

Come, sorrow, come

Thomas Morley

5 10

Come, Sor- row, come; sit down and
 Cry not out- right, for that were
 And let our fare be dish- es

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15 20

mourn with me; Hang down thy head up- on thy bale- ful breast,
 chil- dren's guise, But let thy tears fall trick- ling down thy face;
 of des- pite To break our hearts and not our fasts with- al;

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25 30

That God and man and all the world may see Our hea- vy hearts do live in
 And weep so long un- til thy blub- ber'd eyes May see (in sum) the depth of
 Then let us sup with sor- row sops at night And bit- ter sauce, all of a

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qui- et rest. En- fold thine arms and wring and wring thy wretch- ed hands,
 thy dis- grace. O shake thy head, but not, but not a word but mum;
 bro- ken gall. Thus let us, let us live till heavn's may rue to see

Figured bass:
 rb er a rr | de aa r a ee | e e b e r a r e | r r e r a a e
 re e | r a ee r e e e d e a r a g | e e

45

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

Figured bass:
 b rr rb rb | e re a era e r a r r a r r e b r |
 rr b ar er a a a d a e e r a e e f a r e d d
 e e e r b e r r b r e e e r r e g r

a

55

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

Figured bass:
 rr rr a r | r r b r r r b a | 1 r 2 r |
 aa aa a a | r r a a e r a r a e e r | e e e
 b r r e | r e b r e e e e | r

a a