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- thems, 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- thems, 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 heavy states of night, Doe my fathers

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

spirit right, Sound-ings bale-

full let me bor-row, Bur-then-

sad de-light, Quiet my An-

themes, 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 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,  
Quiet my An- thems, 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 into springs.  
Come sor-row come hir eies that sings, By thee are tour- ned into springs.