

DIVINE SONGS

III.

Let Love thro' all your Actions run,
 And all your Words be mild;
 Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
 That sweet and lovely Child.

IV.

His Soul was gentle as a Lamb;
 And as his Stature grew,
 He grew in Favour both with Man,
 And God his Father too.

V.

Now LORD of All he reigns Above,
 And from his heav'nly Throne
 He sees what Children dwell in Love,
 And marks them for his own.

SONG XVII.

Love between Brothers and Sisters.

I.

Whatever Brawls disturb the Street,
 There should be Peace at Home;
 Where Sisters dwell and Brothers meet,
 Quarrels should never come.

II. Birds

Birds in their
 And 'tis a
 When Childr
 Fall out, a

Hard Names a
 That are b
 May grow to
 To Murder

The Devil ten
 To rage ag
 So wicked. Ca
 Till he had

The Wife will
 At least bef
 But in the Bos
 It burns till

Pardon, O Lo
 Our little Br
 That as we gro
 Our Hearts r

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 hurry'd on
Till he had kill'd his Brother.

V.

The Wife 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.

D

run,
d;
Son,

mb;

Man,

Above,

one

n Love,

OWN.

I.

d Sisters.

the Street,

at Home;

thers meet,

e.

II.

Birds