

Come sorrow, come

Thomas Morley
(1557-1602)

5 10

Tenor

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

Lute

15 20

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;

25 30

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

35 40

live in qui-et rest. En - fold thine arms and wring, and wring thy wretch-ed
depth of thy dis - grace. O shake thy head, but not, but not a word but
of a bro-ken gall. Thus let us, let us live till heav'ns may rue to

45 50

hands, To show the state where - in poor sor- row stands,
mum; The heart once dead, the tongue is stro- ken dumb,
see The dole - ful doom or - dain'd for thee and me,

55 1. 2.

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the heart once dead, the tongue is stro- ken dumb. dumb.
The dole - ful doom or - dain'd for thee and me. me.

1. 2.