Wil I Trungaga

GODLY LESSONS

That a Mother on her Death-bed gave to her

CHILDREN,

Whereby they may know how to guide themfelves towards GOD and Man, to the Benefite of the Common-wealth, Joy of their Parents, and good of themselves.

MY Children dear, mark well my Words, and keep my Precepts well,
Confider daily in your Minds the Words that I shall tell;
The gain is great that doth ensue, good Counsel doth direct,
Their Ways and Actions for the best, that do it not neglect.

First, Worship GOD above all Things, vain swearing see thou shun; Hear much, but see thou little say, thereby much good is won, Speak thou no ill of any Man, tend well thine own Affairs: Bridle thy Wrath and Anger so, that thereof come no Cares.

Be mild and Gentle in thy Speech, both unto Man and Child, Refute no good and lawful gains, with Words be not beguil'd. Forget not any good Turn done, and help thy Neighbours need: Commit no Evil in any Cafe, the Hungery fee thou feed.

Cast no Man in the Teeth with that which thou for him hast done:
Remember Flesh is fond and frail, and hatred see thou shun.
Leave Wicked Things, then no Mishap shall thee to Trouble bring,
Crave no Preferment of the Lord nor Honour of the King.

Boast not thy self before GOD's fight, who knows thy Heart alway, Offend not thou the Multitude; faint not when thou dost Pray. Scorn not a Man in Misery, esteem not tatling Tales; Consider Reason is exiled, when as a Drunkard rails.

er rol come no Caras.

Use not thy Lips to loathsom Lies,
by Crast increase no Wealth;
And strive not with a mighty Man,
with Temprance nourish Health.
Look that thou order well thy Words,
leave not thy Friends for Gold,
Trust not too much before thou try,

in venturing be not bold.

In GOD repose thy strength and stay, with Tongue extol his Praise; Honour thy Parents, and the LORD, he will prolong thy Days. He that his Father honoureth, GOD will forgive his Sin:

He that his Mother loves, is like one that doth Fayour win.

A Child obedient to the LORD, his Mother Comfort shall;

The Fathers Bleffing Rays the House, his Curse doth make it fall.

A wise Child makes his Father glade, fools do their Mother grieve

And shame shall come on such as do, their Parents not relieve

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He that his Mother doth despile,

shall come to nought or worse,

The Ravens shall pick out their Eyes,
that do their Parents Curse.

From needy Men turn not thy Face,
let not thy lest Hand know,
What thou dost with thy right Hand give,

They that upon the Poor bestow, unto the LORD do lend;
And GOD unto such Men again a Thousand fold will fend.
As Water doth the Fire quench, whose Fury great doth grow;
Even so shall Mercy quench the Sins, of those who Mercy show.

or on the Poor bestow.

Hear thou GOD's Word with earnest Ear with Wisdom answer make;
Be thou not mov'd with every Wind, such course do Sinners take.
Thy talk will show thy same or shame, fools do themselves annoy:
Trust not thine own with over much, for that may thee destroy.
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They that the Living GOD do fear, a faithful Friend shall find; A true Friend is a Jewel rare, and Comfort to the Mind. Hear Sermons, that good Sentences thou may'st receive aright: In GOD's Commandments exercise

thy felf both Day and Night.

Think on the Pains thy Mother had in bringing thee to Life; Fear GOD that knows the Secret Heart, and look thou make no Strife, Visit the Sick with Carefulness, the Prisoners Grief consider. Show Pity to the Fatherless, and he will thee deliver.

Help still to right the Widows Wrong; remember still thy End, So shalt thou never do amiss. nor willingly offend. Trust not a reconciled Friend, more than an open Foe, Who toutcheth Pitch shall be defil'd, take Heed thou do not fo.

Take not a Wife that wanton is, and full of shameless Words;
The flattering of a Harlot is at length more sharp than Swords.
Cast not thy Love on every one whose Looks can thee alure;
In every Face where Beauty is, the Heart's not always pure.

A Woman fair and undifcreet,
is like a Ring of Gold,
The which in a Swine's Snout is fet,
unfeemly to behold.
The Malice of lewd Women shun;
for they will thee destroy
Hate her that doth on every Man,
fet her Delight and Joy.

From others let thy Praise proceed,
boast not thy self in ought:
And do not hear a flattering Tongue,
whereby much evil's Wrought.
That Child that doth his Parents rob,
and counteth it no Sin,

A vile destroyer he is deem'd, and shall no Favour win.

Cor

Correction bringeth Wildom found, Fools hate good Counsel still:

That Child doth shame his Mother much that's let to have his Will.

The good Man's Path shines as the Light, that beautifies the Day:

The Wicked know not where they walk,

for Darkness is their Way.

Put far from thee a froward Mouth, a flattering Tongue is ill; And do not thou an envious Mind, in any Case fulfil.

A Harlot brings a Man to beg, in her is found no Truth:

In Gladness therefore live and die, with the Wife of thy Youth.

Much babbling breedeth much Offence; he that speaks least is wise:

GOD's Bleffing only makes Men rich, from whence all Joys arise.

Better a little fearing GOD, than Bags of Gold got ill:

And better in one Bit of Bread, that fat O

Who brooks no Warning, hates his Soul, true Old Age worship right, A patient Man far better is, than one endu'd with Might.

Mens Credit comes by doing Good, an humble Mind indeed, Is better than a Lyar proud, from whence vain brags proceed.

By this, dear Children, you may learn how to direct your Ways,
To GOD, your Prince, and Country too wherein your Welfare stays.
Print well in your Remembrance, the Lessons I have shown,
Then shall you live in happy state, when I am dead and gone.

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