



In Adam's Fall
We finned all.



Thy Life to mend,
This Book attend.



The Cat doth play,
And after slay.



A Dog will bite
A Thief at Night.



An Eagle' flight
Is out of fight.



The idle Fool
Is whipt at School.



As runs the Glafs,
Man's life doth pass.

My Book and Heart
Shall never part.

Job feels the rod,
Yet blesses God.

Kings should be good
No men of blood.

The Lion bold
The Lamb doth hold

The Moon gives light
In time of night.