

I. I saw my Lady weepe,
To the most famous, Anthony Holborne.
Canto

(The Second Booke of songs or Ayres of 2/ 4/ and 5/parts: with Tableture for the Lute or orpherian, with the Violl de Gamba.)



I saw my La - dy weepe, and sor - row
Sor - row was there made faire, And pas - sion
O fay - rer then ought ells, The world can



proud to bee ad - van - ced so: in those faire
wise, teares a de - light - full thing, Si - lence be -
shew, leave of in time to grieve, I - nough, i -



eies, in those faire eies where all per - fec - tions keepe,
yond all speech, be - yond all speech, a wis - dome rare,
nough, i - nough, i - nough, your joy - full lookes ex - cells,



hir face was full of woe, full of woe, But such a woe (be - leeve me) as
Shee made hir sighes to sing, sighes to sing, And all things with so sweet a sad
Teares kills the heart be - lieve, heart be - lieve, O strive not to bee ex - cel - lent



wins more hearts, Then mirth can doe, with hir, with hir in - ty - sing parts.
- ness move, As made my heart at once, at once both grieve and love.
in woe, Which one - ly, ono - ly, breeds your beau - ties o - ver - throw.

Notes: Original clef C on first line

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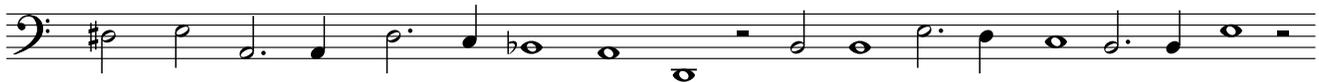
Basso

(The Second Booke of songs or Ayres of 2/ 4/ and 5/parts: with Tableture for the Lute or orpherian, with the Violl de Gamba.)

I saw my La - dy weepe, I saw my La - dy weepe, I saw my La - dy weepe,
 Sor - row was there made faire, Sor - row was there made faire, Sor - row was there made faire,
 O fay - rer then ought ells, O fay - rer then ought ells, O fay - rer then ought ells,



I saw my La - dy weepe, and sor - row proud to bee ad - van - ced so: in those faire
 Sor - row was there made faire, And pas - sion wise, teares a de - light - full thing, Si - lence be -
 O fay - rer then ought ells, The world can shew, leave of in time to grieve, I - nough, i -



eies, faire eyes, where all per - fec - tions keepe: hir face was — full full of woe,
 yond, be - yond, all speech a wis - dome rare, Shee made hir sighes to sing, And all
 nough, in - ough your joy - full lookes ex - cells, O strive not to bee ex - cel - lent



But such a woe as wins more hearts, Then mirth can doe, with hir, in - ty - sing parts.
 things with so sweet a sad - ness move, As made my heart at once both grieve and love.
 in woe, Teares kills the heart be - lieve, Which one - ly breeds your beau - ties o - ver - throw.

Notes: Original says Canto