

DR. WATTS'S
Moral Songs,
FOR
CHILDREN.



See Page 4.

BANBURY :

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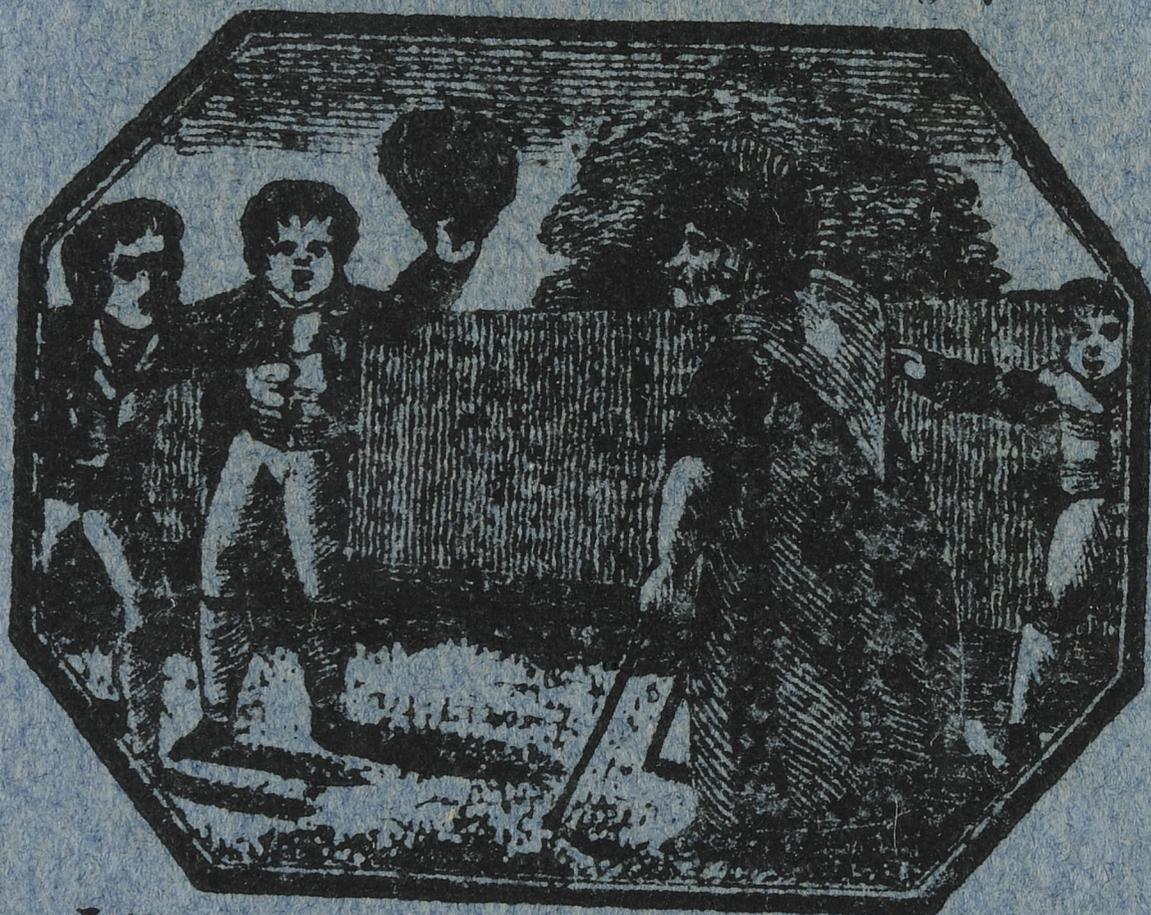
BRIDGE-STREET.

Price One Penny.

RUSHER'S EDITION.

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.

See Page 7.



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

DR. WATTS'S
MORAL SONGS.

The Sluggard.

THIS 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.

2 A little more sleep, & a little more slumber ;
Thus wastes half his days and his hours
without number ;

And when he gets up, he sits folding his
hands, [stands.

Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he

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

The clothes that hang on him are turning to
And his money still wastes till he starves or
he begs.

4 I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He'd took better care for improving his mind :
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and
drinking ; [thinking.

But scarce reads his Bible, and never loves

P. W. Lecky
Apr. 22/26
Afternoon
June 2/26

5 Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson
 for me!" [he;
 That man's but a picture of what I might
 But thanks to my friends, for their care in
 my breeding, [and reading.
 Who taught me betimes to love working

Innocent Play.

