

10. Go, heavy thoughts

William Corkine

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Go, heavy thoughts down to the place of woe. Tell
 For, being dead, what grief can me offend? All

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grief, tell pain and torments how they used me. Say un- to sor- row,
 pains do cease; all sor- rows have their end. Ve- xa- tion can- not

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who is now my foe, and fret- ful- ness, which long time hath a- bus'd
 vex my flesh no more, nor an- y tor- ments wrong my soul so

me. sore. Man-ger them all; in time they shall ex-cuse
 All liv- ing will my life- less corpse ab-

thee. hor. 'Till then my heart shall bear my wrongs so
 Yet thus I'll say that death doth make con- clu-

high, un- til the strings do burst, and then I die, 'till die.
 sion, but yet with right- eous souls, there's no con fu- sion. and fu- sion.