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
signes nor teares thy ver-tue move, Like ba-ser me-tals

rot up-pon the shore. And though thou frowne, Ile say thou
do 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 mourn, e-ver mourn 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

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.

\footnote{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

John Dowland

TENOR.

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-
sert 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-

fer: 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-
re-ward, his nurse, nurse is scorne, is scorne, is scorne.
I. Disdaine me still

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
quetcht, 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 do 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- fets with re- ward his nurse is scorne.