

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 unto sorrow,
pains do cease; all sorrows have their end. Vexation cannot

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who is now my foe, and fretfulness, which long time hath abus'd
vex my flesh no more, nor any torments 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.