

# 9. The fire to see my woes

William Corkine

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The fire to see my woes for an-ger burn-eth. The  
Fire, burn me quite, 'till sense of burn-ing leave me. Air,

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air in rain for my af-flic-tion in weep-eth. The sea to  
let me draw thy breath no more in an-guish. Sea, drown'd in

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ebb for grief his flow-ing turn-eth. The earth with pi-ty doth his  
thee, of te-dious life be-leave me. Earth, take this earth, where-in my

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cen-ter keep-eth. Fame is with won-der blaz-ed.  
spi-rits lan-guish. Fame, say I was not born.

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Time runs a-way for sor-row. Place stand-eth still, a-  
Time, haste my dy- ing hour. Place, see my grave up-

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maz-ed to see my night of ills which hath no  
torn. Fire, air, sea, earth, fame, time, place, show your



to my flames their future. sets by me no trea- sure.

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

*a* *b* *r* *r* *a* *r* *b* *a* *r*