



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD


This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

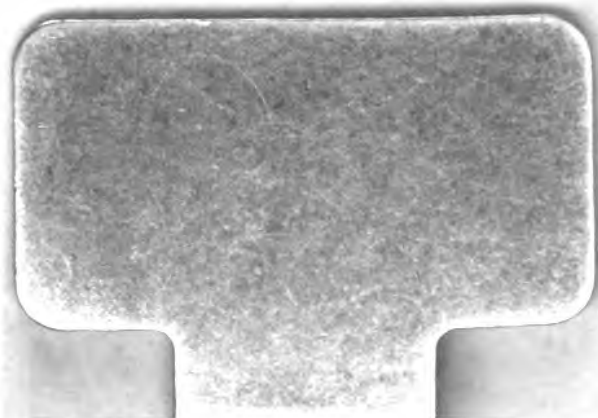
<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>

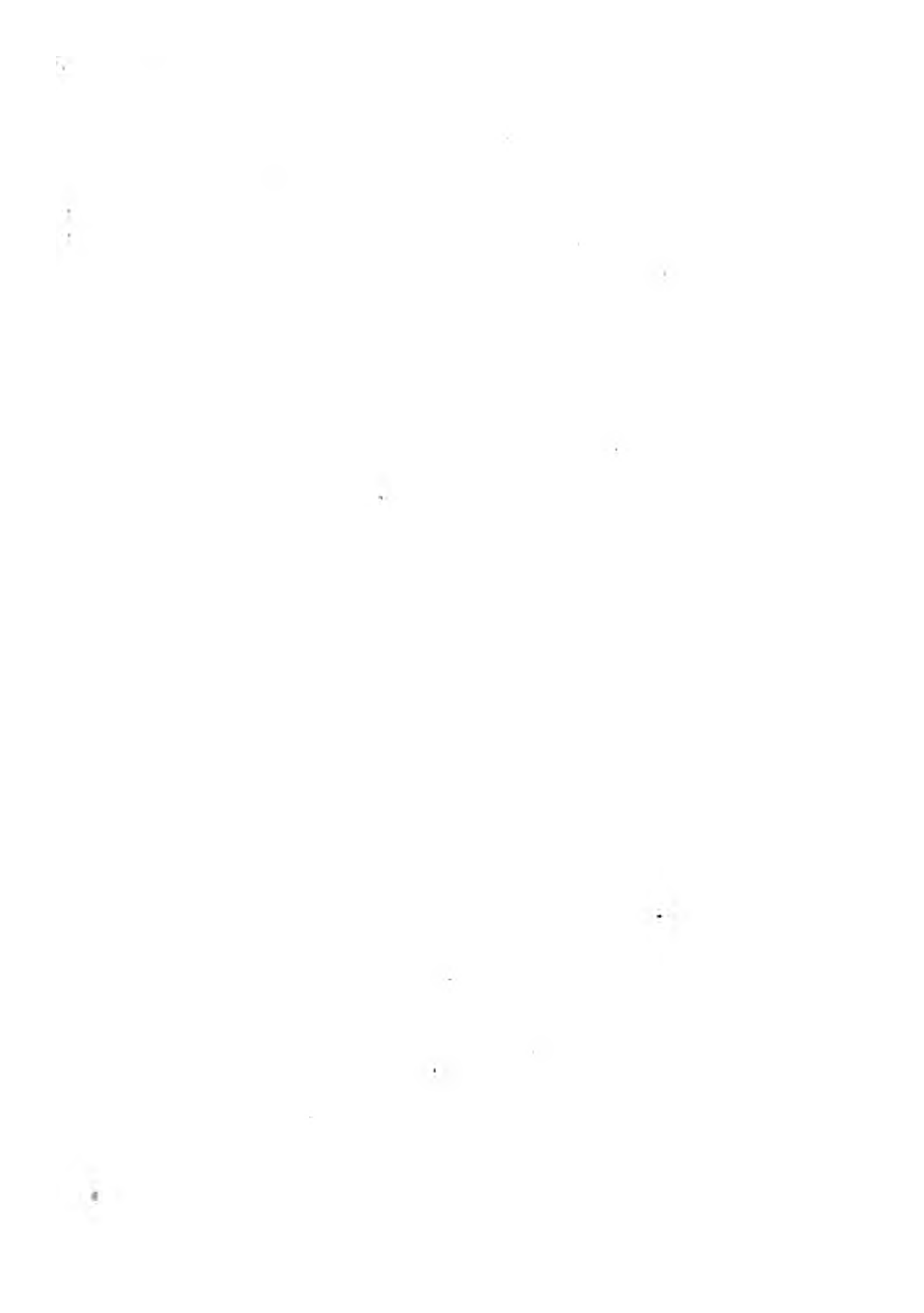


This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

The image shows the front cover of an antique book. The spine is bound in a dark, textured material, possibly leather or cloth, and is visible on the left side. The main cover area is decorated with a traditional marbled paper pattern, featuring large, irregular, light-brown or tan shapes separated by a dark, intricate network of veins in shades of brown, black, and red. In the bottom-left corner, there is a small, dark rectangular label with gold-colored text. The text on the label is arranged in two lines: the top line reads "147. d:" and the bottom line reads "91.". The overall appearance is that of a well-used, historical volume.

