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A
 FVNERAL ELEGY,
 UPON THE DEATH
 OF
 THE MOST NOBLE AND MOST
 LEARNED
**GEORGE FREDERIC
 VATER,**
 CANDIDATE IN MEDICINE,
 AND
 WORTHY SON
 TO THE MOST EXCELLENT
Dr. CHRISTIAN VATER,
 PROFESSOR OF PATHOLOGY AND CHIEF
 PHYSICIAN IN ORDINARY TO THEIR
 HIGHNESSES, THE PRINCES OF ANHALT
 ETC.
 DEDICATED TO HIS MEMORY
 BY
ANDREVV HARLEY,
 STVDENT OF MEDICINE,
 HIS CHAMBER-FELLOVV,
 AND INFORMER IN THE
 ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

WITENBERG
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Fevv are man's *days* and full of grief,
Of *woman* that is born.
Though as a *flower* vwith beauty cloth'd
His *youth* he do'th adorn.
Yet as a *shadow* quickly flies
Anon he *disappears*.
Death vwith his *sicle* cutshim down,
And he this vworld leavs.
The *gourd* grouv up and vvithereth
Both in the self same day.
The *worm* vvhich doth our *life* devour
Duels in us'e're vve cry.
Some dy in *womb*, some on the *breast*,
Some in their *youthfull* day,
Some to *old age* prolong their life:
But all must be death's *prey*.

O! to be *wife*, o to be *taught*
Our end in mind to *bear*,
That vve might *spend* each day of life,
As *death* vve need not *fear*.
Our *days* are but an *hand breadth* made;
Yet full of *toil* and *pain*.
In *grief* and *labour* vve them spend,
And then to *dust* again.
Thus of mens life a Specimen
V A T E R V S doth us shevv,
Who mature youth had not *attain'd*,
Yet *summon'd* hence to go.
From *childhood* latly but gon forth,
And traveld much in *pain*,
Natur's hid *secrets* to *disclose*;
And make to others *plain*,
He from mild sleep his *Eys* restraind,
In *watch*, of silent night,
Labour'd by day vwith *strength* of mind,
Plying his *skill* and might.
Thee best of *sciences* and *tongues*
These vvere his greatest *choice*,
Such vvas his *Genius* (nobly fram'd,)
As in them to *rejoyce*.

Thus vvere his *labours* all purpos'd
And aimed at no more,
Than to *relieve* afflicted man,
And's *Family* decore.
But vwhen he found his purpose *fail'd*,
And *time* should be no more
His soul to *God* through *Christ* he gave,
And mercy did implore
Thus vvere his tender *years* cut off,
Out from our lover *storry*,
Death', *arrows* did his *life* destroy,
But cannot end his glory.



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