

Woeful heart

John Dowland

Woe- ful heart with grief op- press- ed, Since my for- tunes
Fly my breast, leave me for- sa- ken, Where- in grief his

most dis- tress- ed From my joys hath me re- mov- ed, ing.
seat hath ta- ken, All his ar- rows through me - dart-

Fol- low those sweet eyes a- dor- ed, Those sweet eyes where-
Thou mayst live by her sun shin- ing, I shall suf- fer

in are - stor- ed All my plea- - - sures - best be - lov- ed.
no more - pin- ing By her loss - - - than - by her - part- ing.