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, [or rage,

When they play all in love, without anger
 How much we may learn from the sight.

2 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, [as lambs,

Should be cleanly and harmless as doves or
 Those lovely sweet innocent creatures.

3 Not a thing that we do, nor a word that
 we say,

Should hinder another in jesting or play;

For he's still in earnest that's hurt:

How rude are the boys that throw pebbles
 and mire! [fire,

There's none but a madman will fling about
 And tell you 'tis all but in sport.

The Rose.

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,

They wither and die in a day.

2 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,

How sweet a perfume it will yield!

3 So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,

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.

4 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,

'Twill scent like a rose when I'm dead.

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.

2 '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.

3 Have not Eve and Adam taught us

Their sad profit to compute?

To what dismal state they brought us,

When they stole forbidden fruit!

- 4 Oft we see a young beginner
 Practise little pilf'ring ways,
 'Till grown up a harden'd sinner;
 Then the gallows ends his days.
- 5 Theft will not be always hidden,
 Tho' we fancy none can spy:
 When we take a thing forbidden,
 God beholds it with his eye.
- 6 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.

The Ant or Emmet.

- T**HESSE emmets, how little they are in our
 eyes! [dies,
 We tread them to dust and a troop of them
 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.
- 2 They don't wear their time out in sleeping
 or play,
 But gather up corn in a sunshiny day,
 For winter they lay up their stores:
 They manage their work in such regular
 forms, [the storms,
 You'd think they foresaw all the frosts and
 And so brought their food within doors.
- 3 But I have less sense than a poor creeping
 ant, [want,
 If I take not care for the things I shall
 Nor provide against dangers in time:

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

What a wretch shall I be at the end of my
If I trifle away all their prime!

4 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.

Good Resolutions.

THOU' I'm now in younger days,
Nor can tell what will befall me,
I'll prepare for ev'ry place
Where my growing age shall call me.

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

3 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.

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

5 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.
- 6 What tho' I be low and mean,
 I'll engage the rich to love me;
 While I'm modest, neat, and clean,
 And submit when they reprove me.
- 7 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.
- 8 I'll not willingly offend,
 Nor be easily offended;
 What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
 And endure what can't be mended.
- 9 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.
- 10 Wicked fashions lead to hell,
 Ne'er may I be found complying;
 But in life behave so well,
 Not to be afraid of dying.

A Summer Evening.

HOW fine has the day been! how bright
 was the sun! [run!
 How lovely and joyful the course that he
 Tho' he rose in a mist when his race he
 begun, [rain!
 And there follow'd some droppings of
 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.

- 2 Just such is the christian, his course he begins
 Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for
 his sins, [shines,
 And melts into tears, then he breaks out and
 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.

- H**USH! my dear, lie still, and slumber,
 Holy angels guard thy bed!
 Heav'nly blessings without number
 Gently falling on thy head.
- 2 Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment;
 House and home thy friends provide;
 All without thy care or payment,
 All thy wants are well supplied.
- 3 How much better thou'rt attended
 Than the Son of God could be,
 When from heaven he descended,
 And became a Child, like thee!
- 4 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.
- 5 Blessed babe! what glorious features,
 Spotless fair, divinely bright!
 Must he dwell with brutal creatures;
 How could angels bear the sight!
- 6 Was there nothing but a manger
 Cursed sinners could afford,
 To receive the heav'nly Stranger;
 Did they thus affront the Lord!

- 7 Soft, my child! I did not chide thee,
 Tho' my song might sound too hard;
 'Tis thy *Mother** sits beside thee,
 And *her* arm shall be thy guard.
- 8 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.
- 9 See the kinder shepherds round him,
 Telling wonders from the sky!
 Where they sought him there they found him,
 With his *Virgin Mother* by.
- 10 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.
- 11 Lo! he slumbers in a manger,
 Where the horned oxen fed!
 Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
 Here's no ox a-near thy bed.
- 12 'Twas to save thee, child, from dying!
 Save my dear from burning flame,
 Bitter groans and endless crying,
 That thy blest Redeemer came.
- 13 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.
- 14 I could give thee thousand kisses,
 Hoping what I most desire;
 Not a mother's fondest wishes
 Can to greater joys aspire.

