Flow, my tears

John Dowland (1563-1626)

1. Flow, my tears, fall from your springs! Exil- ed for- ev- er,
2. Down vain lights, shine you no more! No nights are dark e-

let me mourn; Where night's black bird her sad in- fa- my sings, There
nough for those That in des- pair their lost for- tunes de- plore. Light

let me live for- lorn. 3. Ne- ver may my woes
doth but shame dis- close. 4. From the high- est spire

be re- lie- ved, Since pi- ty is fled; And tears and sighs and groans my wea- ry
of con- tent- ment My for- tune is thrown; And fear and grief and pain for my de-

days my wea- ry days Of all joys have de- - prived. 5. Hark! you sha- dows
serts for my de- serts Are my hopes, since hope is gone.

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.