

# 1. My heavy sprite

Poem by George, Earl of Cumberland

Anthony Holborne

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My hea- vy sprite, op-

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(b)

prest with sor- row's might, of wea- ried limbs the bur- den

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sore sus- tains, with si- lent

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groans, with si- lent groans and heart's tears still com-

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plains, yet I breathe

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still and live in life's des-pight.

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Have I lost thee? All for-tunes I ac-curse, bids thee fare-

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well, with thee all joys fare-well, and for thy

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sake this world be-comes my hell,

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and for thy sake this world be-comes my hell.