

1. Sink down, proud thoughts

William Corkine

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

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10 15
now descend. Come, grief and care; hence, joys, your triumph now must end.
my distress. Grievs none should know, when none their anguish can redress.

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Heav'n's now will smile no more; my light is shaded. I pine with-
Pale Death hath pierc'd my blood, and forth it streameth. I sleep, and

out re- dress; my life, my spirits like flow'rs are fa- ded.
 in my trance my head, my heart of sor- row dream- eth.

a *a* *a* *a* *a* *a* *a*

r *r* *a* *a* *r* *a* *r*

e *r* *a* *r* *e* *a* *a*

a *e* *r* *a* *r* *e* *a*