



**WATTS'**  
**DIVINE AND MORAL**  
**SONGS.**  
*FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN.*

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings  
thou hast perfected praise." Matt. xxi. 16.



*NEW-YORK:*  
PRINTED AND SOLD BY MAHLON DAY  
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NO. 376, PEARL-STREET.  
.....  
1829.





A SCENE IN THE COUNTRY.





### 3. *Praise for Mercies Spiritual & Temporal.*

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,  
 How many poor I see!  
 What shall I render to my God,  
 For all his gifts to me?

Not more than others I deserve,  
 Yet God hath giv'n me more;  
 For I have food while others starve,  
 Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street  
 Half naked I behold;  
 While I am clothed from head to feet,  
 And cover'd from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell  
 Where they may lay their head;  
 I have a home wherein to dwell,  
 And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,  
 And curse, and lie and steal;  
 Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,  
 And do thy holy will.

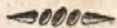




When children in their wanton play,  
 Serv'd old Elisha so;  
 And bid the prophet go his way;  
 "Go up, thou bald-head, go;"

God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,  
 And sent two raging bears,  
 That tore them limb from limb to death,  
 With blood and groans and tears.

Great God, how terrible art thou  
 To sinners e'er so young!  
 Grant me thy grace, and teach me how  
 To tame and rule my tongue.



### 16. *Duty to God and our Neighbor.*

LOVE God with all your soul and strength,  
 With all your heart and mind;  
 And love your neighbor as yourself;  
 Be faithful, just, and kind.

Deal with another, as you'd have  
 Another deal with you;  
 What your unwilling to receive,  
 Be sure you never do.

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 \* MORAL SONGS. \*  
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### 1. *The Sluggard.*

'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,  
 "You've wak'd me to 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.

"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.

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

I made him a visit, still hoping to find,  
 He had took better care for improving the mind;  
 He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking;  
 But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Says 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.

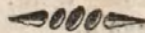




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FRONTISPIECE.



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*For the use of*  
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WITH PLATES.

G. Love, sc.



PHILADELPHIA

PUBLISHED BY J. JOHNSON,

1807.



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Request Arthur W. Stone 1942



*Happy the child, whose tender years  
Receive instruction well.— SONG XIX.*



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**DIVINE SONGS,**

*John G. Chapman*

**ATTEMPTED IN EASY LANGUAGE,**

FOR THE

**USE OF CHILDREN.**

==  
BY ISAAC WATTS.  
==

“OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES AND SUCKLINGS THOU  
HAST PERFECTED PRAISE.....MATT. XXI, 16.

**BOSTON:**

**PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL T. ARMSTRONG,**

And sold wholesale and retail by him, No. 50, Cornhill.

.....

**W. CROCKER, PRINTER,**

**1819.**





Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
The road which leads to hell!

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

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

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

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

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise  
Employ my youngest breath;  
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,  
Or fit for early death.





## SONG XIII.

## THE DANGER OF DELAY.

Why should I say, 'tis yet too soon  
 To seek for heaven or think of death,  
 A flower may fade before 'tis noon,  
 And I this day may lose my breath.

If this rebellious heart of mine  
 Despise the gracious calls of heaven,  
 I may be harden'd in my sin,  
 And never have repentance given.

What if the Lord grow wroth and swear,  
 While I refuse to read and pray,  
 That he'll refuse to lend an ear,  
 To all my groans another day.

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

'Tis dang'rous to provoke a God!  
 His power and vengeance none can tell;  
 One stroke of his almighty rod  
 Will send young sinners quick to hell.



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



SONG XIV.

SOLEMN THOUGHTS OF GOD AND DEATH.

THERE is a God who 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.

There is a law which he has writ,  
To teach us all what we must do;  
My soul to his command submit,  
For they are holy, just and true.

There is a gospel of rich grace,  
Whence sinners all their comforts draw;  
Lord, I repent, and seek thy face,  
For I have often broke thy law.

There is an hour when I must die,  
Nor do I know how soon t'will come;  
A thousand children young as I  
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.



*Wm Stone*



*Bequest to AAS 1942*

*Bequest*

*Wm Stone*

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*Bequest*

*Wm Stone*

*Isaac Rudis Book 1842*

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ATTEMPTED

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By I. WATTS, D. D.

*Out of the Mouths of Babes and Sucklings, thou hast perfected Praise. Matth. xxi. 16.*

The FOURTEENTH EDITION.

BOSTON:  
Printed and Sold, by N. COVERLY,  
near Christ-Church, North-End.

MDCCLXXV.



Isaac Ruid's Book 1727

D I V I N E

S O N G S,

A T T E M P T E D

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C H I L D R E N.

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*W. M. Stone*

**W·M·STONE**

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THE WOODS IN THE WOOD

BEQUEST TO AAS 1942

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*Rebecca Brown*

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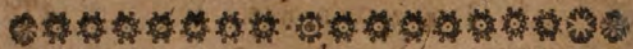
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