

VI. Now o now I needs must part

John Dowland

Cantus

Now o now I needs must part, par - ting though I ab - sent  
 While I live I needs must love, love lives not when hope is

Altus

Now o now I needs must part, par - ting though I ab - sent  
 While I live I needs must love, love lives not when hope is

Tenor

8 Now o now I needs must part, par - ting though I ab - sent  
 While I live I needs must love, love lives not when hope is

Bassus

Now o now I needs must part, par - ting though I ab - sent  
 While I live I needs must love, love lives not when hope is

8

mourn, ab - sence can no joy im - part, joy once fled can - not re - turn.  
 gone, now at last de - spair doth prove, love di - vi - ded lov - eth none:

mourn, ab - sence can no joy im - part, joy once fled can - not re - turn.  
 gone, now at last de - spair doth prove, love di - vi - ded lov - eth none:

8 mourn, ab - sence can no joy im - part, joy once fled can - not re - turn.  
 gone, now at last de - spair doth prove, love di - vi - ded lov - eth none:

mourn, ab - sence can no joy im - part, joy once fled can - not re - turn.  
 gone, now at last de - spair doth prove, love di - vi - ded lov - eth none:

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Sad de - spair doth drive me hence, this de - spair un - kind - ness sends.

Sad de - spair doth drive me hence, this de - spair un - kind - ness sends.

8 Sad de - spair doth drive me hence, this de - spair, de - spair un - kind - ness sends.

Sad de - spair doth drive me hence, this de - spair un - kind - ness sends.

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If that par - ting be of - fence, it is she \_\_\_\_\_ which then of - fends.

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<sup>8</sup> If that par - ting be of - fence, it is she which then of - fends.

If that par - ting be of - fence, it is she \_\_\_\_\_ which then of - fends.

Dear when I from thee am gone,  
 Gone are all my joys at once,  
 I loved thee and thee alone  
 In whose love I joyed once:  
 And although your sight I leave,  
 Sight wherein my joys do lie  
 Till that death do sense bereave,  
 Never shall affection die.  
 Sad despair doth drive me hence,  
 This despair unkindness sends,  
 If that parting be offence,  
 It is she which then offends.

Dear if I do not return,  
 Love and I shall die together,  
 For my absence never mourn  
 Whom you might have joined ever:  
 Part we must though now I die,  
 Die I do to part with you,  
 Him despair doth cause to lie,  
 Who both lived and dieth true.  
 Sad despair doth drive me hence,  
 This despair unkindness sends,  
 If that parting be offence,  
 It is she which then offends.