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DIVINE SONGS

Attempted in easy Language, for the Use of

CHILDREN.

By *I. WATTS.*

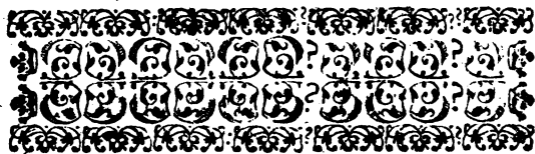
*Out of the Mouth of Babes and Sucklings
thou hast perfected Praise, Mat. xxi. 16.*

The Ninth Edition.



LONDON, Printed for RICHARD FORD, at the
Angel in the Poultry, near Stocks-Market. 1728.





T O

Mrs. SARAH
Mrs. MARY, and } ABNEY,
Mrs. ELIZABETH }

Daughters of Sir THOMAS
ABNEY, Knt. and Alderman
of London.

My Dear Young Friends,

When I am con-
strain'd to love
and honour by
many. Obliga-
tions. It was the gene-

The Dedication.

rous and condescending Friendship of your Parents under my weak Circumstances of Health ; that brought me to their Country-Seat for the Benefit of the Air ; but it was an Instance of most uncommon Kindness, to supply me there so cheerfully for two Years of Sickness with the richest Conveniencies of Life. Such a Favour requires my most affectionate Returns of Service to themselves,

The Dedication.

selves, and to all that is dear to them ; and meer Gratitude demands some solemn and publick Acknowledgment.

But great Minds have the true Relish and Pleasure of doing Good, and are content to be unknown.

It is such a silent Satisfaction Sir *Thomas Abney* enjoys in the unspeakable Blessings of this Year, that brought our present King to the

The Dedication.

Throne: and he permits the World to forget that happy Turn that was given to the Affairs of the Kingdom, by his wife Management in the highest Office of the City, in that Year when the *Pretender* was proclaim'd King in *France*. By the successful Influence that his Conduct had upon the whole Nation. a new Parliament was call'd, which gave a fresh and lasting Strength to the Settlement of the Crown
in

The Dedication.

in that illustrious Family which now possesses it. O may the Crown flourish many Years on the Head of our Sovereign, and may his House possess it to the End of Time, to secure all Religious and Civil Liberties to the Posterity of those who have been so zealous to establish this Succession!

The fair and lovely Character your Honour'd Father hath acquired by passing thro' all the chief

The Dedication.

chief Officers of the City, and leaving a Lustre upon them, seems imperfect in his own Esteem, without the Addition of this Title, *A Succourer and a Friend of the Ministers of Christ.* And in this part of his Honour the Lady your Mother is resolv'd to have an unborrow'd Share, and becomes his daily Rival.

It is to her unwearied Tendernefs, and many kind Offices by Night and

The Dedication.

and Day, in the more violent Seasons of my Indisposition, that (under God) I owe my Life, and Power to write or think. And while I remember those Hours, I can't forget the chearful and ready Attendance of her worthy Sister, her dear Companion and Assistant in every good Work.

Under the Influence of two such Examples I have also enjoy'd the

The Dedication.

Pleasure and Conveniency of your younger Services, according to the Capacity of your Years; and that with such a Degree of sincere and hearty Zeal for my Welfare, that you are ready to vie with each other in the kind Employment, and assist all you can toward my Recovery and Usefulness. So that whoever shall reap Benefit by any of my Labours, it is but a reasonable Request, that
you

The Dedication.

you share with me in their
Thanks and their Prayers.

But this is a small Part
of your Praise.

If it would not be suspected of Flattery, I could tell the World what an Acquaintance with Scripture, what a Knowledge of Religion, what a Memory of Divine Things both in Verse and Prose, is found among you; and what a just and regular Account is

The Dedication.

given of Sermons at your Age ; to awaken all the Children that shall read these *Songs* , to furnish their Memories, and beautify their Souls like yours. The Honour you have done me in learning by heart so large a Number of the *Hymns* I have publish'd, perhaps has been of some Use towards these greater Improvements , and gives me rich Encouragement to offer you this little Present.

The Dedication.

