

# Lend your ears to my sorrow

John Dowland

Lend your ears - to my sor- row, -  
 Once I liv'd, - once I knew - de- light;  
 Cold as ice, - fro- zen is - that heart

Good peo- ple that have an- y  
 No grief did of sha- dow then my  
 Where thought of love could no time

pi- ty; For no eyes - will I bor-  
 plea- - sure. Grac'd with Love, - cheer'd with Beau-  
 en- - ter. Such of life - reap the poor-

- row, - Mine own shall grace my dole- ful  
 - ty's sight, I joy'd a- lone to true heav'n- ly  
 - est part, Whose weight cleaves to this earth- ly

dit- - ty. Chant - it, my voice, though  
 trea- - sure. O - what a heav'n is  
 cen- - tre. Mu- - tu- al joys in

15  
 rude like to my rhym- ing, And tell forth my  
 love firm- ly em- brac- ed! Such pow- er a-  
 hearts tru- ly u- ni- ted Do earth to -

20  
 grief, which here in sad des- pair Can  
 lone, a- lone can fix de- light In  
 heav'n- ly, heav'n- ly state con- vert, Like

find no ease - of tor- ment- ing.  
 For- tune's bo- som - ev- er plac- ed.  
 heav'n still in it- self de- light- ed.