

THE
SECOND BOOKE
of Songs or Ayres

IOHN DOWLAND

1600

XVI. Wofull heart with griefe oppressed.

Wofull heart with griefe oppressed
Since my fortunes most distressed,
 From my ioyes hath mee remoued,
Follow those sweet eies adored,
Those sweet eyes wherin are stored,
 All my pleasures best beeloued.

Fly my breast, leaue mee forsaken,
Wherein Griefe his seate hath taken,
 All his arrowes through mee darting,
Thou maist liue by hir Sunne-shining,
I shall suffer no more pining,
 By thy losse, then by hir parting.