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What if a day, or a month, or a year, Crown thy de-lights with a
May not the change of a night or an hour, Cross thy de-lights with as

p

thou-sand sweet con-tent-ings, a thous-and sweet con--ten--tings,
ma-ny sad tor-ment-ings, as ma--ny sad tor--men--tings,

f

For-tune, ho-nour, beau--ty, youth, Are but blos-soms dy--ing;

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Wan-ton plea-sures, do--ting love, Are but sha-dows fly--ing.

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All your joys are but toys, I--dle thoughts de--ceiv--ing;

ff

None hath pow'r of an hour Of his life's be--reav--ing.