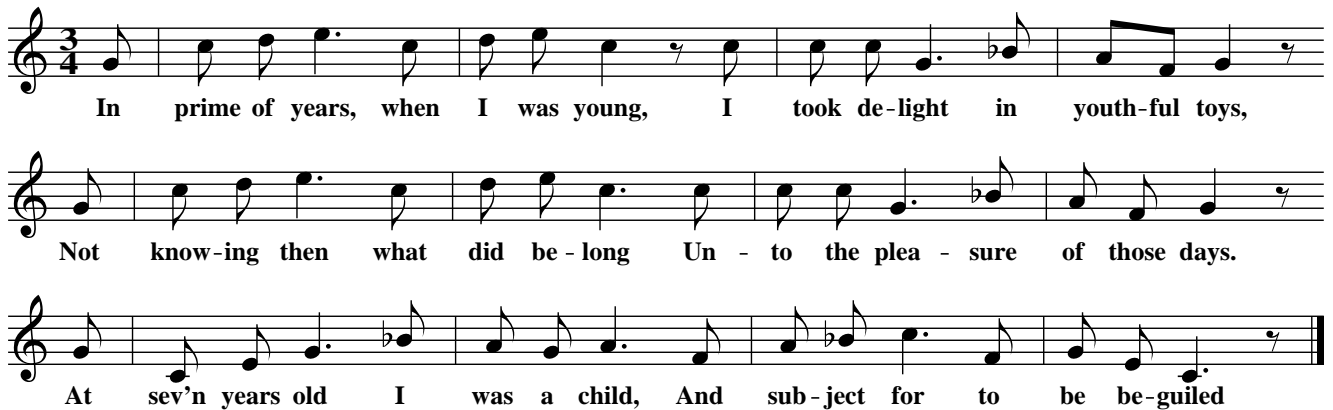


The Ages Of Man



In prime of years, when I was young, I took de-light in youth-ful toys,
Not know-ing then what did be-long Un - to the plea - sure of those days.
At sev'n years old I was a child, And sub-ject for to be be-guiled

In prime of years, when I was young,
I took delight in youthful toys,
Not knowing then what did belong,
Unto the pleasure of those days.
At seven years old I was a child,
And subject for the be beguiled.

At twice seven, I must needs go learn,
What disciple was taught at school;
When good from evil I could discern
I thought myself no more a fool.
My parents were contriving then
How I might live when {I became/grown} a man.

At three times seven, I wex-ed wild,
And manhood led me to be bold;
I thought myself no more a child,
My own conceit it so me told.
Then I did venture far and near
To buy delight at price full dear.

At four times seven I must {take a wife/wive}
And leave off all my wanton ways,
Thinking thereby perhaps to thrive
And save myself from sad disgrace.
So fare ye well, companions all,
For other business doth me call.

At five times seven, I would go prove
What I could gain by art or skill;
But still against the stream I strove,
I bowled stones up against the hill.
The more I laboured with might and main,
The more I strove, {against the stream./and strove in vain.}

At six times seven, all covetness,
Began to harbour in my breast,
My mind then still contriving was
How I might gain all worldly wealth,
To purchase lands, and live on them,
To make my children mighty men.

As seven times seven, all worldly care
Began to harbour in my brain;
Then I did drink a heavy draught
Of water of experience plain.
Then none so ready was as I,
To purchase, bargain, sell, or buy.

At eight time seven, I wex-ed old,
I took myself unto my rest;
My neighbours then my counsel craved
And I was held in great request.
But age did so abate my strength
That I was forced to yield at last.

At nine times seven, I must take leave
Of all my carnal {Vain delight/vanity}
And then full sore it did me grieve
I fetched up many a bitter sigh.
To rise up early, and sit late
{I was no longer fit, my strength did abate/I was not fit, strength did abate.}

At ten time seven, my glass was run,
And I, put silly man, must die,
I look-ed up, and saw the sun,
Was overcome with crystal sky.
And now I must this world forsake,
Another man my place must take.

Now you may see within the glass
The whole estate of mortal man;
How they from seven to seven do pass,
Until they are three score and ten,
And when their glass is fully run,

They (must) leave off where they first begun.