

Come, sorrow, come

Thomas Morley

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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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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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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

