Lachrime  
John Dowland

Flow my teares fall from your springs, Ex ilde for e-ter. Let mee morne where
downe vaine lights shine you no more, No nights are dark e-nough for those that

nights black bird hir sad in-fa-my sings, there let mee live for-lorne.
in dis-paire their last for-tunes de-plore, light doth but shame dis-close.

Never may my woes be re-lieved, since pit-tie is fled, and teares, and sighes,
From the highest spire of con-tentment, my for-tune is throwne and feare, and grieve,

and groanes, my wear ie dayes, ij. of all joyes have de-pri-ved.
and paine for my de-serts, ij. are my hopes since hope is gone.

Harke you shadowes that in dark nesse dwell, learne to con temne light,

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Happie Happie they that in hell feele not the worlds despite.

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