Flow not so fast ye fountains

Weep they apace whom Reason, or lirring time can
Time can a-bate the terror of every common

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Haste, Swell not above your mountains, nor spend your time in ease:
My sorrow can no season, Nor ough besides appain,
But com-mon grief is er- ror, True grief will still re-

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main. - pease. -
waste, Gentle springs, Gentle springs freshly your

salt tears must still fall

your salt tears must still, must still fall dropping, still
all dropping from their spheres.

still falling, falling, from their spheres. Must still

still falling, falling, from their spheres. Must still

spheres.

spheres.

spheres.