

Flow, my tears

John Dowland

rit. a tempo

Flow my tears, fall from your springs! Ex-iled for- ev- er
Down, vain lights, shine you no more! No nights are dark e-

3

let me mourn; Where night's black bird her sad in- fa- my sings, There
nough for those That in des- pair their lost for- tunes de- plore. Light

6

let me live for- - lorn. Nev- er may my woes be re-
doth but shame dis- - close. From the high- est spire of con-

9 accel. ---->

liev- ed, since pi- ty is fled; And tears and sighs
tent- ment My for- tune is thrown; And fear and grief

11 rit.

and groans my wea- ry days, my wea- ry days
 and pain for my de- serts, for my de- serts

13 *p*

Of all joys have de- pri- ved. Hark! you sha- dows
 Are my hopes, since hope is gone.

16

that in dark- ness dwell, Learn to con- temn light. Hap- py, hap- py they

19

that in hell Feel not the world's de- - spite.