

Slow

VOICE *mf* Flow my tears fall — from your springs, *p* Ex - il'd for ev - er

*poco cresc.* 3 let me mourn: Where night's black bird her sad in - fa - my

*poco cresc.*

*dim.* sings, There let me live for - lorn. *p* Down vain lights shine -

*dim.*

*mf* — you no more, No nights are dark e - nough for those That *f*

*mf*

in de - spair their last for - tunes de - plore, Light doth but shame dis -

*f a tempo* *dim.*

- close. Ne - ver may my woes be - re -

*poco rit.*

- liev - ed, Since pi - ty is fled, And tears, and sighs, and groans my wear - y

*p* *cresc.*

days, my wear - y days Of all joys have de - priv - ed.

*dim.* *poco rit.*

From the highest spire of contentment, My fortune is thrown, And fear, and grief,

*f* *p* *cresc.*

and pain for my deserts, for my deserts, Are my hopes since hope is gone.

*cresc.* *poco rit.* *dim.* *p* *poco rit.*

Hark you shadows that in darkness dwell, Learn to contempt light,

*pp* *cresc.* *pp* *cresc.* *f*

Happy, happy they that in hell Feel not the world's despoite.

*f*