

Thomas Ford

MVSICKE
OF
SVNDRIE
KINDES.

1607

I. Not full twelue yeares.

Not full twelue yeeres twice tolde a wearie breath,
I haue exchange for a wished death,
My course was short the longer is my rest,
God takes them soonest whom he loueth best,
For he thats borne to day and dies to morrow,
Loseth some dayes of mirth but months of sorrow.
 Why feare we death that cures our sicknesses,
 Author of rest and ende of all distresses.
 O there misfortunes often come to grieue vs,
 Death strikes but once and thats troke doth relieue vs.