Since I have ventured to shew a Part of your early Character to the World, I perswade my self you will remember that it must inlarge and brighten daily. Remember what the World will expect from the Daughters of Sir *Thomas Abney's* Family, under such an Education, such Examples, and after such fair and promising Blossoms of Piety and Goodness. Remember what God him-

The Dedication.

himself will expect at your Hands, from whose Grace you have received plentiful Distributions in the Beginning of your Days. May the Blessings of his Right Hand more enrich you daily, as your Capacities and your Years increase ; and may he add bountifully of the Favours of his Left Hand, Riches and Honour. May his Grace make you so large a Return of all the Kindnesses I have received in
your

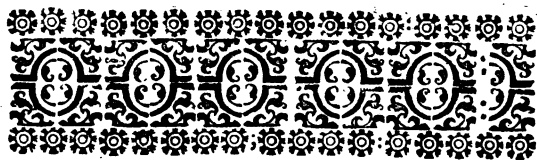
The Dedication.

your Family, as may prevail above the fondest Hopes of your Parents, and even exceed the warmest Prayers of

*Your most Affectionate
Monitor and Obliged
Servant, in the daily
Views of a future
World,*

*Theobalds,
June 18,
1715.*

I. WATTS.



P R E F A C E

To all that are concerned
in the Education of
CHILDREN.

MY FRIENDS,

I is an awful and important
I Charge that is committed to
you. The Wisdom and Wel-
fare 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 often-
times sown very early, and therefore
whatever may conduce to give the
Minds of Children a Relish of Virtue
and

P R E F A C E.

and Religion, ought in the first place to be proposed to you.

Verse was at first design'd for the Service of God, though it hath been wretchedly abused since. The Antients 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, Eph. 5: 19. and there are these four Advantages in it.

1. *There is a greater 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

P R E F A C E.

one of these Songs every Week, if they fulfil the Business of the Week well, and promising them the Book it self, when they have learnt ten or twenty Songs out of it.

2. What is learnt in Verse is longer retain'd in Memory, and sooner recollected. The like Sounds and the like Number of Syllables exceedingly assist the Remembrance. And it may often happen, that the End of a Song running in the Mind, may be an effectual Means to keep off some Temptation, or to encline to some Duty, when a Word of Scripture is not upon the 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.

P R E F A C E.

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 Psalms Tunes.*

The greatest Part of this little Book was composed several Years ago, at the Request of a Friend, who has been long engag'd 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, baptised 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 design'd to profit all (if possible) and offend none. I hope the more general the Sense is, these Composures

P R E F A C E.

may be of the more universal Use and Service.

I have added at the End an Attempt or two of Sonnets on Moral Subjects for Children, with an Air of Pleasantry, to provoke some fitter Pen to write a little Book of them. My Talent doth not lie that way, and a Man on the Borders of the Grave has other Work. Besides, if I had Health or Leisure to lay out in Verse, it should be employ'd in finishing the Psalms, which I have so long promised the World.

May the Almighty God make you faithful in this important Work of Education; may he succeed your Cares with his abundant Graces, that the rising Generation of Great Britain may be a Glory amongst the Nations, a Pattern to the Christian World, and a Blessing to the Earth.



Divine Songs

FOR

CHILDREN.

SONG I.

A General Song of Praise to God.

I.

HOW glorious is our heavenly 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 Angels that stand round the Lord
 Can search his secret Will ;
 But they perform his heavenly 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 Flower below
 But makes thy Glories known;
 And Clouds arise, and Tempests blow
 By Order from thy Throne.

VI.

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.

VII.

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.

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.

BLeft 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.

II.

Our Father eat 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 Merits there to save,
Transgressors doom'd to die.

VI.

There on a glorious Throne he reigns,
And by his Pow'r Divine,
Redeems us from the slavish Chains
Of *Satan*, and of Sin.

VII.

Hence shall the Lord to Judgment come,
And with a Sov'reign Voice
shall call, and break up ev'ry Tomb,
While waking Saints rejoyce.

VII.

O may I then with Joy appear
 Before the Judge's Face,
 And with the blest Assembly there,
 Sing his Redeeming Grace!

SONG IV.

