XX. Tosse not my soule
Canto. John Dowland

1. Tosse not my soule, O love twixt hope and feare, Shew mee some
   ground where I may firme-ly stand or sure-ly fall, I care not
   paire un-to thy dark-est Cell, Each hath full rest, the one in
   which a-peare, So one will close mee in a
   joyes en-rolde, Th'o- ther, in that hee feares no
   cer-taine band, When once of ill the ut-ter-most is
   more, is well:

2. Take mee As- sur-ance to thy blis-full holde, Or thou Des-
   knowne, The strength of sor-row quite is o-ver-throwne.
1. Tosse not my soule, (O love twixt) hope and feare, Shew mee some
2. Take mee Assurance to thy blis- full holde, Or thou Des-
ground where I may firm- ly stand or sure- ly fall, or sure- ly
paire un- to thy dark- est Cell, Each hath full rest, each hath full
fall, I care not which a- peare, So one will close mee in a cer- taine
rest, the one in joyes en- rolde, Th’o- ther, in that hee feares no more, is
band, in a cer- taine band. When once of ill the ut- ter-most is
well, feares no more, is well:
knowne, the ut- ter-most is knowne, The strength of sor- row quite is o- ver- thrown.
XX. Tosse not my soule
Tenor.

1. Tosse not my soule, (O love twixt) hope and feare, twixt hope and

2. Take mee Assurance to thy blis-full holde, thy blis-full

feare, Shew mee some ground where I may firme-ly stand or sure-ly
holde, Or thou Des-paire un-to thy dark-est Cell, Each hath full

fall, or fall, or sure-ly fall, I care not which a-peare, I care not which a-
rest, full rest, each hath full rest, the one in joyes en-rolde, the one in joyes en-

peare, So one will close mee in a cer-taine band.
rolde, Th'o-ther, in that hee feares no more, is well:

Lenvoy:

When once of ill, the ut-ter-most, When once of ill, the

ut-ter-most is knowne, The strength of sor-row quite is o-ver-throwne.

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¹ Dotted quarter in original. Another possible reading is to leave this a dotted quarter and change the two eighth notes to 16 notes.
XX. Tosse not my soule

Basso.

John Dowland

I may firmly stand or surely fall, or surely fall, I care not to thy darkest Cell, Each hath full rest, each hath full rest, the one in which appears, So one will close, so one will close, will close mee joyes enrolde, Th'o- ther, in that, th'o- ther in that, hee feares no more, no more is well:

most is knowne, The strength of sorrow quite is over-throwne.