

But no man should be the friend
 Of the friend of his foe.
 Men should give back laughter for laughter,
 And leasing for lies.
 Bashful is the bare man.
 Better quick than dead :
 A live man may always get a cow ;
 The halt may ride a horse, the handless drive a herd,
 The deaf fight and do well :
 Better be blind than burnt [*i.e.*, dead and gone],
 A corpse is good for naught.
 Cattle die, kinsmen die,
 One dies oneself ;
 I know one thing that never dies,
 The renown of a dead man.
 Folly he talks that is never silent.
 Gift always looks for return.
 Give and give-back make the longest friends.
 No better baggage can a man bear on his way
 Than a weight of wisdom.
 One's own house is best though it be but a cottage,
 A man is a man in his own house.
 Only the mind knows what lies next the heart.
 Open-handed bold-hearted men live best,
 But the sluggard and the coward fear everything.
 The coward thinks he shall live for ever
 If he keep out of battle ;
 But Old Age will give him no quarter
 Though the spear may.
 The herds know when they must go home
 And get them out of the grass,
 But the fool never knows
 The measure of his maw.

To these morsels from "The Guest's Wisdom,"
 "The Song of Saws," which especially inculcates
 prudence, will give a supplementary course :—

At eventide praise the day, a woman when she is burnt
 [*i.e.*, dead and gone],
 A sword when it is proven, a maid when she is married,
 Ice when it is crossed, ale when it is drunk,