

Lend your ears to my sorrow

John Dowland

Lend your ears - to my sor- - row, - Good peo- ple
 Once I liv'd, - once I knew - de- light; No grief did
 Cold as ice, - fro- zen is - that heart Where thought of

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that have an- y pi- - ty; For no eyes - will I bor- - row, -
 sha- dow then my plea- - sure. Grac'd with Love, - cheer'd with Beau- - ty's sight,
 love could no time en- - ter. Such of life - reap the poor- - est part,

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Mine own shall grace my dole- ful dit- - ty. Chant - it, my voice, though
 I joy'd a- lone true heav'n- ly trea- - sure. O - what a heav'n is
 Whose weight cleaves to this earth- ly cen- - tre. Mu- - tu- al joys in

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rude like to my rhym- ing, And tell forth my grief, which here in
 love firm- ly em- brac- ed! Such pow- er a- lone, a- lone can
 hearts tru- ly u- ni- ted Do earth to - heav'n- ly, heav'n- ly

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sad des- pair Can find no ease - - of tor- ment- - ing.
 fix de- light In For- tune's bo- som - ev- er plac- - ed.
 state con- vert, Like heav'n still in it- - self de- light- - ed.