

HISTORY

UPON

DEATH

OR, THE

MIRROR

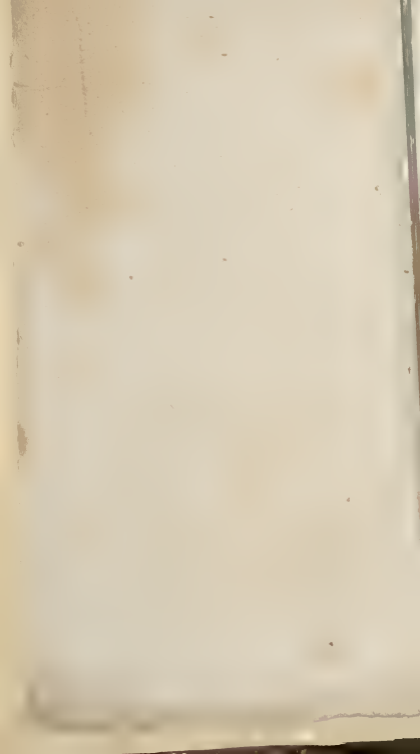
OF

*Man's Misery.*

Being very choice and profitable lessons  
for putting all christians in a pre-  
pared condition for Mortality.

With the Pious Christian's preparation  
for his latter end.





THE  
M I R R O R

O F

Man's Misery.

I Have such dread when I shall die,  
Not knowing how nor in what place,  
Thro' course of kind he comes to me.

Into his arms would me embrace,  
He spares not the rich, for their riches,  
Nor on the poor hath he pity,  
This causes me to say alas!

And have a dread when I should die.  
When I ly sick, on my death bed,

And all my life brought to an end;  
Then all the sins that e'er I did,

Will all come fresh into my mind,  
Crying we are all works of thine,

And now we are to go with thee,  
To bear witness what thou hast done.

Which makes me dread when I shall  
die.

Then growth of grief and great despair,  
will melt my heart and break my gail,

That for my flesh I took such care ;  
 but gain'd no grace for my poor sou  
 And now no time remains at all,  
 to mend my life that none may see  
 But go to Judgement general ;  
 this makes me dread when I shall die  
 Then when my breath begins to fail,  
 my feet and hands do lose their might  
 My fear is for the fiends of hell,  
 for they come all in flight,  
 And every one that sees that fight  
 for at our ending they shall be,  
 Reaving our souls if they have right.  
 this makes me dread when I shall die  
 And then I fear that bitter pain,  
 now death shall come and break my  
 heart.

With many thratch and grievous groan  
 when he shall shake me with his dar  
 He will make me to feel his smart,  
 and sting of death most cruelly,  
 Before my life from me depart,  
 this makes me dread when I shall die  
 Then shall he send his good angels,  
 with trumpets sounding loud and  
 thrill,

Throughout the parts of all the earth,  
 to raise the dead and bring them to,  
 Altho' it be against their will  
 to come before his majesty.  
 Yet force and might will them compel,  
 this makes me dread when I shall die.  
 Then heaven and earth shall pass away;  
 and hide them from his angry face,  
 Before that he begin to try  
 all finners for their wickedness;  
 Alas that is a woeful case,  
 for finners then in each degree,  
 When heaven and earth shall take the  
 chace,  
 this makes me dread when I shall die.  
 Then all the dead both great and small,  
 shall be brought in for breach of law;  
 Then Christ shall charge his servants all,  
 to set them right upon a row,  
 And he his bloody wounds will show,  
 saying, what hast thou done for me?  
 Then sinful men shall stand great awe,  
 this makes me dread when I shall die.  
 And then I fear that weary way,  
 where I must wend where I am gone,  
 For none come back by night or day,

their friends nor neighbours to fore-  
 warn,  
 Whether they be in joy or pain,  
 They must remain continually,  
 For we are valued at our worth,  
 this makes me dread when I shall die,  
 I fear what will become of me,  
 in that great day of God's just wrath,  
 When furious flames of fire on high,  
 o'er spread the face of all the earth;  
 Which will amaze all his creatures,  
 both man and beast and fowls that fly,  
 And evrey thing that draweth breath,  
 this makes me dread when I shall die.  
 Then Christ the king of righteousness,  
 who ruleth all at his command,  
 Will come with glory thro' the skies,  
 with angels bright a greatful band.  
 Then round about him shall they stand,  
 beholding still his majesty.  
 His face shall shine thro' all the land,  
 this makes me dread when I shall die.  
 And this our counts begin to make,  
 when we are call'd for our misdeeds,  
 None shall escape for any's sake,  
 but every one his own roll reads,

