That I may break thy laws no more,  
But love thee better than before.





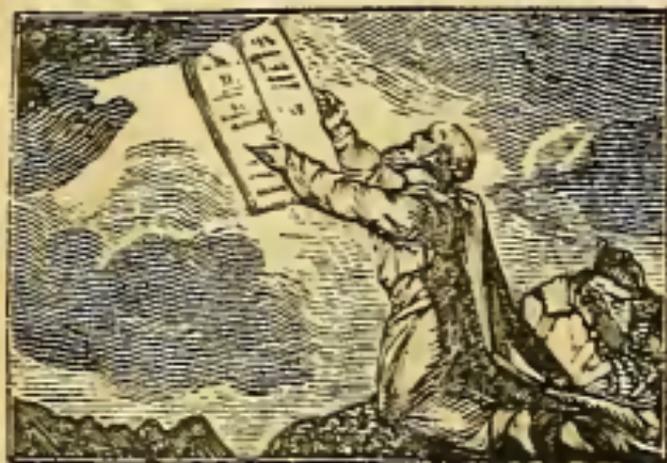
With thoughts of Christ and things  
divine,  
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;  
That hoping pardon through his blood,  
I may lie down and wake with God.



## THE TEN COMMANDMENTS,

Out of the Old Testament. put into short  
Rhyme for Children. Exodus, Chap. xx.

- 1 THOU shalt not have more Gods  
but me.
- 2 Before no idol bow thy knee.
- 3 Take not the name of God in vain.
- 4 Nor dare the sabbath-day profane.
- 5 Give both thy parents honour due.
- 6 Take heed that you no murder do.
- 7 Abstain from words and deeds un-  
clean.
- 8 Nor steal, tho' thou art poor and  
mean.
- 9 Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
- 10 What is thy neighbour's, dare not  
covet.





THE SUM OF THE COMMAND-  
MENTS,

Out of the New Testament. MATTHEW  
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 do to you ;  
And neither do nor say to men  
Whate'er you would not take again.

DUTY TO GOD AND OUR  
NEIGHBOUR.

LOVE God with all your soul and  
strength,  
With all your heart and mind :  
And love your neighbour as yourself,  
Be faithful, just. and kind.

Deal with another as you 'd have  
Another deal with you ;  
What you 're unwilling to receive  
Be sure you never do.

Out of my Book of HYMNS I have here added the HOSANNA, and Glory to the FATHER, &c. to be sung at the end of any of these Songs, according to the direction of Parents or Governors.

---

THE HOSANNA; OR, SALVATION ASCRIBED TO CHRIST.

LONG METRE.

HOSANNA to king David's Son !  
Who reigns on a superior throne ;  
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,  
Who brings salvation down on earth.

Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,  
In this delightful work engage ;  
Old men and babes in Sion sing  
The growing glories of her King !

## COMMON METRE.

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

Hosanna to th' eternal Word,  
Who from the Father came ;  
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,  
With blessings on his name.

## SHORT METRE.

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

To Christ th' anointed King,  
Be endless blessing giv'n ;  
Let the whole earth his glories sing,  
Who made our peace with heav'n.

GLORY TO THE FATHER  
AND THE SON, &c.

LONG METRE.

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

COMMON METRE.

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

SHORT METRE.

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

A  
SLIGHT SPECIMEN  
OF  
MORAL SONGS.

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

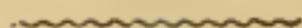
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THE sense and subjects might be borrowed plentifully from the Proverbs of Solomon, from all the common appearances of nature, from all occurrences in civil life, both in city and country; (which would also afford matter for other Divine Songs.) Here 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.

# 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 slum-  
ber 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 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 thinkiug.

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 may we learn from the  
    sight !

