I. I saw my Lady weepe,  
To the most famous, Anthony Holborne.  
Canto  
John Dowland

I saw my Lady weepe, and  
Sorrow was there made faire, And  
O fayer then ought ells, The  
sorrow proud to bee advanced so: in those faire  
passion wise, teares a delightfull thing, Si-lence be-world can shew, leave of in time to grieve, I-nough, i-

eies, in those faire eies where all perfections keepe, hir face was  
yond all speech, beyond all speech, a wisdom rare, Shee made hir  
nough, i-nough, i-nough, your joyfull lookes excells, Teares kills the  
full of woe, full of woe, But such a woe (believe me as) wins more  
sighes to sing, sighes to sing, And all things with so sweet a sadness  
heart believe, heart believe, O strive not to bee excellent 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 beauties over-throw.
I. I saw my Lady weepe,

Basso

John Dowland

I saw my Lady weepe, I saw my Lady weepe,
Sorrow was there made faire, Sorrow was there made faire,
O faireer then ought ells, O faireer then ought ells,

I saw my Lady weepe, I saw my Lady weepe, and sorrow
Sorrow was there made faire, Sorrow was there made faire, And passion
O faireer then ought ells, O faireer then ought ells, The world can

proud to bee advanced so; in those faire eies, faire eyes, where all per-
wise, teares a delight-full thing, Silence be-yond, be-yond, all speech a wis-
sbew, leave of in time to grieve,Enough, in-ough your joy-

full lookes

versions 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 beex-cel-lent in woe, Teares kills the

winds more hearts,Then mirth can doe, with hir, in-
ty-
sing parts.
sad-
sness move, As made my heart at once both grieve and love.
heart be-
lieve, Which one-
ly breeds your beauties o-

ver-thrown.

0 Original says Canto