William Shakespeare  
(1564-1616)  

Sonnet 146  

Michael Wise  
(1648-1687)

(1) Poor soul, the cen-tre of my sin-ful earth, why feed'st these re-bel pow'rs that thee ar-ray?

Why dost thou pine with-in, and suf-fer deaith, pain-ting thy out-ward

(2) Shall worms, in-her-it ors of this ex-cess, eat up thy charge? is

(3) Buy terms di-vine in sell-ing hours of dross; with-in be fed, with-

walls so cost-ly gay? Why so large cost, hav-ing so short a lease,

this thy bo-dy's end? Then soul, live thou up-on thy ser-vant's loss,

out be rich no more: So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,

dost thou up-on thy fa-ding man-sion spend? and let that pine to ag-gra-vate thy store;

and, Death once dead, there's no more dy-ing then.

Arranged by Andrew Sims, 2016