

William Corkine

The Second Booke of Ayres

1612

10. Goe heauy thoughts

1 Goe heauy thoughts downe to the place of woe,
Tell Griefe, tell Paine, and torments how they vsde mee,
Say vnto Sorrow who is now my foe,
And fretfulnes which long time hath abvsde mee,
Mauger them all, in time they shall excuse mee,
Till then my hart shall beare my wrongs so hie,
Vntill the strings doe burst, and then I dye.

2 For being dead, what griefe can mee offend ?
All paines doe cease, all sorrowes haue their end,
Vexation cannot vexe my flesh no more,
Nor any torments wrong my soule so sore;
All liuing will my luelesse corps abhorre.
Yet thus Ile say, that death doth make conclusion,
But yet with righteous soules there's no confusion.