He shall tell forth with all his speed,  
 both good and ill whate'er it be,  
 And every man his sins shall read,  
 this makes me dread when I shall die,  
 Into this book there shall be writ,  
 all their misdeeds and wicked words.  
 All prophane words that they have spoke,  
 and all unclean and wand'ring  
 thoughts,

Their love to sin shall be dear bought.  
 for they do both prove and see,  
 The wages shall be as they wrought,  
 this makes me dread when I shall die.  
 The large market of God's free grace,  
 that stood ay since Christ Jesus came,  
 Shall be cry'd down, but longer space,  
 and ne'er to be proclaim'd again,  
 Because they would not take their time  
 therefore the gate of his mercy,  
 For ever shall be clos'd on them,  
 this makes me dread when I shall die.  
 Then Satan with a great army,  
 of damn'd spirits will come on fight,  
 Crying O judge who sits on high,  
 on sinners all now do me right.  
 Who sets thy law far out of sight,

and served me most willingly,  
 With care and pains both day and night,  
 this makes me dread when I shall die.  
 What malice have you had at me?  
 then Christ shall say to sinners all,  
 That ye ran to serve the enemy  
 and me disdain'd when I did call,  
 Was I, and my reward so small  
 that ye disdain'd to worship me?  
 Therefore I'll now disdain you all.  
 this makes me dread when I shall die.  
 I gave you life like to myself,  
 with wisdom wit and holiness,  
 And made you lords of all the earth,  
 both fish and fowl, and its fulness,  
 Yea over all these my creatures,  
 which were for your commodity;  
 Yet where is all your thankfulness  
 and duty ye did owe to me?  
 And after ye broke my commands,  
 and brought yourselves in fear of death.  
 I left my glory in the heavens,  
 humbled myself and came to earth.  
 To suffer sorrow pain and grief,  
 with scorn, disgrace, and misery,  
 Yet where is all your thankfulness,



and duty ye did owe to me ?

They bound me like a common thief,  
my back and sides with scourges dang,

They plait and put upon my head,

a crown of thorns sharp and lang,

My sight grew dim, my head down hang,

I lost my life most painfully,

But where is all your thankfulness,

and duty that ye owe to me ?

And then they led me to the cross,

and nail'd me fast both feet and hands

Full oft they spat upon my face.

a spear out thro' my side they ran.

The blood and water then out sprang,

ran down my sides most pitiously ;

But now no part ye have therein,

this you may dread when thou'rt to

die.

You have embraced more joyfulness

in one hour's pleasure of your sin,

Than all the love you had to me

since I put life your breast within.

My precious blood full fast did run,

'out thro' my side abundantly ;

Yet you no part you have therein,

this makes you dread when you shall

die.

When Christ begins for to propone,  
 the dreadful doom of life and death,  
 The hopeless soul shall faint and groan,  
 before the sentance pass their teeth,  
 With weeping eyes and doleful voice,  
 they shall lament most piteously  
 That ever they were made, alas!

this makes me dread when I shall die.

They shall be safe I dare well say,  
 who are well rul'd at his right hand,  
 And pass to heaven the self same day  
 with music, mirth and angels band,  
 But wretches all which have done wrong.

shall cry to hills and mountains high,  
 That they would fall them down upon.

this makes me dread when I shall die.

Then in his wrath he shall cry forth,  
 depart from me ye cursed band,

For on the poor ye had no reuth,

Nor stood in awe at my command.

Therefore begone, no longer stay,  
 my face again you ne'er shall see,  
 But still in darkness to remain.

this makes me dread when I shall die.

Then if their doom be once out-gone,  
 remed shall then be past for ay,

Altho' they weep and make great moan  
 ev'n till their eyes would melt away,  
 Altho' they would both kneel and pray,  
 ev'n till the flesh wore from their knee,  
 Yet all shall not avail that day.

this makes me dread when I shall die.  
 And then tho' all the saints in heaven,  
 and eke the glorious angels all,

Would bow down at the feet of Christ,  
 and mercy beg for one poor soul,  
 Yet Christ would then deny them all,  
 and say, 'nay, nay, that may not be ;  
 They would not hear when I did call.

this makes me dread when I shall die.  
 Then hope of health they shall give o'er.  
 when cries and tears shall have no  
 stead,

And then blaspheme in great despair,  
 and curse the thing that did them  
 good,

Yea curse the father them begat.

and mother them bare in her belly,  
 And eke the earth whereon they sat :  
 this makes me dread when I shall die.

