



II. Flow my tears

Lachrimae.

Canto.

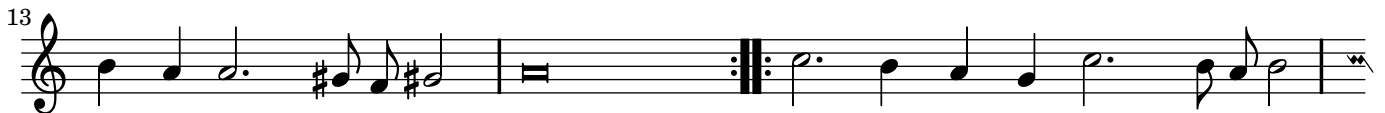
John Dowland



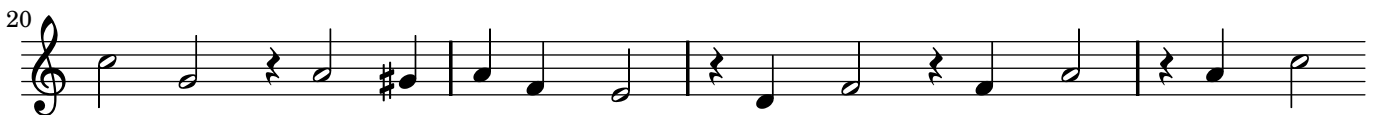
Flow my- teares fall from your springs, Ex- ilde for ev- er:
Downe vaine lights shine you no more, No nights are dark e-



Let mee mourne where nights black bird hir sad in- fa- my sings, there
nough for those that in dis- pair their lost for- tuns de- plore, light



let me live for - - lorne. Ne- ver may my woes be re-
doth but shame dis- close. From the high- est spire of con-



lie- ved, since pit- tie is fled, and teares, and sighes, and grones
tentment, my for- tune is throwne, and feare, and grieve, and paine



my wea- rie dayes, my wear- ie dayes, of all joyes have de- pri- ved.
for my de- serts, for my de- serts, are my hopes since hope is gone.



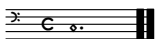
Harke you sha- dows that in darck- nesse dwell, learne to con- temne light,



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

¹Original has a quarter note.

²This note is missing in the original.



II. Flow my tears

Lachrimae.

Basso.

John Dowland



Flow teares from your springs Ex-ild for ev- er let mee mourne where
Downe lights shine no more, no night is 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 for- tuns de- plore, light doth but shame dis- close.



Ne- ver may my woes, my woes, be re- lie- ved, since pitt' is
From the high- est spire, high'st spire of con- tent- ment, my for- tunes



fled: and teares, and sighes, and grones, my wea- ry dayes, my wear- ry dayes all
throwne, and feare, and griefe, and paine, for my de- serts, for my de- serts are



joyes have de- prived. Harke that in Darke- nesse dwel, learne to con- temne
hopes, hope is gone.



light, Hap- py: hap- py, they that in hell feele not the worlds des- pite.