

Welcome, black night

2. Cease these false sports

John Dowland

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Cease, cease, cease these false sports; haste, haste, haste a-way. Love's made a
 truant by your stay. Good-night, good-night yet vir-gin, vir-gin bride,
 But look ere day, but look ere day, ere day be spied. You change that fruit-less
 name, lest you your sex de-fame. Fear not Hy-men's peace-ful war.
 You'll con-quer, you'll con-quer, you'll con-quer, though you sub-du-ed are.
 Good-night, and ere the day be old, Rise to the sun, rise to the
 sun, rise to the sun, to the sun, to the sun a ma-ri-gold.

[45]

Cantus 1

Bassus

Hymen, O Hymen, bless this
night, that Love's dark works, Love's
dark night, that Love's dark works, [50]
that Love's dark works, Love's dark
works, dark works may come to light.