My prime of youth

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. I saw the world, and yet I was not seen, And now I die, and now I am but made.

The day is past, the day is past, and yet I saw no My thread is cut, My thread is cut, and yet it was not The glass is full, The glass is full, and now the glass is
sun; And now I live, and now my life is done,
spun, And now I live, and now my life is done,
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.
and now I live, I live, and now my life is done, my life is done.
and now I live, I live, and now my life is done, my life is done.
My prime of youth

John Mundy

Altus

Chidiock Tichborne, 1586

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares, but a frost of
cares, is but a frost of cares, My feast of joy is but a
sprung, and yet it hath not sprung, The fruit is dead, and yet the
leaves are green, The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are
was a shade, I looked for life and saw it was a

pain, My crop of corn, my crop of corn is but a field of
green, My youth is gone, My youth is gone, and yet I am but
shade, I trod the earth, I trod the earth and knew it was my
tares, And all my goods is but vain hope of gain, and all my
young, I saw the world, and yet I was not seen, I saw the
tomb, And now I die, and now I am but made. And now I
goods is but vain hope of gain. The day is past, and yet world, and yet I was not seen, My thread is cut, and yet die, and now I am but made. The glass is full, and now I saw no sun, the day is past, and yet I saw no sun; it was not spun, My thread is cut, and yet it was not spun, the glass is run, The glass is full, and now the glass is run,

And now I live, and now my life is done, and now I live, and And now I live, and now my life is done, and now I live, and 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, my life is done. now my life is done, and now my life is done, my life is done. now my life is done, and now my life is done, my life is done.
My prime of youth

Chidiock Tichborne, 1586

Tenor

John Mundy

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
spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung, The fruit is
sought my death and found it in my womb, I looked for

joy, my feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
dead, The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green,
life, I looked for life and saw it was a shade,

My crop of corn is but a field of tares, but a field of
My youth is gone, and yet I am but young, yet I am but
I trod the earth and knew it was my tomb, knew it was my

tares, And all my goods is but vain hope of gain, is
young, I saw the world, and yet I was not seen, and
tomb, And now I die, and now I am but made. and

but vain hope of gain. The day is past, the day is
yet I was not seen, My thread is cut, My thread is
now I am but made. The glass is full, The glass is
past, and yet I saw no sun, I saw no sun; And now I live, cut, and yet it was not spun, it was not spun, And now I live, full, 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 I live, and now my life is done, and 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 I live, and now my life is done, now my life is done.
now I live, and now my life is done, now my life is done.
now I live, and now my life is done, now my life is done.
My prime of youth
Chidiock Tichborne, 1586
Bassus
John Mundy

My prime of youth is but a frost of
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

trode the earth and knew it was my tomb, and knew it
field of tares, And all my goods is but vain hope of gain, and
am but young, I saw the world, and yet I was not seen, I
was my tomb, And now I die, and now I am but made. And
all my goods is but vain hope, is but vain hope of gain. The
saw the world, and yet I was, and yet I was not seen, My
now I die, and now I am, and now I am but made. The

day is past, the day is past, and yet I saw no
thread is cut, My thread is cut, and yet it was not
glass is full, The glass is full, and now the glass is
sun; And now I live, and now my life is done, and now I live, and
spun, And now I live, and now my life is done, and now I live, and
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.
now my life is done, and now my life is done.
now my life is done, and now my life is done.
My prime of youth

Chidiock Tichborne, 1586

John Mundy

My prime of youth is but a frost, is but
The spring is past, and yet it hath and yet
I sought my death and found it in and found

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

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

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares, My feast of joy is but a dish of pain, my feast
it hath not sprung, not sprung, The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green, The fruit
it in my womb, my womb, I looked for life and saw it was a shade, I looked

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares, My feast of joy is but a dish of pain, my
yet it hath not sprung, The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green, The
found it in my womb, I looked for life and saw it was a shade, I

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares, My feast of joy, my feast of joy
and yet it hath not sprung, The fruit is dead, The fruit is dead,
and found it in my womb, I looked for life, I looked for life

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares, My feast of joy is but
hath not sprung, The fruit is dead, and yet
in my womb, I looked for life and saw
of joy is but a dish of pain, My crop of corn is but a
is dead, and yet the leaves are green, My youth is gone, and yet I
for life and saw it was a shade, I trod the earth and knew it

feast of joy is but a dish of pain, My crop of corn, my
fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green, My youth is gone, My
looked for life and saw it was a shade, I trod the earth, I

a dish of pain, My crop of corn is but a field of
the leaves are green, My youth is gone, and yet I am but
and saw it was a shade, I trod the earth and knew it was my

field of tares, but a field, a field of tares, am but young, yet I am, I am but young,
was my tomb, knew it was, it was my tomb,

crop of corn is but a field of tares, And all my goods is but
youth is gone, and yet I am but young, I saw the world, and yet
trod the earth and knew it was my tomb, And now I die, and now

tares, but a field of tares, And all my goods is young, yet I am but young, I saw the world, and
tomb, knew it was my tomb, And now I die, and

of tares, is but a field of tares, And all my goods is but young, and yet I am but young, I saw the world, and
my tomb, and knew it was my tomb, And now I die, and
And all my goods is but vain hope of
I saw the world, and yet I was not
And now I die, and now I am but vain hope of
Gain, and all my goods is but vain hope of
I was not seen, I saw the world, and yet I was not
I am but made. And now I die, and now I am but vain hope of
Gain, is but vain hope of
Yet I was not seen, I saw the world, and yet I was, and yet I was not
Now I am but made. And now I die, and now I am, and now I am but vain hope of
gain. The day is past, the day is past, and yet I was seen,
My thread is cut, My thread is cut, and yet I saw no sun
The glass is full, The glass is full, and now the glass is run
Made. The glass is full, and now the glass is
Gain. The day is past, the day is past, and yet I saw no sun
My thread is cut, and yet it was not spun, My thread is cut, and yet it was not
Made. The glass is full, The glass is full, and now the glass is
Gain. The day is past, the day is past, and yet I saw
My thread is cut, My thread is cut, and yet it was not
Made. The glass is full, The glass is full, and now the glass is

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I saw no sun;
And now I live, and now my life is done,
the glass is run,
And now I live, and now my life is done,

saw no sun; And now I live, and now my life is done, and now
was not spun, And now I live, and now my life is done, and now

sun, I saw no sun; And now I live, now I live, and now I live, and now my life is done.
spun, it was not spun, And now I live, now I live, and now I live, and now my life is done.
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, I live, and now my life is done, my life is done.
and now I live, I live, and now my life is done, 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, now my life is done.
now my life is done, now my life is done.
now my life is done, now my life is done.