

Welcome, black night

2. Cease these false sports

John Dowland

Cease, cease, cease these false sports; haste, haste, haste a-way. Love's made a

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tru-ant by your stay. Good-night, good-night yet vir-gin, vir-gin

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bride, But look ere day, but look ere day, ere day be spied. You

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change that fruit-less name, lest you your sex de-fame. Fear not

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Hy-men's peace-ful war. You'll con-quer, you'll con-quer,

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you'll con- quer, though you sub- du- ed are. Good-

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night, and ere the day be old, Rise to the sun, rise to the sun, rise to the

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sun, to the sun, to the sun a ma- ri- gold.

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Hy- men, O Hy- men, bless this night, that Love's dark

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works, Love's dark works may come to light.