

I saw my lady weep

John Dowland

I
Sor-
O

saw my la- dy weep And
row was there made fair, And
fair- - er than aught else The

sor- pas- world row sion can proud to wise, tears show, leave be a off ad- de- vant- light- ced ful so thing; to grieve.

In those fair
Si- lence be-
E- nough, e-

10

eyes, in those fair eyes where all per- fect- tions keep.
yond, be- yond all speech a wis- dom, wis- dom rare.
nough your joy- ful looks, your joy- ful looks ex- cels.

BIII

Her face was full of woe, full of - woe; But such a
She made her sighs to sing, sighs to - sing, And all things
Tears kill the heart be- lieve, be- - lieve. O strive not

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woe, be- lieve me, as wins more hearts
with so sweet - a sad- ness move
to be ex- - cel- lant in woe,

Than mirth can do with her, with her en- tic- ing parts
As made my heart at once both grieve, both grieve and love.
Which on- ly breeds your beau- ty's o- - - ver- throw.

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