147. d:
91.





A NEW AND REVISED EDITION
OF
DR. WATTS'S
DIVINE AND MORAL
SONGS,

BY
THE REV. JAMES G. C. FUSSELL, M.A.

LONDON:
W. H. DALTON, COCKSPUR STREET.
1852.

Sixpence, or 25 for Ten Shillings.

147. d. 91.



PREFACE.

FEW persons have shewn the same power of writing hymns for children as Dr. Watts. In some respects, however, his hymns are open to serious objection. They teach the child to use expressions with regard to others, which seem to encourage censoriousness ; and they put words into his mouth, both in praise and dispraise of himself, to which his own conscience cannot be supposed to bear witness ; and in which his true position and character as a Christian child, if he be such, is by no means sufficiently realized.

The knowledge that this has, in some instances, prevented the use of these hymns,

Song	Page
21 Against Evil Company	37
22 Against Pride in Clothes	38
23 Obedience to Parents	40
24 The Child's Complaint	41
25 A Morning Song	42
26 An Evening Song	43
27 A Song for the Lord's day Morning	44
28 A Song for the Lord's day Evening	45
29 Morning Hymn	46
30 Praise to Christ	47
31 The Ten Commandments, and other Small Pieces	49

MORAL SONGS.

1 The Sluggard	54
2 Innocent Play	56
3 The Rose	58
4 The Thief	60
5 The Ant, or Emmet	62
6 Good Resolutions	64
7 A Summer Evening	66
8 A Cradle Hymn	68

DIVINE SONGS.

SONG I.

A GENERAL SONG OF PRAISE TO GOD.

- 1 How glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful Majesty?
- 2 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.
- 3 Angels that stand before the Lord,
Search not His secret will;
But they perform His heavenly word,
And sing His praises still.

- 4 Then let me join this holy train,
 And my glad offerings bring ;
The Eternal God will not disdain
 To hear an infant sing.
- 5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
 And Angels shall rejoice,
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
 Sung by my feeble voice.
-

SONG II.

PRAISE FOR CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

- 1 I SING the Almighty power of God,
 That made the mountains rise ;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies.

- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon to shine at His command,
And all the stars to obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food :
He formed the creatures by His Word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye ;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky !
- 5 There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.
- 6 All creatures, numerous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care ;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

- 7 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.
- 8 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.

- 1 BLEST be the wisdom and the power,
The justice and the grace,
That joined in council to restore
And save our ruined race.

- 2 Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell ;
And we, his children, thus were brought
To death, and near to hell.
- 3 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.
- 4 He honoured all His Father's laws,
Which man had disobeyed ;
He bore our sins upon the Cross,
And our full ransom paid.
- 5 Behold Him rising from the grave ;
Behold Him raised on high ;
He pleads His merits there to save
Transgressors doomed to die.
- 6 There on a glorious throne He reigns,
And by His power divine
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.

- 7 Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a sovereign voice
Shall call, and break up every tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.
- 8 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.

- 1 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?

- 2 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.
- 3 How many children in the street
Half naked I behold ;
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And sheltered from the cold.
- 4 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.
- 5 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.
- 6 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.

- 1 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.
- 2 'Tis to Thy sovereign grace I owe,
 That I was born on British ground,
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
 And words of sweet salvation sound.
- 3 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.
- 4 Still let Thy praise employ my breath,
 Since Thou hast marked my way to
 Heaven ;
Nor let me run the road to death,
 And waste the blessings Thou hast given.

SONG VI.

PRAISE FOR THE GOSPEL.

- 1 WHAT would the ancient Jewish kings,
And Jewish prophets, once have given,
Could they have heard those glorious things
Which Christ revealed and brought
from Heaven !
- 2 How glad the heathen would have been,
That worshipped idols, wood and stone,
If they the Book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and His Gospel known !
- 3 Then if this Gospel I abuse,
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.

