



I. Disdaine me still

CANTUS.

John Dowland



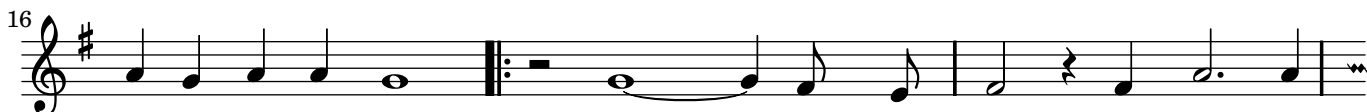
Dis-daine me still that I may e- ver love, For who his
As heate to life so is de- sire to love, And these once



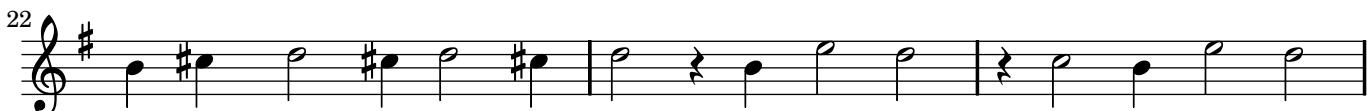
Love in-joyes, Can love, can love no more. The warre once
quencht Both life, both life and love are gone. Let not my



past with ease men co- wards prove: And ships re- turnde, do
sighes nor teares thy ver- tue move, Like ba- ser met- tals



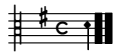
rot up- pon the shore. And though thou frowne, Ile say thou
doe not melt too soone, Laugh at my woes, al-though I



art most faire, most faire: And still Ile love, and still Ile
e- ver mourne, e- ver mourne Love for- fets with, Love for- fets



love, Ile love, Though still, though still I must de- spayre
with re- ward his nurse, his nurse is scorne, is scorne.



I. Disdaine me still

ALTUS.

John Dowland



Dis-daine me still that I may e- ver love: For who his Love in- joyes,
As heate to life so is de- sire to love, And these once quencht, once quencht,



Can love, can love no more. The warre once past with ease men co- wards
Both life and love are gone Let not my sighes nor teares thy ver- tue



prove: And ships re- turnde, do rot, do rot up- pon the shore. And though
move, Like ba- ser met- tals doe not, do not melt too soone, Laugh at

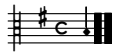


thou frowne, thou frowne, Ile say thou art most faire, most
my woes, my woes, al- though I e- ver mourne, e- ver



faire: And still Ile love, Ile love, Though still I must de- spayre.
mourne: Love for- fets with re- ward his nurse, his nurse is scorne.

¹ original has a d half note instead of a quarter note. You can compose your own replacement, but it does need to be a quarter note longer than the original.



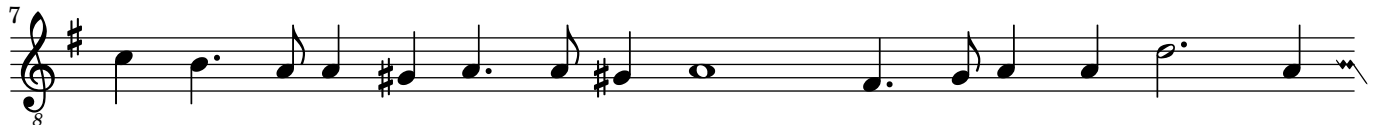
I. Disdaine me still

TENOR.

John Dowland



Dis-daine me still that I may e-ver love, For who his Love in-
As heate to life so is de-sire to love, And these once quencht, once



joyes, Can love, can love no more. The warre once past with
quencht Both life and love are gone Let not my sighes nor



ease men co-wards prove: And ships re-turnde, do rot u-pon the shore.
teares thy ver-tue move, Like ba-ser met-tals doe not melt too soone,



And though thou frowne, Ile say, Ile say thou art most faire, most
Laugh at my woes, al-though, al-though I e-ver, e-ver



faire: And still Ile love, and still Ile love, and still Ile love,
mourne, Love for-fets with, Love for-fets with, Love for-fets with



Ile love, Though still, still I must de-spayre, de-spayre.
re-ward, his nurse, nurse is scorne, is scorne, is scorne.

² Original had a quarter note rest here. You can take out a quarter note somewhere else, if you like.



I. Disdaine me still

BASSUS.

John Dowland



Dis-daine me still that I may e- ver love, For who his
As heate to life so is de- sire to love, And these once



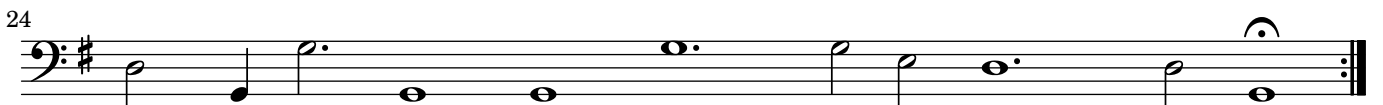
Love in- joyes, Can love, can love no more. The warre once
quencht, once quencht Both life and love are gone Let not my



past with ease men co- wards prove: And ships re- turnde, do rot up- pon the
sighes nor teares thy ver- tue move, Like ba- ser met- tals doe not melt too



shore. And though thou frowne, Ile say thou art most faire, most
soone, Laugh at my woes, al- though I e- ver, e- ver



faire: And still Ile love, Though still, I must de- spayre.
mourne, Love for- fetts with re- ward his nurse is scorne.