

Cease Sorrows Now

Die Verbannten Kinder Evas

Cease, sorrows, now,
For you have done the deed,
Lo, Care hath now
Consumed my carcase quite.

No hope is left,
Nor help can stand instead,
For doleful death
Doth cut oft pleasure quite.

Yet whilst I hear
The knelling of the bell,
Before I die, I'll sin

Would my conceit,
That first enforced my woe,
Or else mine eyes
Which still the same increase,

Might be extinct,
To end my sorrows so
Which now are such
As nothing can release,

Whose life is death
Whose sweet each change of sour,
And eke whose bell reneweth every hour.