*Praise for Mercies Spiritual and
 Temporal.*

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 hath giv'n 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 lye, 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 Heavenly Mercy flow,
 And Words of sweet Salvation found.

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 and Darkness reigns ;
 They know no Heaven, 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 antient *Jewish* Kings,
 And *Jewish* Prophets once have giv'n,
 Could they have heard these glorious
 (things,
 Which *Christ* reveal'd, and brought from
 (Heav'n!

III.

How glad the Heathens would have been,
 That worship 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. (Praise

Great God, with Wonder, and with
 On all thy Works I look ;
 But still thy Wisdom, Pow'r and Grace,
 Shine brighter in thy Book.

II.

The Stars that in their Courses roll,
 Have much Instruction given :
 But thy good Word informs my Soul
 How I may climb to Heaven.

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,
 Show what my Faults have been;
 And from thy Gospel let me draw
 Pardon for all my Sin.

VI.

Here I would 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
 Has undertook 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.

VII.

O may that Spirit teach,
 And make my Heart receive
 Those Truths which all thy Servants
 And all thy Saints believe ! (preach,

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 ashamed 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 Heavens, 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 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 XI.

Heaven and Hell.

I.

THERE is beyond the Sky
 A Heaven 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 when'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.

(Years

Happy's the Child whose youngest
 Receive Instructions well;
 Who hates the Sinners 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 hardned 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 Prayer 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 Heaven, or think of
(Death?

A Flower 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 hardned 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 dangerous to provoke a God ;
 His Pow'r and Vengeance none can tell ;
 One Stroke of his Almighty Rod
 Shall fend 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 blest 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 learn 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 Lye, to speak the Truth,
 That we may trust to all they say.

II.

But Lyers we can never trust, (true,
 Tho' they should speak the Thing that's
 And be that does one Fault at first,
 And lyes 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,
 Catch'd with a Lye upon his Tongue ?

IV.

So did his Wife *Saphira* die
 When she came in and grew so bold,
 As to confirm that wicked Lye
 That just before her Husband told.

V.

The Lord delights in them that speak
 The Words of Truth; but ev'ry Lye
 Must have his Portion in the Lake
 That burns with Brimstone and with Fire.

VI.

Then let me always watch my Lips,
 Left I be struck to Death and Hell,
 Since God a Book of Reckoning keeps
 For ev'ry Lye that Children tell.

SONG XVI.

Against Quarrelling and Fighting.

I.

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.

II.

But Children, you should never let
 Such angry Passions rise;
 Your little Hands were never made
 To tear each others Eyes.

III.

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.

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 shou'd 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 threaten'g 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. (the Lord,

OUR Tongues were made to bless
 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 prophane,
 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 *Elisba* 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 ne'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.

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 Power I fear,
 That heavenly Father whom I love.

VI.

If my Companions grow prophane,
 I'll leave their Friendship when I hear
 Young Sinners take thy Name in vain,
 And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

SONG

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 every 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 my Ears,
 I should not dare defile my Tongue
 With Language such as theirs.

III.

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.

IV.

From one rude Boy that's us'd to mock,
 Ten learn the wicked Jest;
 One sickly Sheep infects the Flock,
 And poysons all the rest.

V.

My God, I hate to walk or dwell
 With ~~fiſal~~ 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
 Our Parents Shame) provoke our
 (Pride ?
 The Art of Drefs did ne'er begin,
 'Till *Eve* our Mother learnt to ſin.

II.

When firſt ſhe put her 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 Cloathing long before.

IV.

The Tulip and the Butterfly
 Appear in gayer Coats than I:
 Let me be drest fine as I will, (still:
 Flies, Worms, and Flowers exceed me

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 Rayment 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.

(Lord

LET Children that would fear the
 Hear what their Teachers say,
 With Rev'rence meet their Parents Word,
 And with Delight obey.

II.

Have we not heard what dreadful Plagues
 Are threatned 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 that worship God, and give
 Their Parents Honour due,
 Here on this Earth they long shall live,
 And live hereafter too.

SONG XXIV.

The Child's Complaint.

I.

WHY should I love my Sport so well?
 So constant at my Play?
 And lose the Thoughts of Heaven and
 And then forget to pray? (Hell?)

