

Regard the world with
cautious eye,
See that the balance scall be
such,
For disappointment's not the
thing,
Life is a Sea where storms
Doth rise,
He who contracts his swelling
sail
Be still, nor ambitious thotes
employ
On God for all Events
Depend
Weigh well your part and do
your best
The hand that formd thee in
the womb
Can the fond mother slight
her boy
Say then shal soverin Love
depart
Heaven may not send thee
all thy mind
God is alike both good and
wise
What Blessings goodness
gives today
You say that troubles
intervene
True and this consequence
you see
We are like travilers below
But still our Native Country
lies
Of Heaven ask Virtue,
Wisdom, Health,
If food be thine tho little Gold
If soft the motions of the Soul
And but a friend to all thy
store
And if kind Heavens there
brings comforts

Don't raise your expectations
high,
You neither hope nor fear
too much,
It's Pride and Patition points
the sting,
And soley talks of bondless
skies,
Eludes the fury of the gale,
Distrust inhibits present Joy,
You cannot when God's your
friend,
Leave to your Maker all the
Rest,
Gides from the cradle to the
tomb.
Can she forget her pratlin
Joy,
The Honist & the Humble
Heart
Yet say not thou that
Heavin's unto
In what he grants & what
Denies
Tomorrow goodness takes
away
And sorrow darkens half the
seen
This world was never made
for thee
That stay perhaps a night or
so
Beyond the boundries of the
skies
But never let thy pray be
Wealth
And Raiment to Repel the
Cold
It's a calm Continenice
crowns the whole
Thou can't in reason wish for
more
It's more than Heaven
bestows on Kings

O man Consider that thy
Days are few
Prepair for Death be shoure
whatever thou Does
Ask of God his grace and he
will give
When fit to Die then thou art
fit to Live

Virtus consists in actiona
Memento mori Wm Scoresby