

# Come, sorrow, come

Thomas Morley

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Come, Sor- row, come; sit down and mourn with me; Hang  
 Cry not out- right, for that were chil- dren's guise, But  
 And let our fare be dish- es of des- pite To

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down thy head up- on thy bale- ful breast, That God and man and all the world may  
 let thy tears fall trick- ling down thy face; And weep so long un- til thy blub- ber'd  
 break our hearts and not our fasts with- al; Then let us sup with sor- row sops at

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see Our hea- vy hearts do live in qui- et rest. En- fold thine arms and wring and  
 eyes May see (in sum) the depth of thy dis- grace. O shake thy head, but not, but  
 night And bit- ter sauce, all of a bro- ken gall. Thus let us, let us live till

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wring thy wretch- ed hands, To show the state where- in poor Sor- row stands,  
 not a word but mum; The heart once dead, the tongue is stro- ken dumb,  
 heavn's may rue to see The dole- ful doom or- dain'd for thee and me,

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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.