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 heavenly 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 mak'st the Sun to know
 His proper Hour to rise,
 And to give Light to all below,
 Dost 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 heavenly Way!

IV.

Give me, O Lord, thine 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.

AN D 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 thro' the Hours of Darkness keep
 Their Watch around my Bed.

IV.

With chearful Heart I close my Eyes,
 Since thou wilt not remove :
 And in the Morning let me rise
 Rejoycing 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 on Bed?

II.

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?

III.

To Day with Pleasure Christians meet
 To pray, and hear the Word:
 And I would go with chearful Feet,
 To learn thy Will, O Lord.

IV.

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 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 Heaven, and learn the Way.

II.

I have been there, and still would go:
 'Tis like a little Heaven below.
 Not all my Pleasures and my Play
 Shall tempt me to forget this Day.

III.

O write upon my Memory, Lord,
 The Texts and Doctrines of thy Word;
 That I may break thy Laws no more,
 But love thee better than before.

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 Rhime for Children.

EXOD. xx. (me.

1. **T**Hou shalt have no more Gods but
2. **B**efore 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, tho' thou art poor and mean.
9. Nor make a wilful Lye, nor love it.
10. What is thy Neighbour's, dare not cover.

The Sum of the Commandments out of the New Testament.

MATT. xxii. 37.

With all thy Soul love God above,
And as thy self 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.

(Strength,

LOVE God with all your Soul and
 With all your Heart and Mind,
 And love your Neighbour as your self:
 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.

II.

Let every Nation, every Age,
 In this delightful Work engage ;
 Old Men and Babes in *Sion* sing
 The growing Glories of her King.

Common Metre.

I.

H *osanna* 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.

H *osanna* to the Son
 Of *David*, and of God,
 Who brought the News of Pardon down,
 And bought it with his Blood.

II.

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 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
 Or Saints to love the Lord. (known,

Short Metre.

Give to the Father Praise,
 Give Glory to the Son,
 And to the Spirit of his Grace
 Be equal Honour done.

A Slight SPECIMEN of
MORAL SONGS,

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

THE Sense and Subjects might be borrow'd plentifully from the *Proverbs of Solomon*, from all the common Appearances of Nature, from all the Occurrences in the 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, and 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

ton or Profane Songs, which give so early an ill Taint to the Fancy and Memory, and become the Seeds of future Vices.

The Sluggard.

I.

TIS the Voice of the *Sluggard*; I hear
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 Slum-
ber,*

Thus he wastes half his Days, and his
Hours without Number:

And when he gets up, he sits folding his
Hands,

Or walks about sauntring, or trifling he
stands.

III.

III.

I past by his Garden, and saw the wild
Bryar,
The Thorn and the Thistle grow broader
and higher :
The Clothes that hang on him are turn-
ing to Rags ;
And his Money still wastes, till he starves,
or he begs.

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 the 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.

Innocent Play.

I.

A Broad 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 An-
 ger 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 or 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 injure another in Jestings 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 sling
about Fire,

And tell you, 'Tis all but in Sport.

*Some Copies of the following Hymn having
got abroad already into several Hands, the Au-
thor has been perswaded at last to permit it to
appear in Publick, at the End of these Divine
Songs for Children.*

A Cradle Hymn.

I.

HUsh ! my Dear, lie still and slumber ;
Holy Angels guard thy Bed !
Heavenly Blessings without Number
Gently falling on thy Head.

II.

Sleep my Babe ; thy Food and Rayment,
 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 Heaven 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 heavenly 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 } sits beside thee,
 { Nurse that }
And her Arm shall be thy Guard.

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 Skie;
There they fought him, there they found
With his Virgin-Mother by. (him,

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.

* Here you may use the Words, *Brother, Sister, Neighbour, Friend, &c.*

XI.

Lo, he **l**umbers in his Manger,
 Where the horned Oxen fed;
 Peace, my Darling, here's no Danger,
 Here's no Ox anear 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.



The TABLE.

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The Ten Commandments.

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Our Saviour's Golden Rule.

Duty to God and our Neighbour.

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in Common Metre.

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Watts.

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