

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

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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.

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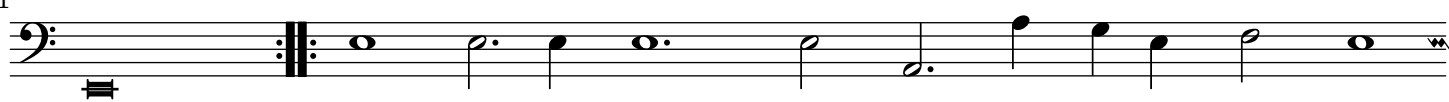
Ne- ver may my woes, my woes, be re- lie- ved, since pitt' is fled: and
From the high- est spire, high'st spire of con- tent- ment, my for- tunes throwne, and

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teares, and sighes, and grones, my wea- ry dayes, my wea- ry dayes all joyes have de-
feare, and grieffe, and paine, for my de- serts, for my de- serts are hopes, hope is

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prived. Harke that in Darke- nesse dwel, learne to con- temne light,
gone.

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