

Better it would be for me  
And better it would have been  
Had I not been born, not grown  
Not been brought into the world  
Not had to come to this earth  
Not been suckled for the world

If I'd died a three night old  
Been lost in my swaddling hand  
I'd have needed but a span of doth  
A span more of wood  
But a cubit of good earth  
Two words from the priest  
Three verses from the cantor  
One clang from the bell

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Had I not been born, not grown  
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I'd rather die, I'd rather be better unborn

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