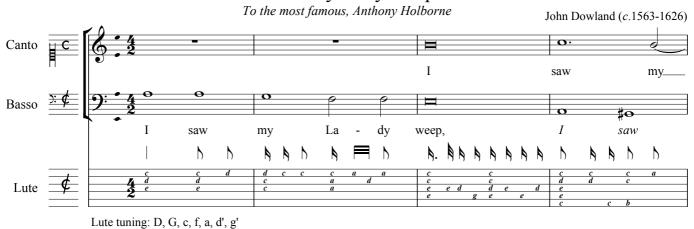
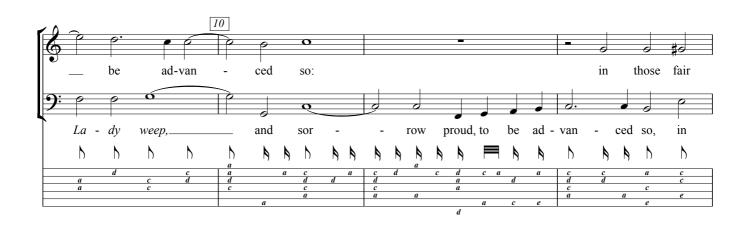
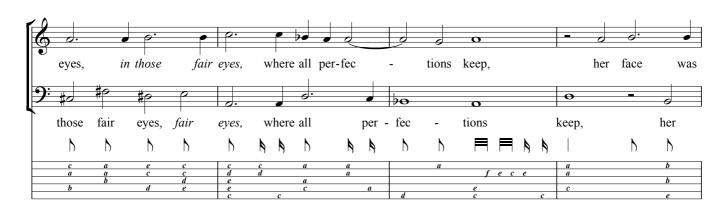
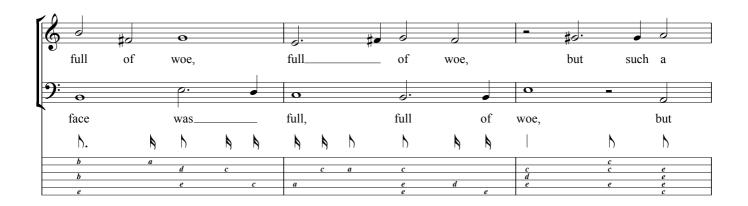
I saw my Lady weep

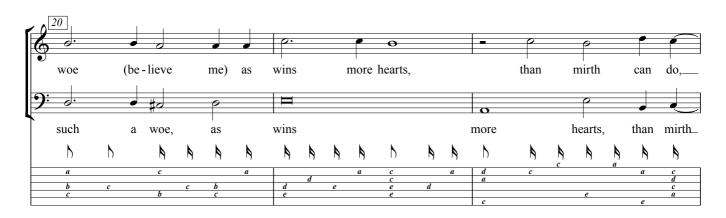


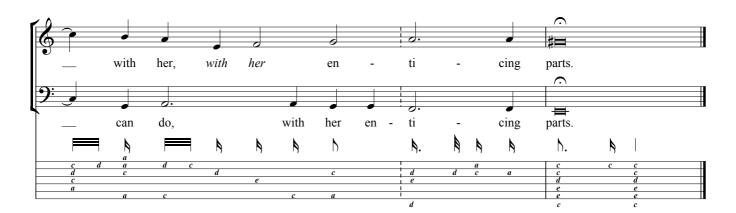












I saw my Lady weepe, and sorrow proud to bee advanced so: in those faire eies where all perfections keepe, hir face was full of woe, but such a woe (beleeve me) as wins more hearts, then mirth can doe, with hir intysing parts.

Sorow was there made faire, And passion wise, teares a delightfull thing, Silence beyond all speech a wisdome rare, Shee made hir sighes to sing, And all things with so sweet a sadnesse move, As made my heart at once both grieve and love. O fayrer then ought ells,

The world can shew, leave of in time to grieve, Inough, inough, your joyfull lookes excells, Teares kills the heart believe, O strive not to bee excellent in woe, Which onely breeds your beauties overthrow.

Source: John Dowland, The Second Book of Songs or Ayres... (London, 1600), no.1.

II: titled *Canto* I.25: longa