

D. Talk not of noon, you may as well be mute,
 You have no time at all, then why dispute?
 Your riches, jewels, gold, and garments fine,
 Your houses, lands, and all, you must resign.
 Tho' thy vain heart to riches was inclin'd,
 Yet thou must die, and leave them all behind,

L. My heart is cold; I tremble at the news.
 Here's bags of gold if thou wilt me excuse,
 And seize on those (thus finish thou the strife)
 Who are, thro' pain, grown weary of their life.
 Are there not many bound in prison strong,
 And there in grief of soul have languish'd long,
 Who wish to find a grave, a place of rest
 From all their grief, with which they're sore oppress?
 Besides, there's many with their hoary head,
 And palsy joints, thro' which their joys are fled;
 Release thou them, whose sorrows are so great;
 But spare *my* life to have a longer date.

D. Tho' they by age are full of grief and pain,
 Yet their appointed time they must remain;
 I come to none before my warrant's seal'd,
 And when it is, they must submit and yield.
 I take no bribe,—believe me this is true,—
 Prepare *yourself* to go, I only come for *you*.

L. Ye learned doctors, now exert your skill,
 And let not *Death* of me obtain his will;
 Prepare your cordials, let me comfort find;
 My gold shall fly like chaff before the wind.

D. Forbear to call, their skill will never do,
 They are but mortals here, as well as you;
 I give the fatal wound, my dart is sure,
 'Tis far beyond the doctors' skill to cure.
 You now may freely let your riches fly;
 But know, fair lady, you must surely die:
 My Lord beheld wherein you did amiss,
 And calls you hence to give account of this.