Flow my tears

John Dowland

Flow my tears fall from your springs, Exiled
Down vain lights, shine you no more, No nights

Flow tears from your springs, Exiled for
Down lights, shine no more, No night is

for ever: Let me mourn where nights black bird her are dark enough for those that in despair their ev er: Let me mourn where nights black bird her sad dark e nough for those that in despair their lost

in fa my sings, there let me live for lorn. lost fortunes de plore, light doth but shame dis close.

in fa my sings, there let me live for lorn.

for tunes de plore, light doth but shame dis close.

Never may my woes be relieved,
From the highest spire of content ment,

Never may my woes, my
From the highest spire, high'st

since pity is fled, and tears, and sighs, my fortune is thrown, and fear, and grief,

woes be relieved, since pity is fled, and tears, and spire of contentment, my fortune's thrown, and fear, and

*View with contempt; disregard; despise, scorn.
and pain for my des-serts, - for my des-serts, are my sighs, and groans my wea-ry days, my wea-ry days, all grief, and pain for my des-serts, for my des-serts, are

joys have de-pri-ved. Hark you sha-dows that in dark-
hopes since hope is gone.

Happiness dwell, learn to con-temne* light, Hap-

py, hap-py they that in hell feel not the world’s de-

spite.