

Come, sorrow, come

Thomas Morley

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Come, Sor- row,
Cry not out-
And let our

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come; sit down and mourn with me; Hang down thy
right, for that were chil- dren's guise, But let thy
fare be dish- es of des- pite To break our

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head up- on thy bale- ful breast, That God and
tears fall trick- ling down thy face; And weep so
hearts and not our fasts with- al; Then let us

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man and all the world may see Our hea- vy hearts do
long un- til thy blub- ber'd eyes May see (in sum) the
sup with sor- row sops at night And bit- ter sauce, all

live in quiet rest. En- fold thine arms and wring and
 depth of thy dis- grace. O shake thy head, but not, but
 of a bro- ken gall. Thus let us, let us live till

wring thy wretch- ed hands, To show the
 not a word but mum; The heart once
 heavn's may rue to see The dole- ful

state where- in poor Sor- row stands, to
 dead, the tongue is stro- ken dumb, the
 doom or- dain'd for thee and me, the

show the state where- in poor Sor- row stands. stands.
 heart once dead, the tongue is stro- ken dumb. dumb.
 dole- ful doom or- dain'd for thee and me. me.