Come Tread the Paths

(Guichardo)

Anonymous (~1550)

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tears your eyes be - dew. Aid me, you ghosts who

loath - ed life, your lov - ers be - ing slain. With

sighs and sobs and notes of dule my hard hap to com - plain.
Farewell, my lords and friends; farewell all princely state: Let father rue his rigour, shown in slaying of my mate. Gui - char - do!

Ah! Gui - char - do, if thy sprite do walk, come draw
thy lover nigh: Be hold, be hold, I

yield to thee my ghost; Ah, see! I die, I die, I die, ah, see, I

die, I die, I die, ah, ah, ah,

a las, I die, I die, I die, I die.