

1. Sink down, proud thoughts

William Corkine

Sink down, proud thoughts; your mounting hopes
O Time, conceal my woe; in mine own tears

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must now descend. Come, grief and care; hence, joys, your triumph now must end.
I draw down my distress. Grievings none should know, when none their anguish can redress.

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Heav'n's now will smile no more; my light is shadowed. I pine with
pale death hath pierc'd my blood, and forth it streameth. I sleep, and

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out redress; my life, my spirits like flow'rs are faded.
in my trance my head, my heart of sorrow dreameth.