Oh what hath overwrought

John Dowland

#13 from The Thied and Last Book of Ayres
grief doth still appear - To cross out merry cheer, While I can nothing

hear, But winter all the year, Cold, hold, the sun will shine

warm, Therefore now fear no harm. O blessed beams, Where beauty streams

Hap py, - hap py - light to love's dreams.

Hap py, - hap py - light, hap py light to love's dreams.