Flow my tears fall from your springs

Lacrime

John Dowland (c.1563-1626)

---

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

Exiled for ever let me mourn: where night’s black bird her
No nights are dark enough for those that in despair their

sad in-fa-my sings, there light doth but shame dis-close.
last for-tunes de-plore, light doth but lorn.

Ne-Ver may my woes be relieved, since my pity is fled,
From the high-est spire of con-tent-ment, my for-tune is thrown,

---

Lute tuning: D, G, c, f, a, d', g'

---

© David Fraser 2008, distributed according to the terms of the CPDL Licence (www.cpdl.org)
Hark you shadows that in darkness dwell, learn to condemn light, Hap - py, hap - py

Hark that in darkness dwell, learn to condemn light, hap - py, hap - py

they that in hell feel not the world’s de - spite.

they that in hell feel not the world’s de - spite.

and tears, and sighs, and groans my wea - ry days of all joys have de - prived.

and tears, and sighs, and groans my wea - ry days of all joys have de - prived.

my wea - ry days, for my de - serts are my hopes since hope is gone.

my wea - ry days, for my de - serts are my hopes since hope is gone.

wea - ry days, my wea - ry days all joys have de - prived.

wea - ry days, my wea - ry days all joys have de - prived.

days, my wea - ry days of all joys have de - prived.

days, my wea - ry days of all joys have de - prived.

fled, thrown, and tears, and sighs, and groans for my de -

fled, thrown, and tears, and sighs, and groans for my de -

 thrown, and tears, and fear, and grief, and pain for my de -

 thrown, and tears, and fear, and grief, and pain for my de -


II.5.2-3: solid tie in source

I.6.4-7.6: *tunes* \(\text{\textbullet}\) *de plore, \(\text{\textbullet}\) light \(\text{\textbullet}\) doth \(\text{\textbullet}\) but \(\text{\textbullet}\) shame \(\text{\textbullet}\) dis \(\text{\textbullet}\)

(a block of underlay appears to have been displaced to the right)

I.15.6: sharp in consort version