

# 8. Pavane Lachrimae

Jacob van Eyck

Flow my- teares fall from your springs, Ex-  
Downe vaine lights shine you no more, No

5

ilde for ev- er: Let mee mourne where  
nights are dark e- nough for those that

9

nights black bird hir sad in- fa- my  
in dis- pair their lost for- tuns de-

12

sings, there let me live for - -  
plore, light doth but shame dis-

15

lorne. Ne- ver  
close. From the

18

may my woes be re- lie- ved, since pit-  
high- est spire of con- tent ment, my for-

22

tie is fled, and teares, and sighes,  
tune is throwne, and feare, and grieve,

and grones my wea- rie dayes, my  
and paine for my de- serts, for

28

wear- ie dayes, of all joyes have de-  
my de- serts, are my hopes since hope is

31

prived. Harke you sha- dowes  
gone.

34

that in darck- nesse dwell, learne

37

to con- temne light, Hap- pie, hap- pie

40

they Hap- pie, hap-

pie they that in Hell feele

45

not the worlds des- pite.