If we had been ducks, we might dab-  
    ble in mud ;  
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in  
    blood ;





So foul and so fierce are their na-  
tures ;

But Thomas and William, and such  
pretty names,

Should be cleanly and harmless as  
doves, or as lambs,

Those lovely, sweet innocent crea-  
tures.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word  
that we say,

Should injure another in jesting or  
play ;

For he's still in earnest that's hurt :  
How rude are the boys that throw peb-  
bles and mire !

There's none but a madman will throw  
about fire,

And tell you, "'tis all but in sport."

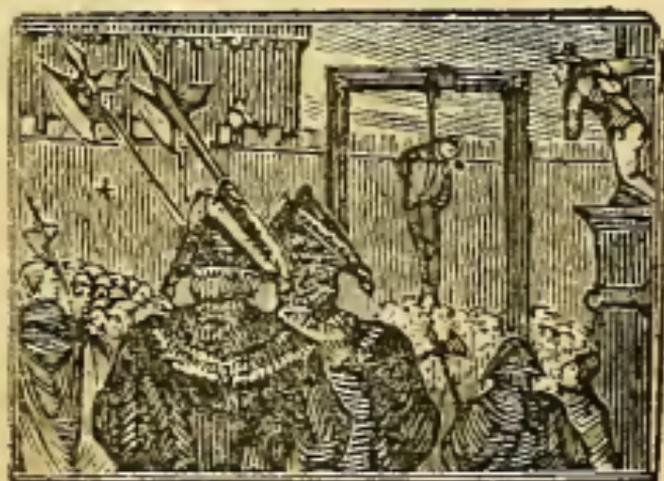
## SONG III.

## 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 a 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 heart and hands from sin.



## SONG IV.

## 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 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 for the things I shall  
want,  
Nor provide against dangers in time :  
When death or old age shall stare in my  
face,  
What a wretch shall I be in 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 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 cot-  
tage of clay,  
I may dwell in a palace in heav'n.

## SONG V.

## 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.

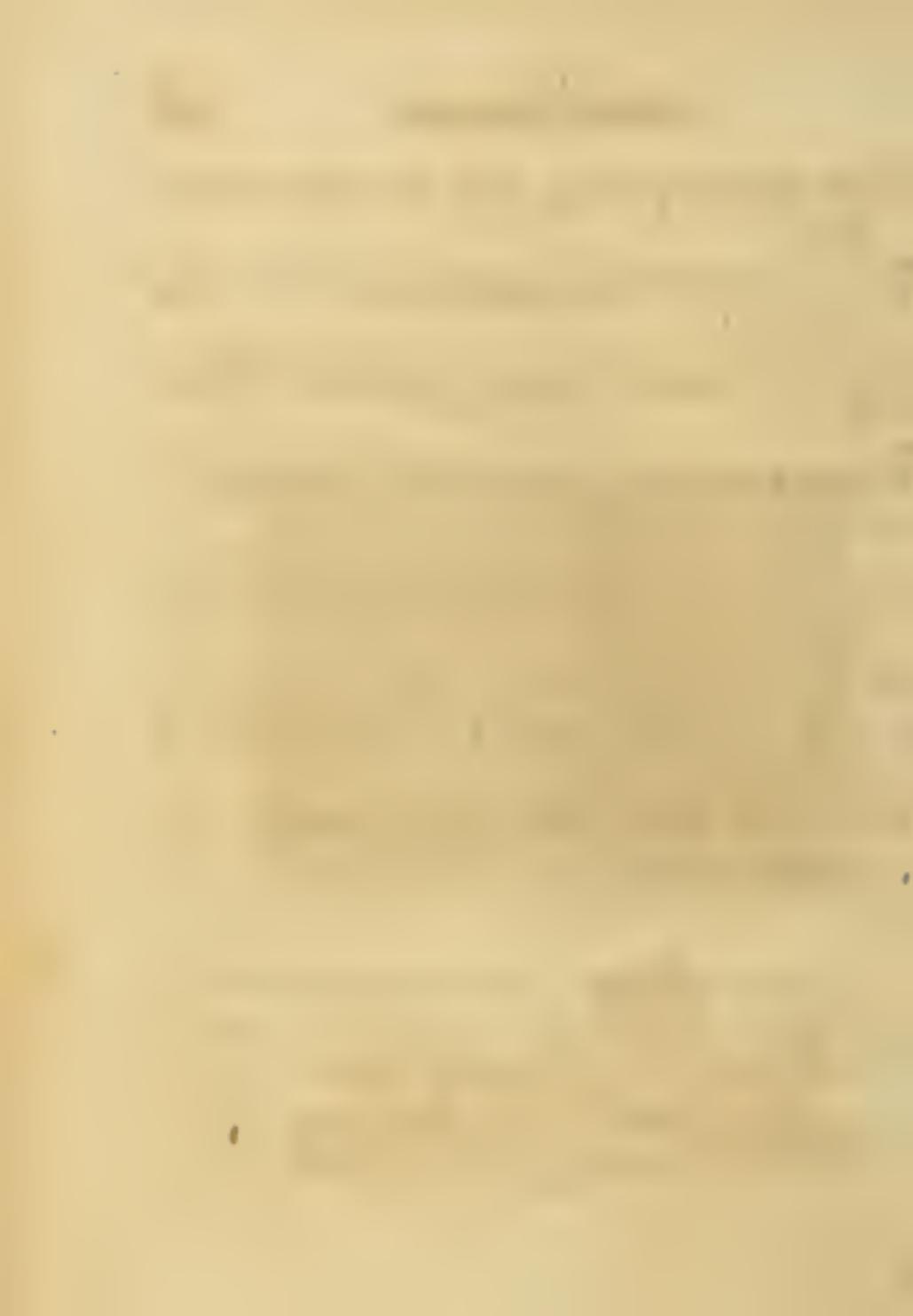
Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to  
boast,

