

THE
SECOND BOOKE
of Songs or Ayres

IOHN DOWLAND

1600

II. Flow my tears fall from your springs.

Lacrimæ

Flow my tears fall from your springs,
Exilded for euer : let mee mourne,
Where nightes black bird hir sad infamy sings,
There let mee liue forlorne.

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

Neuer may my woes be relieued,
Since pittie is fled,
And teares and sighes and grones my wearie dayes
Of all ioyes haue depriued.

From the highest spire of contentment
My fortune is throwne,
And feare and grieve and paine for my deserts
Are my hopes since hope is gone.

Harke you shadowes that in darkness dwell,
Learne to contemne light
Happie happy they that in hell
Feele not the worlds despite.