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Title	A most notable example of an ungracious son : who in pride of his heart denied his own father, and how forl is offence, turned his meat to loathsome toads : to the tune of, Lord Derby
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A most Notable Example of an Ungracious Son
 who in pride of his heart denyed his own Father, and how for his offence, turned
 his Meate to loathsome Toads.

To the Tune of, Lord Berby.



In teaching famous Chronicles,
 It was my chance to read,
 A worthy Story strange and true
 wherof I took good heed:
 Wherof a Father and a Son,
 this rare Example stands,
 Which well may move the hardest hearts
 to weep and wipe their hands.
 A Farmer in the Countrey liv'd,
 whose substance did excell,
 He sent therefore his eldest Son,
 in Paris for to dwell.
 Where he became a Merchant man,
 and Traffick great he used,
 So that he was exceeding rich,
 till he himself chanced:
 For having now the world at will,
 his mind was fully bent,
 To Gaming, Wine, and Whoremasters,
 till all his Goods were spent:
 Yet through excessive Rounness,
 he was thewed forth,
 That he was three times more in Debt,
 than all his wealth was worth.
 At length his Credit quite was cracked,
 and he in Prison cast,
 And every man against him then,
 did set his face on fast:
 Then he lay locked in Irons strong,
 for ever and for aye,
 Unable while his life did last,
 whis greivous Debt to pay.

And living in this woful case,
 his eyes with tears he spent.
 The lewdness of his former life,
 now late he did repent:
 And being void of all relief,
 of help and comfort quite,
 Unto his Father at the last,
 he thus began to write:
 Bow down a while your heedful ear,
 my loving Father dear,
 And grant I pray, in gracious sort,
 my piteous plaint to hear;
 Forgive the fault offences all
 of your unworthy Son,
 Which though the lewdness of his life,
 hath now himself undone:
 O my good Father, take compassie
 on this my errour now,
 And succore his distressed case,
 whose heart for too doth bleed:
 In woful Dungeon here I lie,
 my feet in Fetters fast,
 Where my most cruel Creditors,
 in Prison have me cast.
 Yet pity therefore pierce your heart,
 and mercy move your mind,
 And so release my misery,
 to see this dear Father glad,
 Whose cheek cheer is shed full brown,
 the hoards my lossest been,
 And stony stones my pillows set
 to rest my troubled head.



My Parents all are now to rage,
 my body darcs with cold,
 and creeping vermine eat my flesh,
 most greivous to behold:
 Dear Father, come therefore with speed,
 and rid me out of thall,
 And let me not in Prison dye,
 till for your help I call:
 The good old man no longer had
 pecus'd this written scrowl,
 But trickling tears along his cheeks,
 most plentifully did rowl:
 Alas my Son, my Son, quoth he,
 in wisdom I for'd most:
 Thou shalt not long in Prison live,
 whate'er it may cost.
 Two hundred head of well fed Beest,
 he changed into Gold,
 four hundred quarters of good Corn,
 for Silver else he sold:
 But all the same could not suffice
 this piteous case to pay,
 Till at the last constrained was,
 to sell his Land away:
 Then was his Son released quiet,
 his Debt discharged clean,
 And he as like and well to live,
 as he before had been:
 Then when his loving Father dar,
 who for to help his son,
 had sold his living quite away,
 and did himself undone:
 So that he lived poor and bare,
 and in such errour now,
 That many times he wanted food,
 his hunger cryes to God.

his Son mean time in wealth did grow,
 whose substance now was such,
 That Lucifer in the Crow then,
 few men were found so Rich:
 But as his Goods did still increase,
 and Riches he did Ake,
 So more and more his harded heart,
 did swell in late'ul pride,
 It fell out upon a time,
 when ten years more was past,
 Unto his son he did repair,
 to some relief at last:
 And being come unto his house,
 in very pay accoy,
 It chanced in that visit his son,
 great store should find that day:
 The pay old man with that in hand,
 did then the Porter pray,
 To shew his son, that at the Gate
 his Father there did stay:
 Wherof this proud disdainful wretch,
 with raiming speeches said,
 That long ago his fathers bones
 within the Grave was laid:
 What Rascal then is this? quoth he,
 that daireth thus my state,
 I charge the Porter presently,
 to shew him from my Gate.
 Which answer togen the old-man heard,
 he was in mind dismay'd,
 he wept, he wail'd, and wung his hands,
 and thus at length he said:
 O cursed wretch and most unkind,
 and woker of my we,
 Thou Monster of my we,
 and eke thy fat

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 have I ben careful of thy case,
 maintaining till thy state,
 And wilt thou now most doggedly,
 entore me from thy Gate,
 And have I wung d thy Brethen all,
 from thall to see thy face,
 And thought my self to Beggers state,
 and all to succore thee!
 Ande worth the time that first of all
 thy body I setty'd,
 Which hath in hardness of thy heart,
 thy Fathers face deny'd,
 But now behold how God that time,
 did shew a wonder great,
 Even when his Son and all his Friends
 were sitting down to meate:
 For when the lastest Pye was cut,
 a strange and dreadfull case,
 Whol ugly Toads came travellng out,
 and leaped in his face:
 Then did this wretch his fault confes,
 and to his Father sent,
 And for his great ingratitude,
 full sore he did repent.
 All heinous Children learn by this,
 obedient be to thow,
 And honour still your Parents dear,
 for God commanded so.
 And think how he did turn his Meate
 to poysonous Toads indeed,
 Which did his fathers face deny,
 because he stood in need.

I. B. S.
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