

Disdain me still

William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (1580-1630)

John Dowland (1563-1626)

Cantus (part 1 of 4)

A Pilgrimes Solace (William Barley press, London, 1612)

Dis-dain me still, that I may e - ver love, For who his Love en-joys,
As heat to life so is de-sire to love, And these once quench'd both life_
_ can love, can love_no____more. The war_once past with ease men cow - ards prove: And ships re -
_and love, and love_are____gone. Let not_my sighs nor tears thy vir - tue move, Like ba - ser.
- turn'd, do____rot u - pon the shore. And though thou frown, I'll say thou art most fair, most____
me - tals____do not melt too soon. Laugh_at my woes al-though I e - ver mourn, e - ver
fair: And still I'll____love, And still I'll____love, I'll love, though still, though still____ I must de-spair.
mourn, Love sur - feits____with, Love sur - feits____with re-ward, with re - ward____his nurse is scorn.

Disdain me still

William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (1580-1630)

John Dowland (1563-1626)

Altus (part 2 of 4)

A Pilgrimes Solace (William Barley press, London, 1612)

Dis-dain me still that I may e-ver love: For who his Love en-joys,
As heat to life so is de-sire to love, And these once quench'd both life
5
can love, can love no more. The war once past, with ease men cow-ards prove: And ships re -
and love, and love are gone. Let not my sighs nor tears thy vir - tue move, Like ba - ser -
10
turn'd, do rot, do rot u-pon the shore. And though thou frown, thou frown, I'll say
me - tals do not, do not melt too soon. Laugh at my woes, my woes al-though
15
thou art most fair, most fair, And still I'll love, I'll love, though still I must de - spair.
I e - ver mourn, e'er mourn, Love sur - feits with re - ward, with re-ward his nurse is

Disdain me still

William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (1580-1630)

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Altus (part 2 of 4)

A Pilgrimes Solace (William Barley press, London, 1612)

Dis-dain me still that I may e-ver love: For who his Love en-joys,
As heat to life so is de-sire to love, And these once quench'd both life
5
can love, can love no more. The war once past, with ease men cow-ards prove: And ships re -
and love, and love are gone. Let not my sighs nor tears thy vir - tue move, Like ba - ser -
10
turn'd, do rot, do rot u - pon the shore. And though thou frown, - thou frown, I'll say
me - tals do not, do not melt too soon. Laugh at my woes, - my woes al-though
15
thou art most fair, most fair, And still I'll love, I'll love, though still I must de - spair.
I e - ver mourn, e'er mourn, Love sur - feits with re - ward, with re-ward his nurse is

Disdain me still

William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (1580-1630)

John Dowland (1563-1626)

Tenor (part 3 of 4)

A Pilgrimes Solace (William Barley press, London, 1612)



Dis-dain me still, that I may e - ver love: For who his Love en -
As heat to life so is de-sire to love, And these once quench'd both
joys, can love, can love no more. The war once past, with ease men cow - ards
life and love, and love are gone. Let not my sighs nor tears thy vir - tue
prove: And ships re - turn'd, do not u - pon the shore. And though thou frown,
move, Like ba - ser me - tals do not melt too soon. Laugh at my woes,
I'll say, I'll say, thou art most fair: most fair, And still I'll love, And
al-though, al - though I e - ver mourn, e'er mourn, Love sur-feits with, Love
still I'll love, And still I'll love, I'll love, though still, still I must de-spair, de - spair.
sur - feits with, Love sur - feits with re - ward, with re-ward his nurse is scorn, is scorn.

Disdain me still

William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (1580-1630)

John Dowland (1563-1626)

Bassus (part 4 of 4)

A Pilgrimes Solace (William Barley press, London, 1612)

Dis-dain me still, that I may e-ver love, For who his Love en-joys,
As heat to life so is de-sire to love, And these once quench'd both life—
— can love, can love no more. The war once past, with ease men cow-ards prove: And ships re-
— and love, and love are gone. Let not my sighs nor tears thy vir-tue move, Like ba-ser
turn'd, do rot u-pon the shore. And though thou frown, I'll say thou art most fair: most
me-tals do not melt too soon. Laugh at my woes, al-though I e-ver mourn, e'er
fair, And still I'll love, though still I must de-spair.
mourn, Love sur-feits with re-ward, his nurse is scorn.