

# 1. Not full twelve years

Thomas Ford

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Not full twelve years twice told, a wea-ry breath

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I have ex- chang'd for a wish- ed death. My course was

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short; the long- er is my rest. God takes them soon- est whom

20 25

he lov- eth best, for he that's born to- day and dies to-

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mor- row, los- eth some days of mirth, of mirth, of mirth, but

35

months of sor-row. Why fear we death, that cures

our sick-ness-es, Au-thor of rest and

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end of all dis-tress-es? O there mis-

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for-tunes of-ten comes to grieve us. Death

strikes but once, and that stroke doth re-lieve us.