

Come, Sorrow come

Thomas Morley

Vocal

8

Come, Sor - row, come; sit down and
Cry not out - right, for that were
And let our fare be dish - es

Lute

11

mourn with me; Hang down thy head up - on thy bale - ful breast,
chil - dren's guise, But let thy tears fall trick - ling down thy face;
of des - pite To break our hearts and not our fasts with - al;

21

8 That God and man and all the world may see Our hea - vy hearts do
And weep so long un - til thy blub - ber'd eyes May see, may see the
Then let us sup with sor - row sops at night And bit - ter sauce, all

31

8 live in qui - et rest. En - fold thine arms and wring, and wring thy
depth of thy dis - grace. O shake thy head, but not, but not a
of a bro - ken gall. Thus let us, let us live till heav'n's may

40

wretch - ed hands, To show the state where - in poor Sor - row
word but mum; The heart once dead, the tongue is stro - ken
rue to see The dole - ful doom or - dain'd for thee and

50

stands,
dumb,
me,

51

to show the state where in poor Sor - row stands. En-
 the heart once dead, the tongue is stro - ken dumb. O
 The dole - ful doom or - dain'd for thee and me. Thus

61

-8 fold thine arms and wring, and wring thy wretch-ed hands, To show the
 shake thy head, but not, but not a word but mum; The heart once
 let us, let us live till heav'n's may rue to see The dole - ful

71

state where - in poor Sor - row stands,
 dead, the tongue is stro - ken dumb,
 doom or - dain'd for thee and me,

76

to show the state where in poor Sor - row stands.
 the heart once dead, the tongue is stro - ken dumb.
 The dole - ful doom or - dain'd for thee and me.