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 VI.

## GOOD RESOLUTION.

THOUGH I'm now in younger years,  
Nor can tell what shall befall me,  
I'll prepare for every place,  
Where my growing age shall call me.

Should I e'er be rich or great,  
Others shall partake my goodness ;  
I'll supply the poor with meat,  
Never showing scorn 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 ;



11

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 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 !

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 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 heav'nly 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.



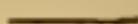
# APPENDIX.



## A CRADLE HYMN.



The word brother, sister, nurse, neighbour, &c. may be substituted in this Hymn, instead of the word mother.



HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed!  
Heav'nly blessings without number  
Gently falling on thy head.

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





How much better thou 'rt attended  
Than the Son of God could be ;  
When from 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 the Lord ?

Soft, my child ! I did not chide thee,  
    Though my song might sound too  
    hard ;  
'T is thy mother sits beside thee,  
    And her arms shall be thy guard.

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

See the kinder shepherds round him,  
    Telling wonders from the sky !  
Where they sought him, there they  
    found him,  
    With his Virgin-Mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing,  
    Lovely infant, how he smil'd !  
When he wept, the mother's blessing  
    Sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.

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

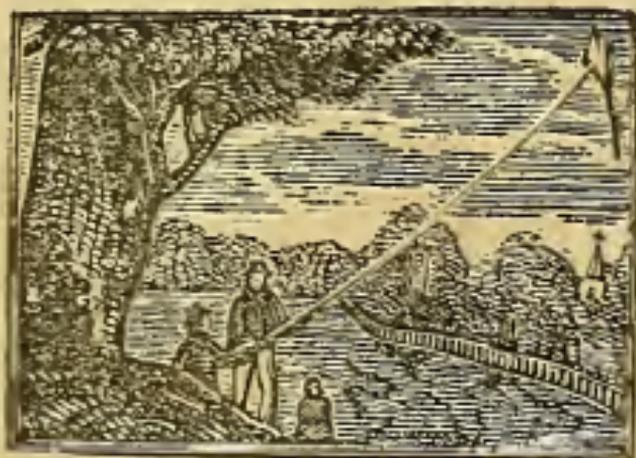
'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,  
Save my dear from burning flame,  
Bitter groans and endless crying,  
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear him,  
Trust and love him all thy days ;  
Then go dwell for ever near him,  
See his face and sing his praise !

