

**S O N G S**  
**FOR THE LUTE VIOL**  
**and Voice**

**Composed by I. Danyel**

**1606**

**10. Drop not mine eyes.**  
**The second part.**

Drop not myne eyes nor Trickle downe so fast,  
For so you could doe oft before,  
In our sad farewells and sweet meetings past,  
And shall his death now haue no more ?  
Can niggard sorrow yeld no other store :  
To shew the plentie of afflictions smart,  
Then onely thou poore hart,  
That knowst more reason why,  
Pyne, Fret, Consume, Swell, Burst and Dye.