

V. Mourne, mourne,

Canto

John Dowland



Mourne, mourne, day is with dark- nesse fled, what heaven



then go- vernes earth, oh none, but hell in hea- vens stead,



choaks with his mistes our mirth. Mourne mourne, looke now for no more



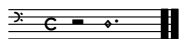
day nor night, but that from hell, Then all must as they may in darke-



nesse learne to dwell. But yet this change, must needs change our de- light,



that thus the sunne, that thus the Sunne, the Sun should har- bour with the night.



V. Mourne, mourne,

Basso

John Dowland

Mourne daies with dark- nesse fled, What heaven then go- vernes earth,

6 O none but hell in hea- vens stead, Chokes with his mists our mirth. Mourne

13 looke now for no more day, nor night but that from hell, Then all must as they

17 may, In dark- nesse learne to dwell, But yet this change, this change, must

22 change must change de- light, That thus the Sunne should har- bour with the night.