

# John Dowland

## A Pilgrimes Solace

1612

To my louing Country-man Mr. *Iohn Forster* the younger, Merchant od Dublin in Ireland.

### 10. From silent night, true register of moanes.

1 From silent night, true register of moanes,  
From saddest Soule consumde with deepest sinnes,  
From hart quite rent with sighes and heauie groanes,  
My wayling Muse her wofull worke beginnes.  
And to the world brings tunes of sad despaire,  
Sounding nought else but sorrow, grieve and care.

2 Sorrow to see my sorrowes cause augmented,  
And yet lesse sorrowfull were my sorrowes more :  
Griefe that my griefe with griefe is not preuented,  
For griefe it is must ease my griued sore.  
Thus griefe and sorrow cares but how to grieue,  
For griefe and sorrow must my cares relieue.

3 If any eye therefore can spare a teare  
To fill the well-spring that must wet my cheekes,  
O let that eye to this sad feast draw neere,  
Refuse me not my humble soule beseekes :  
For all the teares mine eyes haue euer wept  
Were now too little had they all beene kept.