



XVI. Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe,

Cantus

John Dowland



1. Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe,
2. Each houre amidst the deepe of hell I frie,
3. To all save mee is free to live or die,



Or els mine eyes which still the same increase, Might
Each houre I waft and wither where I sit: But
To all save mee remain-eth hap or hope: But



be extinct, to end my sorrowes so, Which now are such as
that sweet houre where-in I wish to die, My hope alas may
all perforce I must abandon, I, Sith Fortune still di-

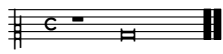


no-thing can re-lease: Whose life is death, whose sweet each change
not in-joy it yet, Whose hope is such, be-reav-ed of
rects my hap as hope, Where-fore to nei-ther hap nor hope



of sowre, And eke whose hel re-new-eth e-very houre.
the blisse, Which un-to all save mee al-lot-ted is.
I trust, But to my thralles I yeeld, for so I must.

¹ Original has a bar between the note and the dot



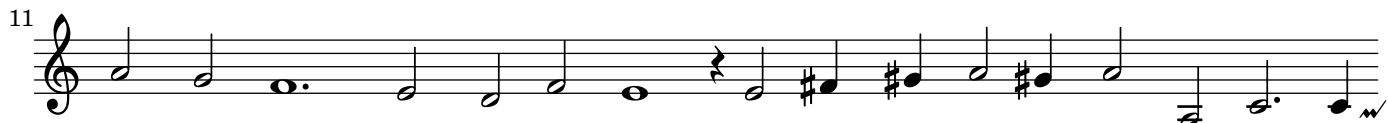
XVI. Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe,

Altus.

John Dowland



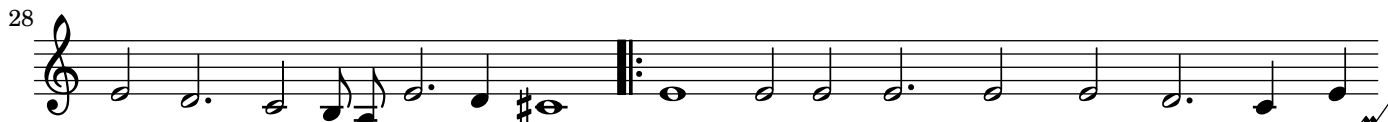
1. Would my con- ceit, that first en- forst my woe, Or els mine
 2. Each houre a- midst the deepe of hell I frie, Each houre I
 3. To all save mee is free to live or die, To all save



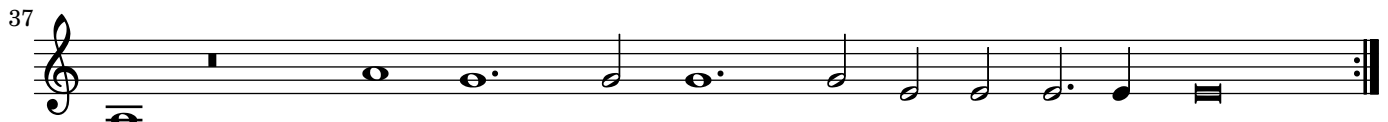
eyes which still the same in- crease, still the same in- crease, Might be ex-
 waft and wi- ther where I sit: wi- ther where I sit: But that sweet
 mee re- main- eth hap or hope: main- eth hap or hope: But all per-



tinct, to end my sor- rowes so, Which now are such, are such as
 houre where- in I wish to die, My hope a- las, a- las may
 force I must a- ban- don, I, Sith For- tune still, tune still di-



no- thing can re- lease: Whose life is death, whose sweet each change of
 not in- joy it yet, Whose hope is such, be- reav- ed of the
 rects my hap as hope, Where- fore to nei- ther hap nor hope I



sowre, And eke whose hel re- new- eth e- very houre.
 blisse, Which un- to all save mee al- lot- ted is.
 trust, But to my thralles I yeeld, for so I must.



XVI. Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe,

Tenor.

John Dowland



1. Would my con- ceit, that first en- forst my woe,
 2. Each houre a- midst the deepe of hell I frie,
 3. To all save mee is free to live or die,



Or els mine eyes which still, which still, the same in- crease, the same in-
 Each houre I waft, I waft, and wi- ther where I sit: ther where I
 To all save mee, save mee, re- main- eth hap or hope: eth hap or



crease, Might be ex- tinct, ex- tinct, to end my sor- rowes so, Which
 sit: But that sweet houre, sweet houre, where- in I wish to die, My
 hope: But all per- force, per- force, I must a- ban- don, I, Sith



now are such as no- thing can re- lease: Whose life is
 hope a- las may not in- joy it yet, Whose hope is
 For- tune still di- rects my hap as hope, Where- fore to

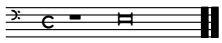


death, Whose life is death, whose sweet each change, each change, of sowre,
 such, Whose hope is such, be- reav- ed of, ved of, the blisse,
 nei- Where- fore to nei- ther hap nor hope, nor hope, I trust,



And eke whose hel, whose hel, re- new- eth e- ver- y houre.
 Which un- to all, to all, save mee al- lot- ted is.
 But to my thralles, my thralles, I yeeld, for so I must.

⁰Original has a breve.



XVI. Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe,

Bassus.

John Dowland



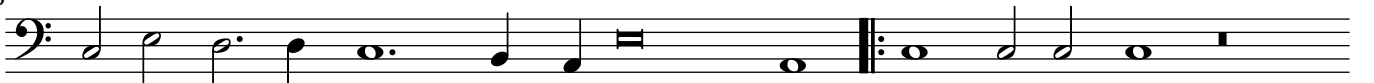
1. Would my conceit, that first enforst my woe, Or els mine
2. Each houre amidst the deepe of hell I frie, Each houre I
3. To all save mee is free to live or die, To all save

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eyes which still the same increase, Which now are
 waft and wither where I sit: My hope a-
 mee remaineth hap or hope: Sith Fortune

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such as nothing, nothing can release: Whose life is death,
 las may not, may not, injoy it yet, Whose hope is such,
 still directs, directs my hap as hope, Wherefore to neither

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And eke whose hel, whose hel reneweth every houre.
 Which unto all save mee, save mee alotted is.
 But to my thralles I yeeld, I yeeld, for so I must.