DIVINE SONGS

ATTEMPTED IN

EASY LANGUAGE

FOR THE USE OF

CHILDREN.

BY I. WATTS, D.D.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES AND SUCKLINGS THOU HAST PERFECTED PRAISE.

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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 beforehand, 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 re-

 lish

liſh 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 hath 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.* xxxii. 46, 47. 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*, Epheſ. v. 19. And there are theſe four advantages in it.

1. THERE is a great delight in the very learning of truths and duties this way. There is ſomething ſo amuſing

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 learnt 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 temptations, 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 the 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

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 language 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!

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DIVINE SONGS

FOR

CHILDREN.

SONG I.

A general Song of Praise to God.

I.

HOW glorious is our heav'nly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful Majesty?

II.

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.

III.

Not angles that ſtand round the LORD
Can ſearch his ſecret will:
But they perform his heav'nly word,
And ſing his praiſes ſtill.

IV.

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

V.

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.

I SING th' almighty pow'r of GOD,
That made the mountains riſe,
That ſpread the flowing ſeas abroad,
And built the lofty ſkies!

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

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!

V.

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.

VI.

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.

VII.

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.

VIII.

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.*

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

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

VI.

There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And by his power divine
Redeems us from the ſlaviſh chains
Of ſatan and of ſin.

VII.

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

VIII.

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.

I.

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?

II.

Not more than others I deſerve,
Yet GOD has given me more;
For I have food, while others ſtarve,
Or beg from door to door.

III.

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!

IV.

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.

V.

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.

VI.

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.

I.

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.

II.

'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.

III.

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.

IV.

How do I pity thoſe that dwell
Where ignorance or darkneſs reigns!
They know no Heav'n, they fear no Hell,
Thoſe endleſs joys, thoſe endleſs pains.

V.

Thy glorious promiſes, O LORD,
Kindle my hopes and my deſire;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me to 'ſcape eternal fire.

VI.

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.

I.

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.

II.

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?

III.

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!

IV.

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.

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

The fields provide me food, and ſhew
The goodneſs of the LORD;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy moſt holy Word.

IV.

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

V.

LORD, make me understand thy law;
Shew what my faults have been;
And from thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

VI.

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.

VII.

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

SONG VIII.

Praise to GOD *for learning to read.*

I.

THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the LORD,
That I was taught, and learnt so young
To read his holy Word.

II.

That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched ſlave to ſin.

III.

That I am led to ſee
I can do nothing well;
And whither ſhall a ſinner flee
To ſave himſelf from Hell?

IV.

Dear LORD, this Book of thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my ſin,
And make me holy too.

V.

Here I can read and learn,
How CHRIST, the Son of GOD,
Did undertake our great concern;
Our ranſom coſt his blood.

VI.

And now he reigns above,
He ſends his Spirit down
To ſhew the wonders of his love,
And make his Goſpel known,

VII.

O may that Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Thoſe truths which all thy ſervants preach,
And all thy ſaints believe.

VIII.

Then ſhall I praiſe the LORD,
In a more chearful ſtrain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learnt in vain.

SONG IX.

The All-ſeeing GOD.

I.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the ſhades of night,
And our moſt ſecret actions lie
All open to thy ſight.

II.

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

III.

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?

IV.

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.

V.

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

VI.

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

SONG X.

Solemn Thoughts of GOD *and Death.*

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

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.

VI.

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.

SONG XI.

Heaven and Hell.

I.

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

II.

There is a dreadful Hell,
And everlaſting pains;
There ſinners muſt with Devils dwell
In darkneſs, fire, and chains.

III.

Can ſuch a wretch as I
Eſcape this curſed end?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I ſhall to Heav'n aſcend?

IV.

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.

I.

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

II.

When we devote our youth to GOD,
'Tis pleaſing in his eyes;
A flower, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain ſacrifice.

III.

'Tis eaſier work, if we begin
To fear the LORD betimes;
While ſinners that grow old in ſin,
Are harden'd in their crimes.

IV.

'Twill ſave us from a thouſand ſnares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preſerve our following years,
And make our virtue ſtrong.

V.

To Thee, Almighty GOD, to Thee,
Our childhood we reſign;
'Twill pleaſe us to look back and ſee
That our whole lives were thine.

VI

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.

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

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!

IV.

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!

V.

'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.

VI.

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

SONG XIV.

Examples of early Piety.

I.

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

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

Children a ſweet hoſanna ſung,
And bleſt their Saviour's name;
They gave him honour with their tongue,
While Scribes and Prieſts blaſpheme.

V.

SAMUEL the child was wean'd and brought
To wait upon the LORD;
Young TIMOTHY betimes was taught
To know his holy word.

VI.

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.

I.

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.

II.

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

III.

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?

IV.

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.

V.

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.

VI.

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.

I.

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.

II.

But, children, you ſhould never let
Such angry paſſions riſe;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

III.

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.

IV.

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

V.

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.

I.

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

II.

Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

III.

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.

IV.

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

V.

The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning-light.

