V. Mourne, mourne,

Canto

John Dowland

Mourne, mourne, day is with dark- nesse fled, what heaven

then go- vernes earth, oh none, but hell in hea- vens stead,

choaks with his mistes our mirth. Mourne mourne, looke now for no more

day nor night, but that from hell, Then all must as they may in darke-

nesse learne to dwell. But yet this change, must needes change our de- light,

that thus the sunne, that thus the Sunne, the Sun should har- bour with the night.

Printed on: October 12, 2020 at 1:48 pm
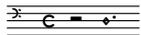
V. Mourne, mourne,

Basso

John Dowland

Mourne daies with dark- nesse fled, What heaven then go- vernes earth,

O none but hell in hea- vens stead, Chokes with his mists our

mirth. Mourne looke now for no more day, nor night but that

from hell, Then all must as they may, In dark-

nesse learne to dwell, But yet this change, this change, must change must

change de- light, That thus the Sunne should har- bour with the night.

2