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 for sak-en, Where-in

Woe ful heart with grief op pres-ed, Since my

Fly my breast, leave me for sak-en, Where-in

Fly my breast, leave me for sak-en, Where-in

Woe ful heart with grief op pres-ed, Since my

Woe ful heart with grief op pres-ed, Since my

Grief his seat hath tak-en, All his ar rows

Grief his seat hath tak-en, All his ar rows

Grief his seat hath tak-en, All his ar rows

Grief his seat hath tak-en, All his ar rows

through me dart-ing. Thou may'st live by her Sun, by

through me dart-ing. Thou may'st live by her Sun, by

through me dart-ing. Thou may'st live by her Sun, by

through me dart-ing. Thou may'st live by her Sun, by

through me dart-ing. Thou may'st live by her Sun, by
her Sun shin ing, - I shall suf fer - no more pin ing, -

eyes a dor ed, - Those fair eyes where in are stor ed, -

her Sun shin ing, - I shall suf fer - no more pin ing, -

eyes a dor ed, - Those fair eyes where in are stor ed, -

her Sun shin ing, I shall suf fer - no more pin ing, -

eyes a dor ed, Those sweet eyes where in are stor ed, -

her Sun shin ing, - I shall suf fer - no more pin ing, -

eyes a dor ed, - Those sweet eyes where in are stor ed, -

her Sun shin ing, - I shall suf fer - no more pin ing, -

eyes a dor ed, - Those sweet eyes where in are stor ed, -

her Sun shin ing, - I shall suf fer - no more pin ing, -

By thy loss than by her part ing. -
All my plea sures - best be lov ed.
By thy loss than by her part ing.
All my plea sures best be lov ed.
By thy loss than by her part ing.
All my plea sures best be lov ed.
By thy loss than by her part ing.