



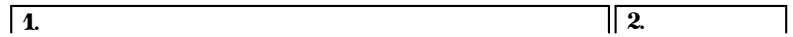
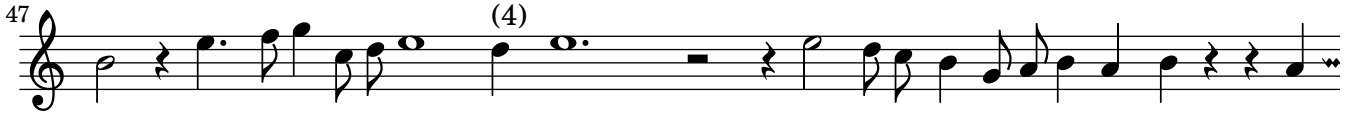
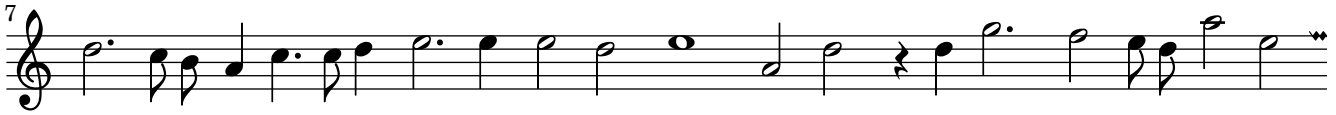
From silent night

CANTUS.

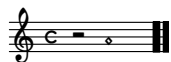
John Dowland



From silent.



⁴ Original has a half note



From silent night

To my loving Country-man Mr. John Forster the younger, Merchant of Dublin in Ireland

CANTUS.

John Dowland



From si-lent night, true re-gis-ter of moanes,
Sor-row to see my sor-rows cause aug-ment-ed,
If a-ny eye there-fore can spare a teare



From sad-dest Soule con-sumde with deep-est sinnes,
and yet lesse sor-row full were my sor-rows more:
to fill the well-spring that must wet my cheekes,



From hart quite rent with sighes, with sighes and hea-vie groanes,
Griefe that my griefe with griefe, with griefe is not pre-vent-ed,
O let that eye to this, to this sad feast draw neere,



My way-ling Muse her woe, her woe, her woe-full worke
for griefe it is must ease must ease must ease my griev-
re-fuse me not my hum-ble, hum-ble, hum-ble soule



be-ginnes. And to the world brings tunes of sad des-paire,
ed sore. Thus griefe and sor-row cares but how to grieve,
be-seekes: For all the teares mine eyes have e-ver wept



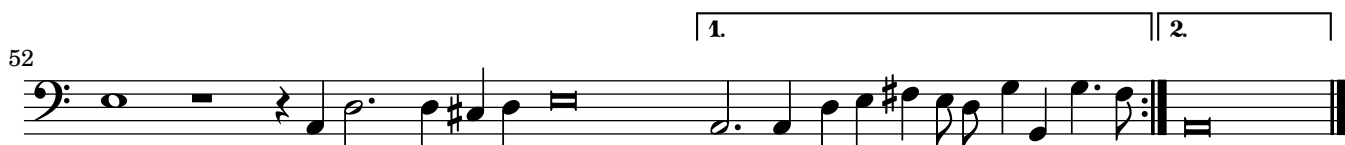
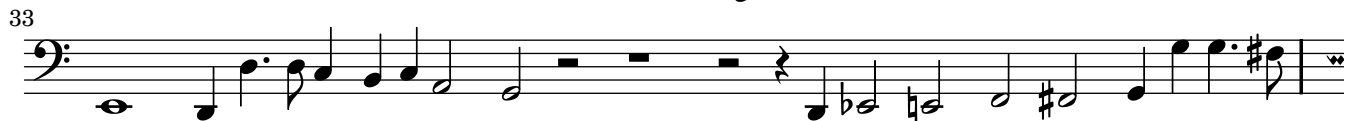
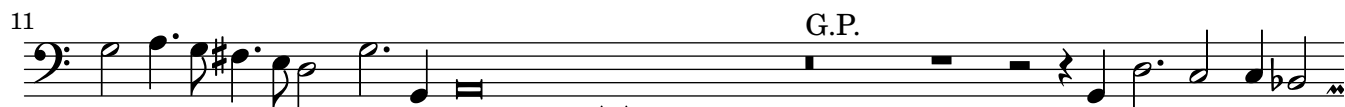
From silent night

BASSUS.

John Dowland



From silent.



³ Original has e sharp followed by f natural