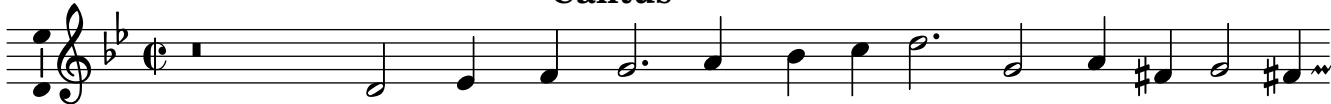


# Cantus



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