Flow My Tears

20250518 sf#

John Dowland 1600

♩ = 60

[Slow]

[mp]

Flow my tears fall from your springs, Ex - il'd
Down vain lights shine you no more, No nights

7

for ev - er let me mourn: Where night's black bird her
are dark e - nough for those That in de - spair their

12

sad in - fa - my sings, There let me live for lorn.
last for-tunes de - plore, Light doth but shame dis close.

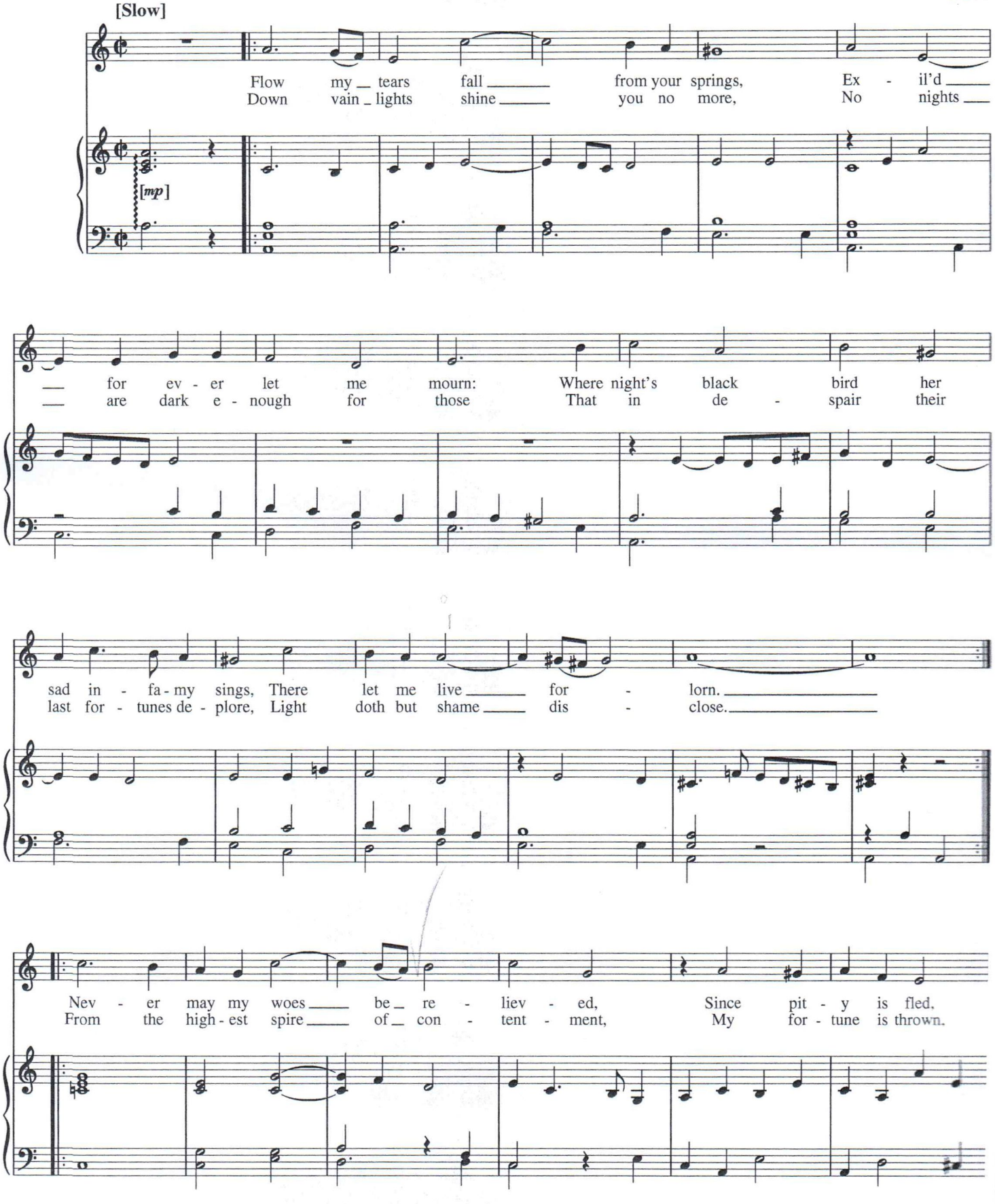
18

Nev - er may my woes be re - liev - ed. Since pit - y is fled,
From the high-est spire of con - tent - ment. My for - tune is thrown,


24
And tears, and sighs, and groans my wea - ry days, my wea - ry days
And fear, and grief, and pain for my de-serts, for my de-serts
30
Of all joys have de - priv - ed
Are my hopes since hope is gone
Hark you sha-dows that in dark-
37
- ness dwell, Learn to con-temn tight, Hap - py, hap -
44
- py they that in hell Feel not the world's de - spite.

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And fear, and grief, and pain for my de-serts, for my de-serts
Of all joys have de - priv - ed.
Are my hopes since hope is gone.
Hark you sha - dows that in dark -
- ness dwell, Learn to con-temn light, Hap - py, hap -
- py they that in hell Feel not the world's de - spite.