

THE
Stage of Life.

Printed by T. BIRT, **10**, Great St. Andrew-Street,
wholesale and retail, **10**, Seven Dials, London.
Country Orders punctually attended to.
Every description of Printing on reasonable terms.

GOOD people all I pray draw near,
And listen unto me,
And when you hear what I relate,
With me you will agree.
We soon must bid the world adieu,
The rich as well as poor,
Neither gold nor silver can give health,
Or ease the brow of care.

Come all you worthy Englishmen,
That dwells both far and near,
And assist each other in time of need
And live in friendship here;
For soon we may be called hence,
Where thousands are gone before
There's no distinction in the grave,
Between the rich and poor.

There are the great and mighty men
Kings and Princes too,
They all must be consign'd to death,
And bid this world adieu:
Go search the tombs where Monarchs
rest,
And then it will be found,
Their wealth and glory is bereft—
Once men of high renown.

Come all you worthy Englishmen,
The truth you can't deny,
I hope each other you will befriend,
And each other's wants supply;
To assist your neighbours in distress,
It is your duty so to do,
But the world is now at such a pass,
Such friends you find but few.

This world is but a stage of life,
Where we walk up and down,
In searching for a place of rest,
But none can there be found.
This life is like a ship at sea,
By waves toss'd up and down,
We hope to find a place of rest,
When the last trumpet sound.

