

Mac:

In spring I ask: could there be something to it?
Could not Macheath be great and solitary?
But then the year works round to January
And I reply: My boy, you'll live to rue it.

Poverty makes you sad as well as wise
And bravery mingles danger with the fame.
Poor, lonely, wise and brave - in heaven's name!
Goodbye, to greatness! I return the prize.

With this my repeats of repeats
~~Goodbye, to greatness! I return the prize.~~

*None for the well - to do
Can live at ease*