

2. Flow my tears

Lacrime

Cantus

Flow my-tears fall from your springs, Ex-il'd for ev-er
Down vain-lights shine you no more, No nights are dark e-

Gitarre

8 ⑥ = D

4

let me mourn; Where night's black bird her sad in-fa-my sings, There
nough for those That in de-spair their last for-tunes de-plore, Light

7

let me live for-lorn. Nev-er may my woes
doth but shame dis-close. From the high-est spire

10

be—re - liev - ed, Since pi - ty is fled, And tears, and sighs,
of—con - tent - ment, My for-tune is thrown, And fear, and grief,

13

and groans my wear-ry days my wear-ry days Of all joys have de-priv - ed.
and pain for my de- serts, for my de serts Are my hopessince 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.