

# I saw my lady weep

John Dowland

I  
Sor-  
O

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

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

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

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

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- lent 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 ov- - ver- throw.