

-Age and Life of

M A N:

A short Description of the Nature, Rise,
and Fall, according to the 12 Months
of the Year.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

My Dear Highland Lad-
die, O.

The Age and Life of Man.

UPON the sixtenth hundred year
of God, and fifty-three
Eras Christ was born that bought us dear
as writings testific,
On January the sixteenth day,
as I did lye alone,
With many a sigh and sob did say
making a heavy moan.
Dame Nature, that instructive guide,
did stand up me before,
And said to me thou must provide
this life for to abhor :
Thou sees what things are gone before,
experieuce teacheth thee,
In whatsoever state thou be,
remember, man, to die.
Of all the creatures bearing
recal back in thy mind ;
Consider how they ebb and thrive,
each thing in their ow kind
Yet few of them leave such a strain,
as God hath given to thee,
Therefore this lesson keep in mind,
remember, man, to die.

Man's course on earth I will report,
 if I have time and space,

It may be long it may be short,
 as God hath given thee grace,
 His nature to the herbs compare,
 that in the ground ly dead,

And to each month add five year,
 And so we will proceed.

The first five years then of man's life,
 - compare to Januar;

In all that time but sturt and strife,
 he can but greet and roar;

So in the fields of flowers all bare,
 by reason of the frost;

Keeping the ground both soft and sound,
 yet none of them is lost

So to years ten I shall speak then,
 of Februar but lack;

The child is meek and weak of spirit,
 nothing can undertake.

So all the flowers for lack of showers,
 no springing up can make,

Yet birds do sing, and praise eirth King,
 and each one choose their mate.

Then in comes March that noble arch,
 with wholesome spring and air.

The child doth spring to years fifteen,
 with visage fine and fair;

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So do the flowers with softening showers,
ay spring up as we see;
Yet nevertheless remember this,
That one day we must die.
Then brave April doth sweetly smile,
the flowers doth fair appear,
The child is then become a man,
to the age of twenty year.
If he be kind and well inclin'd,
and brought up at the school,
Then men may know if he forth show
a wife man or a fool.
Then cometh May gallant and gay,
when fragrant flowers doth thrive;
The child is then become a man
of age twenty and five;
And for his life doth seek a wife,
his life and days to spend,
May he above see peace and love,
and grace unto the end.
Then cometh June with pleasant tune,
when fields with flowers are clad,
And Phoebus bright is at his height,
all creatures then are fed,
Then he appears of thirty years,
with courage bold and stout,
His nature so makes him to go,
of death he hath no doubt.

Then July comes with her hot calms,
and constant in his kind;

The man doth thrive to thirty five,
and sober is in mind;

His children small doth on her call,
and breed him fruit and rife;

His wife may die, and so must he
go seek another wife;

Then August old, both stout and bold,
when flow'rs do stearly stand;

Some an appears at forty years,
with wisdom and command;

And doth provide his house for good,
children and familie;

Yet do not miss t'rem'nder this,
that one day thou shalt die.

September then comes with his train,
and makes the flowers to fade;

Then man betwixt is forty five,
grave, constant, wife and sad;

When the looks out, doth yeath is gone,
and shall it no more see;

Then may he say, both night and day,
have mercy Lord, on me;

October's blasts comes in with boasts,
and make the flowers to fall;

Then man appears at fifty years,
Old Age com' com' and call;

The Almond tree doth flourish here,
and pale grows man we see;

Then it is time to use this line,
 Remember Man to Die,
 November air makes fields bare,
 of flowers, grais, and corn,
 Then man appears to fifty-five years,
 and sick both even and morn.
 Loins, legs, and thigh, with sad disease
 makes him to sigh and say,
 Ah! Heaven on high have mind on me
 and learn me how to die.
 December fell, both iharp and inell,
 makes flowers creep in the ground,
 Then man's threescore, both sick and so
 no soundness in him found.
 His ears and eev and teeth of bone,
 all these now do him lail;
 Then he may say both night and day,
 that Death shall him assaie,
 And if there be through natuae stroag,
 some that live ten years more;
 Or if he creepeth up and dow,
 till he come to fourscore.
 Yet all this time is but a line,
 no pleasure can he see;
 Then he may say both night and day,
 Have MERCY, LORD, on me.
 Thus have I shown you as I can,
 the course of all men's life,

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 's will return where we began,
 but either strut or strife,
 same Memoire doth take her leave;
 she'll last no more, we see;
 grant that I may not HIM grieve,
 to think no more of me

My dear Highland Laddie,

LYTHER was the time when he feed wi'
 my father O.
 happy were the times when we herded
 we together, O.
 sweet were the hours when he row'd me
 in his plaiddie O, laddie O.
 and vow'd to be mine, my dear highland
 O!
 O! wae's me, wi' their sodgeren so
 gaudy O.
 the Laird's taen awa my braw highland
 iaddie, O;
 misty are the giens and the dark hills are
 cloudy O.
 That aye seem'd see blythe wi' my dear
 highland laddie O.
 the blaeberry banks now are lonesome and
 dreary, O; fac clearly, O,
 luddy are the streams that gush'd down

Silent are the rocks that echo'd sae glad-
ly, O,
The wild wailing strains of my dear high-
land laddie, O,

Oh! love is like the morning, sae gladfome
and bonny, O
Till winds fa' a storming, and clouds low'r
sae rainy, O;
As nature, in winter, drops withering sae
Sae lang may I mourn for my dear high-
land laddie, O,

He pu'd me the the crawberry ripe frae the
boggie fen,
He pu'd me the strawberry red frae the
He pu'd me the rowan frae the wild steep
sae giddy, O,
Sae loving and kind was my dear highland
laddie, O,

Farewel my ewes an' farewel my doggie, O
Farewel ye knowes, now sae cheerless and
scroggi, O;
Farewel, Glenfeoch, my mammy and my
daddie, O,
How can I live without, my dear highland
laddie, O!