

The Ages and Degrees

Of Human Life, from the Cradle to the Grave.



We are no sooner entered into one step of Life but we are on towards death

Its appointed once for man to die and after that to Judgment.

We are now ready to be offered and the time of our departure is at hand.

To Ten years old,
Our Childish thoughts are fill'd
With empty painted joys,
Which please our drowsy Sense awhile
But waking prove mere toys.
From 10 to 20 years old
His heart is now puff'd up,
He scorns the tutor's hand,
He hates to meet the least control,
And glories to command.
From 20 to 30 years old.
There's nought here, that can withstand,
The rage of his Desires.

His wanton flames are now blown up,
His mind is all on fire.
From 30 to 40 years old.
Look forwards and repent
Of all thy Errors past,
That so thereby, thou mayest attain
True happiness at last.
From 40 to 50 years old.
At fifty Years he is
Like the Declining sun,
For now his better half of Life,
Man seemeth to have run.

From 50 to 60 years old.
His wasted taper now
Begins to loose its Light;
His sparkling flames, plainly decay,
'Tis growing towards Night.
From 60 to 100 years old
Frail man prepare to die
Repent, thy Glass is run,
Mercy! Ah! Mercy; Father cry,
Receive thy penitent Son

On the Mortality of Man.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flowers in May,
Or like the morning to the day;
Or like the Sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had;

Even such is man whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The Flower fades, the Morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The Gourd consumes, and man he dies.

Like to the Grass that's newly sprung
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the Bird that's here to day,
Or like the Pearled-Dew in May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a Swan,

Even such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in Life and death,
The Grass withers, the Tale is ended,
The bird's flown, the Dew ascended,
The hour is short, the span's not long,
The Swan's near death, Man's life is done.

Like to the bubbling in the brook,
Or like a glass or like a look,
Or like a shuttle in a weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand;
Or like a thought or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream.

Even such is Man, who lives by breath,
Is here now there in Life and Death.

The bubble's cut, the look's forgot,
The shuttle's flung, the writings blot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The water glides, Man's life is done.

Like to the arrow from the bow,
Or like swift course of waters flow,
Or like the time, 'twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web,
Or like the race or like a gale,
Or like the dealing of a dale.

Even such is Man, whose brittle state,
Is always subject unto fate.

The arrow's shot, the flood soon spent,
The tide's no tide, the web's soon rent,
The race soon run, the gale soon won,
The dale soon delt, Man's life is done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth hie,
Or like a quaver in short song,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like the sun when summer's come,
Or like the pear, or like the plumb.

Even such is Man, who heaps up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow,
The lightnings past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey's so.
The pear doth rot, the plumb doth fall,
The snow dissolves—and so must all.

MAN'S RESURRECTION.

Like to the seed put in earth womb,
Or like dead Lazarus in his tomb,
Or like Tabitha being asleep;
Or Jonas-like within a deep,
Or like the night, or stars by day,
Which seem to vanish clear away,

Even so this death, Man's life bereaves,
But being dead Man death deceives,
The seed springeth, Lazarus standeth,
Tabitha walks, and Jonas landeth,
The night is past, the stars remain,
So Man that dies shall live again.

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