

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

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.

Heav'ns 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

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