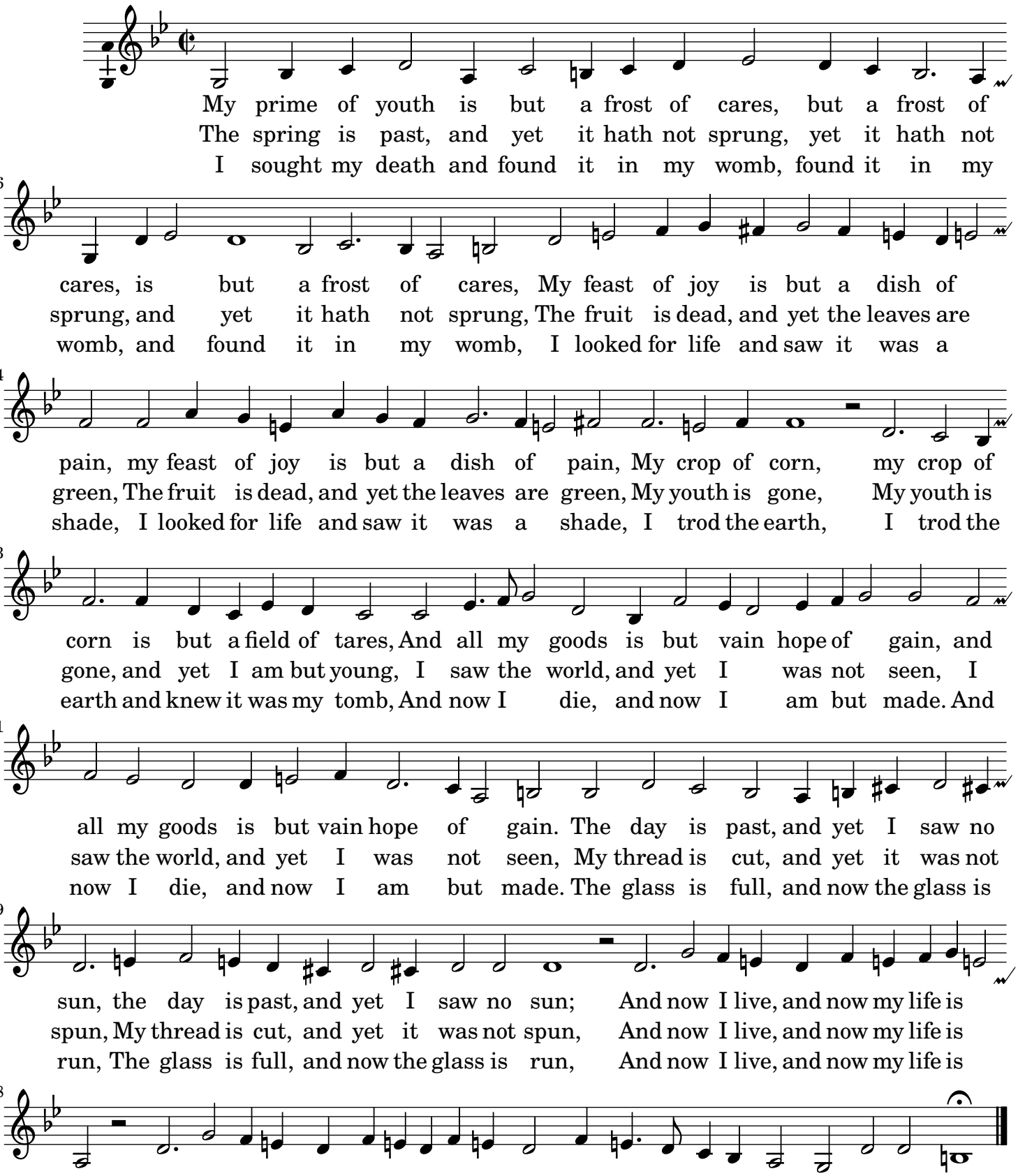
Altus


My prime of youth is but a frost of cares, but a frost of
The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung, yet it hath not
I sought my death and found it in my womb, found it in my
6
cares, is but a frost of cares, My feast of joy is but a dish of
sprung, and yet it hath not sprung, The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are
womb, and found it in my womb, I looked for life and saw it was a
14
pain, my feast of joy is but a dish of pain, My crop of corn, my crop of
green, The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green, My youth is gone, My youth is
shade, I looked for life and saw it was a shade, I trod the earth, I trod the
23
corn is but a field of tares, And all my goods is but vain hope of gain, and
gone, and yet I am but young, I saw the world, and yet I was not seen, I
earth and knew it was my tomb, And now I die, and now I am but made. And
31
all my goods is but vain hope of gain. The day is past, and yet I saw no
saw the world, and yet I was not seen, My thread is cut, and yet it was not
now I die, and now I am but made. The glass is full, and now the glass is
39
sun, the day is past, and yet I saw no sun; And now I live, and now my life is
spun, My thread is cut, and yet it was not spun, And now I live, and now my life is
run, The glass is full, and now the glass is run, And now I live, and now my life is
48
done, and now I live, and now my life is done, and now my life is done, my life is done.
done, and now I live, and now my life is done, and now my life is done, my life is done.
done, and now I live, and now my life is done, and now my life is done, my life is done.