

My prime of youth

S. My prime of youth is
A. My prime of youth is but a frost of cares, but a
T. My prime of youth is but a frost of
B. My prime of

but a frost, is but a frost of cares, of cares,
frost of cares, is but a frost of cares,
cares, my prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
youth is but a frost of cares,

my feast of joy is but a dish of pain, my feast
my feast of joy is but a dish of pain, my feast
my feast of joy, my feast of joy
my feast of joy is but

of joy is but a dish of pain, my crop of
of joy is but a dish of pain, my crop of corn,
is but a dish of pain, my crop of corn is but a
a dish of pain, my crop of corn is

corn is but a field of tares, but a field, a field of
 my crop of corn is but a field of
 field of tares, but a field of
 but a field of tares, is but a field of

tares, and
 tares, and all my good is but vain hope of
 tares, and all my good is but vain hope
 tares, and all my good is but vain hope of gain,

all my good is but vain hope of
 gain, and all my good is but vain hope of
 of gain, is but vain hope of
 and all my good is but vain hope, is but vain hope of

gain. The day is past, the day
 gain. The day is past, and yet I saw no sun, the day is
 gain. The day is past, the day is past and yet I
 gain. The day is past, the day is past and yet

is past, and yet I saw no sun,
 past, and yet I saw no sun, and
 saw no sun, I saw no sun, and now I live, now
 I saw no sun, and now I live,

and now I live, and now
 now I live, and now my life is done,
 I live, and now I live, and
 and now my life is done, and

my life is done, and now I live, I live, and now my
 and now I live, and now my life is done, and now my
 now my life is done, and now I live, and now my life
 now I live, and now my life is done, and now

life is done, my life is done.
 life is done, my life is done.
 is done, now my life is done.
 my life is done.

Chidiok Tichborne took part in the failed Babington Plot to murder Queen Elizabeth I and replace her with the Catholic Mary Queen of Scots. Imprisoned in the Tower of London, he wrote this poem in a letter to his wife on the eve of his execution.