

Go heavy thoughts

Book of Ayres to Sing and Play to the Bass Viol

William Corkine (fl.160-1612)

Go hea - vy thoughts downe to the place of woe, Tell Griefe, tell

Paine, and tor - ments how they - usde mee, Say un-to Sor - row who is now my

foe, And fret-ful-nes which long time hath a - bus - de mee, Mau - ger them all, in

time they shall ex - cuse mee, Till then my - hart shall - beare - my -

wrongs so - hie, Un - till the stringes doe burst, and then I dye.

2 For being dead, what griefe can more offend?
All paines doe cases. all sorrowes have their end,
Vexation cannot vexe my flesh no more,
Nor any torments wrong my soul so sore;
All living will my liveless corps abhorre.
Yet thus Ile say, that death doth make conclusion,
But yet with righteous soules there's no confusion.

Originally a tone lower.