In darkness let me dwell

John Dowland (c. 1563-1626)

In darkness let me dwell, The ground, the ground shall sorrow,
sorrow be, The roof, Despair to bar all, all cheerful,
lights from me, The walls of marble black that moistened, that

moistened still shall weep, still shall weep, My
Thus Wedded to my woes, And bedded to my Tomb
O let me living die, 
O

let me living, let me living, living die,  
Till death, till death do come, till death, till
In darkness let me dwell.

darkness

Editorial notes

Source: Robert Dowland, A Musicall Banquet (London, 1610), no.10

Lute.4.7: quaver