

John Attey

THE
FIRST BOOKE
OF
AYRES
OF FOVRE PARTS

1622

III. What is all this world but vaine ?

What is all this world but vaine ?
What are all our ioyes but paine ?
What our pleasures but a dreame,
Passing swiftly like a streame ?

2 Like a flower now we grow,
Like the Sea we ebbe and flow :
Still vncertaine is our change,
Like the winde so doe we range.

3 No contented ioy wee haue,
Till within the silent graue
Our fraile flesh be laid to sleepe ;
Then we cease to mourne, to weepe.

4 Who would trust to worldly things,
Which beguile the greatest Kings ?
I will set my heart on high,
And contented so will dye.