

"If I cast my eyes before me, what an
Infinite space in which I do not exist;
And if I look behind me, what a terrible
Procession of years in which I do not
Exist, and how little space I occupy in
This vast abyss of time..."

Like to the falling of a Starre;
Or as the flights of Eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gawdy hew;
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood;
Or bubbles which on water stood;
Even such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to night

The Wind blowes out; the Bubble dies;
The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies;
The Dew dries up; the Starre is shot;
The Flight is past; and Man forgot

The wind blows out and the bubble dies
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies
The dew dries up and the starre is shot
The flight is past and man forgot

And earth covers earth
And time tryeth truth

Earth covers earth
Time tryeth true