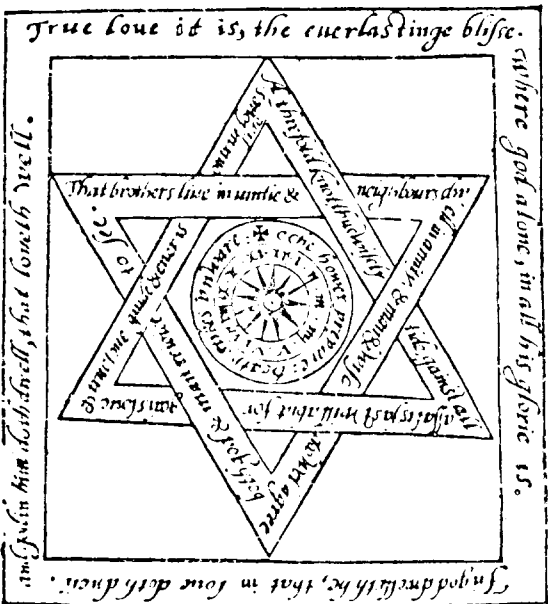
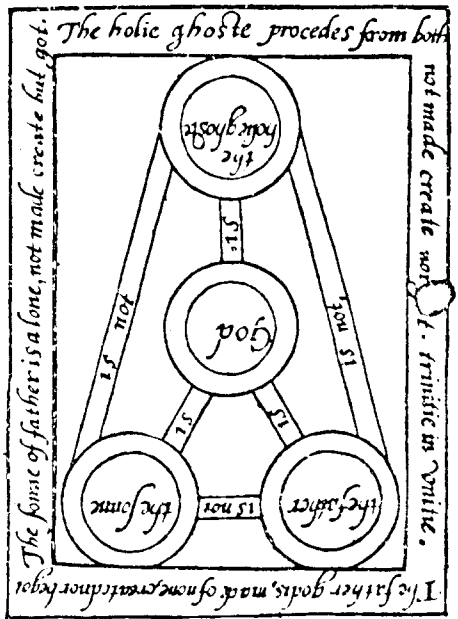


THE MAP OF MORTALITIE.



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



goes to
 tread on
 as to
 shall to
 upon
 goes to
 though on
 shall from



Awake from sinne,
 or asleepe therein.

Rounde earth behould, as thou art we shall bec.

Against the graue, an no delence be made.

Dust will to dust, as thou art once were wec:

Worlde vaine glorie doth thus to nothing fade.

Man doth consume as water spilt on sande.

Like lightning's flash, his life is gone and gone:

Our part is playde, our part is now in hand,

Death strikes vnwares, and striking spareth none.

Life is a debt or death, all men must die:

But when, where, how, the Lord alone doth knowe.

As death leaues thee, then to vndoubtedly

Judgement shall find thee when last trump shall blowe.

Consider this o man whilst it is day,

Thine owne Christs death, for the selfe (thou be his)

Vile wordes deceites, helles stormens, heauen's ioy.

Provide to day: in night no comfort is,

In reason calme, with Noah build an arke:

With Ioseph lay vp store in plenties tyme:

How to be sau'd, be thy chiefest arke,

Returne to God, repent thec of thy cryme:

That come death late, start, or when he hit,

It be birch day of thine eternitie.

O righteous men inue thou the life in Christi.

Then sure: the death of righteous that: thou die.

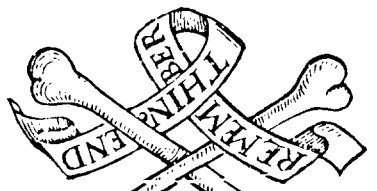
Die to the world, may come and live with thee in loue:

So in the world, when thou shalt farwell take

Thou shalt goe dwell with Christi in heauen above.

Youth well to liue, age well to die should care:

In life for death: in death for life prepare.



A Confidence pure,
 sings to all howe.

as mould to moule,
 glittering in gould,
 returne nere shall,
 goe ere be wouid.
 Consider may,
 naked away,
 best and gay,
 passe poore away.

Site Adams fall did fill the world with sinne.
 Where by mans dayes, few dayes of sorrow bin,
 His life, no life, rather calamitie,
 And worldes best pleasures, but mere vantage
 Sith beautie, strenght and wit, flowers fading bec,
 Man made of dust, to dust must turne againe:
 Sith all must die, by gods most iust decrees,
 And death no torment is, but rest from paine:
 Why should fraile flesh feare death, that ends all woes,
 That salues all foers, and takes man from his foes?
 His shape though ougly tis, he bringeth peace,
 Stuns fite, ends cares, giues life, and with-for care,
 When dying, sleepe: accepting, from trauell rest,
 To lye in ioy for euer with the blest.
 Rather embrace, then feare to good a friend:
 Yet with not for him, that in sinne doth end.
 But greater sinne, to feare him sure it is,
 That troubles end, and brings eternall bliss.
 To faithfull soules, death a full of comfortes swees,
 That longeth with his Christi in Cloudes to meece.
 In earth nougth sweeter is, to wife doimes sense,
 Then to prepare for peace: full passage hence,
 For, wise man all his life should inuicte care,
 On death: that come he should in, sooner late,
 He is prepared to receaue him from woe,
 As Captiues do, redeeming friends from woe.
 Live well thou maist: but canst not liue long. Euen
 So liue, that death may leaue thee fit for heauen.
 And feare not death; pale, though lie though he be.
 In life for death: in death for life prepare.