

XVI. *Would my conceit that first enforc'd my woe*

John Dowland

Cantus
Would my con - ceit that first en - forc'd my woe,

Altus
Would my con - ceit, that first en - forc'd my woe,

Tenor
8
Would my con - ceit, that first en - forc'd my woe,

Bassus
Would my con - ceit, that first en - forc'd my

5
or else mine eyes which still the same in - crease,

or else mine eyes which still the same in - crease, still the

8
or else mine eyes which still, which still the same in - crease, the same in -

woe, or else mine eyes which still the same

9
might be ex - tinct, to end my sor - rows so

same in - crease, might be ex - tinct, to end my sor - rows so which

8
crease, might be ex - tinct, ex - tinct, to end my sor - rows

in - crease, which now are

13

which now are such as no - thing can re - lease:
 now are such, are such as no - thing can re - lease:
 8 so which now are such as no - thing can re - lease:
 such as no - thing, no - thing can re - lease:

17

Whose life is death, whose sweet each change of sour,
 Whose life is death, whose sweet each change of sour,
 8 Whose life is death, whose life is death, whose sweet each
 Whose life is death, and eke whose

20

and eke whose hell re - new - eth eve - ry hour.
 and eke whose hell re - new - eth eve - ry hour.
 8 change, each change of sour, and eke whose hell, whose hell re - new - eth eve - ry hour.
 hell, whose hell re - new - eth eve - ry hour.

2. Each hour amidst the deep of hell I fry,
 Each hour I waste and wither where I sit,
 But that sweet hour wherein I wish to die,
 My hope alas may not enjoy it yet,
 Whose hope is such bereaved, of the bliss,
 Which unto all save me allotted is.

3. To all save me is free to live or die,
 To all save me remaineth hap or hope,
 But all perforce, I must abandon it,
 Sith Fortune still directs my hap a slope,
 Wherefore to neither hap nor hope I trust,
 But to my thralls I yield, for so I must.