Woeful heart with grief oppressed

Since my fortune's most dis tres sed. 
Where in Grief his seat hath tak en,

From my joys hath me moved, 
All his arrows through me dart ing.

From my joys, my joys hath me re-
All his arrows, through me dart-

John Dowland (1563-1626)

Soprano
Alto
Tenor
Bass

James Gibb editions
Woeful heart with grief oppressed - Dowland
Follow those sweet eyes adored,
Thou may'st live by her Sun shining.

Moved, Follow those sweet eyes adored,
Thou may'st live by her Sun shining.

low those sweet eyes, those sweet eyes adored,
may'st live by her Sun, by her Sun shining.

Those sweet eyes, sweet eyes adored,
live by her, by her Sun shining.

Those fair eyes where in are stored, All my
I shall suffer no more pinning, By thy

Those fair eyes where in are stored, All my
I shall suffer no more pinning, By thy

Those sweet eyes where in are stored, All my
I shall suffer no more pinning, By thy

All my
By thy

plea-loss, sures best beloved.
sures best beloved

plea-loss, sures best beloved

pleasure, pleasures best beloved

pleasure, pleasures best beloved

pleasures, by thy loss, than by her
pleasures, by thy loss, than by her

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