

# The Ages of Man

No. 7.

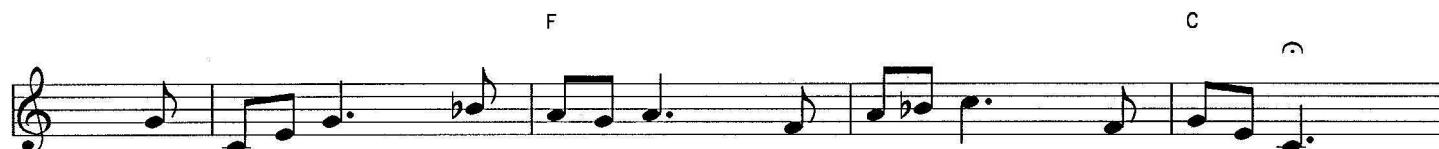
Steadily



1. In prime of years, when I was young I took de- light in youth-ful toys,
2. At twice.. seven, I must needs go learn What disc-i-pline was taught at school;
3. At three times seven, I wex-èd wild, And man-hood led me to be bold;
4. At four times seven I must (take a wife)/(wife) And leave off all my want-on ways,



Not know-ing then what did be- long Un- to the plea- sure of those days.  
 When good from evil I could disc-ern I thought my-self no more a fool.  
 I thought my-self no more a child, My own con- ceit it so me told.  
 Think- ing there-by per- haps to thrive And save my-self from sad dis-grace.



At sev'n years old I was a child, And sub-ject for to be be- guiled.  
 My pa-rents were con- triv-ing then How I might live when (I became)/(grown) a man.  
 Then I did vent- ure far and near To buy de- light at price full dear.  
 So fare ye well, comp- an-ions all, For oth-er bus- iness doth me call.

5

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 (or)  
 and strove in vain.

6

At six times seven, all covetousness  
 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.

7

At 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.

8

At eight times seven, I waxèd 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 length.

9

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

10

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

11

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.