

Flow, my Tears

(Uit/from Second Book of Ayres)

John Dowland (1553-1626)

♩=84

Zang

1. Flow, my tears, fall from your springs. Ex - iled for e - ver
2. Down, vain lights, shine you no more! No nights are dark e -

Gitaar

4

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

7

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

10

be - re - lie - ved. Since pi - ty is fled. And tears and sighs
of con - tent - ment. My for - tune is thrown. And fear and grief

13

and groans
and pain

my wea - ry days,
for my de - serts

my wea - ry days
for my de - serts

15

of all joys have de - pri - ved_
are my hopes, since hope_ is gone.

5.Hark, you sha - dows

18

that in dark - ness dwell. Learn to con - cern light. Hap - py, hap_

22

_ py they that in hell feel not the world's_ des_ pite.

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1. Flow, my tears, fall ___ from your springs. Ex - iled for e - ver let me mourn. Where
2. Down, vain lights, shine ___ you no more! No nights are dark e - nough for those. That

5



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

9



3. Nev - er may my woes ___ be re - lie - ved. Since pi - ty is fled. And tears and sighs
4. From the high - est spire ___ of con - tent - ment. My for - tune is thrown. And fear and grief

13



and groans my wea - ry days, my wea - ry days of all joys have de - pri - ved ___
and pain for my de - serts for my de - serts are my hopes, since hope is gone.

17



5. Hark, you sha - dows that in dark - ness dwell. Learn to con - cern light.

21



Hap - py, hap ___ py they that in hell feel not the world's ___ des ___ pite.

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