Slow, Slow, Fresh Fount

Words by Ben Jonson  
Music by Jon Corelis

\( \text{\textit{j} = 62} \) Mournfully

Soprano Recorder

Tenor Recorder

Bass Recorder

\( \text{time with my salt tears; yet slower, yet; O faintly gentle springs:} \)

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Droop herbs and flowers; fall grief in showers;
our beauties are not ours; O I could still, like

melting snow upon some craggy hill,
drop, drop, drop, drop, since nature's pride is now a wither'd

daf - fo - dil.