

Flow not so fast, ye fountains.

JOHN DOWLAND.
3rd Book of Ayres 1603.

Andante sostenuto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

mp

Flow not so fast ye fount - aines, What

need - eth all this haste? Swell not a - bove your

mount - aines, Nor spend your time in waste.

Gen - tle springs, gen - tle springs, Fresh - ly your salt

teares Must still fall drop - ping,

p Must still fall drop - ping, drop - ping, drop - ping,

drop - ping, fall drop - ping from their spheares.

rit.

Weepe they a - pace whom

rea - - son, Or ling - 'ring time can ease:

My sor-row can no sea - son, Nor aught be - sides ap -

- pease. Gen - tle springs, gen - tle springs, Fresh -

- ly your salt teares Must still fall

drop - ping, must still fall drop - ping,

drop - ping, drop - ping, drop - ping, fall drop - ping from their

rit.

spheares. Time can abate the

ter - rour Of eve - ry com - mon paine,

But common grief is er - rour, True grieve will still re -

- maine. Gen - tle springs, gen - tle springs, Fresh - ly your salt

pp

teares Must still fall drop - ping,

pp Must still fall drop - ping, drop - ping, drop - ping.

drop - ping, fall drop - ping from their spheares.

rit.

Flow not so fast ye fountaines,
 What needeth all this haste?
 Swell not above your mountaines,
 Nor spend your time in waste.
 Gentle springs,
 Freshly your salt teares
 Must still fall dropping
 From their spheares.

Weepe they apace whom reason,
 Or ling'ring time can ease:
 My sorrow can no season,
 Nor aught besides appease.
 Gentle springs &c.

Time can abate the terrour
 Of every common paine,
 But common grieve is errour,
 True grieve will still remain.
 Gentle springs &c.