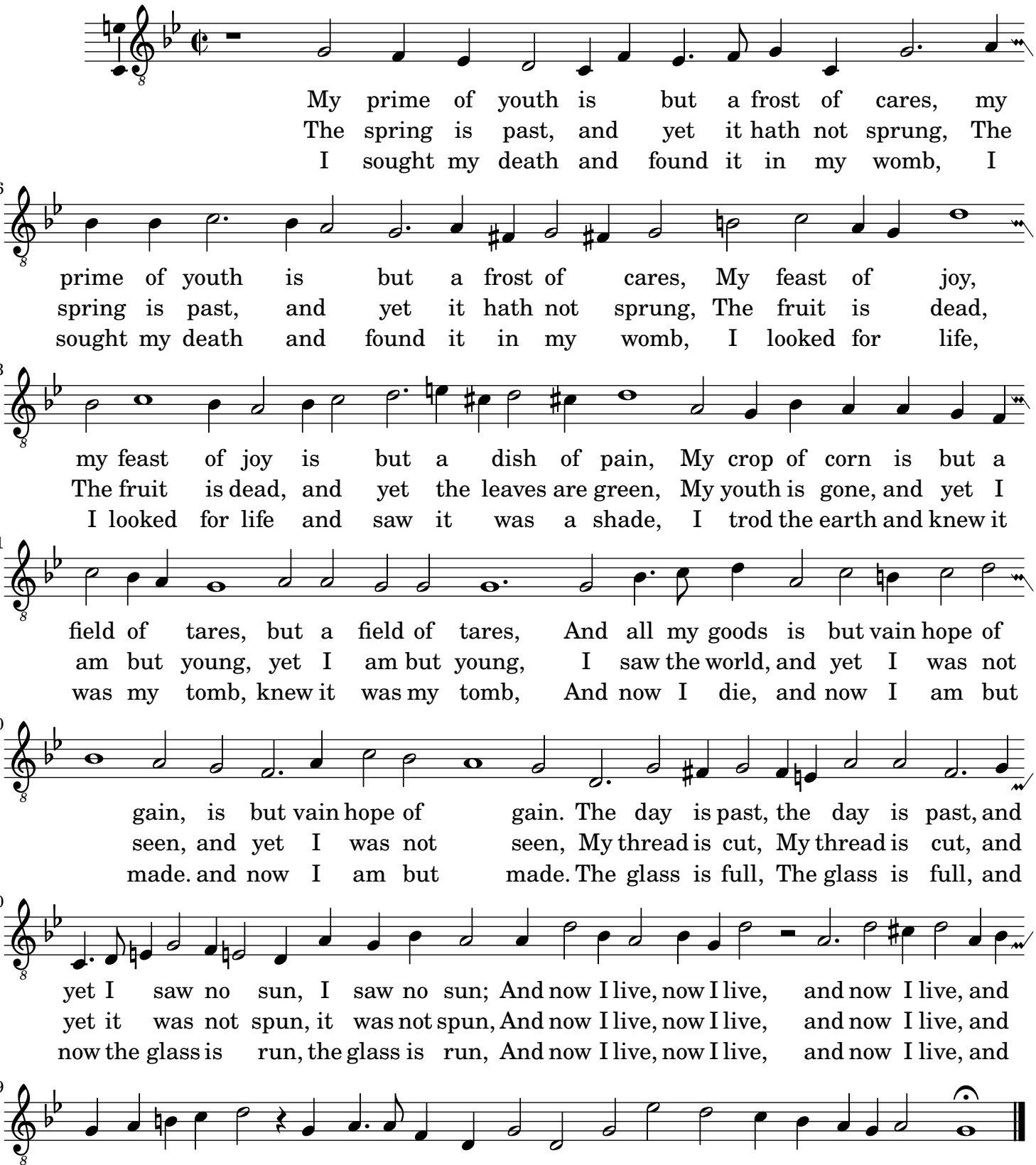
Tenor


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