

# 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;

20

8

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

29

8

hearts do live in qui - et rest. En - fold thine arms and wring, and  
see the depth of thy dis - grace. O shake thy head, but not, but  
sauce, all of a bro - ken gall. Thus let us, let us live till

39

8

wring thy wretch - ed hands, To show the state where -  
not a word but mum; The heart once dead, the  
heav'n's may rue to see The dole - ful doom or -

48

in poor Sor - row stands,  
tongue is stro - ken dumb,  
- dain'd for thee and me,

51

8

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

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<sup>8</sup> fold thine arms and wring, and wring thy wretch-ed hands, To  
 shake thy head, but not, but not a word but mum; The  
 let us, let us live till heav'n's may rue to see The

70

<sup>8</sup> show the state where - in poor Sor - row stands,  
 heart once dead, the tongue is stro - ken dumb,  
 dole - ful doom or - dain'd for thee and me,

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<sup>8</sup> 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.