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Divine and Moral Songs

Isaac Watts





Divine and Moral Songs

Author(s):

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Description: *Divine and Moral Songs for Children* became a ubiquitous children's book throughout England for nearly two hundred years. By the mid-19th century, the book existed in over a thousand editions. So well-known were some of the children's poems that Lewis Carroll parodied them in *Alice in Wonderland* and Charles Dickens referenced them in *David Copperfield*. Modern readers (or singers), however, remember Watts' songbook not so much for its rhymes for children, but for its hymns. For many Christian families throughout the English-speaking world, Isaac Watts—author of "Joy to the World" and "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross"—remains a household name.

Kathleen O'Bannon

CCEL Staff

Subjects: English literature
17th and 18th centuries (1640-1770)

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**DIVINE AND MORAL
Songs
for
CHILDREN
by
ISAAC WATTS, D. D.
ILLUSTRATED**

PREFACE.

TO ALL THAT ARE CONCERNED IN THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

MY FRIENDS,

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

Verse was at first designed for the service of God, though it 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. 31:19,30](#); and we are directed in the New Testament, not only to sing, “with grace in the heart,” but to “teach and admonish one another by hymns and songs,” [Ephes. 5:19](#). 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 and entertaining in rhymes and metre that will incline children to make this part of their business a diversion. And you may turn their very duty into a reward, by giving them the privilege of learning one of these songs every week, if they fulfil the business of the week well, and promising them the book itself, when they have learned ten or twenty songs out of it.
- 2 What is learned 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 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 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!

I.W.



**PREFACE
TO THE PRESENT EDITION.**

Whatever opinion may be entertained by connoisseurs as to the value of Dr. Watts's Hymns as "Poems," none can doubt the earnest piety which dictated them, nor the unmistakable popularity they have ever enjoyed, both at home and abroad, and which fully entitles them to be considered as genuine "Household Words".

Numerous as are the editions already published, more or less illustrated, none have as yet approached the standard of completeness or excellence which such popularity deserves.

The projectors of this effort fully believe that this want will be amply supplied by the production of the present edition. The names and number of the artists employed, together with the general care and finish bestowed throughout, they trust will be sufficient guarantee that their labour has not been in vain.

It may be well to add that the whole of the Illustrations have been arranged and engraved under the entire direction of Mr. James D. Cooper.

LONDON, 1866.



Divine Songs

Song 1.

A General Song of Praise to God.



8,6,8,6

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

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.

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



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

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

Song 2.

Praise for Creation and Providence.



8,6,8,6

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 pronounced them good.



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

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

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



In 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.

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 3.

Praise to God for our Redemption.



8,6,8,6

Blest be the wisdom and the power,
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in counsel to restore
And save our ruin'd grace!

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 raised on high:
He pleads his merits there, to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.



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

Thence shall the Lord to judgment come;
And, with a sovereign voice,



Shall call and break up every tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.

O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face;
And, with the blest assembly there,
Sing his redeeming grace.

Song 4.

Praise for Mercies.



8,6,8,6

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 given 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 clothed 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 try to serve thee best.

Song 5.

Praise for birth and education in a Christian land.



8,8,8,8

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 sovereign grace I owe
That I was born on Christian ground;
Where streams of heavenly 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 reign!
They know no heaven—they fear no hell—
That endless joy—that endless pain.

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 heaven,
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast given.

Song 6.

Praise for the Gospel.



8,8,8,8

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 given,
Could they have heard these glorious things
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from heaven!

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 the 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 7.

The excellency of the Bible.



8,6,8,6

Great God, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look:
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace
Shine brighter in thy Book.

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

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

Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied;
And hence my joys arise.



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

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

Then let me love my Bible more;
And take a fresh delight

By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

Song 8.

Praise to God for learning to read.



6,6,8,6

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 taught 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,
Did undertake our great concern;
Our ransom cost his blood.



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

O may that Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive

Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.

Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his Word,
And have not learnt in vain.



Song 9.

The all-seeing God.



8,6,8,6

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

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

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

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



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

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

Song 10.

Solemn thoughts on God and death.



8,8,8,8

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.

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,
No 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 heaven or hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

Song 11.

Heaven and Hell.



6,6,8,6

There is beyond the sky
A heaven 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 heaven 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 12.

The advantages of early religion.



8,6,8,6

Happy the child whose youngest years
Receive instructions well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

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

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



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

To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign:
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath!
Thus I'm prepared for future days,
Or fit for early death.

Song 13.

The danger of delay.



8,8,8,8

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.

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.

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!

What if his dreadful anger burn,
 While I refuse his offer'd grace,
And all his love to anger turn,
 And strike me dead upon the place!



'Tis dangerous to provoke a God!
 His power and vengeance none can tell:
One stroke of his almighty rod
 Shall send young sinners quick to hell.

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

Song 14.

Examples of early piety.



8,6,8,6

What blest examples do I find
Writ in the Word of Truth,
Of children that begin 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 wondering stand;)
Yet he obey'd his Mother then,
And came at her command.



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

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

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

Song 15.

Against lying.



8,8,8,8

O 'tis a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say!

But liars we can never trust,
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 every 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 reckoning keeps
For every lie that children tell.

Song 16.

Against quarrelling and fighting.



8,6,8,6

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God has made them so:
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature, too.

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



Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild:
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

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

Now, Lord of all, he reigns above;
And from his heavenly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

Song 17.

