

Keith
CS
245
W34d

Sarah Brown

Her Book March
1796

Sarah Brown
her Book March-
June 22. 1797

Alice Brown was
born May 1 day
1797

Sarah Brown Her

Book Brown
1852

Sarah Brown
her Book March-June
23. 1797

B B B B
B B
B B B

DIVINE SONGS

ATTEMPTED IN

EASY LANGUAGE,

FOR THE USE OF

MARTIN MUSIC LIBRARY
NEW ORLEANS CATHOLIC
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

CHILDREN.

By I. WATTS, D. D.

MAT. xxi. 16.

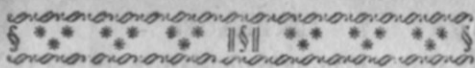
*Out of the Mouths of Babes and Sucklings thou hast
perfected Praise.*

3013

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR A. MILLAR, W. LAW AND E. CATER, AND
T. WILSON AND E. SPENCE, YORK.

MDCCKC.



P R E F A C E,

To all who 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 entrusted 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. xxxi. 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. v. 19. From these few observations you may see the authority for a work of this nature; 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 learnt ten or twenty songs out of it.

2. 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.

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 nothing here that favors of a party: The children of high and low degree, of the Church of *England*, as 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.

CONTENTS.

1. *A General Song of Praise to God.*
2. *Praise for Creation and Providence.*
3. *Praise to God for our Redemption.*
4. *Praise for Mercies spiritual and temporal.*
5. *Praise for Birth and Education in a Christian Land.*
6. *Praise for the Gospel.*
7. *The Excellency of the Bible.*
8. *Praise to God for learning to read.*
9. *The All-seeing God.*
10. *Solemn Thoughts of God and Death.*
11. *Heaven and Hell.*
12. *The Advantages of early Religion.*
13. *The Danger of Delay.*
14. *Examples of early Piety.*
15. *Against Lying.*
16. *Against Quarrelling and Fighting.*
17. *Love between Brothers and Sisters.*
18. *Against Scoffing and calling Names.*
19. *Against Swearing and Cursing, and taking God's Name in vain.*
20. *Against Idleness and Mischief.*
21. *Against evil Company.*
22. *Against Pride in Cloaths.*
23. *Obedience to Parents.*

CONTENTS.

24. *The Child's Complaint.*
25. *A Morning Song.*
26. *An Evening Song.*
27. *Hymn for the Lord's-day Morning.*
28. *Hymn for the Lord's-day Evening.*

The Ten Commandments.

The Sum of the Commandments.

Our Saviour's Golden Rule.

Duty to God and our Neighbour.

The Hosanna, in Long Metre.

in Short Metre.

in Common Metre.

Glory to the Father, in Long Metre.

in Short Metre.

in Common Metre.

A Slight Specimen of Moral Songs.

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. <i>The Sluggard.</i> | 5. <i>The Ant or Emmet.</i> |
| 2. <i>Innocent Play.</i> | 6. <i>Good Resolutions.</i> |
| 3. <i>The Rose.</i> | 7. <i>A Summer Evening.</i> |
| 4. <i>The Thief.</i> | 8. <i>A Cradle Hymn.</i> |



DIVINE SONGS

FOR

CHILDREN.

SONG I.

A general Song of Praise to God.

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

II.

How great his pow'r is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men that dwell below, nor saints
On high before his face.

III.

Not angels 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 numerous as they be)
 Are subject to thy care;
 There's not a place where we can flee,
 But God is present there.

B

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 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 merit 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.

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

B²

MARTIN MUSIC LIBRARY
 NEW ORLEANS BT
 THEOLOGICAL SEM

VIII.

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

SONG IV.

*Praise for Mercies Spiritual and
 Temporal.*

I.

W Hene'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 cloath'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.

G REat God, to thee my voice I raise
 To thee my youngest hours be-
 long!
 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 and 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 worship'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, pow'r, 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 show
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 heavenly 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.

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.

A Lmighty 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 on 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.

C

V.

Let me improve the hours I have,
 Before the day of grace is fled:
 There's no repentance in the grave,
 Nor pardon's 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 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 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 heav'n, 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 harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance giv'n.

III.

What if the Lord grow wrath, or 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 this 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 Maker's face.

SONG XVI.

Examples of early Piety.

I.

