

Go Crystal Tears

John Dowland

Go crystal tears, like to the morning show'rs
And sweetly weep into thy lady's breast.
And as the dews revive the drooping flow'rs,
So let your drops of pity be address'd,
To quicken up the thoughts of my desert,
Which sleeps too sound whilst I from her depart.

Haste restless sighs, and let your burning breath
Dissolve the ice of her indurate heart,
Whose frozen rigour like forgetful Death,
Feels never any touch of my desert:
Yet sighs and tears to her I sacrifice,
Both from a spotless heart and patient eyes.