

# Messenger Or Life. and

She that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she  
liveth 1. Tim, v, 6,  
Dust thou art, and unto dust  
shalt thou

## RETURN.

Gen, iii, v, 19  
Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity, Eccl.  
Then shall the dust return as it  
was, and the spirit unto God  
who gave it. Eccl, xii, 7.  
Like sleep they are laid in the grave,  
death shall feed upon them; their beauty  
shall consume in the Grave,  
the house appointed for all living.  
To be laid in the balance,  
they are all together lighter than vanity.  
PSALM, lxx, 14  
JOB, xxx, 29.  
O That they would consider  
their latter end,  
Deut, xxxii, 29.

For what is your life? It is even  
as a vapour, that appeareth for a  
little time and then vanisheth away  
James, iv, 14,  
Have said to corruption, thou  
art my father: to the worm, thou  
art my mother & sister, Job xxv 14  
Tremble ye women that are at  
ease, Isaiah, xxxi, 11,

# of Mortality, Death Contrasted.

Because the daughters of Zion are haughty and walk

with wanton eyes, the Lord will take away  
their ornaments, and instead of sweet  
smell, there shall be stink, Isa, lxxiii, 16

Favor is deceitful and beauty vain Prov. 2.

One night Corinna was all gaiety in her spirit, all  
finery in her apparel, at a magnificent ball: the next  
night she lay an extended corpse, and ready to be mingled  
with the mouldering dead. Herv, Med

How lov'd how valued once awaits thee not,  
To whom related, or by whom forgot,  
A heap of dust alone remains of thee  
Tis all thou art, and all the proud must be

In the midst of life we are in death  
Common Prayer

Life how short! eternity how long.

Now get you back to my Lady's table, and tell her: let her gait an inch  
thick to this complexion, she must  
one at last — Shakespeare



## A DIALOGUE.

**D**EATH, Fair Lady, lay your costly robes aside  
No longer may you glory in your pride;  
Take leave of all your carnal vain delight;  
I'm come to summons you away this night,  
Lady, What bold attempt is this? pray let me know  
From whence you come, and whether I must go,  
Shall I who am a Lady; stoop or bow,  
To such a pale fac'd visage? Who art thou?  
D. Do you not know me? I will tell thee then,  
'Tis I that conquer all the sons of men,  
No pitch of honour from your dait is free;  
My name is Death; have you not heard of me?  
L. Yes; I've heard of thee since time after time  
But being in the glory of my prime,  
I did not think you would have come so soon,  
Why must my morning sun go down at noon,  
D. Talk not of noon, you may as well be mute;  
This is no time at all for vain dispute;  
Your riches, garments, gold, and jewels bright  
Your houses and lands must on new owners light,  
L. My heart is cold; I tremble at the news,  
Thee's bags of gold if you will me excuse—  
And seize on those (so finish thou the strife,)  
Who wretched are and weary of their life  
Are there no more bound in prison strong,  
In bitter grief of soul who languish long,  
Who could but find a gate a place of rest  
From all the grief of which they are oppress'd?  
Besid'st thee many with altho' they bleed  
And pained joints from whom all joys are fled  
Release thou them whose sorrows are so great  
But spare my life to have a longer date.

D. Tho' thy vain heart to riches is inclin'd  
Yet thou must die and leave them all behind  
I come to none before their warrants sealed  
And when it is they must submit and yield  
Tho' some by age be full of grief and pain  
Till their appointed time they must remain  
I take no bribe believe me, this is true  
Prepare your-self to go; I'm come for you,  
L. But if you were to me once obtain  
My freedom and a longer life to reign;  
Pain would I stay if thou my life would'st spare  
I have a daughter beautiful and fair,  
I'd live to see her wed whom I adore—  
Grant me but this and I will ask no more  
D. This is a slender frivolous excuse,  
I have you fast and will not let you loose  
I've bet to Providence, for you must go,  
along with me, whether you will or no,  
If Death commands the King to leave his crown  
He at my feet must lay his sceptre down  
Then if 'o Kings I don't this favor give,  
But cut them off, can you expect to live,  
Beyond the limit of your time and space  
No; I must send you to another place,  
L. You learned doctors now express your  
sentiments  
D. For not Death can I obtain his will,  
Prepare your cordials let me comfort find,  
My gold shall fly off before the wind,  
D. Forbear to call, their skill will never do,  
Thy cure but mortals here as well as you  
I give the fatal wound my dart is sure  
'Tis far beyond the doctors skill to cure

How freely can you let your riches fly,  
To purchase life rather than yield to die  
But while you flourish here with all your store  
You would not give one penny to the poor  
Tho' in God's name the suit to you they make  
You would not spare one penny for his sake,  
My Lord behold wherein you did amiss,  
And calls you hence to give account for this.  
L. O heavy news! I must I no longer stay  
How shall I stand at the great judgment day,  
Down from her eyes the crystal tears did flow  
She said none knows what I do undergo,  
Upon my bed of sorrow here I lie;  
My selfish life makes me afraid to die,  
My sins are many, great and foul,  
Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on my soul  
And tho' I do deserve thy righteous frown  
Yet pardon Lord and pour a blessing down  
Then with a dying sigh heart did break  
And did the pleasures of this world forsake  
Thus may we see the mighty rise and fall  
For cruel Death shews no respect at all  
To those of either high or low degree  
The great submit to death as well as we  
I no they are gay their life is but a span  
A lump of clay, so is he a creature's man  
Then happy those whom Christ has made his  
care  
Who die in the Lord, and ever blessed are,  
The grave's the market place where all men  
meet  
Pooh rich, and poor, both small and great  
If life were made of chardize that cold could buy  
The rich would live the poor alone would die,

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