

To the most famous, Anthony Holborne.

I.

CANTO.

Saw my L-  
 dy weeps, and for- row proud to bee ad-uan- ced for  
 in those faire eies, ij, where all perfections keepe, hir face was full of woe,  
 full of woe, but such a woe (beleue me) as wins more hearts, then mirth can doe, with hir, ij,  
 in- ty- ling parts,

Sorrow was there made faire,	O fayrer then ought ell,
And paison wifeyears a delightfull thing,	The world can shew, leaue of in time to grieue,
Silence beyond all speech a wildome rare,	Inough, inough, your ioyfull lookes excell,
Shee made hir sighes to sing,	Tears kills the heart beleue,
And all things with so sweet a sadnesse moue,	O stiuie not to bee excellent in woe,
As made my heart at once both grieue and loue,	Which onely breeds your beauties ouerthrow.

CANTO.  
 I.  
 saw my Lady weep, ij,  
 and forrow proud, to bee aduanced  
 in those fayer eyes, ij, wher all perfections keep: Hir face was full full of  
 woe, But such a woe, as winnes more hearts, Then mirth can doe, with hir intling parts.