In Adam's Fall  
We sinned 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's flight  
Is out of sight.

The idle Fool  
Is whipt at School.

As runs the Glass,  
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.