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

## THE KITE, OR PRIDE MUST HAVE A FALL.

ONCE on a time, a Paper Kite  
Was mounted to a wond'rous height,  
Where, giddy with its elevation,  
It thus express'd self-admiration :  
“ See how yon crowds of gazing people  
Admire my flight above the steeple ;  
How would they wonder, if they knew  
All that a Kite, like me, could do ?  
Were I but free, I'd take a flight,  
And pierce the clouds beyond their  
sight ;  
But, ah ! like a poor pris'ner bound,  
My string confines me near the ground ;  
I'd brave the eagle's tow'ring wing,  
Might I but fly *without a string.*”  
It tugg'd and pull'd, while thus it  
spoke,  
To break the string—at last it broke !  
Depriv'd at once of all its stay,  
In vain it try'd to soar away :





Unable its own weight to bear,  
It flutter'd downward through the air ;  
Unable its own course to guide,  
The winds soon plung'd it in the tide.  
Oh ! foolish Kite, thou had'st no wing,  
How could'st thou fly without a string !

My heart reply'd, " O Lord, I see  
How much the Kite resembles me !  
Forgetful that by thee I stand,  
Impatient of thy ruling hand ;  
How oft I've wished to break the lines  
Thy wisdom for my lot assigns !  
How oft indulg'd a vain desire  
For something more, or something  
higher !

And but for grace and love divine,  
A fall thus dreadful had been mine."

