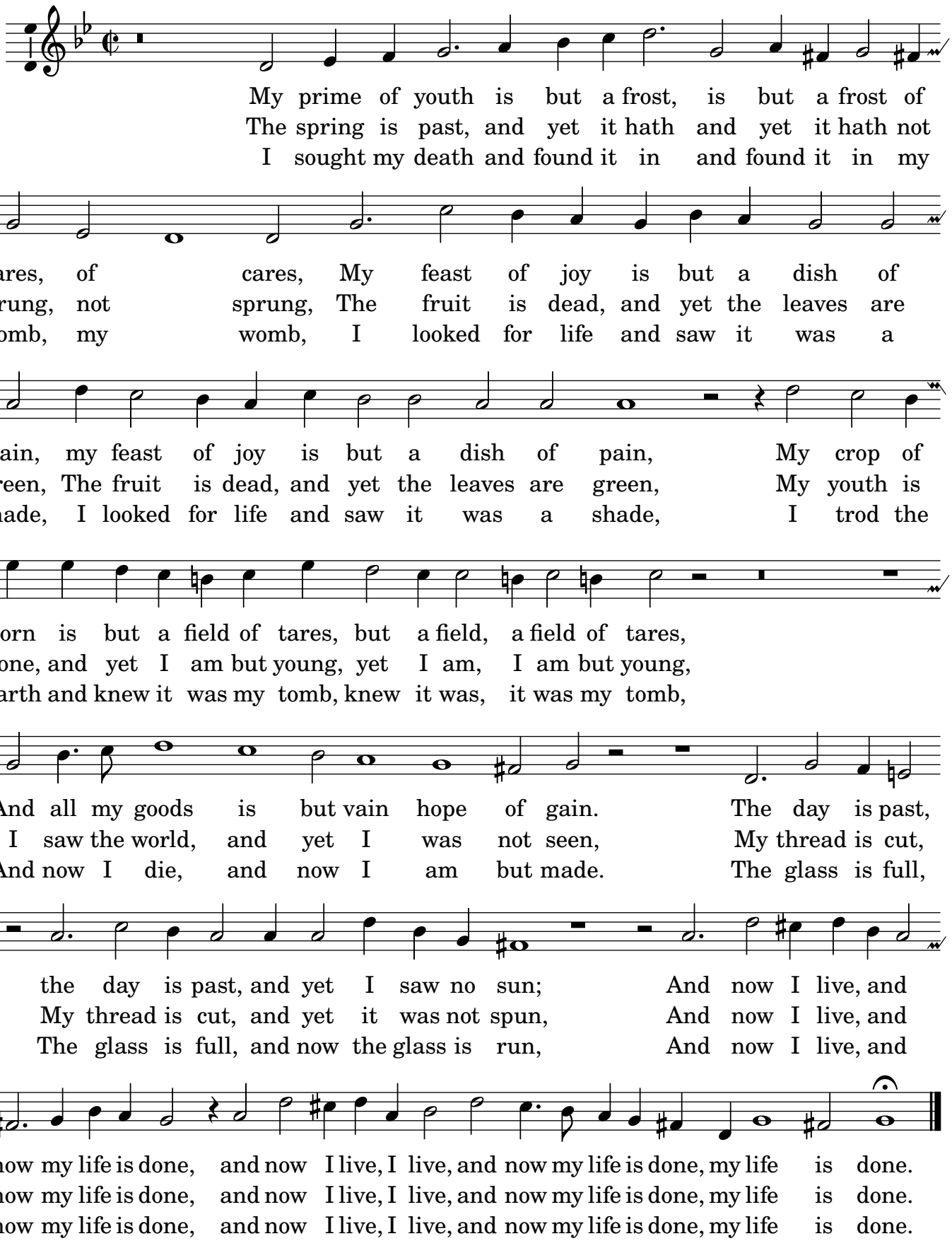
Cantus


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