

hit
ing parts.

p

1

I saw my Lady weepe,
 And sorrow proud to be advanced so
 In those faire eyes, where all perfections keepe,
 Hir face was full of woe,
 But such a woe (beleeve me) as wins more hearts,
 Than mirth can doe with hir intysing parts.

2

Sorrow was there made faire,
 And passion wise, teares a delightfull thing,
 Silence beyond all speech a wisdom rare,
 Shee made hir sighes to sing,
 And all things with so sweet a sadnesse move,
 As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

3

O fayer than ought ells
 The world can shew, leave off in time to grieve,
 Inough, inough, your joyfull lookes excells,
 Teares kills the heart, believe,
 O strive not to be excellent in woe,
 Which onely breeds your beauties overthrow.

ANONYMOUS

FLOW MY TEARES
 (LACRIME)

THE SECOND BOOKE OF
 SONGS OR AYRES 1600

JOHN DOWLAND

Slow $\text{♩} = 46-48$

VOICE

PIANO

Flow Downe
 my vaine
 teares lights
 fall shine

p *legato*

from your springs,
 you no more,
 Ex-ilde
 No nights

for ev-er, let me for
 are dark e-nough
 Where mourne those
 That

black dis .
 nights in
 bird paire
 hir their
 sad in . fa . my
 lost for . tuns de .

decresc.
 There let mee live
 Light doth but shame
 for dis

p
 forme. close.
 [Somewhat faster]
 Nev . er
 From the
mf

may my woes be re . liev . ed,
 high . est spire of con . tent . ment,
pp

poco a poco accel. e cresc.
 Since pit . ie is fled,
 My for . tune is throwne,
 And teares, and sighes,
 And feare, and grieft,

and grones
 and paine
 my wea . rie dayes,
 for my de . sets,
 my wea . rie dayes,
 for my de . sets,

poco a poco rit. e dim.
 Of all joyes have de . priv . ed.
 Are my hopes since hope is gone.

Tempo I
 Harke you shad . oves that in dark
 nesse
pp

mf
 dwell, Learn to con - temne light,

mf
 Hap - pie, hap -

pie they that in hell Feele

not the worlds — de — spite. —

1

Flow my teares fall from your springs,
 Exilde for ever, let me mourne
 Where nights black bird hir sad infamy sings,
 There let mee live forlorne.

2

Downe vaine lights shine you no more,
 No nights are dark enough for those
 That in dispaire their lost fortunes deplore,
 Light doth but shame disclose.

3

Never may my woes be relieved,
 Since pitie is fled,
 And teares, and sighes, and grones my wearte dayes
 Of all joyes have deprived.

4

From the highest spire of contentment,
 My fortune is throwne,
 And feare, and grieft, and paine for my deserts,
 Are my hopes since hope is gone.

5

Harke you shadowes that in darknesse dwell,
 Learne to contemme light,
 Happie, happie they that in hell
 Feele not the worlds despite.

ANONYMOUS