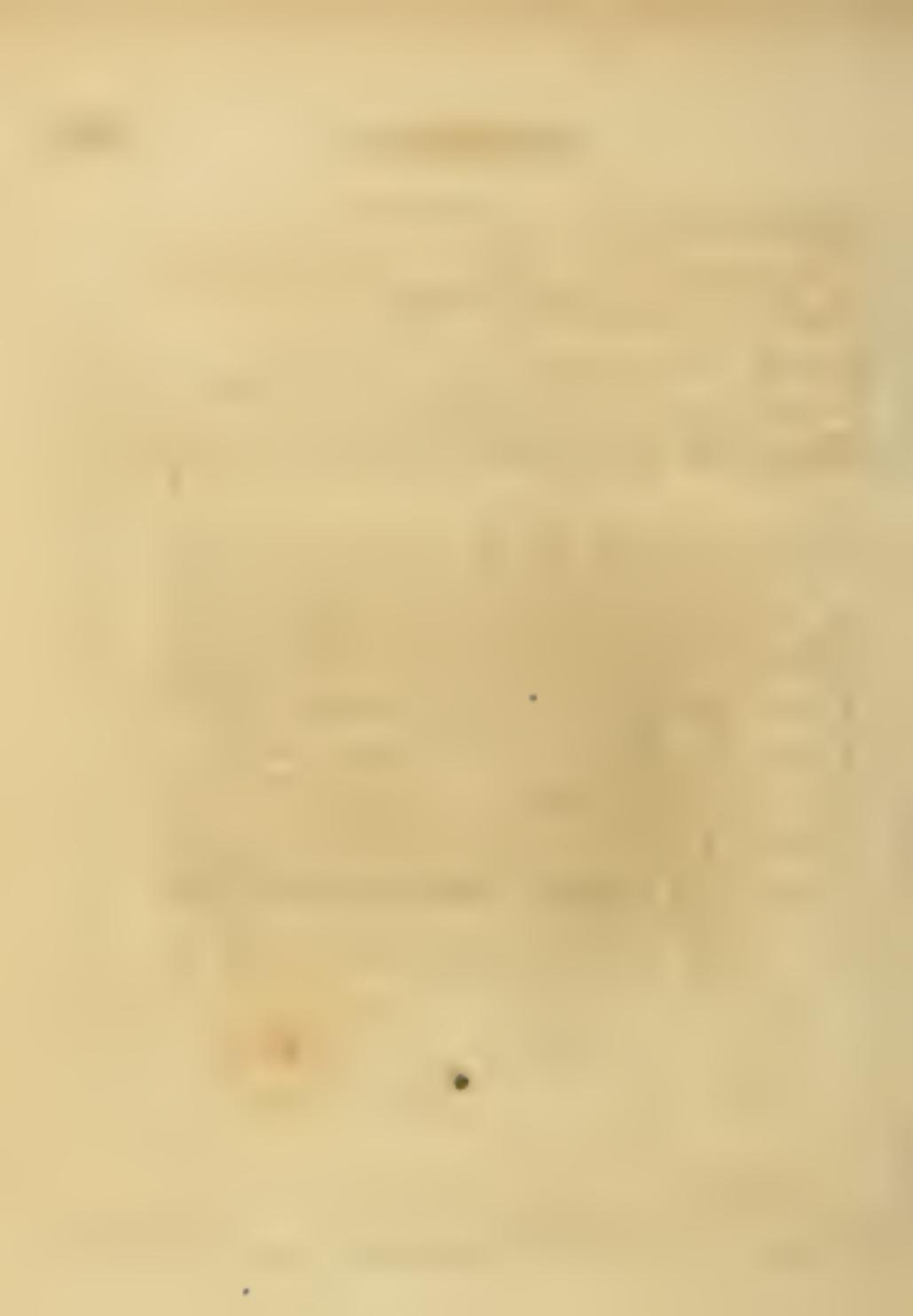


## THE FLY.

PRITHEE, little buzzing Fly,  
Eddying round my taper—why  
Is it that its quiv'ring light,  
Dazzling, captivates thy sight?  
Bright my taper is, 't is true:  
Trust me, 't is too bright for you.  
'T is a shame, fond thing beware;  
'T is a flame, you cannot bear:  
Touch it, and 't is instant fate;  
Take my counsel ere too late;  
Buzz no longer round and round,  
Settle on the wall or ground;  
Sleep till morning—with the day  
Rise and use your wings you may,  
Use 'em then—of danger clear—  
Wait 'till morning; do, my dear.

Lo! my counsel nought avails,  
Round, and round, and round it sails.





Sails with idle unconcern—  
Prithee, trifler, canst thou burn ?  
Madly heedless as thou art,  
Know thy danger and depart.  
Why persist ?—I plead in vain ;  
Sing'd it falls, and writhes in pain.

Is not this, deny who can,  
Is not this a draft of man ?  
Like the fly he rashly tries  
Pleasure's burning sphere, and dies.  
Vain the friendly caution : still  
He rebels : alas ! and will.  
What I sing let Pride apply,  
Flies are weak ; and man's a fly.

## THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your  
door,  
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
Oh ! give relief, and heav'n will bless your store.

