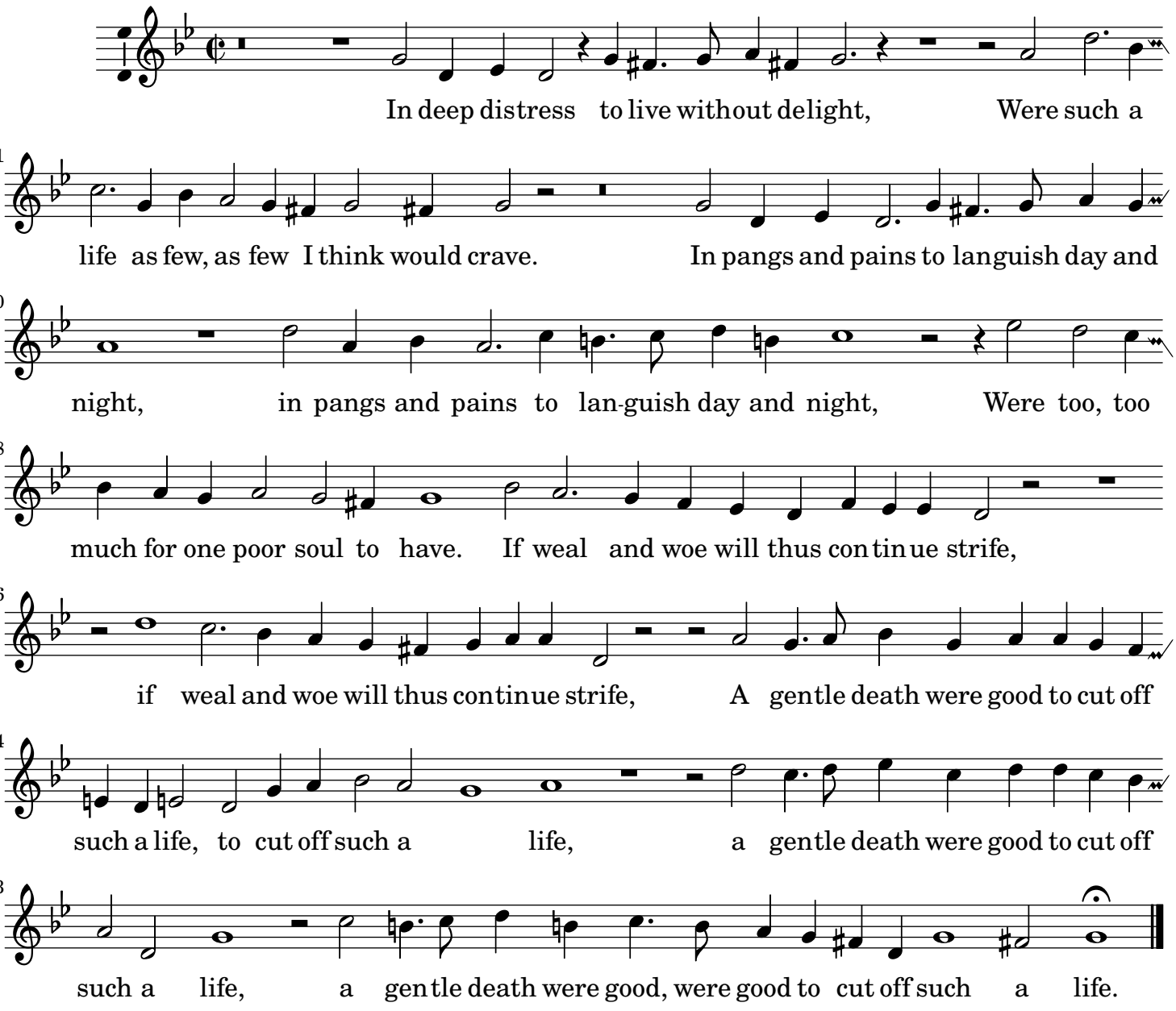
Cantus


In deep distress to live without delight, Were such a
life as few, as few I think would crave. In pangs and pains to languish day and
night, in pangs and pains to lan-guish day and night, Were too, too
much for one poor soul to have. If weal and woe will thus con tin ue strife,
if weal and woe will thus continue strife, A gentle death were good to cut off
such a life, to cut off such a life, a gentle death were good to cut off
such a life, a gentle death were good, were good to cut off such a life.