Love between brothers and sisters.



8,6,8,6

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

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

Hard names at first, and threatening 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 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool
 It burns till morning light.

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

Song 18.

Against scoffing and calling names.



8,6,8,6

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 chastised 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,
Served old Elisha so,
And bade 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 19.

Against cursing, swearing, and taking God's name in vain.



8,8,8,8

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

And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse thy dreadful, glorious Name!
And when they're angry, how they swear,
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme!



How will they stand before thy face,
Who treated thee with such disdain,
While thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain?

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

My heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above:
'Tis that great God whose power I fear,
That heavenly 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 20.

Against idleness and mischief.



8,6,8,6

How doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
 From every opening flower!

How skillfully 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 work, or healthful play
 Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
 Some good account at last.

Song 21.

Against evil company.



8,6,8,6

Why should I join with those in play
In whom I've no delight;
Who curse and swear, but never play;
Who call ill names, and fight?

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

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



From one rude boy, that's used 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 22.

Against pride in clothes.



8,8,8,8

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 covering on,
Her robe of innocence was gone;
And yet her children vainly boast
In the sad marks of glory lost.



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

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I:
Let me be dress'd fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers 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 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 23.

Obedience to parents.



8,6,8,6

Let children that would fear the Lord
Hear what their teachers say;
With reverence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.

Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?



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

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

Song 24.

The child's complaint.



8,6,8,6

Why should I love my sports so well,
So constant at my play,
And lose the thoughts of heaven and hell,
And then forget to pray?

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



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

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

Song 25.

A morning song.



8,6,8,6

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

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



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

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

Song 26.

An evening song.



8,6,8,6

And now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise!
My comforts every 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 head.

With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

Song 27.

For the Lord's-day morning.



8,6,8,6

This is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead:
Why should I my eyelids close,
And waste my hours in bed?

This is the day when Jesus broke
The powers 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 heaven:
O may I love this blessed day
The best of all the seven!

Song 28.

For the Lord's-day evening.



8,8,8,8

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.

I have been there, and still would go
'Tis like a little heaven below!
Not all my pleasure and my play
Should tempt me to forget this day.



O write upon my memory, Lord,
The text and doctrines of thy Word,
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before!

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

The Ten Commandments

8,8



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 neighbor's dare not covet.

The sum of the commandments.

8,8



With all thy soul love God above;
And as thyself thy neighbor love.

Duty to God and our neighbor.

8,8,8,8

Love God with all your soul and strength.

With all your heart and mind;

And love your neighbor 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.

Our Saviour's Golden Rule.

8,8,8,8



Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And never do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again.

The Hosanna; or salvation ascribed to Christ.

8,8,8,8

Hosanna to king David's son,
Who reigns on a superior throne!
We bless the Prince of heavenly birth,
Who brings salvation down to earth.

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

8,6,8,6

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

Hosanna to the eternal Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his Name!



6,6,8,6

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

To Christ, th' anointed King,
Be endless blessings given:
Let the whole earth his glory sing
Who made our peace with heaven.



8,8,8,8

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.



8,6,8,6

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

6,6,8,6

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



**MORAL SONGS
A SLIGHT SPECIMEN;**

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 of 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 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.



Song 1.

The sluggard.



12,12,12,12

'Tis the voice of the Sluggard: I heard him complain,
'You have waked me too soon! I must slumber again!'
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bead
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 sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I passed by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
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 his mind:
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking;
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, 'Here's a lesson for me!
That man's but a picture of what I might be;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who have taught me by times to love working and reading!'

Song 2.

Innocent play.



11,11,8,11,11,8

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 dabble in mud;
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood:
 So foul and so fierce are their natures;
But Thomas and William, and such pretty names,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves or as lambs,
 Those lovely sweet innocent creatures.



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

Song 3.

The Rose.



12,8,12,8

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.

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



So frail is the youth and the beauty of man,
Though 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 and 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 4.

The thief



8,7,8,7

Why should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder, or to steal.

'Tis a foolish self-deceiving
By such tricks to hope for gain:
All that's ever got by thieving
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

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



Oft we see a young beginner
Practice little pilfering ways,
Till grown up a harden'd sinner,
Then the gallows ends his days.

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

Guard my heart, O God of heaven,
Lest I covet what's not mine;
Lest I steal what is not given,
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

Song 5.

The ant, or emmet.



11,11,8,11,11,8

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 sunshiny day,
 And for winter they lay up their stores:
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,
 And so brought their food withindoors.

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 once stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
 If I trifle away all their prime!



Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in bloom,
Let me think what shall serve me when sickness shall come,
 And pray that my sins be forgiven.
Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey;
That, when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
 I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

Song 6.

Good resolutions.



7,8,7,8

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.

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

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



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

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

What though I be low or 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 7.

Summer's evening.



11,11,11,9

How fine has the day been! how bright was the sun!
How lovely and joyful the course that he run;
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
 And there followed some droppings of rain:
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the skies gay as he sinks to his rest,
 And foretells a bright rising again.

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



8-Cradle hymn.

8,7,8,7



Hush, my dear! Lie still, and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings, without number,
Gently falling on thy head.

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



How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birthplace 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 heavenly stranger?
Did they thus affront the Lord?

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.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews received their King,
How they served the Lord of Glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.



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

See the lovely Babe a–dressing:
Lovely infant, how he smiled!
When he wept, his 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:
There’s no ox a–near thy bed.



’Twas so 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!



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