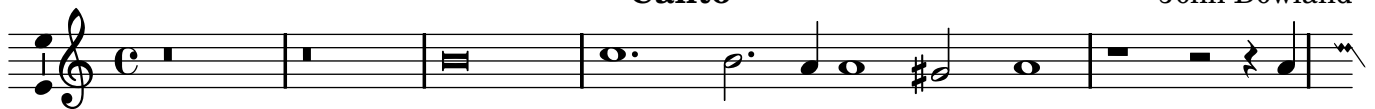




**I. I saw my Lady weepe,**  
**To the most famous, Anthony Holborne.**

Canto

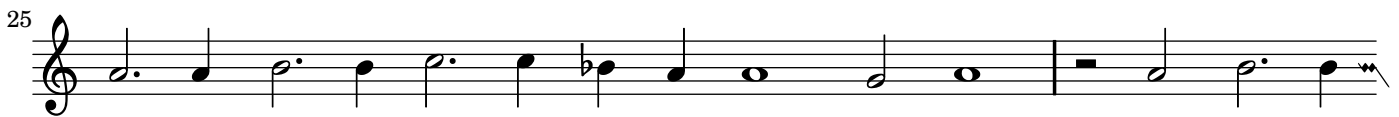
John Dowland



I saw my La- dy weepe, and  
Sor- row was there made faire, And  
O fay- rer then ought ells, The



sor- row proud to bee ad- van- ced so: in those faire  
pas- sion wise, teares a de- light- full thing, Si- lence be-  
world can shew, leave of in time to grieve, I- nough, i-



eies, in those faire eies where all per- fec- tions keepe, hir face was  
yond all speech, be- yond all speech, a wis- dome rare, Shee made hir  
nough, i- nough, i- nough, your joy- full lookes ex- cells, Teares kills the



full of woe, full of woe, But such a woe (be- lieve me as) wins more  
sighes to sing, sighes to sing, And all things with so sweet a sad - ness  
heart be- lieve, heart be- lieve, O strive not to bee ex- cel- lent in



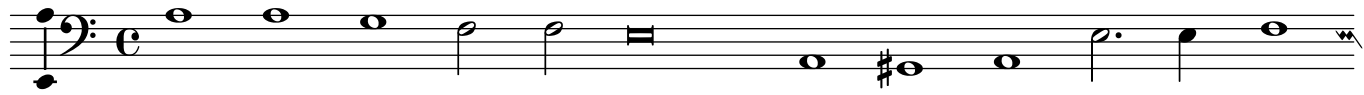
hearts, Then mirth can doe, with hir, with hir in- ty- sing parts.  
move, As made my heart at once, at once both grieve and love.  
woe, Which one- ly, ono- ly, breeds your beau- ties o- ver- throw.



# I. I saw my Lady weepe,

Basso

John Dowland



I saw my La- dy weepe, I saw my La- dy weepe,  
 Sor- row was there made faire, Sor- row was there made faire,  
 O fay- rer then ought ells, O fay- rer then ought ells,

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I saw my La- dy weepe, I saw my La- dy weepe, and sor- row  
 Sor- row was there made faire, Sor- row was there made faire, And pas- sion  
 O fay- rer then ought ells, O fay- rer then ought ells, The world can

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proud to bee ad- van- ced so: in those faire eies, faire eyes, where all per- fec-  
 wise, teares a de- light- full thing, Si- lence be- yond, be- yond, all speech a wis-  
 shew, leave of in time to grieve, I- nough, i- nough, in- ough your joy- full lookes

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tions keepe: hir face was full full of woe, But such a woe as  
 dome rare, Shee made hir sighes to sing, And all things with so sweet a  
 ex- cells, O strive not to bee ex- cel- lent in woe, Teares kills the

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wins more hearts, Then mirth can doe, with hir, in- ty- sing parts.  
 sad- ness move, As made my heart at once both grieve and love.  
 heart be- lieve, Which one- ly breeds your beau- ties o- ver- throw.

<sup>0</sup> Original says Canto