

THE
SECOND BOOKE
of Songs or Ayres

IOHN DOWLAND

1600

V. Mourne, mourne, day is with darknesse fled.

Mourne, mourne, day is with darknesse fled,
What heauen then gouernes earth,
O none, but hell in heauen stead,
Choakes 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 darknesse learne to dwell.
But yet this change must needes change our delight,
That thus the Sunne should harbour with the night.