Mourn, mourn

#5 from The Second Book of Songs or Ayres

John Dowland

Mourn, mourn, day is with darkness fled, what heaven then governs -

earth, oh none, but hell in heaven's stead, chokes with his mists our mirth.

Mourn, look now for no more day nor night, but that from

hell, Then all must as they may in darkness learn to dwell.

But yet this change, must needs change our delight, that thus the

sun, that thus the sun should harbor with the night.

- light, that thus the sun should harbor with the night.