Flow My Tears

John Dowland

guitar part arranged by Bill Long

Flow my tears fall from your springs,
Down vain lights shine you no more,
Exiled for ever, let me mourn
Where nights' black bird her sad in-famy sings,
There lost fortunes de-plore,
Light doth but shame dis-close.

Never may my woes be relieved,
Since pity is fled,
And tears, and sighs,
From the highest spire of contentment,
My fortune is thrown,
And fear, and grief,

and groans My weary days, my weary days,
And all joys have depri-ved.
and pain for my de-serts, for my de-serts,
Are my hopes since hope is gone.

Hark you shadows that in darkness dwell,
Learn to contemn light,
Happy, happy they that in hell Feel not the world's de-spire.
Flow My Tears

John Dowland

Flow my tears fall from your springs, Exiled for ever, let me mourn Where

Flow Down my vain lights shine you no more, No nights are dark enough for those That

nights' black bird her sad in-famy sings, There let me live forlorn,

in dispair their lost fortunes de-plore, Light doth but shame disclose.

Nev-er may my woes be reliev ed, Since pity is fled, And tears, and sighs,

From the high-est spire of contentment, My for-tune is thrown, And fear, and grief,

and groans My wea-ry days, my wea-ry days Of all joys have de-priv ed.

and pain for my deserts, for my deserts, Are my hopes since hope is gone.

Hark you shadows that in darkness dwell, Learn to contemn light,

Hap-py, hap-py they that in hell Feel not the world's de-spite.