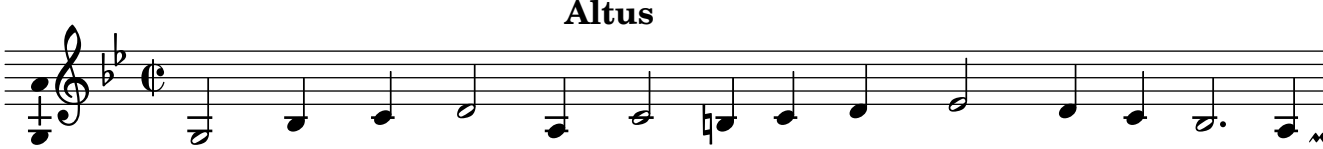
Altus
My prime of youth is but a frost of cares, but a frost of
The spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung, yet it hath not
I sought my death and found it in my womb, found it in my