

Flow my tears

ton original

Extrait de « The second book of songs » publié en 1600 John Dowland (1563-1626)

Flow my tears, fall from your springs Ex - il'd for e - ver let me mourn: Where
Down vain lights, shine you no more No nights are dark e - nough for those. That

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

night's black - bird her sad in - fa - my sings, There let me live for —
in de - spair their last for - tune de - plore, Light doth but shame dis —

The second system continues the musical score. A square box containing the number '5' is positioned above the vocal line at the start of the first measure. The lyrics continue below the vocal line.

lorn. Nev - er may my woes be _ re - liev - ed, Since pi -
close. From the high - est spire of _ con - tent - ment, My for -

The third system concludes the musical score. It features a double bar line with repeat dots at the beginning of the system. The lyrics continue below the vocal line.

10

- ty is fled, And tears, and sighs, and groans my wea - ry
 - tune is thrown, And fear, and grief and pain for my de -

15

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

hark you sha - dows that in dark - ness - dwell, learn to con temn light,

20

Hap - py, hap - py, they that in hell, Feel not the world's de - spite.

Flow, my tears, fall from your springs!
Exiled for ever, let me mourn;
Where night's black bird her sad infamy sings,
There let me live forlorn.

Down vain lights, shine you no more!
No nights are dark enough for those
That in despair their lost fortunes deplore.
Light doth but shame disclose.

Never may my woes be relieved,
Since pity is fled;
And tears and sighs and groans my weary days
Of all joys have deprived.

From the highest spire of contentment
My fortune is thrown;
And fear and grief and pain for my deserts
Are my hopes, since hope is gone.

Hark! you shadows that in darkness dwell,
Learn to contemn light
Happy, happy they that in hell
Feel not the world's despise.

Coulez mes larmes, jaillissez de vos sources !
Exilé pour toujours, laissez-moi m'affliger.
Où les oiseaux noirs de la nuit chantent leur triste infamie,
Là, laissez-moi vivre abandonné.

Cessez, vaines lumières, ne brillez plus,
Aucune nuit n'est assez sombre pour celui
Qui, dans le désespoir, déplore sa dernière fortune,
Fait de la lumière mais dévoile sa honte.

Jamais mes chagrins ne pourront être consolés,
Depuis que la pitié s'est enfuie,
Et les larmes, et les sanglots, et les plaintes, mes jours lassés
De toutes joies sont dépourvus.

De la plus haute volute du plaisir,
Ma fortune s'est effondrée,
Et la peur, et la peine et la douleur dans ce désert
Sont mes espoirs depuis que l'espoir a déserté.

Ecoutez, vous les ombres qui dans l'ombre demeurez,
Apprenez à mépriser la lumière
Heureux, heureux ceux qui en enfer
Ne sentent pas le dédain du monde.