

16

Her face was full of woe, full of woe, but such a woe, be-lieve me, as
Tears kill the heart, be-lieve, be-live; o strive not to be ex-cel-lent

keep. Her face was full full of woe but such a woe as
cels. Tears kill the heart be-lieve; o strive not to be

16

21

wins my hearts in woe than Mirth can do with her, with her enticing parts.
which on-ly breeds your beauty's beauty's o-ver-throw.

wins in more hearts, than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.
in woe which on-ly breeds your beauty's o-ver throw.

21

I saw my Lady weep,
and sorrow proud to be advanced so
in those fair eyes where all perfections keep.
Her face was full of woe,
but such a woe, believe me, as wins more hearts
than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair,
and Passion wise, tears a delightful thing,
silence beyond all speech a wisdom rare.
She made her sighs to sing,
and all things with so sweet a sadness move
as made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O fairer than aught else
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve.
Enough, enough your joyful looks excels.
Tears kill the heart, believe;
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.