

# **TYCHBORNES ELEGIE**

Thomas Kyd



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**Thomas Kyd**

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My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,  
my feast of joy 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;  
And now I liue, and now my life is done.

My tale was heard, and yet it was not told,  
my fruite is falne, and 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.  
My thred is cut, and yet it is not spunne;  
And now I live, and now my life is done.

I sought my death, and founde it in my wombe,  
I lookt for life and saw it was a shade:  
I trod the earth, and knew it was my tombe,  
and now I die, and now I was but made.  
My glasse is full, and now my glasse is runne;  
And now I live, and now my life is done.