

live in quiet rest. Enfold thine arms and wring, and

wring thy wretched hands, To shew the

state where in poor Sorow stands.

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2. Cry not out-right, for that were children's guise,
 But let thy tears fall trickling down thy face,
 And weep so long until thy blubber'd eyes
 May see (in sum) the depth of thy disgrace.
 O shake thy head, but not a word but mum;
 The heart once dead, the tongue is stricken dumb.

3. And let our fare be dishes of despite,
 To break our hearts and not our fasts withal,
 Then let us sup, with sorrow sops at night,
 And bitter sauce, all of a broken gall.
 Thus let us live, till heav'n's may rue to see
 The doleful doom ordain'd for thee and me.