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From:

To:

Sent: Wednesday, October 29, 2008 10:39 AM

Subject: Whenever I feel a bit run down I think of this epitaph....

EPITAPH IN LYDFORD CHURCHYARD

Here lies in a horizontal position the outside case of

George Routledge, Watchmaker

Integrity was the mainspring and prudence
the regulator of all the actions of his life;
humane, generous, and liberal.
His hand never stopped till he had relieved
distress.

So nicely regulated were his movements that
he never went wrong, except when set going
by people who did not know his key.
Even then he was easily set right again.
He had the art of disposing of his time so well,
till his hours glided away, and his pulse
stopped beating.

He ran down November 14, 1801, aged 57,
In hopes of being taken in hand by his Maker,
Thoroughly cleaned, repaired, wound up, and
set going in the world to come,
when time shall be no more.