

AFFLICTED PARENTS.

OR, THE

Undutiful Child punished.

BEING

A surprising Relation of two Children. Son and Daughter of a gentleman in the City of Gloucester; giving an Account of the Daughter chiding her Brother for his Wickedness, when he gave her such a blow that she died on the spot.

How he discovered the Murder, and was condemned for the same and died a penitent.

How he was hanged with two Highwaymen, and, being carried home, came to Life again.

How he sent for a Minister, and discovered to him several strange things; after which he was hung up again.



Edinburgh: Printed by J. Morren.

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The Afflicted Parents, &c.

YOU tender parents all both far and near,
And also you that have got children dear,
Come buy this little book a guard to be,
To such as do run on in vanity.

In Gloucester city now is living there,
A gentleman who had two children dear,
The one a daughter, beautiful and fair,
The other a son whom he did love most dear,
The girl was of a temper meek and mild,
The boy to wicked courses was inclin'd,
For in his infant years he'd curse and swear,
Which fill'd his parents heart with grief and fear.

The girl was ten years younger than the son,
Seeing her brother tagn in sin to run,
Though she was but an infant then in years,
Thus to her brother she d'd speak in tears.

Dear brother darling of my father's heart,
Hear what a child to you shall now impart,
If you run on in such a course of sin,
My tender parents to the grave you'll bring.

Each day above the heavenly God doth hear,
Your whole delight is to curse and swear;
Your father's substance you do daily waste,
Nor to maintain your actions most unchaste,

My soul doth mourn to see my mother's tears,
My fathers heart it is oppress'd with cares,
They both together weep lament and cry,
Lest some untimely death you come to die.

When he did hear the tender babe say o,
 He with his fist did strike her such a blow,
 That on the ground she then did breathless lay,
 Cursing and swearing then he went his way.

Then soon his mother went into the room,
 Seeing the child lay dead upon the ground,
 Strangely surpriz'd, did for the doctor send.
 And call'd for help then from her dearest friend,

But all in vain! they found her life was gone,
 And none did know who had the murder done;
 But plainly to them 'all it did appear,
 That by some cruel hand she murder'd were.

But soon the Almighty caus'd such acts to pass,
 This thing so hatefull in his sight alas!
 That he to justice soon was brought at last.
 And a true penitent he died at last.

The next thing after this sad thing was done;
 He sat drinking in an ale house in the town,
 Having a strumpet in his company,
 With whom he had agreed that night to lye.

Wallowing in his stilly vain delight,
 About the hour of eleven at night
 The room did in a blazing light appear,
 And heavenly music sounded in his ear.

He said what heavenly sound sure can this be,
 That comes to visit such a wretch as me?
 And to his great surprize there did appear,
 The apparition of his sister dear.

Her clothes more whiter than the snow so fair,
 And round her shoulders hung her flaxen hair,
 coming attended by a heavenly tribe,
 That gently mov'd along by his bed side.

He said, now in the name of God I pray,
 Whence do you come, why do you trouble me?
 With that a child did answer him again,
 I am the child by your hands was slain,

Repent, for now your time is drawing night,
 The fatal hour in which you are to die,
 Think on the promises God hath made,
 If you repent he still your soul may save.

My tender parents do lament for me,
 But I am bless'd with sweet eternity.
 Make much now of the moments you have been,
 And crave a blessing of your parents dear.

Thus spoke the vision he no more could see,
 He straight arose and fell upon his bended knee,
 First begging pardon of the Lord most high,
 Lest he should be lost unto eternity.

Soon as the morning day light did appear,
 To his distressed parents he did repair,
 And then before them on his bended knees did fall
 And freely did confess the truth of all.

His parents wrung their hands and wept full sore
 Saying sure none were so oppress'd before,
 The blessed babe that ever yet drew breath;
 By thy base hands is snatch'd from the earth,

Now of you both sons must we be depriv'd,
 The time is short you have for to survive,
 For though we are your parents dear,
 We're bound this dismal murder to declare

With grief they did disclose it instantly,
 And he was tried, cast, and condemn'd to die,
 Such a penitent soul was never seen,
 Daily imploring mercy for his sins.

Then for his aged father he did send,
To whom he said my father and my friend,
My time is short that I have here to dwell,
Lord keep me from the burning lake of hell,

While tears like fountains trickled down his face
His father said my child this spark of grace;
Does cheer my soul, I'll join with thee in prayer,
And hope the Lord will our petition here.

