VIII. Burst forth my tears

Cantus.

John Dowland

1. Burst, burst, forth my tears, assist my forward
2. Sad, sad, pinning care, that never may have
3. Like, like, to the winds my sighs have winged

griefe, And shew what pain imperious love provokes.
peace, At beauties gate in hope of pitie knocks
beene Yet are my sighs and sutes repaid with mocks:

Kinde tender lambs, lament loves scant relief, And
But mercy sleepes while deep disdain increase, And
I pleade, yet she repine my teene, O

pine, since penive care my free-dome yokes. O pine, to
beau-tie hope in her faire bossome yokes. O grieve to
ruth-lesse ri-gour hard then the rocks, That both the

see me pine, O pine, to see me pine my tender flockes.
heare my grieve, O grieve to heare my grieve, my tender flockes.
she-pheard kills, That both the she-pheard kills, and his poore flockes.
VIII. Burst forth my tears

Altus.  

John Dowland

1. Burst, burst, forth my tears, assist my forward griefe, And shew what pain, and shew what pain, imperious peace, At beauties gate, at beauties gate, in hope of pibeene Yet are my sighs, yet are my sighs, and sutes repaid love provokes, imperious love provokes. Kinde tender lambes, la-tie knocks in hope of pi-tie knocks But mercy sleepes while with mocks: and sutes repaid with mocks: I pleade, yet she, yet moment, lament loves scant re-deep, while deep dis-daine in-she repi-neth at my liefe, And pine, since pensive care my free-crease, And beau-tie hope in her faire bo-teene, O ruth-lesse ri-gour har-der then dome yokes. my free-dome yokes. O pine, to see me pine, some yokes. faire bo-some yokes. O grieve to heare my griefe, the rocks, har-der then the rocks, That both the she-pheard kills, O pine, to see me pine, to see me pine, my tender flockes. O grieve to heare my griefe, to heare my griefe, my tender flockes. That both the she-pheard kills, the she-pheard kills, and his poore flockes.
VIII. Burst forth my tears

Tenor.  

John Dowland

1. Burst, burst forth my tears, assist, assist my forward griefe, And shew what pain, pain imperious love provokes, imperious love provokes, Kinde tender lambes, lament lament loves hope of pite knocks in hope of pite knocks in statt ish regard, la- ment loves scant relieve, relieve, And pine, since pensive care, since pensive care, care my freedome yokes. O pine, to see me pine, to see me faire bosome yokes. O grieve to heare my griefe, to heare my

2. Sad, sad pining care, that never, never may have peace, At beauties gate, gate in hope of pite knocks in beene Yet are my sighes, sighes and sutes repaid with mocks: and daine in increase, in increase, And beautie hope in her faire, in her at my teene, my teene, O ruth lesse rigour harder, rigour

3. Like, like to the winds my sighs, my sighs have winged per-ious love provokes. But mercy sleepes while deep dis- daine in-crease, in-crease, And beautie hope in her faire, in her

perious love provokes. But mercy sleepes while deep dis-daine in-crease, in-crease, And beautie hope in her faire, in her

That both the shepheard kills, the shepheard kills, That both the shepheard kills, and his poore flockes.
VIII. Burst forth my tears

Bassus.

John Dowland

1. And
2. At
3. Yet

shew what pain imperious love, imperious love provokes.
beauties gate in hope of pitie, hope of pitie knocks
are my sighes and sutes repaid, and sutes repaid with mocks:

Kinde tender lambes, lament loves scant reliefe, And pine, since
But mercy sleepes while deep disdain increaseth And beauty
I pleade, yet she repineth at my teene, O ruthlesse

pensive care my free-dome, my free-dome yokes. O pine,
hope in her faire bosom, faire bosom yokes. O grieve
ri-gour harder then harder then the rocks, That both

to see me, pine, to see me pine my tender, my tender flockes.
to heare my grieve, to heare my grieve, my tender, my tender flockes.
the shepheard, both the shepheard kills, shepheard kills, and his poore flockes.