

Lend your ears to my sorrow

John Dowland

Lend your ears - to my sor- - row, -
 Once I liv'd, - once I knew - de- light;
 Cold as ice, - fro- zen is - that heart

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Good peo- ple that have an- y
 No grief did of sha- dow then my
 Where thought of love could no time

pi- ty; For no eyes - will I bor-
 plea- - sure. Grac'd with Love, - cheer'd with Beau-
 en- - ter. Such of life - reap the poor-

- row, - Mine own shall grace my dole- ful
 - ty's sight, I joy'd a- lone true heav'n- ly
 - est part, Whose weight cleaves to this earth- ly

dit-ty. Chant - it, my voice, though
tre- sure. O - what a heav'n is
cen- tre. Mu- - tu- al joys in

a *r* *e*

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rude like to my rhym- ing, And tell forth my
love firm- ly em- brac- ni- ed! Such pow- er a-
hearts tru- ly u- ni- ted Do earth to -

a *r* *e* *f*

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grief, which here in sad des- pair Can
lone, a- lone can fix state de- de- light In
heav'n- ly, heav'n- ly vert, Like

a *r* *e* *f*

find no ease - of tor- ment- ing.
For- tune's bo- som - ev- er plac- ed.
heav'n still in it- self de- light- ed.

a *r* *e* *f*