FLOW, MY TEARS

LACRIMAE

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-nough for those That
night's black bird her sad in-fa-my sings, There let me live for-
in de-spair their lost for-tunes de-glore. Light doth but shame dis-
-lorn. Nev-er may my woes be re-liev-ed, Since pi-
-close. From the high-est spire of con-tent-ment My for-
-ty is fled; And tears and sighs and groans my wea-ry
tune is thrown; And fear and grief and pain for my de-

Hark! you sha-dows that in dark-

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Flow, my tears, fall from your springs!
Exiled for ever let me mourn;
Where night's black bird her sad infamy sings,
There let me live forlorn.

2
Down, vain lights, shine you no more!
No nights are dark enough for those
That in despair their lost fortunes deplore.
Light doth but shame disclose.

3
Never may my woes be relieved,
Since pity is fled;
And tears and sights and groans my weary days
Of all joys have deprived.

4
From the highest spire of contentment
My fortune is thrown;
And fear and grief and pain for my deserts
Are my hopes, since hope is gone.

5
Hark! you shadows that in darkness dwell,
Learn to contemn light.
Happy, happy they that in hell
Feel not the world's despite.