

# Anne Bradstreet

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## Upon a Fit of Sickness

Twice ten years old not fully told  
since nature gave me breath,  
My race is run, my thread spun,  
lo, here is fatal death.  
All men must die, and so must I;  
this cAnneot be revoked.  
For Adam's sake this word God spake  
when he so high provoked.  
Yet live I shall, this life's but small,  
in place of highest bliss,  
Where I shall have all I can crave,  
no life is like to this.  
For what's this but care and strife  
since first we came from womb?  
Our strength doth waste, our time doth haste,  
and then we go to th' tomb.  
O bubble blast, how long can'st last?  
that always art a breaking,  
No sooner blown, but dead and gone,  
ev'n as a word that's speaking.  
O whilst I live this grace me give,  
I doing good may be,  
Then death's arrest I shall count best,  
because it's Thy decree;  
Bestow much cost there's nothing lost,  
to make salvation sure,  
O great's the gain, though got with pain,  
comes by profession pure.  
The race is run, the field is won,  
the victory's mine I see;  
Forever known, thou envious foe,  
the foil belongs to thee.

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