

Drop, drop slow tears

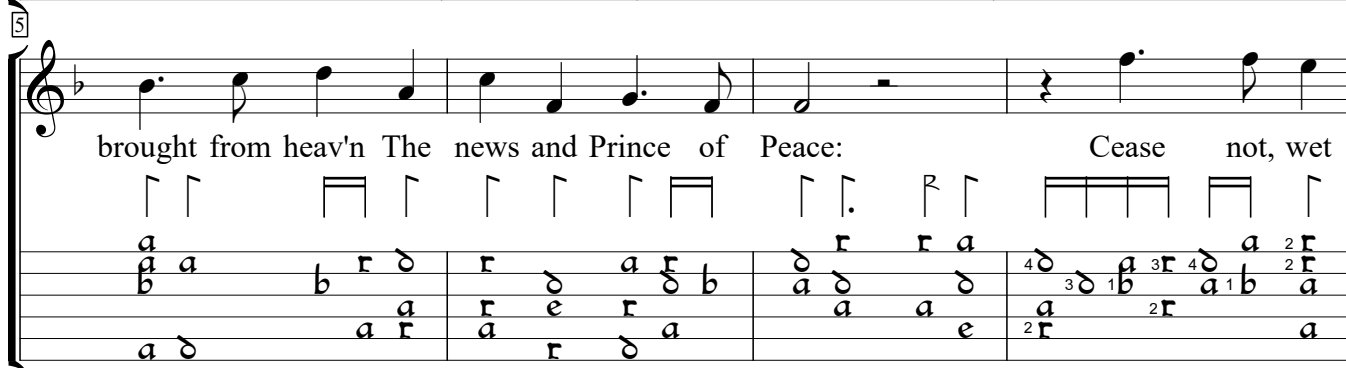
Words by Phineas Fletcher

Orlando Gibbons

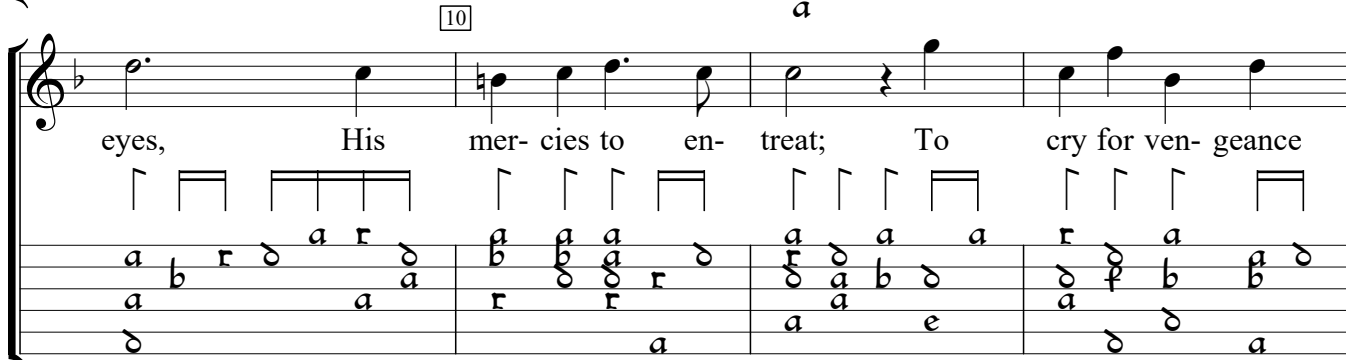
Drop, drop, slow tears, And bathe those beau- teous feet Which



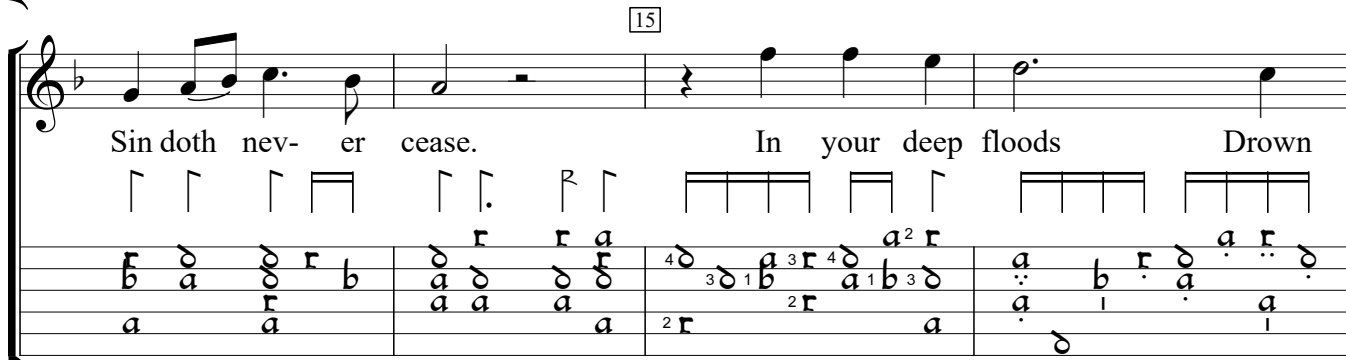
brought from heav'n The news and Prince of Peace: Cease not, wet



eyes, His mer- cies to en- treat; To cry for ven- geance



Sin doth nev- er cease. In your deep floods Drown



all my faults and fears; Nor let his eye see sin, But through my tears.

