

# Sting, Flow, My Tears (Lachrimae)

(John Dowland)

Flow my teares fall from your springs,  
Exilde for ever: Let me morne  
Where nights black bird hir sad infamy sings,  
There let me live forlorne.

Downe vaine lights shine you no more,  
No nights are dark enough for those  
That in dispaire their last fortunes deplore,  
Light doth but shame disclose.

Never may my woes be relieved,  
Since pittie is fled,  
And teares, and sighes, and grones  
My wearie days of all joyes have deprived.

From the highest spire of contentment,  
My fortune is throwne,  
And feare, and grieffe, and paine  
For my deserts, are my hopes since hope is gone.

Hark you shadowes that in darnesse dwell,  
Learn to contemne light,  
Happy that in hell  
Feele not the worlds despite.