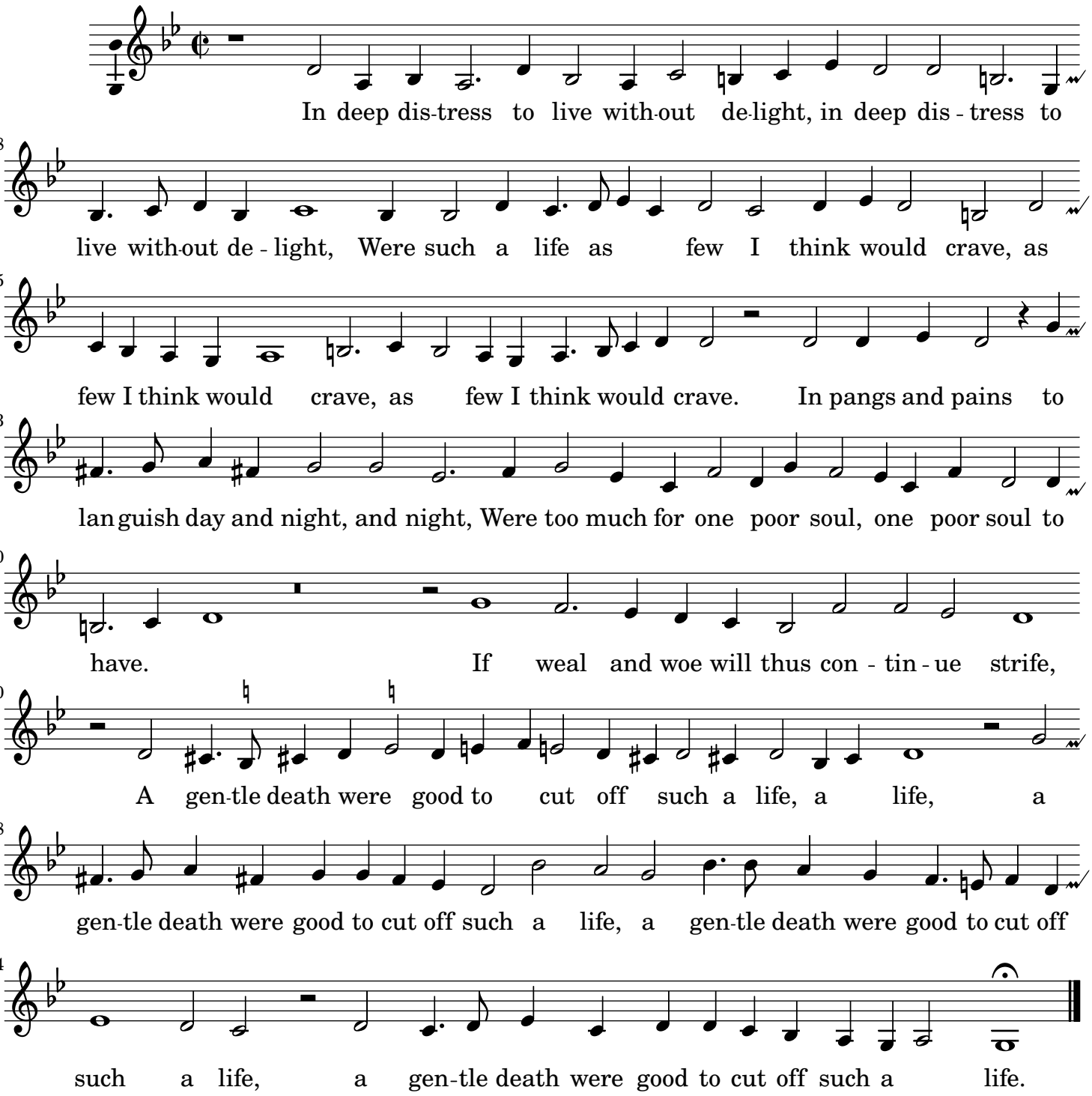
Altus


In deep dis-tress to live with-out de-light, in deep dis - tress to
live with-out de - light, Were such a life as few I think would crave, as
few I think would crave, as few I think would crave. In pangs and pains to
lan guish day and night, and night, Were too much for one poor soul, one poor soul to
have. If weal and woe will thus con - tin - ue strife,
A gen-tle death were good to cut off such a life, a life, a
gen-tle death were good to cut off such a life, a gen-tle death were good to cut off
such a life, a gen-tle death were good to cut off such a life.