Mourne, mourne, day is with darkness fled, what heaven
then governs earth, oh none, but hell in heavens 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 darkness
learne to dwell. But yet this change, must needes change our delight,
that thus the sunne, that thus the Sunne, the Sun should harbour with the night.
John Dowland

V. Mourne, mourne,
Basso

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

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

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

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

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