Then God who gave them life and breath,  
 and made them all of dust and clay,

They shall him curse unto his face,  
 because he hath them cast away,  
 Crying woe, woe, and willaway,  
 that ever we this day did see,  
 For we are lost for ever and aye,  
 this makes me dread when I shall die.  
 The precious blood of Jesus Christ,  
 they shall it curse with great disdain,  
 That bought so many thousand souls,  
 because no drop was shed for them.  
 To save them from that bitter pain,  
 Which by no craft now they can flee,  
 Nor yet by force of might or main,  
 this makes me dread when I shall die.  
 But Christ he will not suffer long,  
 them to blaspheme in his presence,  
 But soon will bid cast over them,  
 in the black vale of his vengeance ;  
 And then lead them away from thence,  
 and cast them in with that menzie ;  
 Into that pit of endless pain,  
 this makes me dread when I shall die.  
 Then Christ shall close the mouth of  
 hell,  
 and bar them from the light of day,  
 Then they shall all both shout and yell,

when flesh and blood begin to fry.  
In fiery flames most furiously,  
without all hopes to be set free,  
For evermore therein to lye,  
this makes me dread when I shall die.  
Then shall they swarm in the great flame  
like worms into an earthly fire,  
And they therein shall still remain,  
while that God's wrath begins to tire,  
But sure that time will never come,  
that God's just wrath reveng'd will be  
Upon their silly souls for sin,  
this makes me dread when I shall die.  
Alas it is a lonesome night,  
where day will never dawn again.  
Alas it is a fearful sight,  
where there is everlasting pain,  
Alas it is a longsome cry,  
which neither God nor man will pity,  
Nor hear their moan wherein they lye.  
this makes me dread when I shall die,  
These blasphemers who stood no awe,  
God's holy name for to abuse,  
But makes it but a childish ba',  
to catch at it when e'er they please.  
their souls shall then get no more ease,

but in these flames scorched shall be.  
 By wicked spirits and damned devils,  
 this makes me dread when I shall die.  
 These gluttons and these drunkards all,  
 who make a God of their belly.  
 But got no grace for their poor souls,  
 shall then be forc'd to cry sorely  
 For one poor drop of cold water ;  
 and yet it shall not granted be,  
 To cool their tongue in flaming fire,  
 this makes me dread when I shall die.  
 These whores who have no modesty,  
 nor any shame of saving grace,  
 But liv'd in lust and fetchery,  
 hunting their prey in every place ;  
 Their arms shall then be made embrace  
 both night and day continually,  
 The doleful flames of black darkness,  
 this makes me dread when I shall die.  
 These proud persons who brag and boast  
 of honour, wealth, and their great kin  
 But care not to dishonour Christ ;  
 rejecting saints belongs to him,  
 These idols Christ shall put from him,  
 and cloath them all, most dolefully,  
 With long black robes of lasting sham

this makes me dread when I shall die.  
 These covetuous and worldly worms,  
 who put their trust in their riches,  
 And will not deal the poor an alms,  
 when they stand crying at the gate,  
 Therefore in hell, they shall be sure  
 to cry out for recovery,  
 When there is none them to relieve,  
 this makes me dread when I shall die  
 These murderers and common thieves,  
 who labour not for honest gain,  
 but set themselves to steal and reave.  
 as if there was no God to see,  
 The Lord shall then bereave them all,  
 of all his gifts and his glory,  
 and banish them to hell's, sore pains,  
 it makes me dread that I shall die,  
 will not sing nor longer stay,  
 for fear that I do you molest,  
 If choices then I have but two;  
 be sure therefore to choose the best,  
 the first is love joy and rest,  
 the next is pain without pity,  
 for we are call'd away in haste.  
 it makes me dread when I shall die.  
 My counsel therefore to us all,

is to repent and mend with speed,  
And to prepare for the poor soul  
before the time be past remed.  
And hold sin ay at deadly feud,  
and serve our God most carefully,  
Then shall we have no cause to dread,  
nor fear the time when we shall die.

F I N I S.

