

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 Clothes.

I. [hide
WHY should our Garments, made to
 Our Parents Shame, provoke our
 Pride?

The Art of Drefs 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 Clothes, and call them rich and new!
 When the poor Sheep and Silk-worm wore
 That very Clothing long before.

DIVINE SONGS

IV.

The Tulip and the Butterfly
 Appear in gayer Coats than I:
 Let me be drest fine as I will,
 Flies, Worms and 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 Mold:
 It takes no Spot but still refines;
 The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

VIII.

In this on Earth should 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.

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