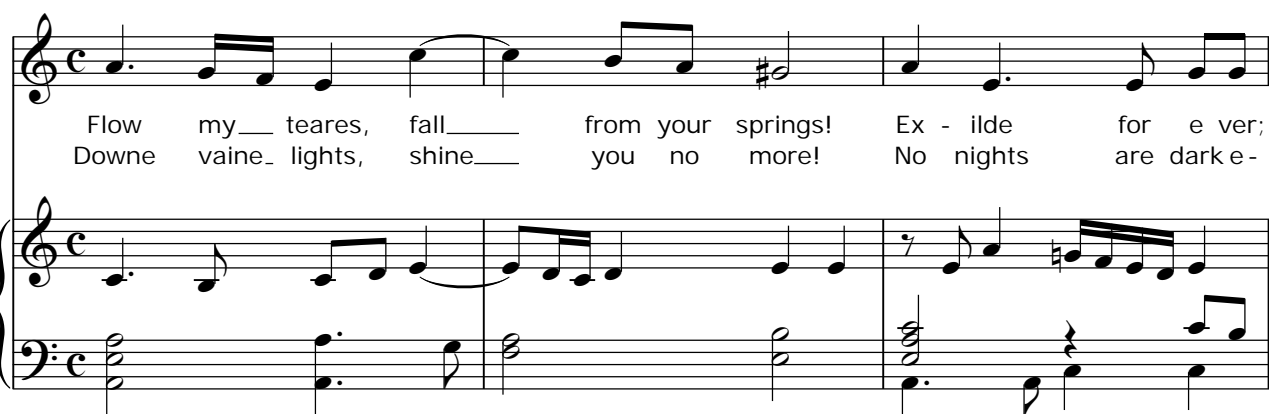


# Flow my tears

John Dowland


Voice



Flow my teares, fall from your springs! Ex - ilde for e ver;  
Downe vaine lights, shine you no more! No nights are dark e -

Lute

4



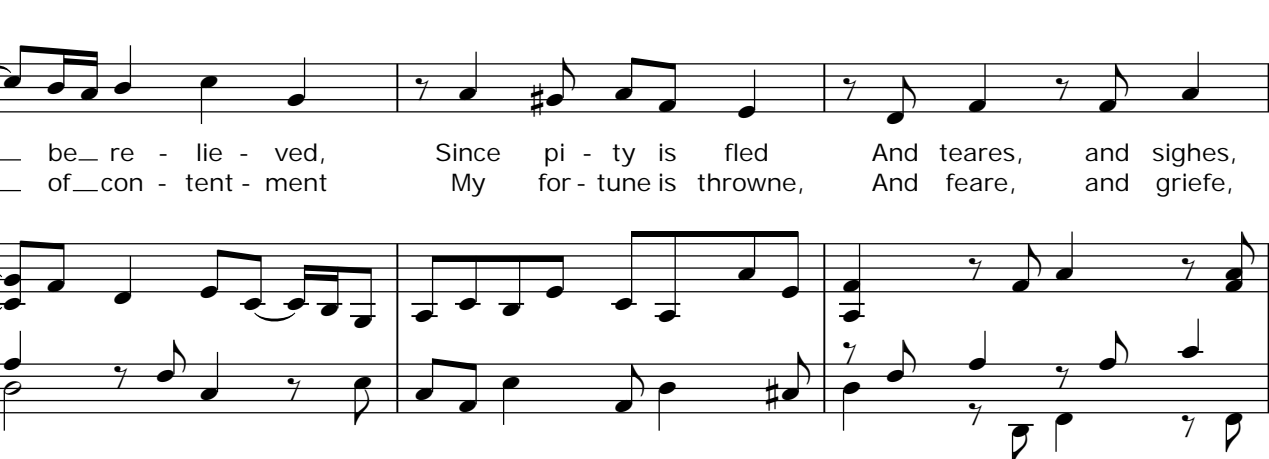
Let mee morne; Wher night's black bird hir sad in - fa - my sings. There  
nough for those That in des - paire their lost for - tuns de - plore, Light

7



let mee live for - lorne. Ne - ver may my woes  
doth but shame dis - close. From the high - est spire.

10



— be - re - lie - ved, Since pi - ty is fled And teares, and sighes,  
— of con - tent - ment My for - tune is throwne, And feare, and grieffe,

13

and grones my wear - ie dayes, my wear - ie dayes Of all joyes have de - pri -  
and paine for my de serts, for my de - serts Are my hopes, since hope\_ is

16

ved. Harke you sha - dows that in dark - nesse  
gone.

19

dwell, Learne to con - temne light. Hap - pie, hap - pie they

22

that in hell Feele not the world's de - spite.