

**ENDECASYLLABON T. K. in Cygneam Cantionem Chidiochi Tych**

Thomas Kyd

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Thy prime of youth is frozen with thy faults,  
thy feast of ioy is finisht with thy fall:  
Thy crop of corne is tares auailing naughts,  
thy good God knowes thy hope, thy hap and all.  
Short were thy daies, and shadowed was thy sun,  
T' obscure thy light unluckelie begun.

Time trieth trueth, and trueth hath treason tript;  
thy faith bare fruit as thou hadst faithles beene:  
Thy ill spent youth thine after yeares hath nipt;  
and God that saw thee hath preserude our Queene.  
Her thred still holds, thine perisht though vnspun,  
And she shall liue when traitors liues are done.

Thou soughtst thy death, and found it in desert,  
thou look'dst for life, yet lewdlie forc'd it fade:  
Thou trodst the earth, and now on earth thou art,  
As men may wish thou never hadst beene made.  
Thy glorie and thy glasse are timeles runne;  
And this, O Tychborne, hath thy treason done.