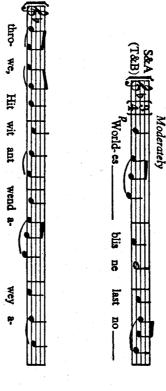
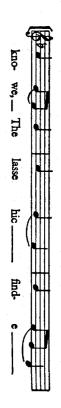
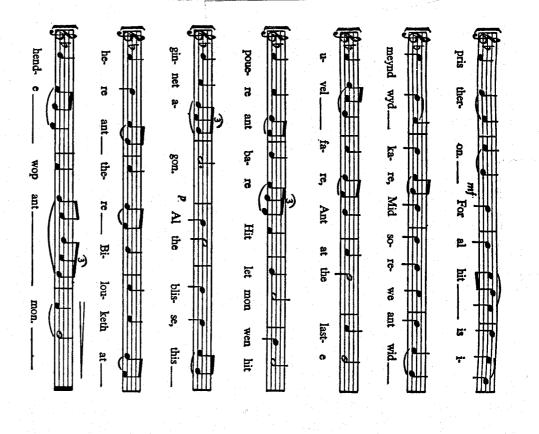
## WORLDES BLIS NE LAST











## WORLDES BLIS NE LAST

The world's joy lasts no time at all, it departs and fades away at once. The longer I know it, the less value I find in it. For it is all mixed with troubles, with sorrows and misfortune, and at the last, when it begins to pass away, it leaves a man poor and naked. All the joy, both here and there, is finally encompassed by weeping and lamentation.