

A  
MVSICALL  
BANQVET

Robert Douland

*1610*

10. In darknesse let me dwell

In darknesse let me dwell the ground shall sorrow be,  
The rooffe Dispaire to barre all cheerfull light from mee,  
The wals of marble blacke that moistened still shall weepe,  
My musicke hellish iarring sounds to banish friendly sleepe.  
Thus wedded to my woes and bedded to my Tombe,  
O let me liuing die, till death, till death doe come  
In darknesse let me dwell.