

THE FIRST BOOKE OF AYRES

Thomas Morley

1600

12. Come sorrow come.

- 1 Come sorrow come sit downe and morne with me,
Hange downe thy head vppon thy balefull brest,
That God and man and all the world may see,
Our heauie heartes doo liue in quiet rest,
 Enfold thine armes and wring thy wretched hands,
 To shew the state where in poore sorrowe standes.

- 2 Crie not out-right for that were childrens guise,
But let thy teares fall trickling downe thy face,
And weepe so long vntill thy blubbered eyes,
May see (in Sunne) the depth of thy disgrace.
 Oh shake thy head, but not a word but mumme.
 The heart once dead, the tongue is stroken dumme.

- 3 And let our fare be dishes of dispight,
To breake our hearts and not our fastes withall,
Then let vs sup, with sorrow sops at night,
And bitter sawce, all of a broken gall,
 Thus let vs liue, till heauens may rue to see,
 The dolefull doome ordained for thee and mee.