- 1 GREAT God, with wonder and with praise
On all Thy works I look ;
But still Thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in Thy Book.
- 2 The stars that in their courses roll
Have much instruction given ;
But Thy good Word informs my soul
How I may climb to Heaven.
- 3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord ;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In Thy most holy Word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies ;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

- 5 Lord, make me understand Thy law,
 Show what my faults have been ;
And from Thy gospel let me draw
 Pardon for all my sin.
- 6 Here may I learn how Christ has died,
 To save my soul from hell ;
Not all the books on earth beside
 Such heavenly wonders tell.
- 7 Then let me love my Bible more,
 And take a fresh delight,
By day to read those wonders o'er,
 And meditate by night.

SONG VIII.

PRAISE TO GOD FOR LEARNING TO READ.

- 1 THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learnt so young,
To read His holy Word.
- 2 Teach me, O Lord, to know
The danger I am in ;
Still may I cleave to Thee, and shun
The slavery of sin.
- 3 By nature—of myself—
I can do nothing well ;
To Thee alone can sinners flee
To save themselves from hell.
- 4 Dear Lord, this Book of Thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

- 5 Here I can read and learn,
 How Christ, the Son of God,
Did undertake our great concern ;
 Our ransom cost His blood.
- 6 And now He reigns above,
 He sends His Spirit down,
To show the wonders of His love,
 And make His gospel known.
- 7 O may that Spirit teach,
 And make my heart receive
Those truths which all Thy servants preach,
 And all Thy saints believe !
- 8 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 IX.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, Thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the shades of night;
And our most secret actions lie
All open to Thy sight.
 - 2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in Thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment day.
 - 3 And must the sins that I have done
Be read and published there;
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and Angels hear?
 - 4 Lord, at Thy feet ashamed I lie;
Upward I dare not look:
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from Thy book.
-

- 5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt ;
And let His blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.
- 6 Oh, may I now for ever fear
To indulge a sinful thought,
Since the Great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault !
-

SONG X.

SOLEMN THOUGHTS OF GOD AND DEATH.

- 1 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.

- 2 There is a law, which He has given,
All holy, reverend, just, and true ;
As Angels do His will in Heaven,
So would I strive on earth to do.
- 3 There is a gospel of rich grace,
Whence sinners all their comfort draw :
Lord, I repent, and seek Thy face,
For I have often broke Thy law.
- 4 There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come ;
A thousand children young as I,
Are called by death to meet their doom.
- 5 Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled ;
There's no repentance in the grave,
No pardon offered to the dead.
- 6 Just as the tree cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies ;
So man departs to Heaven or hell,
Fixed in the state in which he dies.

SONG XI.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

- 1 THERE is beyond the sky
 A Heaven of joy and love ;
And holy children, when they die,
 Go to that world above.
- 2 There is a dreadful hell,
 And everlasting pains ;
Where sinners must with devils dwell,
 In darkness, fire, and chains.
- 3 Children of God Most High
 Escape this wretched end,
Lord, keep me Thine, that when I die,
 I may to Heaven ascend.
- 4 Then let me read and pray,
 While I have life and breath ;
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
 And sent to eternal death.

SONG XII.

THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RELIGION.

- 1 HAPPY the child, whose youngest years
Receive instruction well ;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.
- 2 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in His eyes ;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no mean sacrifice.
- 3 'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
For sinners, that grow old in sin,
Grow hardened in their crimes.
- 4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young ;
Grace will preserve our after-years
And make our virtue strong.

- 5 Lord, give us grace, that now to Thee
We may ourselves resign ;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were Thine.
- 6 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youthful breath ;
Prepare us thus for longer days,
Or for an early death.
-

SONG XIII.

THE DANGER OF DELAY.

- 1 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.

- 2 If this rebellious heart of mine
 Despise the gracious calls of Heaven,
I may be hardened in my sin,
 And never have repentance given.
- 3 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?
- 4 What if His dreadful anger burn,
 While I refuse His offered grace,
And all His love to fury turn,
 And strike me dead upon the place?
- 5 'Tis dangerous to provoke a God,
 His power and vengeance none can tell;
One stroke of His Almighty rod
 Would send young sinners quick to hell.
- 6 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 XIV.

EXAMPLES OF EARLY PIETY.

- 1 WHAT blest examples do I find
Writ in the Word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth !
- 2 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.
- 3 At twelve years old He talked with men,
(The Jews all wondering stand) ;
Yet He obeyed His mother then,
And came at her command.
- 4 Young children sweet Hosannas sung,
When He in triumph came ;
They gave Him honour with their tongue,
And blessed their Saviour's name.

