



IX. Go crystall teares,

Cantus

John Dowland



1. Go cry- stall tears, like to the mor- ning showrs, And

2. Haste, rest-lesse sighes, and let your burn- ing breath Dis-



sweet- ly weep in- to thy La- dies breast. And as the

solve the ice of her in- du- rate heart, Whose fro- zen



dewes re- vive the droop- ing flowers, so let your drops of pi- tie

ri- gour like for- get- full death, Feeles ne- ver an- y touch of



be ad- drest, to quick- en up the thoghts of my de- sert,

my de- sert: Yet sighes and teares to her I sa- cri- fice,

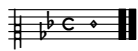
1. 2.



which sleeps too sound, whilst I from her de- part. To part.

both from a spot- less heart and pa- tient eyes. Yet eyes.

¹Original has a barline between the note and the dot.



IX. Go crystall teares,

Altus

John Dowland



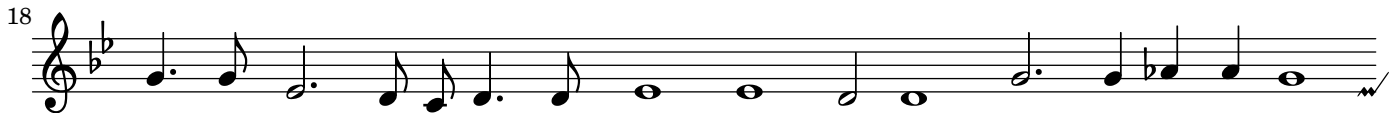
1. Go cry- stall tears, like to the mor- ning shows, And

2. Haste, rest- lesse sighes, and let your burn - ing breath Dis-



sweet-ly weep in- to thy La- dies breast. And as the

solve the ice of her in- du- rate heart, Whose fro- zen



dewes re- vive the droop- ing flowers, so let your drops of pi- tie be

ri- gour like for - get- full death, Feeles ne- ver an- y touch of my



ad- drest, to quick- en up the thoghts of my de- sert, which sleeps too

de- sert: Yet sighes and teares to her I sa- cri- fice, both from a

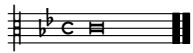


sound, whilst I from her, from her de- part: from her de- part. part.

spot- less heart and pa- tient eyes, and pa- tient eyes. eyes.

¹ Original is a quarter note.

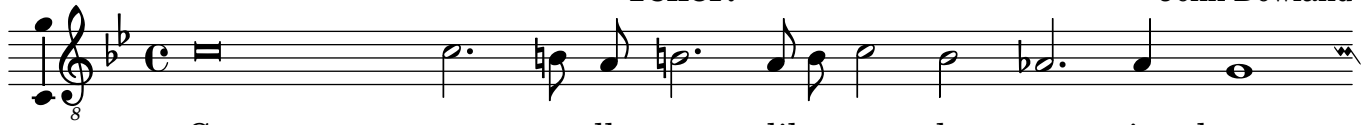
² Original is a quarter note.



IX. Go crystall teares,

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. Go cry- stall tears, like to the mor- ning showrs,

2. Haste, rest- lesse sighes, and let your burn- ing breath



And sweet- ly weep in- to thy La- dies breast.

Dis- solve the ice of her in- du- rate heart,



And as the dewes re- vive the droop- ing flowers,

Whose fro- zen ri- gour like for- get- full death,



so let your drops of pi- tie be ad- drest, to quick- en

Feeles ne- ver an- y touch of my de- sert: Yet sighes and



up the thoghts, the thoghts of my de- sert, which sleeps too sound, whilst

teares to her to her I sa- cri- fice, both from a spot- less



I from her from her, de- part, from her de- part from her de- part.

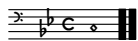
heart and pa- tient eyes, and eyes, and pa- tient eyes, and pa- tient eyes.

³ Original B natural

⁴ Original B flat

⁵ these rests added by editor

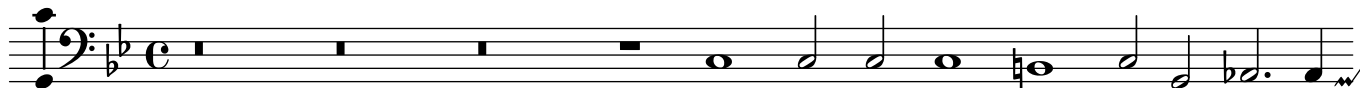
² original is a quarter note



IX. Go crystall teares,

Bassus.

John Dowland



1. And sweet-ly weep, in- to thy La- dies

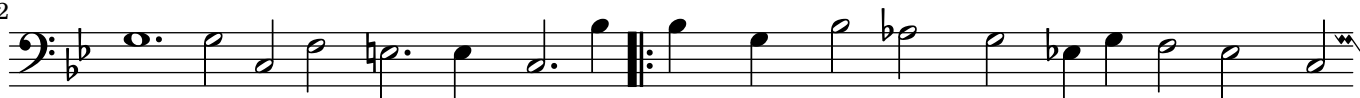
2. Dis- solve the ice of her in- du- rate

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breast. And as the dewes re- vive the droop- ing flowers, so let your drops of heart, Whose fro- zen ri- gour like for- get- full death, Feeles ne- ver an- y

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pi- tie be ad- drest, ad- drest, to quick- en up the thoghts of my de- sert, which touch of my de- sert, de- sert: Yet sighes and teares to her I sa- cri- fice, Both

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sleeps too sound, whilst I from her de- part, from her de- part. To part. from a spot- less heart and pa- tient eyes, and pa- tient eyes. Yet eyes.

² Original is a quarter note.