XVI. Wofull hart with griefe oppressed,
Canto.  

1. Wo-full hart with griefe opp-ressed,  Since my for-tunes most dis-
   tressed. From my joyes hath mee re-moved,  Fol-low
2. Fly my breast, leave mee for-sak-en,  Where-in Griefe his seate hath
   tres-sed. From my joyes hath mee re-moved,  Fol-low
   tak-en, All his ar-rowes through mee dart-ing,  Thou maist
   those sweet eies a-do-red, Those sweet eyes where-in are
   live by hir Sunne-shin-ing, I shall suf-fer no more
   stor-ed, All my plea-sures best bee-loved.
   pin-ing, By thy losse, then by hir part-ing.

— John Dowland

1 This system (from tress-ed to those sweet) has the flat in the key signature on the third line, although the C clef is on the first line. I'm assuming the clef is correct and the key signature is wrong.
XVI. Wofull hart with griefe oppressed,
Alto. John Dowland

1. Wofull hart with griefe oppressed, Since my fortunes most dis-

2. Fly my breast, leave mee forsaken, Where in Griefe his seate hath

tressed. From my Joyes my Joyes hath mee remov'd, Follow tak-

taken, All his arrowes through mee darting, Thou maist

those sweete eies adored, Those faier eyes where in are live by hir Sunne-shinning, I shall suffer no more

stor-ed, All my pleasures best bee-

pin-ing, By thy losse, then by hir part-ing.
XVI. Woffull hart with grieve oppressed,
Tenore.  

1. Woffull hart with grieve oppressed, Since my fortunes most dis-
2. Fly my breast, leave mee for sak-en, Where-in Grieve his seate hath

tres-sed. From my joyes my Joyes hath mee re-
mo-ved, Fol-

low those sweet
tak-en, All his ar-
rowes through mee dart-
ing, Thou maist live by

eies those sweet eyes a-
do-red, Those sweet eyes where-
in are
hir Sunne-
by hir Sunne-shin-ing, I shall suf-er no more

stor-ed, All my plea-
sures plea-
sures best bee-
lov-ed.

pin-ing, By thy losse, by thy losse then by hir part-ing.

2 This and the following note are quarter notes in the original.
XVI. Wofull hart with grievfe oppressed,
Basso. John Dowland

1. Wo- full hart with grievfe op- press- ed, Since my for- tunes most dis-

2. Fly my breast, leave mee for- sak- en, Where- in Griefe his seate hath trel- sed. From my joyes hath mee re- mov’d, Fol- low those sweet eyes sweet tak- en, All his ar- rowes through mee darting, Thou maist live by hir by}

eyes ad- red, All my plea- sures best bee- lov- ed.
hir Sunne- shin- ing, By thy losse, then by hir part- ing.