IX. What if I never speede,

Cantus  

John Dowland

1. What if I never speede, Shall I straight yeeld to dispaire, And or shall I change my love, for I find power to depart, and

2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I never felt the sweete, But Oft have I left my hope, as a wretch by fate forlorn. But

still on sorrow feede That can no losse repaire. But if she will in my reason prove I can command my hart.

tired with annoy my griefs each other greet. He that once loves

Love aimes at one scope, And lost will still returne:

pittie my desire, And my love requite, then ever shall shee with a true desire never can depart, for Cupid is the

live my deare delight. Come, come, come, while I have a heart to deking of ever hart.

sire thee. Come, come, come, for either I will love or admire thee.

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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 speehe,

Altus

John Dowland

1. What if I never speehe, Shall I straight yeeld to dispaire, And or shall I change my love, for I find power to depart, and

2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I never felt the sweete, But Oft have I left my hope, as a wretch by fate forlorn. But

still on sorrow feedeth That can no losse repaire.
in my reason prove I can command my hart.
tired with annoy my griefs each other greete.
Love aimes at one scope, And lost wil stil returne:

But if she will pitie, pitie, pitie my desire, And my love re-

He that once loves with a true, a true, a true desire never can de-

quite, then ever shall shee live my deare delight. Come, come, come, while I part, for Cupid is the king of every hart.

have a heart to desire thee. Come, come, for either I will love or admire thee.
IX. What if I never speede,

Tenor

John Dowland

1. What if I never speede, Shall I straightly yeeld to dispaire, And or shall I change my love, for I find power to depart, and

2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I never felt the sweete, But Oft have I left my hope, as a wretch by fate forlorn. But

still on sorrow feed That can no losse repair. But if she will pittie in my rea-son prove I can command my hart.

tir-ed with annoy my griefs each oth-er greete. He that once loves with a Love aimes at one scope, And lost wil stil re-turne:

my desire, And my love, my love, requite, then ever shall shee live my deare true desire never 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.

Rest is editorial.

IX. What if I never speede,

Bassus

John Dowland

1. What if I never speede, Shall I straight yeeld to dispaire, And
or shall I change my love, for I find power to depart, and

2. Oft have I dreamed of joy, yet I never felt the sweete, But
Oft have I left my hope, as a wretch by fate forlorn. But

still on sorrow feede That can no losse repair.
in my reason prove I can command my hart.
tired with annoy my griefs each other greet.
Love aimes at one scope, And lost will still returne:

But if she will pitie my desire, And my love requite, then ever shall
He that once loves with a true desire never can depart, for Cupid is

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

sire thee. Come, come, for either I will love or admire thee.