* Here you may use the words Sister, Neighbour, &c.

SELECT PIECES.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION:

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him
to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span :
Oh! give relief, and heav'n will bless your
store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd
years ;

And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road ;
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor !
Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

O take me to your hospitable dome :
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold !
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb !
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be repress.

Heav'n sends misfortunes; why should we
repine? [you see;

'Tis heaven has brought me to the state
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow and of misery.—

A little farm was my paternal lot, [morn;
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the
But ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to
your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span:
Oh! give relief, and heav'n will bless your
store.

The Use of Sight.

“**W**HAT, Charles return'd!” papa ex-
claimed,

“How short your walk has been!
But Thomas—Julia—where are they?
Come, tell me what you've seen.”

“So tedious, stupid, dull a walk!”
Said Charles, “I'll go no more—

First stopping here, then lagging there,
O'er this and that to pore.

“ I cross'd the fields near Woodland House,
And just went up the hill:

Then by the river side came down,
Near Mr. Fairplay's mill.”

Now Tom and Julia both ran in;—

“ O dear, papa,” said they,

“ The sweetest walk we both have had,
O, what a pleasant day!

“ Near Woodland House we cross'd the fields,
And by the mill we came.”

“ Indeed!!” exclaim'd papa, “ how's this?
Your brother took the same;

“ But very dull he found the walk.—

What have you there? let's see;—

Come, Charles, enjoy this charming treat,
As new to you as me.”

“ First look, papa, at this small branch,
Which on a tall oak grew,

And by its slimy berries white,
The mistletoe we knew.

“ A bird all green ran up a tree,

A woodpecker we call,

Who with his strong bill wounds the bark,
To feed on insects small.

“ And many lapwings cried peewit;

And one, among the rest,

Pretended lameness, to decoy
Us from her lowly nest.

“ Young starlings, martins, swallows, all
Such lovely flocks, so gay ;
A heron, too, which caught a fish,
And with it flew away.

“ This bird we found, a kingfisher,
Tho’ dead, his plumes how bright !
Do have him stuff’d, my dear papa,
’Twill be a charming sight !

“ When reach’d the heath, how wide the space,
The air how fresh and sweet ;
We pluck’d these flow’rs and diff’rent heaths,
The fairest we could meet.

“ The distant prospect we admir’d,
The mountains far and blue ;
A mansion here, a cottage there ;—
See, here’s the sketch we drew.

“ A splendid sight we next beheld,
The glorious setting sun,
In clouds of crimson, purple, gold,
His daily race was done.”

“ True taste and knowledge,” said papa,
“ By observation’s gain’d ;
You’ve both us’d well the gift of sight,
And thus reward obtain’d.

“ My Julia, in this desk will find
A drawing-box, quite new :
This spy-glass, Tom, you oft desir’d,
I think it now your due.

“ And pretty toys, and pretty gifts,
For Charles, too, shall be bought,
When he can see the works of God,
And prize them as he ought.”

The little Beggar Girl.

THERE'S a poor beggar going by,
 I see her looking in ;
 She's just about as big as I,
 Only so very thin.

She has no shoes upon her feet,
 She is so very poor ;
 And hardly any thing to eat :
 I pity her, I'm sure !

But I have got nice clothes, you know ;
 And meat, and bread, and fire ;
 And you, mamma, that love me so,
 And all that I desire.

If I were forc'd to stroll so far,
 O dear, what should I do !
 I wish she had a dear mamma,
 Just such a one as you.

Here, little girl, come back again,
 And hold your ragged hat,
 For I will put a penny in ;
 So buy some bread with that.

Questions and Answers.

WHO shew'd the little ant the way
 Her narrow hole to bore ?
 And spend the pleasant summer day,
 In laying up her store ?

The sparrow builds her clever nest,
 Of wool, and hay, and moss ;
 Who told her how to weave it best,
 And lay the twigs across ?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
 Among the sweetest flow'rs,
 And lay his store of honey by,
 To eat in winter hours?

'Twas God who shew'd them all the way,
 And gave their little skill;
 And teaches children, if they pray,
 To do his holy will.

The Ten Commandments.

- 1 **T**HOU shalt have no more Gods but me.
- 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 lie, nor love it.
- 10 What is thy neighbour's dare not covet.

The Sum of the Commandments.

