Go crystal tears, like to the morning showers, and
sweetly weep into thy Lady's breast, and as the dews revive the dropping flowers, so let your drops of pi-
and

IX. Go crystal tears
John Dowland
Haste hapless 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.

John Dowland: Go crystal tears