Flow, my tears (Gm)

John Dowland

Flow my tears, fall from your springs! Ex- iled for- ev- er
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. Nev- er may my woes be re-
doth but shame dis- - close. From the high- est spire of con-

liev- ed, since pi- ty is fled; And tears and sighs
tent- ment My for- tune is thrown; And fear and grief

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and groans my wea- ry days, my wea- ry days
and pain for my de- serts, for my de- serts

Of all joys have de- pri- ved. Hark! you sha- dows
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.

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