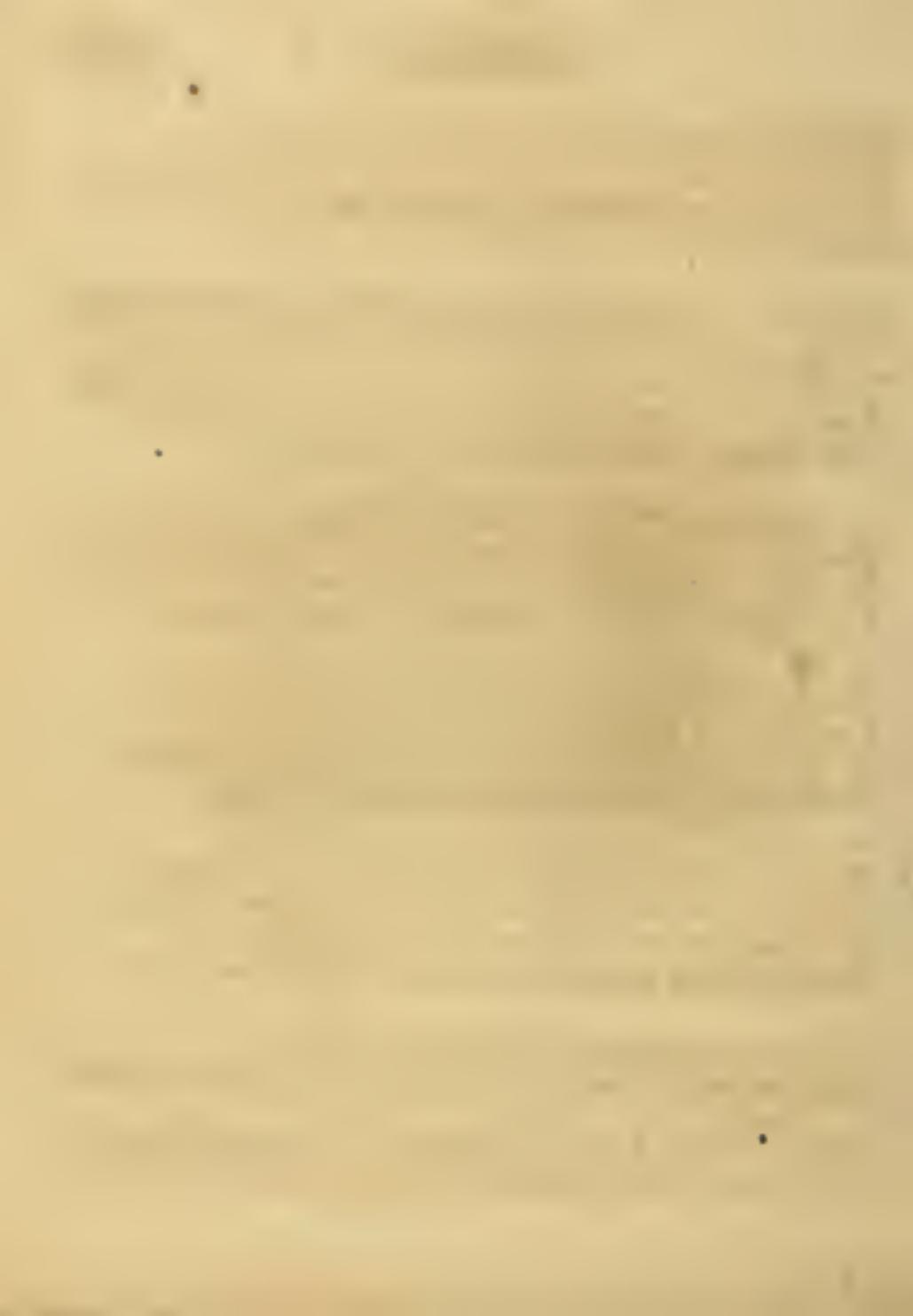
These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,  
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;  
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek  
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

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

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

Oh ! take me to your hospitable dome ;  
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold ;  
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,  
For I am poor and miserably old.





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

Heaven sends misfortunes; why should we re-  
pine ?

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

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

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

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

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your  
door,  
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
Oh! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.

