I saw my Lady Weep

John Dowland

I saw my Lady Weep, I saw my Lady weep, I saw my Lady weep,
Sorrow was there made fair, Sorrow was there made fair, Sorrow was there made fair,
O fairer than aught else, O fairer than aught else, O fairer than aught else,

And passion wise tears a delightful thing,
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve,

Enough, enough, enough, enough,
Silence beyond all speech, beyond a wisdom rare,
She made her sighs to sing,

Tears kills the heart believe,

Enough, your joyful looks excels,

Eyes where all perfections keep, her face was full of woe,

O strive not to
Heart believe, - O strive not to be excellent in woe
sighs to sing, And all things with so sweet a sadness move,
full of woe, But such a woe, believe me, as wins more
Heart believe, O strive not to be excellent in woe
full, full of woe, But such a woe as wins
to sing, And all things with so sweet a sadness
be excellent in woe, Tears kills the heart

As made my heart at once, at once both grieve and love.
which only, only breeds your beauties overthrow.

more hearts, Than mirth can do, with her enticing parts.
- ness move, As made my heart at once both grieve and love.
be - lieve, which only breeds your beauties over - throw.