

Flow My Tears

Choir or Vocal Quartet (SATB)

John Dowland (1563–1623)
arr. Felix Janssen

Soprano

Flow, my tears, fall from your springs! Ex - iled for e - ver,
Down, vain lights, shine you no more! No nights are dark e -

Alto

Flow, my tears, fall from your springs! Ex - iled for e - ver,
Down, vain lights, shine you no more! No nights are dark e -

Tenor

Flow, tears, from shine your springs! Ex - iled for e - ver,
Down, lights, no more! No nights are dark e -

Bass

Flow, tears, from shine your springs! Ex - iled for e - ver,
Down, lights, no more! No nights are dark e -

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let me mourn; where night's black bird her
nough for those that in de - - spair their

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let me mourn; where night's black bird her
nough for those that in de - - spair their

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sad in - fa - my sings, there let me live for - - lorn.
lost for - tunes de - plore. Light doth but shame dis - - close.

— sad in - fa - my sings, there let me live for - lorn.
— their for - tunes de - plore. Light doth but shame dis - close.

in - - fa - my sings, there let me live for - lorn.
for - - tunes de - plore. Light doth but shame dis - close.

in - - fa - my sings, there let me live for - lorn.
for - - tunes de - plore. Light doth but shame dis - close.

Ne - ver may my woes be re - liev - ed, since pi - ty is fled;
From the high - est spire of con - tent - ment my for - tune is thrown;

Ne - ver the may high - est my woes, my woes be re - liev - ed, since pi - ty is
From the high - est spire, high'st spire of con - tent - ment, my for - tune is

Ne - - ver, may high - my woes be re - liev - ed, since pi - ty's fled;
From the high - est spire of con - tent - ment, my for - tune's thrown;

Ne - - ver the may high - my woes, my woes be re - liev - ed, since pi - ty's
From the high - est spire, high'st spire of con - tent - ment, my for - tune's

and tears and sighs and groans my wea - ry de -
and fear and grief and pain for my

fled; and tears and sighs and groans
thrown; and fear and grief and pain

and tears and sighs and groans my wea - ry days,
and fear and grief and pain for my de - serts,

fled; and tears and sighs and groans my
thrown; and fear and grief and pain for

days, my wea - ry days of all joys have de - priv - ed.
serts, for my de - serts are my hopes, since hope is gone.

my wea - ry days of all joys have de - priv - ed.
for my de - serts are my hopes, since hope is gone.

my wea - ry days of all joys have de - priv - ed.
for my de - serts are my hopes since hope is gone.

wea - ry days my wea - ry days all joys have de - priv - ed.
my de - serts, for my de - serts are hopes, hope is gone.

