



IX. What if I never speede,

Cantus

John Dowland



1. What if I ne- ver speede, Shall I straight yeeld to dis- paire, And
or shall I change my love, for I find power to de- part, and
2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I ne- ver felt the sweete, But
Oft have I left my hope, as a wretch by fate for- lorne. But



still on so- row feede That can no losse re- paire. But if she will
in my rea- son prove I can com- mand my hart.
tir- ed with an- noy my griefs each oth- er greeete. He that once loves
Love aimes at one scope, And lost wil stil re- turne:



pit- tie my de- sire, And my love re- quite, then e- ver shall shee
with a true de- sire ne- ver can de- part, for Cu- pid is the



live my deare de- light. Come, come, come, while I have a heart to de-
king of e- very hart.



sire thee. Come, come, come, for ei- ther I will love or ad- mire thee.

² The facsimile has a bar line before this note, but it confused people, since it made the "measure" before it have 7 quarter notes and the one after it have 9. They should of course just ignore the bar lines, but that seems to be harder than not having them, so I took it out.



IX. What if I never speede,

Altus

John Dowland



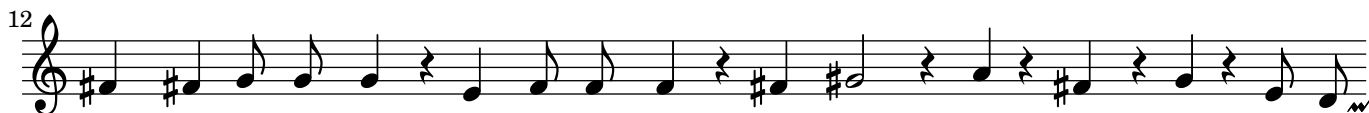
1. What if I ne- ver speede, Shall I straight yeeld to dis- paire, And
or shall I change my love, for I find power to de- part, and
2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I ne- ver felt the sweete, But
Oft have I left my hope, as a wretch by fate for- lorne. But



still on so- row feede That can no losse re- paire.
in my rea- son prove I can com- mand my hart.
tir- ed with an- noy my griefs each oth- er greeete.
Love aimes at one scope, And lost wil stil re- tourne:



But if she will pit- tie, pit- tie, pit- tie my de- sire, And my love re-
He that once loves with a true. a true, a true de- sire ne- ver can de-



quite, then e- ver shall shee live my deare de- light. Come, come, come, while I
part, for Cu- pid is the king of e- very hart.



have a heart to de- sire thee. Come, come, for ei- ther I will love or ad- mire thee.



IX. What if I never speede,

Tenor

John Dowland



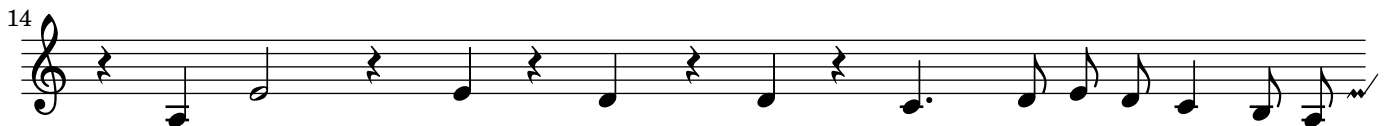
1. What if I ne- ver speede, Shall I straight yeeld to dis- paire, And
or shall I change my love, for I find power to de- part, and
2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I ne- ver felt the sweete, But
Oft have I left my hope, as a wretch by fate for- lorne. But



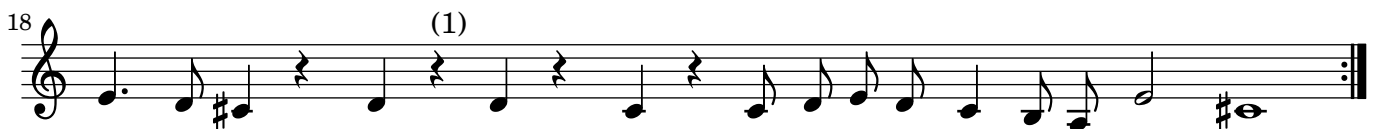
still on so- row feede That can no losse re- paire. But if she will pit- tie
in my rea- son prove I can com- mand my hart.
tir- ed with an- noy my griefs each oth- er gree- te. He that once loves with a
Love aimes at one scope, And lost wil stil re- turne:



my de- sire, And my love, my love, re- quite, then e- ver shall shee live my deare
true de- sire ne- ver can, ver can, de- part, for Cu- pid is the king of e-

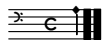


de- light. Come, come, come, while I have a heart to de-
very hart.



sire thee. Come, come, for ei- ther I will love or ad- mire thee.

⁰Rest is editorial.



IX. What if I never speede,

Bassus

John Dowland



1. What if I ne- ver speede, Shall I straight yeeld to dis- paire, And
 or shall I change my love, for I find power to de- part, and
 2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I ne- ver felt the sweete, But
 Oft have I left my hope, as a wretch by fate for- lorne. But



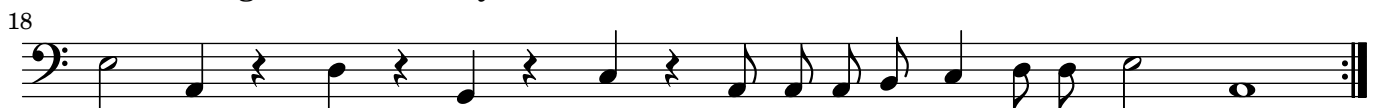
still on so- row feede That can no losse re- paire.
 in my rea- son prove I can com- mand my hart.
 tir- ed with an- noy my griefs each oth- er greete.
 Love aimes at one scope, And lost wil stil re- turne:



But if she will pit- tie my de- sire, And my love re- quite, then e- ver shall
 He that once loves with a true de- sire ne- ver can de- part, for Cu- pid is



shee live my deare de- light. Come, come, come, while I have a heart to de-
 the king of e- very hart.



sire thee. Come, come, for ei- ther I will love or ad- mire thee.