

John Dowland Flow my teares

Cantus

Flow my- teares fall from your springs, Ex- ilde for ev- er:
Downe vaine lights shine you no more, No nights are dark e-

Bassus

Flow teares from your springs; Ex- ild for ev- er
Downe lights shine no more, no night is dark e-

Let mee mourne where nights black bird hir sad in- fa- my sings, there let me live for - - lorne.
nough for those that in dis- pair their lost for- tuns de- plore, light doth but shame dis- close.

let mee mourne where nights black bird hir sad in- fa- my sings, there let me live for- lorne.
nough. for those that in dis- pair their for- tuns de- plore, light doth but shame dis- close.

Ne- ver may my woes be- re- lie- ved, since pit- tie is fled, and teares, and sighes,
From the high- est spire of- con- tent ment, my for- tune is throwne, and feare, and grieffe,

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

and grones my wea- rie dayes, my wear- ie dayes, of all joyes_ have_ de- prived.
and paine for my de- serts, for my de- serts, are my hopes since hope_ is gone.

sighes, and grones, my wea- ry dayes, my wear- ry dayes all joyes have de- prived.
grieffe, and paine, for my de- serts, for my de- serts are hopes, hope is gone.

Harke you sha- dows that in darck- nesse dwell, learne to con- temne light,

Harke that in Darke- nesse dwell, learne to con- temne light, Hap- py:

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

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