DESPERATO'S BANQUET.
(THE FLOATING ISLAND.)

Words by Dr WILLIAM STRODE.  
HENRY LAWES. 
1636

Slow.

mf

Come heavy Souls, oppressed with the weight of

mf

crimes and pangs or want of your delight;  Come drown in Le-the's

resc.

sleepy Lake whatever makes you ache;  Drink healths from poison-

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bowls, breathe out your cares to-geth-er with your Souls;

Cool Death’s a Salve that all may have; there’s no dis-tinc-tion in the grave

Lay down your loads be-fore Death’s I-ron door, Sigh,

and sigh out, groan once and groan no more.