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

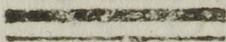
Our Saviour's Golden Rule.

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.

2 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 heav'nly birth,
 Who brings salvation down on earth.

2 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.

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

2 Hosanna to th' 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.

2 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, to the SON, &c.

LONG METRE.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

COMMON METRE.

NOW let the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd;
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

SHORT METRE.

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

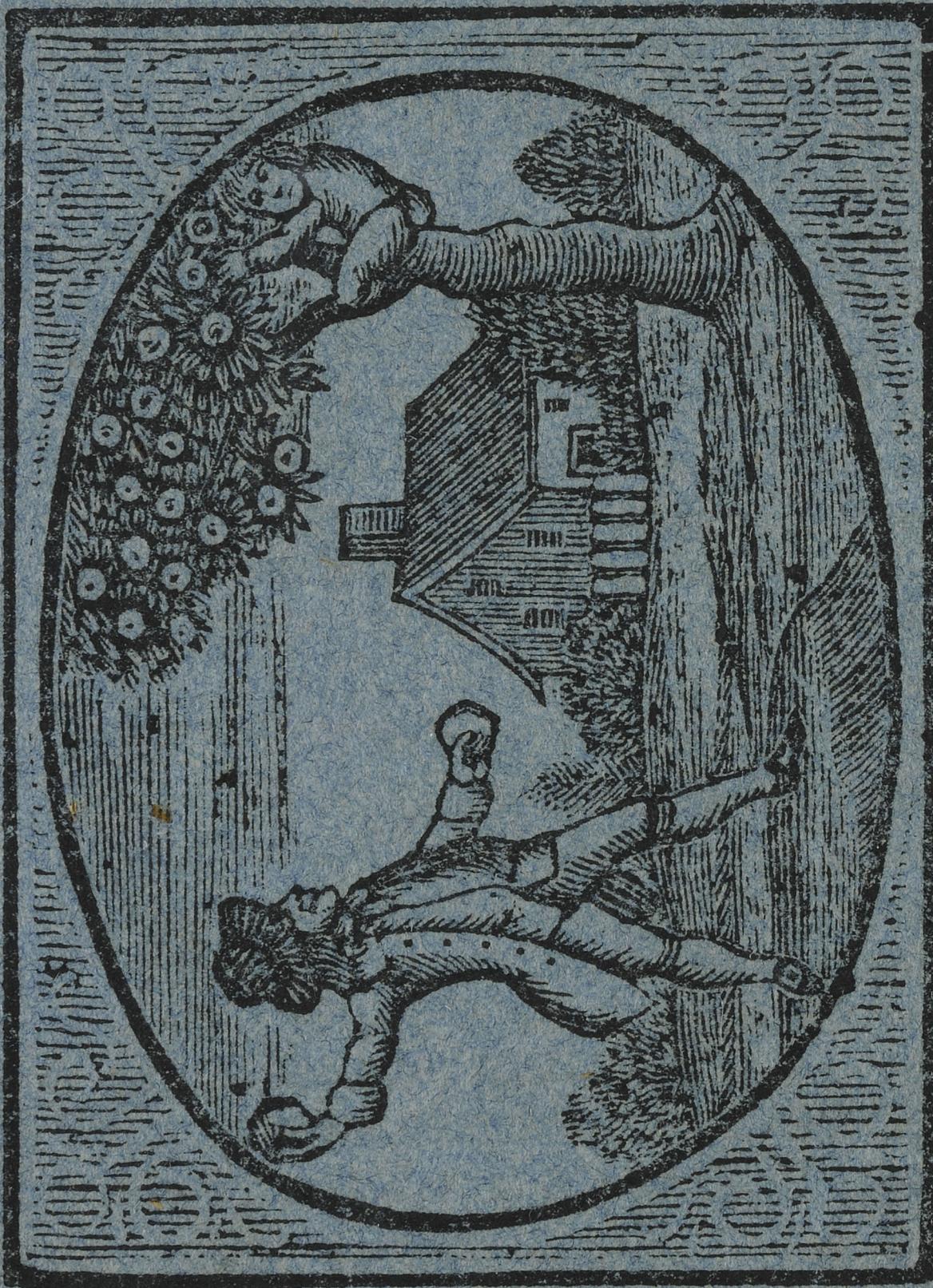
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Why should I deprive my neighbour of his goods against his will?—