

II. Flow my tears

Lachrimae.

Canto.

Dowland, John

Flow my - teares fall from your springs, Ex - ilde for ev - er: Let mee mourne where
Downe vaine_ lights shine you no more, No nights are 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 last for - tuns de - plore, light doth but shame _____ dis - close.

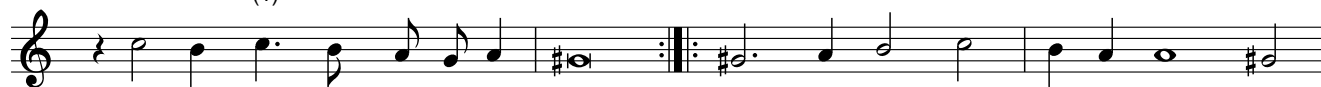


Ne - ver may my woes be ___ fe - lie - ved, since pit - tie is fled,
From the highest spire of con - tent ment, my for - tune is throwne, and feare,



and teares, and sighes, and grones my wea - rie dayes, my wear - ie dayes,
and grieffe, and paine for my de - serts, for my de - serts,

(1)



of all joyes have de - pri - ved. Harke you sha - dowes that in darck - nesse
are my hopes since hope_ is _____



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

(2)



that in hell feele not the worlds des - ___ pite.

Notes: Original clef C on first line

(1) Original has a quarter note.

(2) This note is missing in the original.

II. Flow my tears

Lachrimae.

Basso.

Dowland, John

Flow teares from your springs; Ex - ild for ev - er let mee mourne where nights black bird hir
Downe lights shine no more, no night is dark e - nough for those that in dis - pair



sad in - fa - my sings, there let me live for - lorne.
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 fled: and teares,
From the high - est spire, high'st spire of con - tent - ment, my for - tunes throwne, and feare,



and sighes, and grones, my wea - ry dayes, my wear - ry dayes all joyes have de - priv'd.
and grieffe, and paine, for my de - serts, for my de - serts are hopes, hope is gone.



Harke that in Darke - nesse dwel, learne to con - temne light, Hap - py: hap - py, they that in hell feele



not the worlds des - pite.