

Burst forth, my tears

John Dowland

Burst, burst forth - my tears, - as- sist my
 Sad, sad pin- ing Care, - that ne- ver
 Like to, like to the winds - my sighs have

l. | | | | | | | | | |

a b | a b | a b | b a a
 r r r e r | a r a

5

for- ward grief, And show what pain im-
 may have peace, At Beau- ty's gate in
 wing- ed been; Yet are my sighs and

| | | | | | | | | |

b d a | a r d a r a d | a d r a e a
 r r r r | d r e r

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per- ious Love pro- vokes. Kind ten- der
 hope of pi- ty knocks; But Mer- cy
 suits re- paid with mocks: I plead, yet

| | | | | | | | | |

a a d a r | e a e a r f a d | r d
 a b a b | a a e b a b | a a
 r r d a | r e b r | b r
 a r d a | r e b r | b r

lambs, la- ment Love's
 sleeps while - deep Dis-
 she re- - pin- eth

| | | | | | | | | |

r a d a | e e | a d r a e a
 b b | f a | b a r a e a
 r r | r r | a a e r

scant re- lief, And pine, since
 dain in- crease, And Beau- ty
 at my teen. O ruth- less

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pen- sive Care my free- dom yokes. O
 Hope in her fair bos- om locks. O
 ri- gour hard- er than the rocks. That

- pine, to see me pine, O
 - grieve to hear my grief, O
 - both the shep- herd kills, that

- pine, to see me pine, my ten- der flocks.
 - grieve to hear my grief, my ten- der flocks.
 - both the shep- herd kills, and his poor flocks.