Woeful heart with grief oppressed

#16 from the Second Book of Songs or Ayres

John Dowland

Cantus

Altus

Tenor

Bassus

Fly my breast, leave me forsaken, Where-in Grief his

Woe ful heart with grief oppressed, Since my fortune's

most distressed. From my joys hath me re-

seate hath taken, All his arrows through me

most distressed. From my joys, my joys hath me

seate hath taken, All his arrows, arrows through me

most distressed. From my joys, my joys hath me

seate hath taken, All his arrows through me dart

most distressed. From my joys hath me re-

mov ed, dart ing. Thou may'st live by her Sun shining,

re mov ed, dart ing. Thou may'st live by her Sun shining,

mov ed, dart ing. Thou may'st live by her Sun, by her Sun shining,

mov ed, dart ing. Thou may'st live by her, by her Sun shining,
I shall suffer no more pining, By thy loss

Those fair eyes where in are stored, All my pleasures

I shall suffer no more pining, By thy loss than

Those sweet eyes where in are stored, All my pleasures,

I shall suffer no more pining, By thy loss, by thy

All my pleasures best beloved.

By her parting.

By her parting.