

Four Arms, Two Necks, One Wreathing

Thomas Weelkes (c.1576-1623)

The thought of this confounds me, and as I speak it wounds me, Fa la...
It cannot be expressed, God help me whilst I rest, Fa la...

Bad stomachs have their loathing, and O this all is nothing, Fa la...
This no with griefs doth prove report oft turns in love, Fa la

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