

THE  
FIRST BOOKE OF  
SONGS OR AYRES

IOHN DOWLAND

*1597 [1613]*

IX. Goe crystall teares.

Go crystall teares, like to the morning showrs,  
And sweetly weep into thy Ladies breast.  
And as the dewes reuiue the drooping flowers,  
So let your drops of pitie be addrest,  
    To quicken vp the thoghts of my desert,  
    Which sleeps too sound, whilst I from her depart.

Haste, restlesse sighes, and let your burning breath  
Dissolue the Ice of her indurate heart,  
Whose frozen rigour like forgetfull death,  
Feeles neuer any touch of my desart :  
    Yet sighes and teares to her I sacrifice,  
    Both from a spotless heart and patient eyes.