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I see my hopes must wither in their bud,
light 'ning but at hours, Thus when I see, then thus
for er ror par don win, Then would I cry, weep, sigh
I say there fore, That fa vors - hopes and words, can blind no more.

I say there fore, That fa vors, faults, sins, fol lies - past and gone.

I say there fore, That fa vors, mine er rors, faults, sins, fol lies - past and gone.

I say there fore, That fa vors, that fa vors - hopes and words, can blind no more.