



# I saw my Lady Weep

John Dowland

Cantus





Bassus



I saw my La - dy  
Sor - row was there made  
O fair - er than aught

I saw my La - dy weep, I saw my La - dy  
Sor - row was there made fair, Sor - row was there made  
O fair - er than aught else, O fair - er than aught

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weep, and sor - row proud to be ad - van - ced  
fair, And pas - sion wise tears a de - light - ful  
else, The world can show, leave off in time to

weep, I saw my La - dy weep, I saw my La - dy weep, and  
fair, Sor - row was there made fair, Sor - row was there made fair, And  
else, O fair - er than aught else, O fair - er than aught else, The



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so: in those fair eyes, in those fair  
thing, Si - lence be - yond all speech, be -  
grieve, E - nough, e - nough, e - nough, e -

sor - row proud to be ad - van - ced so: in those fair eyes, fair  
pas - sion wise tears a de - light - ful thing, Si - lence be - yond, be -  
world can show, leave off in time to grieve, E - nough, your joy - ful

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eyes where all per - fec - tions keep, her face was full of woe,  
- yond all speech a wis - dom rare, She made her sighs to sing,  
- nough, your joy - ful looks ex - cels, Tears kills the heart be - lieve,

eyes, where all per - fec - tions keep, her face was  
- yond all speech a wis - dom rare, She made her sighs  
looks, your joy - ful looks ex - cels, O strive not to

Longas in the manuscript are here shown as two semibreves (Iwhole-notes) bound (tied).

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full of woe, But such a woe, be - lieve me, as wins more  
sighs to sing, And all things with so sweet a sad - ness move,  
Heart be - lieve, O strive not to be ex - cel - lent in woe

full, full of woe, But such a woe as wins  
to sing, And all things with so sweet a sad-  
be ex - cel - lent in woe Tears kills the heart

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hearts, Than mirth can do, with her, with her en - ti - cing  
As made my heart at once, at once both grieve and love.  
which on - ly, on - ly breeds your beau - ties o - ver - throw.

more hearts, Than mirth can do, with her en - ti - cing parts.  
- ness move, As made my heart at once both grieve and love.  
be - lieve, which on - ly breeds your beau-ties o - ver - throw.