

# 1. My heavy sprite

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My heavy sprite,

op- prest with sor- row's might, of wea- ried limbs

the bur- den sore sus- tains,

with si- lent groans, with si- lent

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groans and heart's tears still com- plains,

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yet I breathe still and

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live in life's des- pight. Have

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I lost thee? All for-tunes I ac- curse, bids

1)

1) d in orig.

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thee fare- well, with thee all joys fare- well,

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and for thy sake this world be-

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comes my hell, and for thy

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sake this world be-

comes my hell.