

THE
AGE and LIFE
OF
M A N:

OR,

A short Description of the NATURE,
RISE, and FALL, according to the
Twelve Months of the Year.

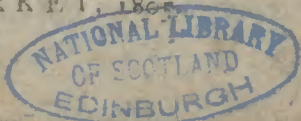
TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.


HENRY'S COTTAGE-MAID.



GLASGOW,
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SALTMARKET, 1805.



John Watts on his Boat.



THE AGE AND LIFE OF MAN.

TUNE—— ISLE OF KELL.

UPON the sixteen hundredth year,
of God, and fifty three
Frae Christ was born that bought us dear,
as writings testify.

On January the sixteenth day,
as I did ly alone,
With many a sigh and sob did say,
making an heavy moan.

Dame Nature. the excellent bride,
did stand up me before,
And said to me, thou must provide,
this life for to, abhor:
Thou sees what things are gone before,
experience teacheth thee,
In what state that ever thou be,
remember, man, to die.

Of all the creatures bearing life,
recal back in thy mind:
Consider how they ebb and thrive
each thing in their own kind.
Yet few of them have such a strain,
as God hath giv'n 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 giv'n thee grace :
 His nature to the herbs compare
 that in the ground ly dead,
 And to each moneth 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 is the fields of flow'rs 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 sp'rit,
 nothing can undertake.
 So all the flow'rs for lack of show'rs,
 no springing up can make,
 Yet birds do sing, and praise their 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,
 So do the flow'rs with looting show'rs
 ay spring up as we see ;

Yet nevertheless, remember this,
that one day we must die.

Then brave April doth sweetly smile,
the flow'rs do 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 wise man or a fool.

Then cometh May, gallant and gay,
when fragrant flow'rs do 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.
Christ from above send peace and love,
and grace unto the end.

Then cometh June with pleasant tune,
when fields with flow'rs are clad,
And Phœbus 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 his hot calms,
and constant in his kind ;
The man doth thrive to thirty-five,
then sober is in mind,

(5)
His children small do on him call,
and breed him sturt and strife ;
His wife may die, and so must he
go seek another wife.

Then August old, both stout and bold
when flow'rs do stoutly stand ;
So man appears to ferty years,
with wisdom and command :
And doth provide his house to guide,
children and familie :
Yet do not misse to remember this,
that one day thou must die.

September then comes with his train,
and makes the flow'rs to fade,
Then man believe is forty-five,
grave, constant, wise and sad ;
When he looks on how youth is gone,
and shall it no more see ;
Then may he say, both night and day,
have mercy, Lord, on me.

October's blast comes in with boasts,
and makes the flow'rs to fall,
Then man appears to fifty years,
old age doth on him call :
The almond tree doth flourish hie
and pale grows man we see ;
Then it is time to use this line,
remember, man, to die.

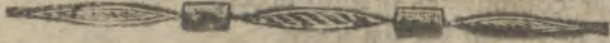
November air maketh fields bare,
of flow'rs, of gra's and corn ;

Then man appear to fifty-five years,
and sick both e'en and morn :
Loins, legs and thighs without disease,
makes him to sigh and fay,
Ah! Christ on high have mind on me,
and learn me for to die.

December fell both sharp and snell,
makes flow'rs creep in the ground,
Then man's threescore, both sick and sore,
no soundness in him found :
His ears and e'en and teeth of bane,
all these now do him fail,
Then may he say, both night and day,
that death shall him assail.

And if there be thro' nature strong,
some that live ten years more ;
Or if he creepeth up and down
till he come to fourscore ;
Yet all this time is but a line,
no pleasure can he see
Then may he say both night and day,
have mercy, Lord, on me.

Thus have I shown you as I can,
the course of all mens life :
We will return where we began,
but either sturt or strife:
Dare Memorie doth take her leave,
she'll last no more, we see ;
God grant that I may not him grieve,
ye'll get no more of me.



I'LL NEVER LOVE THEE MORE.

MY dear and only love, I pray,
 that little world of thee,
 Be govern'd by no other sway,
 but purest monarchy,

For if confusion have a part,
 which virtuous souls abhor,
 I'll call a synod in my heart,
 and never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
 and I will reign alone,
 My thoughts did evermore disdain,
 a rival on my throne.

He either fears his fate too much,
 or his deserts are small,
 Who dares not put it to the touch,
 to gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
 and always give the law,
 And have each subject at my will,
 and all to stand in aw:

But 'gainst my batt'ries if I find
 thou storm or vex me fore,
 As if thou set me as a blind,
 I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
 where I should solely be,
 If others do pretend a part,
 or dares to share with me:

Or committees if thou erect,
or go on such a score.

I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
and never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
thy love and constant word,

I'll make thee famous by my pen,
and glorious by my sword.

I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
as ne'er was known before :

I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
and love thee more and more

HENRY'S COTTAGE-MAID.

AH where art thy soul's true love?
Had I wander this lone grove ;

Sighs and tears for him I shed,

Henry is from Laura fled.

Thy love to me thou didst impart,

Thy love soon won my virgin heart ;

But dearest Henry thou'lt betray'd,

Thy love with thy poor cottage-maid.

Thro' the vale my grief appears,
Sighing sad with pearly tears :

Oh thy imagin's my theme,

As I wander on the green :

See from my cheek the colour flies,

And love's sweet hope within me dies ;

For oh ! dear Henry thou'lt betray'd

Thy love with thy poor village-maid

C L A S G O W,

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