



XIII. Come yee heavy states of night,

CANTO.

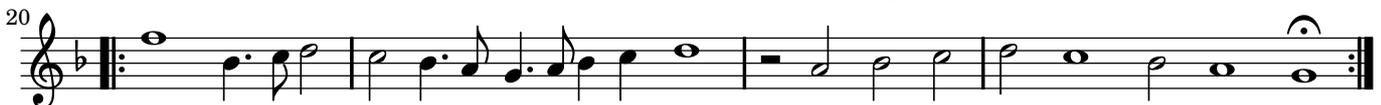
John Dowland



1. Come yee hea- vy states of night, Doe my fa- thers spi- rit right,
 2. Come you Vir- gins of the night, That in Dir- ges sad de- light,



Sound- ings bale- full let me bor- row, Bur- then- ing my song with sor- row,
 Quier my An- them, I doe bor- row Gold nor pearle, but sounds of sor- row:



Come sor- row come her eies that sings, By thee are tur- ned in- to springs.
 Come sor- row come hir eies that sings, By thee are tour- ned in- to springs.



XIII. Come yee heavy states of night,

Alto.

John Dowland



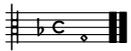
1. Come come yee hea- vy states of night, Doe my fa- thers spi- rit right,
 2. Come come you Vir- gins of the night, That in Dir- ges sad de- light,



Sound- ings bale- full let me bor- row, Bur- then- ing my song with sor- row, Come
 Quier my An- them, I doe bor- row Gold nor pearle, but sounds of sor- row: Come



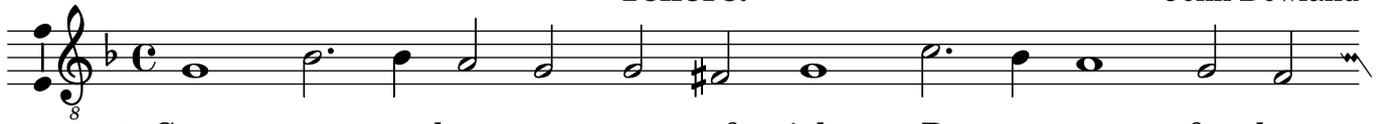
sor- row come come her eies that sings, By thee are tur- ned, are tur- ned, in- to springs.
 sor- row come come hir eies that sings, By thee are tour- ned, are tour- ned, in- to springs.



XIII. Come yee heavy states of night,

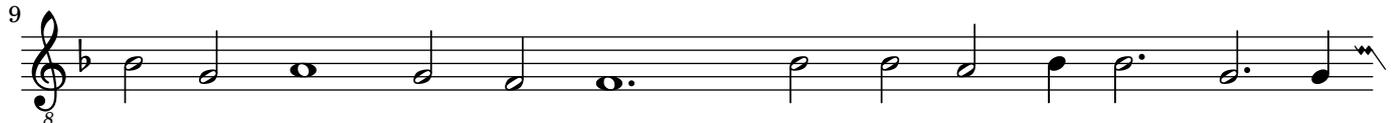
Tenore.

John Dowland



1. Come come yee hea- vy states of night, Doe my fa- thers

2. Come come you Vir- gins of the night, That in Dir- ges



spi- rit right, Sound- ings bale- full let me bor- row, Bur- then-

sad de- light, Quiet my An- thems, I doe bor- row Gold nor



ing my song with sor- row, Come sor- row come her eies that

pearle, but sounds of sor- row: Come sor- row come hir eies that



sings, By thee are turn- ed, are turn'd, in- to springs.

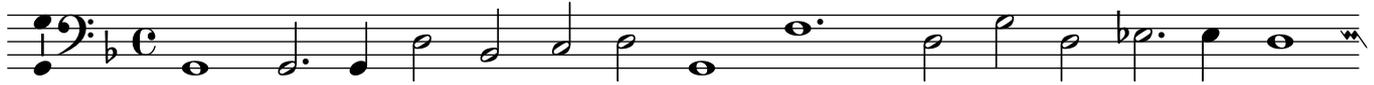
sings, By thee are tour- ned, are turn'd, in- to springs.



XIII. Come yee heavy states of night,

Basso.

John Dowland



1. Come, come yee heavy states of night, Doe my fathers spirit right,

2. Come, come you Vir-gins of the night, That in Dir-ges sad de-light,

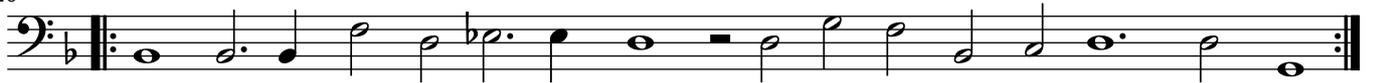
11



Sound-ings bale- full let me bor-row, Bur-then- ing my song with sor-row,

Quiet my An- thems, I doe bor-row Gold nor pearle, but sounds of sor-row:

20



Come sor-row come her eies that sings, By thee are tur- ned in- to springs.

Come sor-row come hir eies that sings, By thee are tour- ned in- to springs.