



The Life

The World's a bubble, and the
Life of Man
Less than a span:
In his conception wretched, from
the womb
So to the tomb;
Curst from his cradle, and
brought up to years
With cares and fears.
Who then to frail mortality shall
trust,
But limns on water, or but writes
in dust.
Yet whilst with sorrow here we
live opprest,
What life is best?
Courts are but only superficial
schools
To dandle fools:
The rural parts are turn'd into a
den
Of savage men:
And where's a city from foul vice
so free,
But may be term'd the worst of all
the three?
Domestic cares afflict the
husband's bed,
Or pains his head:

Those that live single, take it for
a curse,
Or do things worse:
Some would have children: those
that have them, moan
Or wish them gone:
What is it, then, to have, or have
no wife,
But single thralldom, or a double
strife?
Our own affections still at home
to please
Is a disease:
To cross the seas to any foreign
soil,
Peril and toil:
Wars with their noise affright us;
when they cease,
We are worse in peace;--
What then remains, but that we
still should cry
For being born, or, being born, to
die



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