

II. Flow my tears

Lachrimae.

Canto.

John Dowland



Flow my- teares fall from your springs, Ex- ilde for ev- er: Let mee
Downe vaine lights shine you no more, No nights are dark e- nough for



mourne where nights black bird hir sad in- fa- my sings, there let me live for - -
those that in dis- pair their lost for- tuns de- plore, light doth but shame dis-



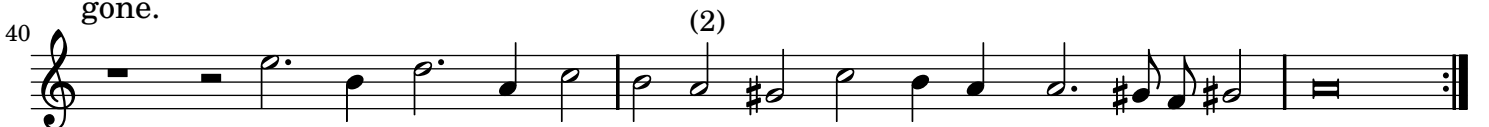
lorne. Ne- ver may my woes be re- lie- ved, since pit- tie is fled, and teares,
close. From the high- est spire of con- tent ment, my for- tune is throwne, and feare,



and sighes, and grones my wea- rie dayes, my wear- ie dayes, of all joyes have de- pri-
and griefe, and paine for my de- serts, for my de- serts, are my hopes since hope is



ved. Harke you sha- dowes that in darck- nesse dwell, learne to con- temne light,
gone.



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