

## II. Flow my tears

*Lachrimae*

Voice

Flow my tears fall — from your springs, Ex - il'd for ev - er let me mourn: Where  
Down vain lights shine — you no more, No nights are dark e - nough for those That

Guitar  
at pitch  
⑥ to D

Lute

night's black bird her sad in - fa - my sings, There let me live for - lorn.  
in des - pair their last for - tunes de - plore, Light doth but shame dis - close.

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

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

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment. The bottom staff contains letter-based notes (a, c, d, e, f) for the piano part.

Of all joys have de - priv - ed. Hark you sha - dows that in dark - ness  
 Are my hopes since hope is gone.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment. The bottom staff contains letter-based notes (a, c, d, e, f) for the piano part.

dwel, Learn to con - temn light, Hap - py, hap -

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment. The bottom staff contains letter-based notes (a, c, d, e, f) for the piano part.



py they that in Hell Feel not the world's de spite.

1

Flow my tears fall from your springs,  
 Exil'd forever: let me mourn  
 Where night's black bird her sad infamy sings,  
 There let me live forlorn.

2

Down vain lights shine you no more,  
 No nights are dark enough for those  
 That in despair their last fortunes deplore,  
 Light doth but shame disclose.

3

Never may my woes be relieved,  
 Since pity is fled,  
 And tears, and sighs, and groans my weary days  
 Of all joys have deprived.

4

From the highest spire of contentment,  
 My fortune is thrown,  
 And fear, and grief, and pain for my deserts  
 Are my hopes since hope is gone.

5

Hark you shadows that in darkness dwell,  
 Learn to contemn light,  
 Happy, happy they that in Hell  
 Feel not the world's despite.