IX. Go crystall teares,

John Dowland

Cantus

1. Go cry stall tears, like to the morn ing show rs, And
   sweet ly weep into thy La dies breast. And as the
   dewes re vive the dro pp 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,
   which sleeps too sound, whilst I from her de part. To part.
   both from a spot less heart and pa tient eyes. Yet eyes.

2. Haste, rest lesse sighs, and let your burn ing breath Dis-
   solve the ice of her in du rate heart, Whose fro zen
   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,
   which sleeps too sound, whilst I from her de part. To part.
   both from a spot less heart and pa tient eyes. Yet eyes.

1 Original 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 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-durate 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 tho-ghts of my de-sert, which sleeps too
de-sert: Yet sighes and tears 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.

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1 Original is a quarter note.  
2 Original is a quarter note.
IX. Go crystalall teares, Tenor.
John Dowland

1. Go crystall teares, like to the morning showrs, And sweetly weep into thy Ladies breast.
2. Haste, restlesse sighes, and let your burninge breath dissolve the ice of her indurate heart,

And as the dewes revive the drooping flowers, so let your drops of pitie be adressed, to quicken Feeles never any touch of my desert:

Whose frozen rigour like forgetfull death, up the thoughts, the thoughts of my desert, which sleeps too sound, whilst teares to her to her I sacrifice, both from a spotless

I from her from her, depart, from her depart from her depart, heart and patient eyes, and eyes, and patient eyes, and patient eyes.

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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.  

1. And sweet-ly weep, in- to thy La-dies  
2. Dis- solve the ice of her in- du-rate 

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

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

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. 

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2 Original is a quarter note.