Father I have been a disobedient son,
A very wicked course of life I've run,
My end is drawing nigh, and let me have,
My father's blessing, that is all I crave.

Father what shall I do for to to be sav'd,
Since there is no repentance in the grave,
Suppose this wicked crime forgiven be,
Can I be pardon'd for my sins to thee.

Childish disobedience is a dreadfull thing;
Strictly does the Lord forbid that sin,
Honour your parents and you shall be,
Long in thee land the Lord doth give to thee.

But I have the law of God transgress'd done,
My tender sister I of her life bereft,
I'm old in sin tho' in years but young,
Father I've been a disobedient son.

Son, I pray to God both night and day,
For you while in this world you stay,
And I wish the lord may pardon you,
Your crime is of the blackest hue.

O blessed Lord, great is the parent's care,
In mercy hear my father's prayer,
Then on their knees they straight way fell down,
The mournful father and the crying son.

While thus they kneel'd at earnest prayer,
 With wringing hands then his mother dear,
 Crying my son, O Lord, what must I do,
 I have been a tender mother unto you.

With you my child I thought myself once blest,
 And tenderly I nurs'd you at my breast,
 I little thought what my tender care would be,
 To bring you up unto the gallows tree.

Thousands of tears amongst them were shed,
 His parents look'd like people almost dead,
 Kissing his dying lips they must away,
 Time won't permit them longer for to stay.

With him two highwaymen there were to die,
 Thousands did go to see him passing by,
 And when they got unto the fatal tree,
 He turn'd him about and thus did say;

Young men who are in there blooming years,
 Behold a wretch surrounded now with tears,
 I I my tender parents had obey'd,
 In Satan's snares I ne'er had been betray'd.

My tender sister told me of my sin,
 And of the wretched state I then was in,
 For which the fatal blow to her I gave,
 Which sent her down into the fatal grave.

I could not bear the word of God to hear,
 Advice from man, nor neither could I bear,
 I now repeat of all the crimes I've done,
 For now my glass of life is almost run,

When thus he spoke the cart away it drew,
 He thus resign'd his breath and bid all adieu,
 After some time his body was cut down
 And to his father's house was carried home.

- Then for his burial they soon did prepare,
 One day his sad and mournful mother dear,
 Stood weeping by his coffin as he lay,
 And kissing his lips as cold as clay.

She quickly did perceive him to draw breath,
 His eyes he open'd and these words he said,
 Alas! where am I now my Saviour dear,
 Am I turn'd into this world of care!

His mother overjoyed away did run,
 And told his father he to life was come;
 His father said I'm griev'd this to hear,
 For he will still be punished I fear.

His father goes the truth of this to hear,
 And found it just as his wife did declare,
 They lay'd him in a bed and did prepare,
 Rich cordials then his spirits tor to cheer.

Being reviv'd he thus spoke to his friend,
 I beg you for a minister will send;
 For I have some wonders to declare,
 Sinners to teach the word of God to hear.

The Rev. Mr Nixen being now come,
 Amaz'd to see such wonders he had done,
 He asked the youth how things with him might be,
 When he seem'd launch'd into eternity.

He said far fur to tell the happiness,
 My soul's been in I cannot it express;
 But yet the atheist may be sure to find,
 A heaven to bless, a hell to damn'd mankind.

There sure is a burning lake in hell,
 A heaven where good saints and angels dwell,
 But disobedient children ne'er come there,
 Nor such as profanely curic and swear.

By true repentance I my pardon gain'd,
 The glorious heavenly promise have obtain'd,
 As my companions that did die with me,
 Asaw them in the gulph of misery.

And now my parents dear grieve not in vain,
 Your loss on earth is my eternal gain,
 And tho' my morning sun goes down at noon,
 All flesh must die, God only knows how soon.

Petition not for me I pry,
 The second time I must go to the tree,
 I only was sent back to declare,
 These things to them that disobedient are.

His father being tender of his son,
 Acquainted the King of what had been done,
 In hopes that a pardon he might obtain,
 But as it was murder was desired the same.

The second time he must executed be,
 And carried in his coffin to the fatal tree;
 He cheerfully embrac'd the fatal hour,
 Whilst tears from many there did pour.

His parents patiently their sufferings bear,
 In hopes he does enjoy heavens store,
 And that this may a fatal warning be,
 To such as do their parents disobey.