

THE  
SECOND BOOKE  
of Songs or Ayres

*IOHN DOWLAND*

1600

XIII. Come ye heauie states of night.

Come yee heauy states of night,  
Doe my fathers spirit right,  
Soundings balefull let mee borrow,  
But thening my song with sorrow,  
Come sorrow come hir eies that sings,  
By thee are turned into springs.

Come you Virgins of the night,  
That in Dirges sad delight,  
Quier my Anthems, I doe borrow  
Gold nor pearle, but sounds of sorrow :  
Come sorrow come hir eies that sings,  
By thee are tourned into springs.