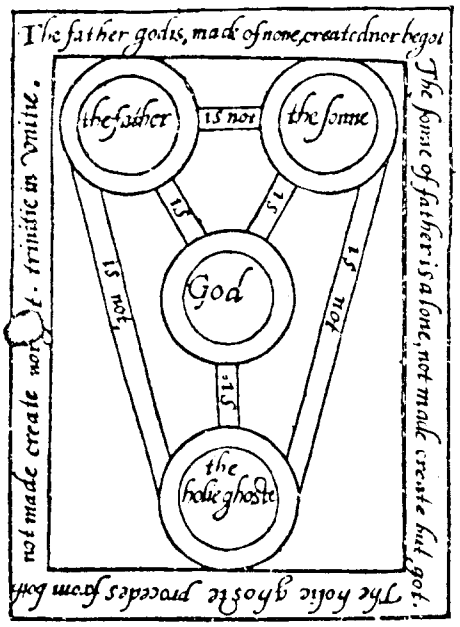
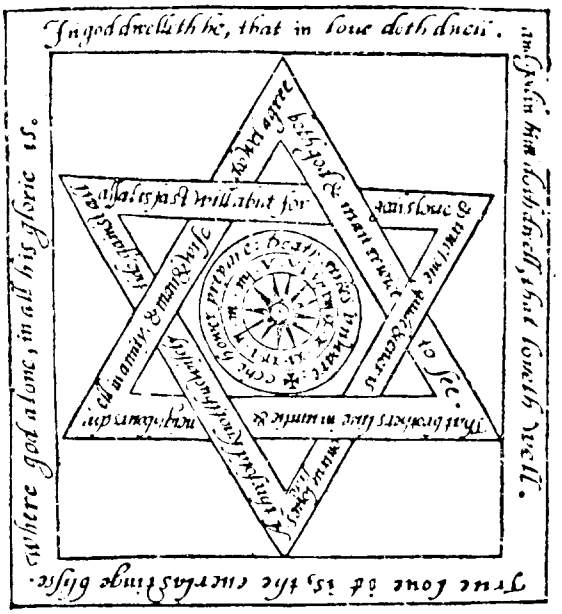
THE MAP OF MORTALITIE.



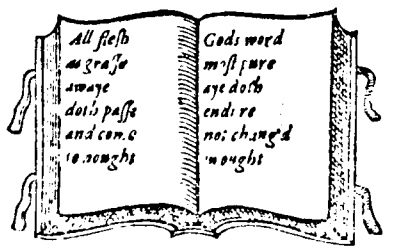
As by first Adam all doe die
So in me all are made aliue.
Death's swallowed vp in victory,
And I æternall life do giue.

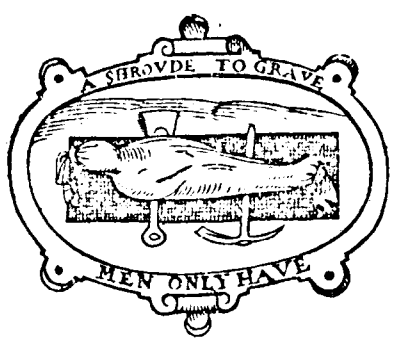


Earth goes to treades on as to shall to vpon goes to though on shall from

as moulde to moulde.
glittering in goulde,
returne were should.
goe ere he would.
Consider may,
naked away.
best but and gay,
passe poore away.

PRoude earth behould, as thou art we shall bee.
Against the graue, can no defence be made.
Dust will to dust, as thou art once were wee:
Worldes vaineglorie doth thus to nothing fade.
Man doth consume as water spilt on sande.
Like lightnings flash, his life is seene and gone:
Our part is plaide, your part is now in hand,
Death strikes vnwares, and striking spareth none.
Life is a debt to death, all men must die:
But when, where, how, the Lord alone doth knowe.
As death leaues thee, euen so vndoubtedlie
Iudgement shall find thee when last trump shall blowe.
Consider this ô man whil'st it is day,
Thine owne Christes death, for thee (if thou be his)
Vile worldes deceites, helles torments, heauens ioy.
Prouide to day: in night no comfort is,
In season calme, with *Noah* build an arke:
With *Ioseph* lay vp store in plenties tyme:
How to be sau'd, let be thy chiefest cark,
Returne to God, repent thee of thy cryme:
That come death late, earlie, or when he list,
It be birth day of thine eternitie.
Of righteous men liue thou the life in Christ.
Then sure the death of righteous shalt thou die.
Die to the world, the pompes thereof forsake,
That Christ may come and liue with thee in loue:
So in the world, when thou shalt farewell take
Thou maist goe dwell with Christ in heauen aboue.
Youth well to liue, age well to die should care:
In life, for death: in death for life prepare.





Sithe Adams fall did fill the world with sinne,
Whereby mans daves (few) dayes of sorrow bin,
His life, no life, rather calamitie,
And worldes best pleasures, but meere vanitie:
Sith beautie, strength and wit, flowers fading bee,
Man made of dust, to dust must turne againe:
Sith all must die, by gods most iust decree,
And death no torment is, but rest from paine:
Why should fraile flesh feare death, that ends all woes,
That salues all sores, and takes man from his foes?
His shape though ougly'tis, he bringeth peace,
Stints strife, ends cares, giues life, and wisht-for ease.
Men dying, sleepe: sleeping, from trauell rest,
To liue in ioy for euer with the blest.
Rather embrace, then feare so good a friend:
Yet wish not for him; that in sinne doth end:
But greater sinne, to feare him sure it is,
That troubles ends, and brings eternall blisse.
To faithfull soule, death's full of comfortes sweete,
That longeth with his Christ in Cloudes to meete.
In earth nought sweeter is to wisedomes sense,
Then to prepare for peace-full passage hence.
For, wise man all his life should meditate
On death: that come he sodaine, soone, or late,
He is prepared to entertaine him so,
As Captiues do, redeeming friends from woe.
Liue well thou maist: but canst not liue long. Euen
So liue, that death may leaue thee fit for heauen:
And feare not death; pale, ouglie though he be.
Thou art in thrall, he comes to set thee free.

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