Go, crystal tears

Go, crystal tears, Haste, restless tears, like
sighs, and

to the morn- ing show'rs, And sweetly weep
let your burn- ing breath Dis- solve the ice

in- to my lad- dy's breast.

of her in- dur- ate heart,

And as the dews re- vive the droop- ing
Whose frozen ri- gour like for- get- ful
flow'rs, So let your drops of pity be address'd,
Death, Feels never any touch of my desert,

To quicken up the thoughts of my de-
Yet sighs and tears to her I sacrifice,

sert, Which sleeps too sound whilst
fiction, Both from a spotless

I from her patient part, eyes,
heart and her patient eyes, eyes.

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