- 5 Samuel, when yet a child, was brought
 To wait upon the Lord ;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
 To know God's holy Word.
- 6 May I too sit at Jesus' feet,
 And daily learn His will,
Worship before His Mercy-seat,
 And sing His praises still.
-

SONG XV.

AGAINST LYING.

- 1 OH, '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.

- 2 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.
- 3 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 ?
- 4 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.
- 5 God doth a book of reckoning keep
 For every lie that children tell,
And tho' His wrath seem now to sleep,
 It will for ever burn in hell.

SONG XVI.

AGAINST QUARRELLING AND FIGHTING.

- 1 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.
 - 2 But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise ;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.
 - 3 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.
 - 4 His soul was gentle as a lamb
And as His stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God, His Father, too.
-

- 5 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 XVII.

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

- 1 **WHATSOEVER** brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home ;
Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.
- 2 Birds in their little nests agree ;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family,
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

- 3 Hard names at first, and threatening words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs, and naked swords,
To murder, and to death.
- 4 The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another ;
So wicked Cain was hurried on,
'Till he had killed his brother.
- 5 The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night ;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns 'till morning light.
- 6 Pardon, O Lord, our sinful rage,
Our angry brawls remove ;
That as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

SONG XVIII.

AGAINST SCOFFING AND CALLING ILL NAMES.

- 1 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.
- 2 Cross words and angry names require
To be chastised at school ;
And he's in danger of hell-fire,
That calls his brother fool.
- 3 At holy things or holy men
We must not jeer or scoff ;
Our lips must never be profane,
Lest God should cut us off.

4 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.

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

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

- 3 How will they stand before Thy face,
Who treated Thee with such disdain,
While Thou shalt doom them to that place
Of everlasting fire and pain !
- 4 O ! may my heart be pained to hear
Such sin against the Lord above,
Against that God Whose power I fear,
That Heavenly Father, Whom I love.
-

SONG XX.

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

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

- 5 God, if He sees me walk or dwell
With sinful children here ;
Has power to shut me up in hell,
Where none but sinners are.
-

SONG XXII.

AGAINST PRIDE IN CLOTHES.

- 1 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.
- 2 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.

- 3 How proud we are ! how fond to show
Our clothes, and call them rich and new !
When the poor sheep and silkworm wore
That very clothing long before.
- 4 The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I ;
Let me be drest fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still.
- 5 Then let me set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind ;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.
- 6 Worms never can with this compare,
This is the raiment Angels wear ;
It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould.
- 7 O ! may I always wear it here,
And clothed with it at last appear ;
'Twill find approval in God's sight,
'Tis His own work, and His delight.

SONG XXIII.

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

- 1 LET children that would fear the Lord
Hear what their teachers say ;
With reverence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.
- 2 Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threatened by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word ?
- 3 What heavy guilt upon him lies !
How cursed is his name !
The ravens shall peck out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.
- 4 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.

- 1 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?
- 2 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?
- 3 How senseless is my heart, and wild!
How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults.
- 4 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.

- 1 'Tis 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.
 - 2 When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.
 - 3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day ;
Begin my work betimes, and still
Follow my heaven-ward way.
 - 4 Lord, help me with Thy powerful grace,
My feeble steps sustain,
May I with patience run the race,
And so the prize obtain.
-

SONG XXVI.

AN EVENING SONG.

- 1 Now, Lord, another day is gone,
 Again I sing Thy praise ;
My comforts every hour make known
 Thy providence and grace.
- 2 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.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
 Thine Angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
 Their watch around my bed.
- 4 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
 Since Thou wilt not remove ;
And in the morning let me rise,
 Rejoicing in Thy love.

SONG XXVII.

FOR THE LORD'S DAY MORNING.

- 1 THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead :
Why should I keep my eyelids closed,
And waste my hours in bed ?
- 2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The power of death and hell ;
And freed our souls from Satan's yoke,
That we with God might dwell.
- 3 To-day with cheerful feet let all
Within Thy courts attend,
Hear Thou from Heaven—and to our call
A gracious answer send.
- 4 Teach me, O Lord, to read and pray,
And to prepare for Heaven,
O, may I love this blessed day,
The best of all the seven !

SONG XXVIII.

FOR THE LORD'S DAY EVENING.

- 1 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.
- 2 Unto Thine House with joy I go,
'Tis like a little Heaven below ;
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget Thy day.
- 3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The lessons of Thy holy Word ;
That I may break Thy laws no more,
But love Thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
'Till, saved by the Atoning Blood,
I shall lie down to rest in God.

SONG XXIX.

MORNING HYMN.

