

1. My heavy sprite

Poem by George, Earl of Cumberland Anthony Holborne

5

My heavy sprite, op-

10

15

(b)

prest with sor-row's might, of wea-ried limbs the bur- den

20

sore sus- tains, with si- lent

25

30

groans, with si- lent groans and heart's tears still com-

35

plains, yet I breathe

40

45

still and live in life's des-pight.

a r e

50

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

55

60

well, with thee all joys fare-well, and for thy

65

70

sake this world be-comes my hell,

75

and for thy sake this world be-comes my hell.