

# 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 with a treble clef and a left hand 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 -'.

5  
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, starting at measure 5. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'sweet - ly weep \_\_\_ in - to thy La - dy's breast, - solve the ice \_\_\_ of her in - dur - ate heart,'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same texture.

10  
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, starting at measure 10. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: 'And as the dews re - vive the droo - ping flow'rs, So Whose fro - zen rig - our, like for - get - ful Death, Feels'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same texture.

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.

