Flow my tears

John Dowland

*View with contempt; disregard; despise, scorn.*
tune is thrown, and fear, and grief, and pain for my des-
ty is fled, and tears, and sighs, and groans my wea-
ved, since pi-ty is fled, and tears, and sighs, and groans my
ment, my for-tune's thrown, and fear, and grief, and pain for
days, my wea-ry days, of all joys have de-pri-
serts, for my de-serts, are my hopes since hope is gone.
wea-ry days, my wea-ry days, all joys have de-prived.
my de-serts, for my de-serts, are hopes, hope is gone.

Hark that in dark-ness dwell, learn
to con-temne* light, Hap-py, hap-py they that in

hell feel not the world's de-spite.