

II. Flow my tears

Lachrimae.

Canto.

John Dowland

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

7
Let mee mourne where nights black bird hir sad in- fa- my
nough for those that in dis- pair their lost for- tuns de-

12
sings, there let me live for - - lorne. Ne- ver
plore, light doth but shame dis- close. From the

18
may my woes be re- lie- ved, since pit- tie is fled, and teares,
high- est spire of con- tent ment, my for- tune is throwne, and feare,

24
and sighes, and grones my wea- rie dayes, my wear- ie dayes, of all
and grieffe, and paine for my de- serts, for my de- serts, are my

30
(1)
joyes have de- pri- ved. Harke you sha- dows that in darck- nesse
hopes since hope is gone.

37
dwell, learne to con- temne light, Hap- pie, hap- pie they

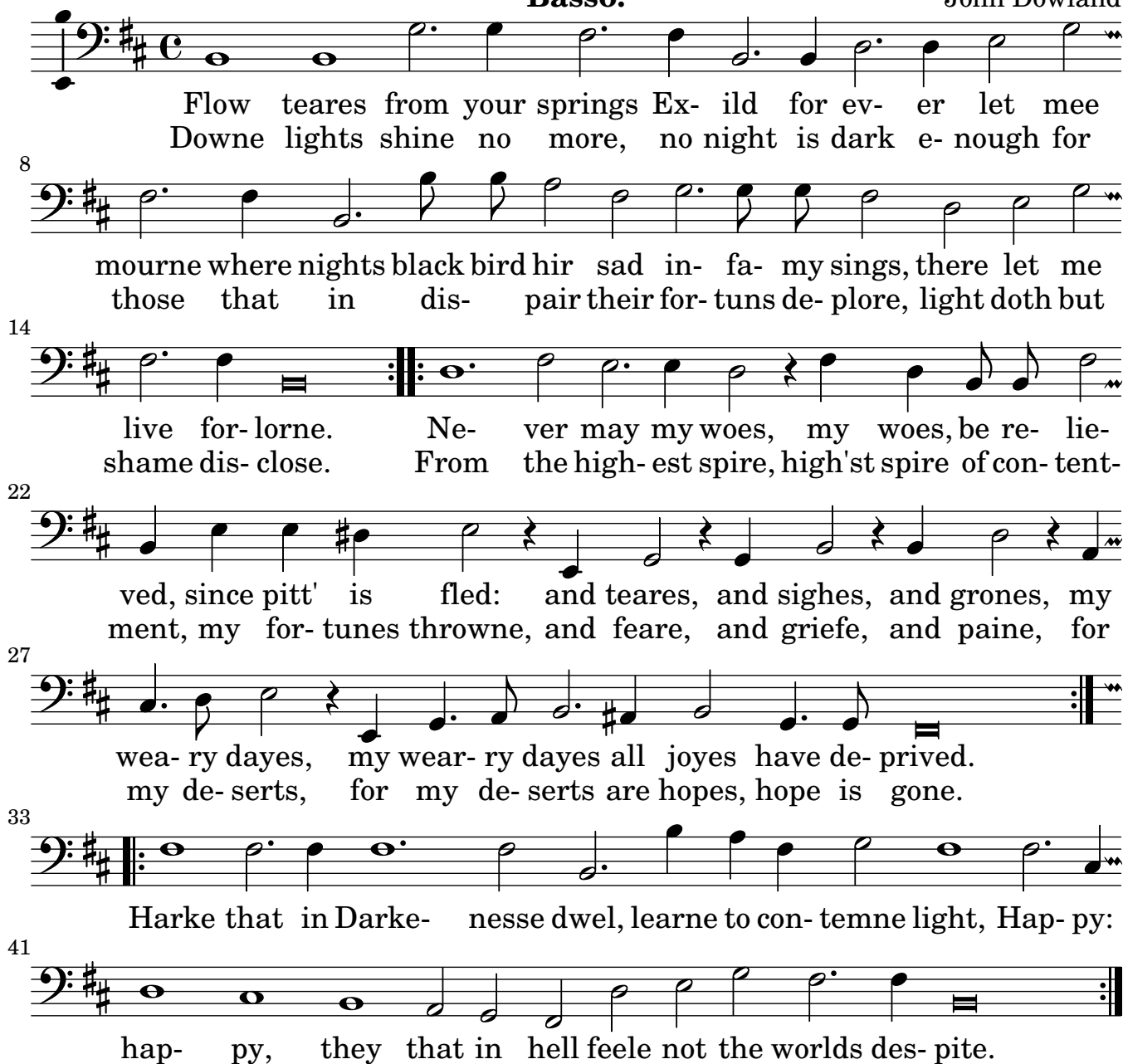
44
(2)
that in hell feele not the worlds des- pite.

II. Flow my tears

Lachrimae.

Basso.

John Dowland



Flow teares from your springs Ex-ild for ev- er let mee
Downe lights shine no more, no night is dark e- nough for

8
mourne where nights black bird hir sad in- fa- my sings, there let me
those that in dis- pair their for- tuns de- plore, light doth but

14
live for-lorne. Ne- ver may my woes, my woes, be re- lie-
shame dis- close. From the high- est spire, high'st spire of con- tent-

22
ved, since pitt' is fled: and teares, and sighes, and grones, my
ment, my for- tunes throwne, and feare, and grieve, and paine, for

27
wea- ry dayes, my wea- ry dayes all joyes have de- prived.
my de- serts, for my de- serts are hopes, hope is gone.

33
Harke that in Darke- nesse dwel, learne to con- temne light, Hap- py:

41
hap- py, they that in hell feele not the worlds des- pite.