## A MORNING SONG.

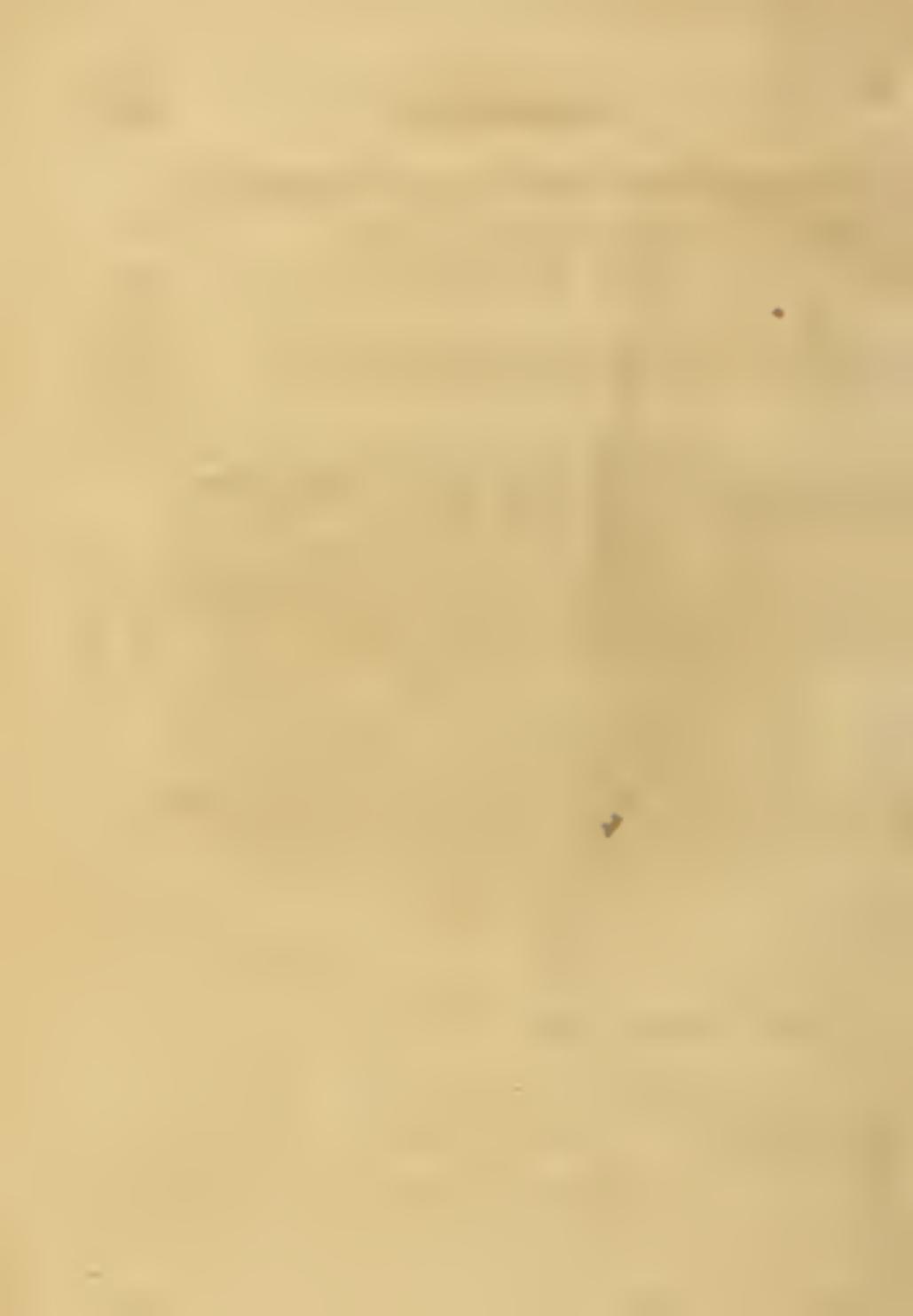
ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eyes,  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To him who rules the skies.

Night unto night his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound,  
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits  
To turn the seasons round.

'T is he supports my mortal frame ;  
My tongue shall speak his praise ;  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
And yet his wrath delays.

On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,  
And I could ne'er withstand ;  
Thy justice might have crush'd me  
dead,  
But mercy held thy hand.





A thousand wretched souls are fled  
Since the last setting sun ;  
And yet thou length'nest out my  
thread,  
And yet my moments run.

Dear God, let all my hours be thine,  
Whilst I enjoy the light ;  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline  
And bring a pleasant night.

THE END.

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