

# 1. I saw my Lady weepe

John Dowland

I saw my Sorow was O fayrer

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La-dy weepe, And sorow there made faire, And Pas-sion then ought ells, The world can

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proud to bee ad-van-ced so: wise, teares a delight-ful thing, shew, leave of in time to grieve,

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In those faire eies, in those faire eies where Si-lence be-yond all speech, be-yond all In-ough, i-nough, your joy-ful lookes, your

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all per-fec - tions keepe,  
 speech a wis - dome rare,  
 joy-full looks\_ ex - cells,

Hir face was full of woe,  
 She made her sighes to sing,  
 Teares kills the heart be - lieve,

*a a a f e c e* | *a b b a d c*  
*a a* | *a b b d c*  
*c a d e c* | *c e e e c*

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full\_\_\_\_\_ of woe,  
 And\_\_\_\_\_ all things  
 O\_\_\_\_\_ strive not,

But such a woe (be-leeve me) as  
 with so sweet, with so sweet a\_\_\_\_  
 not to bee ex - cell-ent, ex - cell -

*c a c* | *c c e* | *a c a*  
*d e d e* | *e e e* | *b c b c b*  
*a e d e* | *e e e* | *c b c c*

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wins more hearts,  
 sad - nesse move,  
 - ent in woe,

Then mirth can doe, with hir, *with*  
 As made my heart at once both  
 Which one - ly breeds your beau - ties,

*d d e a c a* | *d c c a a c d a d c d*  
*d d e e d* | *a c d a d c d*  
*e e e d* | *c e a a c*

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*hir* in - tys grie - - ing parts.\_\_\_\_\_  
 grieve, both grieve and love.\_\_\_\_\_  
 beau - ties ov - - er - throw.\_\_\_\_\_

*a c d d a a* | *c c c*  
*c a d d c a* | *c c c*  
*c a d d c a* | *c c c*