- 1 LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high :
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before Whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
- 4 But to Thine House will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there ;
I will frequent Thine holy Court,
And worship in Thy fear.

- 5 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness !
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.
-

SONG XXX.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

- 1 COME let us join our cheerful songs
With Angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 “ Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,
“ To be exalted thus :”
“ Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
“ For He was slain for us.”

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
And speak Thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, OUT OF THE OLD
TESTAMENT, PUT INTO SHORT RHYME FOR
CHILDREN.

Exodus xx.

1. THOU shalt have no more Gods but me.
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the Name of God in vain.
4. Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honour due.
6. Take heed that you 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 neighbour's dare not covet.

THE SUM OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, OUT
OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Matt. xxii. 37.

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

OUR SAVIOUR'S GOLDEN RULE.

Matt. vii. 12.

BE you to others kind and true,
 As you'd have others be to you ;
 And neither do nor say to men,
 Whate'er you would not take again.

DUTY TO GOD AND YOUR 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.

THE HOSANNA ; OR, SALVATION ASCRIBED TO
CHRIST.

LONG METRE.

HOSANNA to king David's Son !
Who reigns on a superior throne ;
We bless the Prince of 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 !

COMMON METRE.

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

Hosanna to the Eternal Word,
Who from the Father came ;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on His Name.

SHORT METRE.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with His blood.
To Christ the anointed King,
Be endless blessings given ;
Let the whole earth His glory sing,
Who made our peace with Heaven.

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 given,
By all on earth, and all in Heaven.

COMMON METRE.

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.

SHORT METRE.

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

MORAL SONGS.

SONG I.

THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard ; I heard him
complain,

“ You have waked me too soon, I must slum-
ber again ;

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

“ A little more sleep, and a little more 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 sauntering, or trifling he
stands.

I passed by his garden, and saw the wild briar,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and
higher ;
The clothes that hang on him are turning
to rags,
And his money still wastes 'till he starves or
he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He would take better care for improving his
mind ;
He told me his dreams, talked 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 taught me betimes to love working and
reading."

SONG II.

INNOCENT PLAY.

ABROAD in the meadows, to see the young
lambs

Run sporting about by the side of their
dams,

With fleeces so clean and so white ;
Or a nest of young doves, in a large open
cage,

When they play all in love, without anger or
rage,

How much we may 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 always 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."

SONG III.

THE ROSE.

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 its colours
are lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Tho' they bloom and look gay like the rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my
beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade ;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty :
This will smell like a rose when I'm dead.

SONG IV.

THE THIEF.

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

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

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

Oft we see a young beginner
Practise little pilfering ways,
'Till grown up a hardened sinner,
Then the gallows end 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 hands and heart from sin.

SONG V.

THE ANT, OR EMMET.

THESE emmets, how little they are in our
eyes !

We tread them to dust, and a troop of them
dies,

Without our regard or concern ;

Yet, wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They wear not their time out in sleeping or
play,

But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,

And for winter they lay up their stores :
They manage their work in such regular
form,

One would think they foresaw both the frost
and the storm,

And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping
ant,

If I take not due care of the things I shall
want,

Nor provide against dangers in time :
When death or old age stare me full in the
face,

What shame will be mine—what pain and
disgrace—

If I've trifled away all my prime !

Now, now, while my strength and my youth
are in bloom,

Let me think what will serve me when sick-
ness 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 VI.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

THOUGH I'm now in youthful 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,
I'll let others share my fulness ;
I'll supply the poor with meat,
Never shewing scorn nor coolness.
Where I see the blind or lame,
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them ;
I deserve to feel the same,
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.
If I meet with railing tongues,
Why should I return them railing ?
Since I best revenge my wrongs
By my patience never failing.

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

What tho' I be low and mean,
I'll engage the good 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,
Tho' 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,
As to have no dread of dying.

SONG VII.

A SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was
the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
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,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are
best ;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian: his course he
begins,
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for
his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out
and shines,
And travels his 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.

A CRADLE HYMN.

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 and payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou art tended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from Heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee !

Soft and easy is thy cradle ;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birth-place was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

Blessed Babe ! what glorious features,
Spotless, fair, divinely bright !
Must He dwell among brute creatures ?
How could Angels bear the sight !

Was there nothing but a manger
Heedless sinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly Stranger ?
Did they thus affront their Lord ?

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

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

* Here may be used the words brother, sister, friend, &c.

See the kinder Shepherds round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky !
Where they sought Him, there they found
Him,
With His Virgin Mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dressing,
Lovely Infant, how He smiled !
When He wept, the Mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

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.

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

Mayst thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days ;
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise.

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

THE END.

