

Go, crystal tears

ton original

Extrait de « The first book of songs » publié en 1597 par John Dowland (1563-1626)

Go, crys - tal tears, like to ___ the mor - ning show'rs, And
Haste, rest - less sighs, and let ___ your burn - ing breath Dis -

The first system of the musical score for 'Go, crystal tears'. It features a vocal line in G minor with a treble clef and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with a treble clef and a left-hand part with a bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Go, crys - tal tears, like to ___ the mor - ning show'rs, And Haste, rest - less sighs, and let ___ your burn - ing breath Dis -'.

sweet - ly weep _____ in - to thy La - dy's breast,
- solve the ice _____ of her in - dur - ate heart,

The second system of the musical score. It begins with a measure rest and a box containing the number '5'. The lyrics are: 'sweet - ly weep _____ in - to thy La - dy's breast, - solve the ice _____ of her in - dur - ate heart,'.

And as the dews re - vive the droo - ping flow'rs, So
Whose fro - zen rig - our, like for - get - ful Death, Feels

The third system of the musical score. It begins with a measure rest and a box containing the number '10'. The lyrics are: 'And as the dews re - vive the droo - ping flow'rs, So Whose fro - zen rig - our, like for - get - ful Death, Feels'.

let your drops of pi - ty be ad - dress'd, To quick - en up
nev - er an - y touch of my de - sert: Yet sighs and tears

15

the thoughts of my de - sert, Which sleeps too sound whilst
to her I sac - ri - fice, Both from a spot - less

I from her de - part, To quick - en up the thoughts of my de -
heart and pat - ient eyes. Yet sighs and tears to her I sac - ri -

20

- sert, Which sleeps too sound whilst I from her de - part.
- fice, Both from a spot - less heart and spot - less eyes.

Go crystal tears, like to the morning showers,
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.

Partez, larmes de cristal, comme des averses matinales
Et pleurez doucement dans la poitrine de votre maîtresse.
Et comme les rosées ravivent les fleurs fanées
Laissez vos gouttes de pitié
Porter ses pensées jusqu'à mon désert
Qui dort profondément depuis son départ.

Pressez-vous, soupirs agités, et laissez votre souffle brûlant
Fondre la glace de son coeur rebelle,
Dont la froide rigueur, comme la Mort qui fait tout oublier,
L'empêche d'apprécier le moindre de mes mérites.
Alors je sacrifie les soupirs et les larmes
Venant de mon coeur pur et de mes yeux patients.