VI.

Pardon, O LORD, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove;
That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

SONG XVIII

Againſt Scoffing and calling Names.

I. [LORD,

OUR tongues were made to bleſs the
And not ſpeak ill of men;
When others give a railing word,
We muſt not rail again.

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

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

V.

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.

VI.

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.*

I.

Angels, that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name, Almighty God!
And devils tremble down in Hell,
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

II.

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.

III.

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?

IV.

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.

V.

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.

VI.

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.

I.

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

II.

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.

III.

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

IV.

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.

SONG XXI.

Againſt Evil Company.

I.

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?

II.

I hate to hear a wanton ſong,
Their words offend mine ears;
I ſhould not dare defile my tongue
With language ſuch as theirs.

III.

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.

IV.

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

V.

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.

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

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

V.

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.

VI.

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.

VII.

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.

VIII.

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.

SONG XXIII.

Obedience to Parents.

I.

LET children that would fear the LORD,
Hear what their teachers ſay;
With rev'rence meet their parents word,
And with delight obey.

II.

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?

III.

What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How curſed is his name!
The ravens ſhall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the ſame.

IV.

But thoſe who worſhip GOD, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long ſhall live,
And live hereafter too.

SONG XXIV.

The Child's Complaint.

I.

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!

II.

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?

III.

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

IV.

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.

I.

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!

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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.

I.

And now another day is gone,
I'll ſing my Maker's praiſe;
My comforts ev'ry hour make known
His Providence and Grace.

II.

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.

III.

I lay my body down to ſleep,
Let angels guard my head;
And through the hours of darkneſs keep
Their watch around my bed.

IV.

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.

I.

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?

II.

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?

III.

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.

IV.

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.

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

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

IV.

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

The TEN COMMANDMENTS, *out of the Old Teſtament, put into ſhort Rhyme for Children.*

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 deed unclean.
8. Nor ſteal, tho' thou art poor and mean.
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbour's dare not covet.

The Sum of the COMMANDMENTS *out of the New Teſtament.*

MATT. 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.*

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.

I.

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

II.

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.

I.

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

II.

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

Short Metre.

I.

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

II.

To CHRIST th' anointed King,
Be endleſs bleſſings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory ſing,
Who made our peace with Heav'n.

GLORY *to the* FATHER, *and to 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 honours 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 the 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 temptations 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.

I. *The* SLUGGARD.

I.

'TIS the voice of a 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.

II.

"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.

III.

I paſs'd by his garden, and ſaw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thiſtle grow broader and higher;

The cloaths that hang on him are turning to rags;
And his money ſtill waſtes, till he ſtarves or he begs.

IV.

I made him a viſit, ſtill hoping to find
He had 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.

V.

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.

II. *Innocent Play.*

I.

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!

II.

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.

III.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we ſay,
Should hinder another in jeſting or play;
For he's ſtill in earneſt that's hurt:
How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire!
There's none but a madman will fling about fire,
And tell you, "'Tis all but in ſport."

III. *The* ROSE.

I.

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.

II.

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!

III.

So frail is the youth and the beauty of
men,
ho' they bloom and look gay like
the Roſe:
all our fond care to preſerve them
is vain;
ime kills them as faſt as he goes.

IV.

I'll not be proud of my youth or
my beauty,
nce both of them wither and fade;
gain a good name by well doing my
duty;
is will ſcent like a Roſe when I'm
dead.

IV. *The* THIEF.

I.

ſhould I deprive my neighbour
his goods againſt his will?
s were made for honeſt labour,
t to plunder or to ſteal.

II.

'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.

III.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their ſad profit to compute?
To what diſmal ſtate they brought us
When they ſtole forbidden fruit?

IV.

Oft we ſee a young beginner
Practiſe little pilf'ring ways,
Till grown up a harden'd ſinner:
Then the gallows ends his days.

V.

Theft will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can ſpy:
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

VI.

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.

V. *The* ANT *or* EMMET.

I.

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.

II.

They don't wear 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.

III.

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 triſle away all their prime!

IV.

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 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.

VI. *Good Resolutions.*

I.

THOUGH I am now in younger days,
Nor can tell what ſhall befal me,
I'll prepare for ev'ry place
Where my growing age ſhall call me.

II.

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

III.

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.

IV.

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

V.

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.

VI.

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.

VII.

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.

VIII.

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

IX.

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.

X.

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

A SUMMER EVENING.

I.

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.

II.

Juſt ſuch is the Chriſtian: His courſe he begins,
Like the ſun in a miſt, when 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.

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.

I.

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

II.

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.

III.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the SON of GOD could be;
When from heav'n he deſcended,
And became a child like thee!

IV.

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.

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

Soft, my child; I did not chide thee,
Tho' my ſong might ſound too hard,
'Tis thy { *Mother / Nurſe that } ſits beſide thee,
And her arms ſhall be thy guard.

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

VIII.

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.

IX.

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

X.

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.

XI.

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.

XII.

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

XIII.

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!

XIV.

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

THE END.