

**VERSES
Of Prayse and Ioye,**

Written
upon her *Majesties* preferment.

Whereunto is annexed Tychbornes lamentation, written in the Latine with his owne hand, and an answer to the same.



LONDON
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1584.

Chidiock Tichborne

Tychbornes Elegie, written with his owne
hand in the Tower before his execution (1586)

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,

my feast of ioy is but a dish of paine:

My Crop of corne is but a field of tares,

and al my good is but vaine hope of gaine

The day is past, and yet I saw no sunne, 5

And now I liue, and now my life is done.

My tale was heard, and yet it was not told,

my fruite is falne, & yet my leaues are greene:

My youth is spent, and yet I am not old,

I saw the world, and yet I was not seene. 10

My thred is cut, and yet it is not spunne,

And now I liue, and now my life is done.

I sought my death, and found it in my wombe,

I lookt for life, and saw it was a shade:

I trod the earth, and knew it was my Tombe, 15

and now I die, and now I was but made.

My glasse is full, and now my glasse is runne,

And now I liue, and now my life is done.