


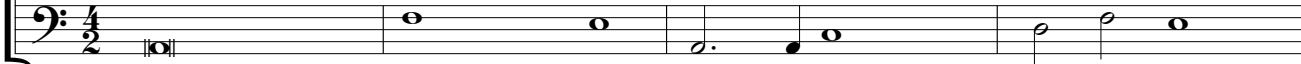
Flow My Tears

John Dowland

Gamba Solo



Bass




Flow my tears fall from your springs, Ex - iled for ev - er, let me mourn Where
Down vain lights shine you no more, No nights are dark e - ough for those That

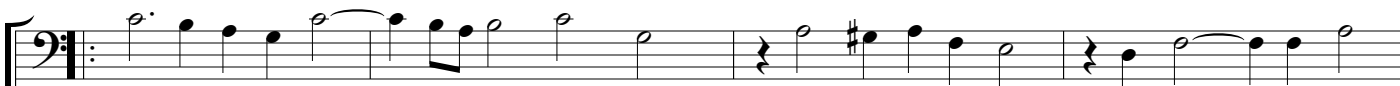
5



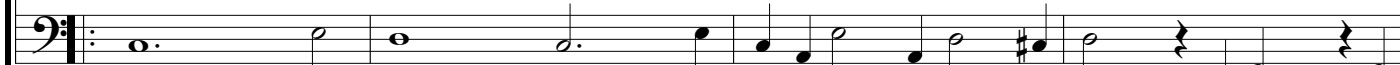
nights' black bird her sad in - fa - my sings, There let me live for - lone.
in dis - pair their lost for - tunes de - plore, Light doth but shame dis - close.




9




Nev - er may my woes be re - liev - ed, Since pi - ty is fled, And tears, and sighs,
From the high - est spire of con - tent - ment, My for - tune is thrown, And fear, and grief,




13



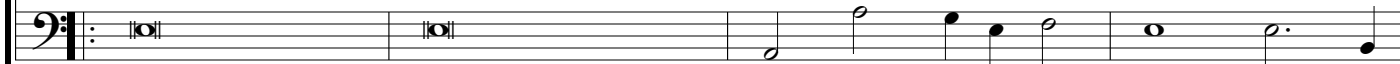
and groans My wea - ry days, my wea - ry days Of all joys have de - priv - ed.
and pain for my de - serts, for my de - serts, Are my hopes since hope is gone.



17



Hark you sha - dows that in dark - ness dwell, Learn to con - temn light,



21



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

