

Go, crystal tears

John Dowland

Go, crys- tal tears, like
Haste, rest- less sighs, and

a a b a b r a a

to the - morn- ing show'rs, And sweet- ly weep
let your - burn- ing ing breath Dis- solve the ice

a a b a b r a a

- in- to my la- dy's breast.
- of her in- dur- ate heart,

e a a b a a

And as the dews re- vive the droop- ing
Whose fro- zen ri- gour like for- get- ful

a a b a b r a a

flow'rs, So let your drops of pi- ty be add- ress'd,
 Death, Feels ne- ver an- y touch of my de- sert,

To quick- en up the thoughts of my de-
 Yet sighs and tears to her I sac- ri-

sert, Which sleeps too sound whilst
 fice, Both from a spot- less

I from her de- part, part.
 heart and pa- tient eyes, eyes.