

2 Come, Sorrow, Come

Thomas Morley
(The First Booke of Ayres — 1600)

1. Come.

Sor - row, come, sit down and mourn with me;

Hang down thy head up - on thy bale - ful

breast, That God and man and all the world

may see, Our heav - y hearts do

live in qui - et rest. En - fold thine arms and wring, and

wring thy wretch - ed hands, To shew the

state where - in poor Sor - row stands.

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2. Cry not out-right, for that were children's guise,
 But let thy tears fall trickling down thy face,
 And weep so long until thy blubber'd eyes
 May see (in sum) the depth of thy disgrace.
 O shake thy head, but not a word but mum;
 The heart once dead, the tongue is stroken dumb.

3. And let our fare be dishes of despite,
 To break our hearts and not our fasts withal,
 Then let us sup, with sorrow sops at night,
 And bitter sauce, all of a broken gall.
 Thus let us live, till heav'ns may rue to see
 The doleful doom ordain'd for thee and me.