

Burst forth, my tears

John Dowland

Burst, burst forth - my tears, - as- sist my
 Sad, sad pin- ing Care, - that ne- ver
 Like to, like to the winds - my sighs have

for- ward grief, And show what pain im-
 may have peace, At Beau- ty's gate in
 wing- ed been; Yet are my sighs and

per- ious Love pro- vokes. Kind ten- der
 hope of pi- ty knocks; But Mer- cy
 suits re- paid with mocks: I plead, yet

lambs, la- ment Love's
 sleeps while deep Dis-
 she re- pin- eth

scant dain at re- lief, in- crease, my teen. And pine, since And Beau- ty ruth- less

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pen- sive Care my free- dom yokes. O Hope in her fair bos- om locks. O ri- gour hard- er than the rocks. That

- pine, to see me pine, O - grieve to hear my grief, O - both the shep- herd kills, that

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- pine, to see me pine, my ten- der flocks. - grieve to hear my grief, my ten- der flocks. - both the shep- herd kills, and his poor flocks.