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

X. From silent night

CANTUS. (vocal)

John Dowland

(1)

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

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G.P.

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

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(2)

hart quite rent with sighes, with sighes and hea- vie groanes, My way- ling Muse
that my griefe with griefe, with griefe is not pre- vent- ed, for griefe it is
let that eye to this, to this sad feast draw neere, re- fuse me not

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her woe, her woe, her woe- full worke be- ginnes. And to the world brings
must ease must ease must ease my griev- ed sore. Thus griefe and sor- row
my hum- ble, hum- ble, hum- ble soule be- seekes: For all the teares mine

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

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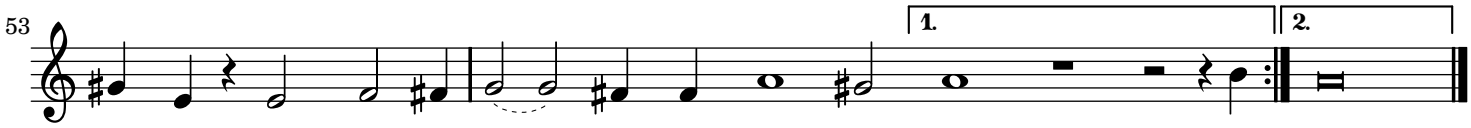
Sound- ing nought else but sor- row, sor- row, nought else, nought else but
For griefe and sor- row grief and sor- row, griefe and
Were now too lit- tle, lit- tle lit- tle, lit- tle,



sor- row, nought else but sor- row, griefe and care. and care.
sor- row must my must my my cares re- lieve. thus lieve
lit- tle, were now too lit- tle had they all beene kept. for kept.