

THE
SECOND BOOKE
of Songs or Ayres

IOHN DOWLAND

1600

I. I saw my Lady weepe.

I saw my Lady weepe,
And sorrow proud to bee aduanced so :
In those faire eies where all perfections keepe,
Hir face was full of woe,
But such a woe (beleeue me) as wins more hearts,
Than mirth can doe, with hir intysing parts.

Sorrow was there made faire,
And passion wise, teares a delightfull thing,
Silence beyond all speech a wisdom rare,
Shee made her sighes to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadnesse moue,
As made my heart at once both grieue and loue.

O fayrer than ought ells,
The world can shew, leaue of in time to grieue,
Inough, inough, your ioyfull lookes excels,
Teares kills the heart belieue,
O striue not to bee excellent in woe,
Which onely breeds your beauties ouerthrow.