





- 2. Man is like to fragile glass, fading grass, flower whose petals soon are strewn: ah! how quickly reft of strength, when at length death's cold wind has o'er him blown! Years roll on, and make no stay; ponder, Man, thy latter day.
- 3. Youth, to which we may compare roses fair, pales, and must its charms forego: all that men of pomp and state highest rate, soon shall be by death laid low: years roll on, and make no stay; ponder, Man, thy latter day.
- 4. Man's the mark at which take aim, like some game, darts which death unerring plies; though like cedar fair outspread,

soars his head, felled by death, he lifeless lies: years roll on, and make no stay; ponder, Man, thy latter day.

- 5. Death is that which must befall great and small; banish trivial cares of earth: far beyond the things of time thou must climb, wouldst thou win immortal birth: years roll on, and make no stay; ponder, Man, thy latter day.
- 6. Let thine heart oft contemplate that high state, where no grief shall come, or pain: let this theme thy soul employ, heavenly joy, wouldst thou once that joy obtain: years roll on, and make no stay; ponder, Man, thy latter day.

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