II. Flow my tears

Lachrimae.

Canto.  

John Dowland

Flow my tears fall from your springs, Exilde for ever:

Downe vaine lights shine you no more, No nights are dark e-

Let mee mourn where nights black bird hir sad infa my sings, there

enough for those that in dispair their lost fortuns de-plore, light

let me live forlorne. Never may my woes be re-
doth but shame dis-close. From the high-est spire of con-

lie-ved, since pit-tie is fled, and teares, and sighes, and grones

tentment, my fortune is throwne, and feare, and griefe, and paine

my wea-rie dayes, my wea-rie dayes, of all joyes have de-pri

for my de-serts, for my de-serts, are my hopes since hope is gone.

Harke you sha-dowes that in dark-

nese dwell, learne to con-

temne light,

Hap-pie, hap-pie they that in hell feele not the worlds des-
pite.

1Original has a quarter note.
2This note is missing in the original.
II. Flow my tears

Lachrimae.

Basso.  

John Dowland

Flow teares from your springs Ex-ild for ever let mee mourn where
Downe lights shine no more, no night is dark e-nough for those that

nights black bird hir sad in- fa-my sings, there let me live for-lorne.
in dis- pair their for-tuns de-plore, light doth but shame dis- close.

Ne-ver may my woes, my woes, be re- lie-ved, since pitt’ is
From the high- est spire, high'st spire of con-tent-ment, my for-tunes

fled: and teares, and sighes, and grones, my wea-ry dayes, my wear-ry dayes all
throwne, and feare, and grieve, and paine, for my de-serts, for my de-serts are

joyes have de- prived. Harke that in Darke- nesse dwel, learne to con- temne
hopes, hope is gone.

light, Hap-py: hap-py, they that in hell feele not the worlds des-pite.