

William Webb, *As life, what is so sweet?*  
(British Library, Add. MS 29,481 fol. 6)

anon.

As life, what

is so — sweet? What crea - ture would not — choose

it? The wound-ed hart doth weep when he is —

forced to — lose it; The bruised worm doth strive

'gainst\_ fear - - - ful death, and all choose life with

pain ere loss of breath.

The dove that knows no guilt  
Bemoans his mate a-dying,  
And never blood was spilt  
But left the loser crying.  
If swans do sing 'tis but to crave of death;  
He would not rob him of his dearest breath.

[Second stanza from *NYPL*, Drexel MS 4257 no. 165.]