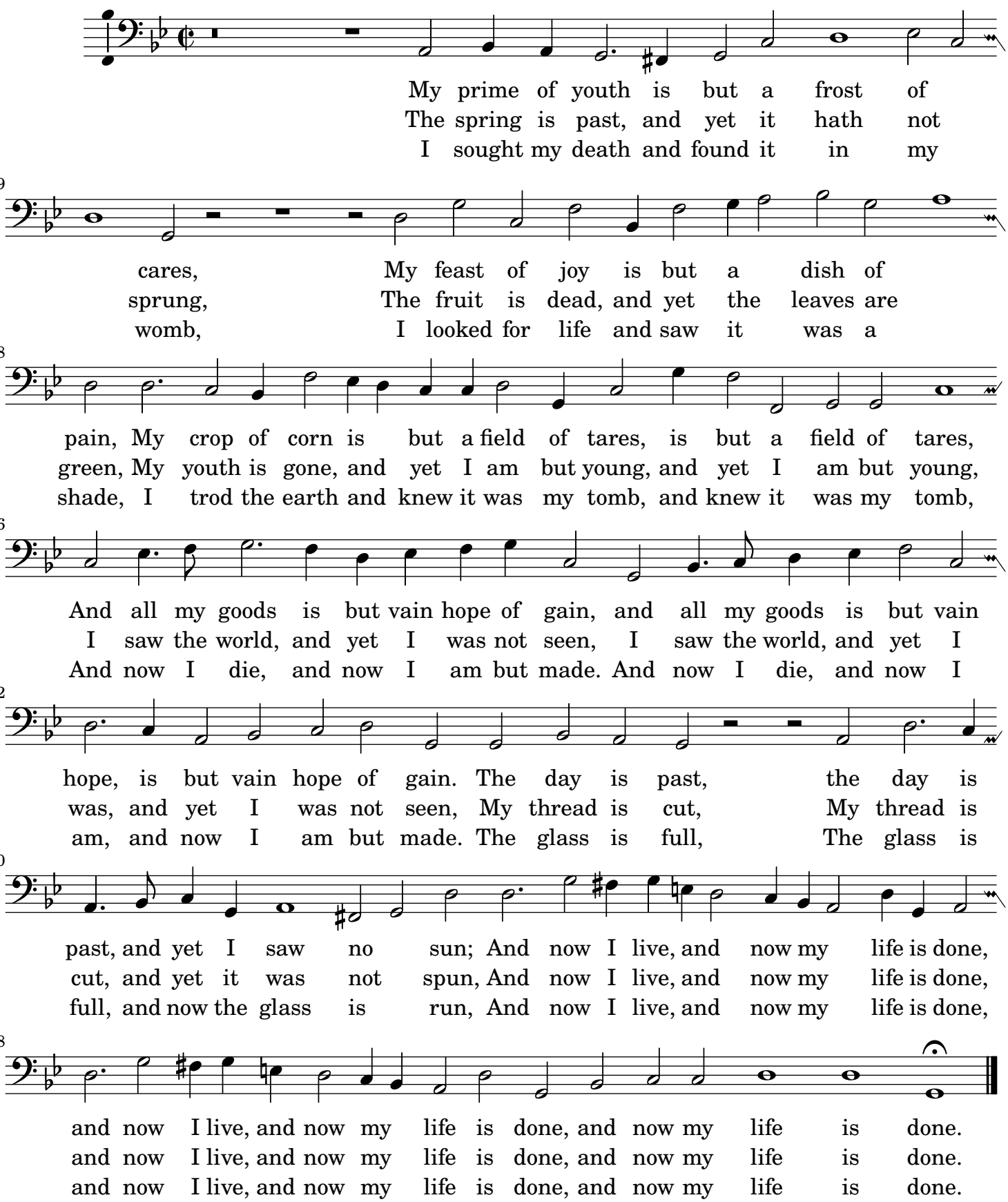
Bassus


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