WHAT blest'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,
Catch'd with a lie upon his tongue?

VI.

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 le
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 hurried 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.

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.

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!

D

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 heavenly 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 work 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 my 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's 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 Cloaths.

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 cloaths, and call them rich and new
 When the poor sheep and silk-worm
 wore

That very cloathing long before.

D 3

IV.

The tulip and the butterfly
 Appear in gayer coats than I;
 Let me be drest fine as I will,
 Flies, worms, & flow'rs 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 heav'n, 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 reverence 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 & 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 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
 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'rs 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 heav'n, and learn the way.

II.

I have been there, and still will 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 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.*

EXODUS, Chap. xx.

1. **T**HOU shalt have none other
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 un-
clean.
8. Nor steal, tho' thou art poor & mean.
9. Nor make a wilful lye, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbour's dare not
covet.

*The Sum of the Commandments, out of
the New Testament.*

MATTHEW xxii. 37.

WITH all thy soul love God above
And as thyself thy neighbour
love.

E

Our Saviour's Golden Rule.

MATTHEW 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 on 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.

To Christ, th' anointed King,
 Be endless blessings giv'n;
 Let the whole earth his glory sing,
 Who made her peace with heav'n,
 Glory to the Father, 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 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 per-
 form much better.*

THE sense and subjects might be
 borrowed plentifully from the
Proverbs of Solomon, from all the com-
 mon 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 reli-
 gion, or the sacred names of *God* and
Holy Things; that children might
 find delight and profit together.

This would be one effectual way to
 deliver them from the temptation of
 loving or learning those idle, wanton,
 or profane songs, which give so early
 an ill taint to the fancy and memory,
 and become the seeds of future vices.

I. *The Sluggard.*

I.

'TIS the voice of the *Sluggard*;
I heard him complain,
You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again.

As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and
his heavy head.

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 by his garden, and saw the
wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grows 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 improv-
ing his mind:

He told me his dreams, talk'd of eat-
ing and drinking;
But he scarce reads his bible, and ne-
ver loves thinking.

V.

Said I then to my heart, *here's a les-
son 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 work-
ing and reading.

II. *Innocent Play.*

I.

A Broad in the meadows to see
the young lambs [dams,
Run sporting about by the side of their
With fleeces so clean and so white;

Or a nest of young doves in a large
open cage, [anger or rage,
When they play all in love without
How much may be learnt from the
fight!

II.

If we had been ducks we might dabble
in mud; [in blood;
Or dogs, we might play till it ended
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, [play;
Should hinder another in jesting or
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 flow'rs 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,

Tho' they bloom and look gay like
the *Rose*:
But all our fond care to preserve them
is vain:

Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth
or my beauty,

Since both of them wither and fade:
But gain a good name by well doing
my duty; [dead.

This will scent like a *Rose* when I'm

IV. *The Thief.*

I.

WHY should I deprive my neighbour

Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not 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,
Tho' 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 wou'd 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, [shall want,

if I take not due care for the things I

Nor provide against dangers in time.

When death, or old age, shall stare in
my face, [my days,

What a wretch shall I be in the end of

If I trifle 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.

THOU' I am now in younger days,

Nor can tell what shall befall 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 in 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,
Tho' 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.

VII. *A Summer Evening.*

HOW fine has the day been! How
bright was the *Sun*! [he run,
How lovely & joyful the course that
Tho' 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; [are best;

His rays are all gold, and his beauties
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to
his rest,

And foretells a bright rising again.

II.

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, [his days

And gives a sure hope at the end of
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 and 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
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;
There they sought him, there they
found him,
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.

Mayst thou live to know and fear him,
 Trust to 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.

Bless O Lord these

Thy good creatures
 for our use and us.

To thy service
 for Jesus christ
 his sake our only
 saviour a men.

Sarah Brown
 March 1800

Sarah J. J. J. J.
Sarah Brown

John Blench Brown
born April 1807.

Sarah Brown
was born October
the sixth the
year 1778

Mary Brown March
Jan 1804 Born in
the

P. Th March the 19
Day the year 1803



Glazebrook.

Keith
CS
245
W34d

WATTS, I.

8-20-68

Divine songs

JOHN T. CHRISTIAN LIBRARY NOBTS



0 0000 00210 1418

MARTIN MUSIC LIBRARY
NEW ORLEANS BAPTIST
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA