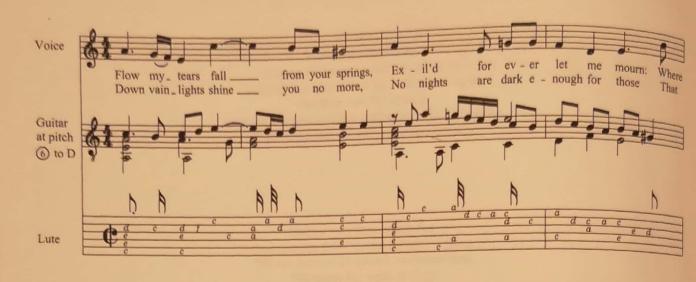
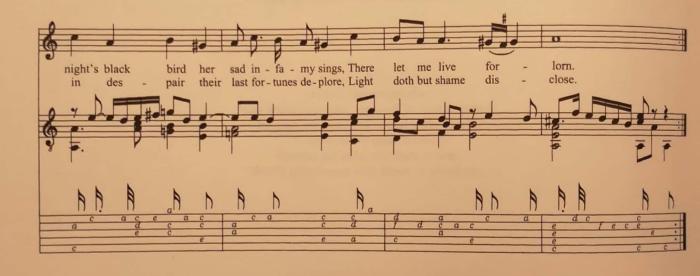
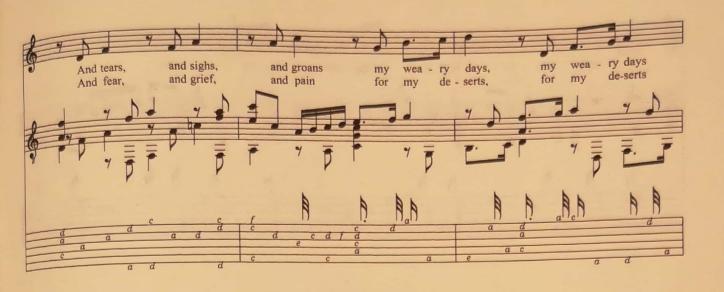
## II. Flow my tears

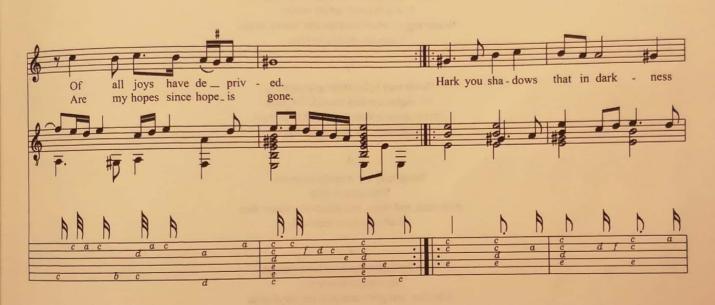
Lachrimae

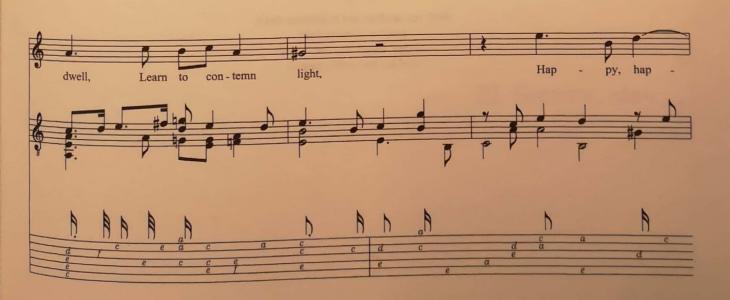


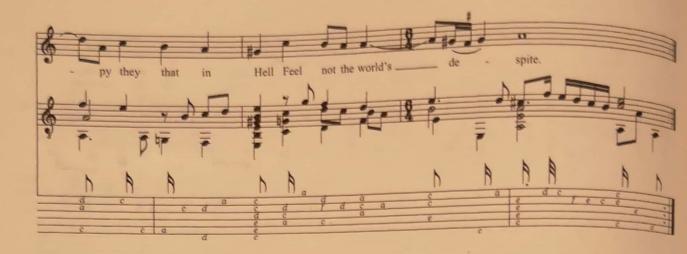












I

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.