

# The day delayed of that I most do wish

Poem entitled "He desireth exchange of life"

Poem by Thomas, 2nd Baron  
Vaux of Harrowden (1510-1556)

Anonymous, but may be by Richard Edwards (1524-1566)

Soprano

Alto

Tenor

Tenor

Bass

The day de - layed of that I most do wish, where with I feed and starve in one de -

6

S.

A.

T.

T.

B.

gree, and starve in one de - gree, with wish and want still ser - ved

10

S.

A.

T.

T.

B.

in one dish, with wish and want still ser ved in one dish, still ser-ved in one

14

S. *dish, to whom of old this pro - verb well it serves, it*

A.

T. *may - see, to whom of old this pro - verb well it*

T. *may - see, to whom of old this pro - verb well it*

B.

18

S. *serves, while grass doth grow the si - lly horse starves, to whom of*

A.

T. *serves while grass doth grow, the si - lly horse he starves. to*

T. *serves while grass doth grow, the si - lly horse he starves. to*

B.

22

S. *old this pro - verb well it serves, it serves, while*

A.

T. *whom of old this pro - verb well it serves while grass doth*

T. *whom of old this pro - verb well it serves while grass doth*

B.

25

S.  
A.  
T.  
T.  
B.

grass doth grow the si - lly horse starves.  
grow, the si - lly horse he starves.

He desireth exchange of life

The day delayed, of that I most do wish,  
 Wherewith I feed and starve in one degree:  
 With wish and want still servèd in one dish,  
 Alive as dead, by proof as you may see.  
 To whom of old this prouerb well it serves  
 While grass doth grow, the silly horse he starves.  
 Tween these extremes, thus do I run the race  
 Of my poor life, this certainly I know:  
 Tweene would and want, unwarely that do passe,  
 More swift than shot out of the Archer's bow.  
 As Spider draws her line all day,  
 I watch the net, and others have the pray.

And as by proof the greedy dog doth gnaw  
 The barèd bone, all onely for the taste:  
 So to and fro this loathesome life I draw,  
 With fancies forst, and fed with vaine repast.  
 Narcissus brought unto the water brink,  
 So aye thirst I, the more that I do drink.  
 Lo thus I die, and yet I seem not sick,  
 With smart unseene my self, my self I wear:  
 With prone desire and power that is not quick,  
 With hope aloft, now drenchèd in despair.  
 Trainèd in trust, for no reward assigned,  
 The more I haste, the more I come behind.

With hurt to heal, in frozen ice to fry,  
 With loss, to laugh, this is a wonderous case:  
 Fast fetred here, is forst away to flie,  
 As hunted Hare that Hound hath in the chase.  
 With wings and spurs, for all the haste I make,  
 As like to lose, as for to draw the stake.  
 The days be long that hang upon desert,  
 The life is irk of joys that be delayed:  
 The time is short for to requite the smart,  
 That doth proceed of promise long unpaid.  
 That to the last of this my fainting breath,  
 I wish exchange of life for happy death.