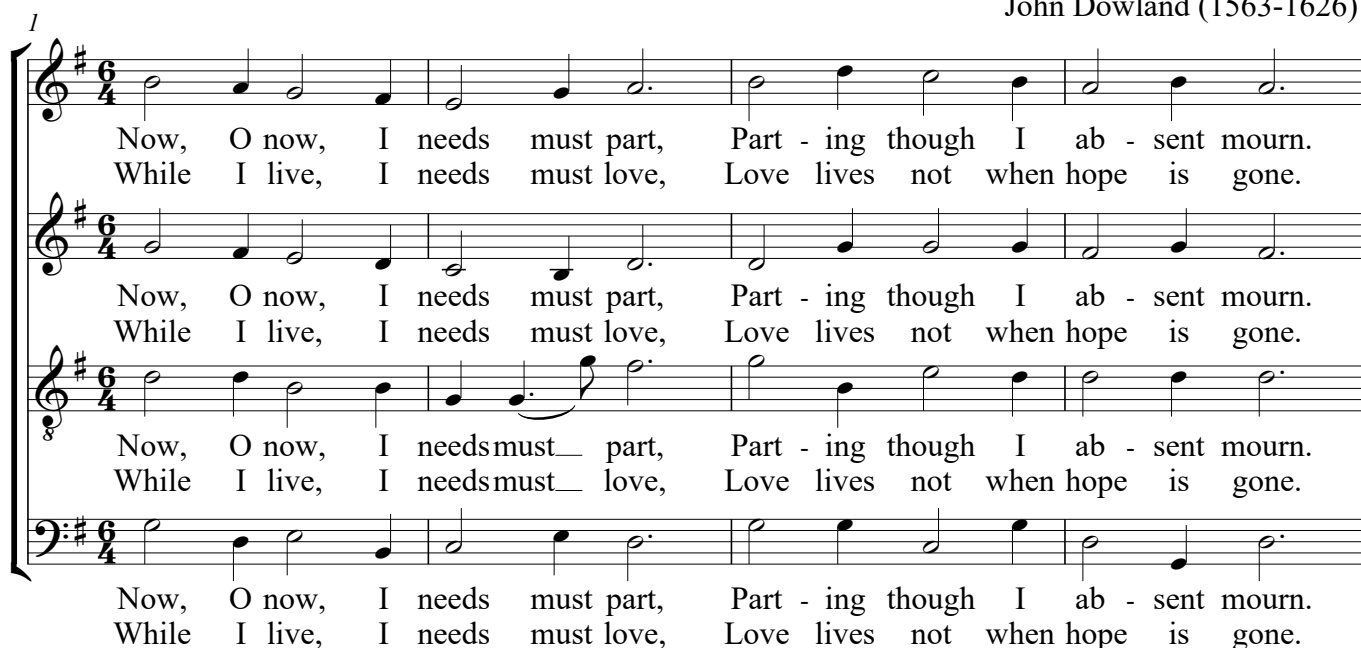


NOW, O NOW I NEEDS MUST PART

John Dowland (1563-1626)

1



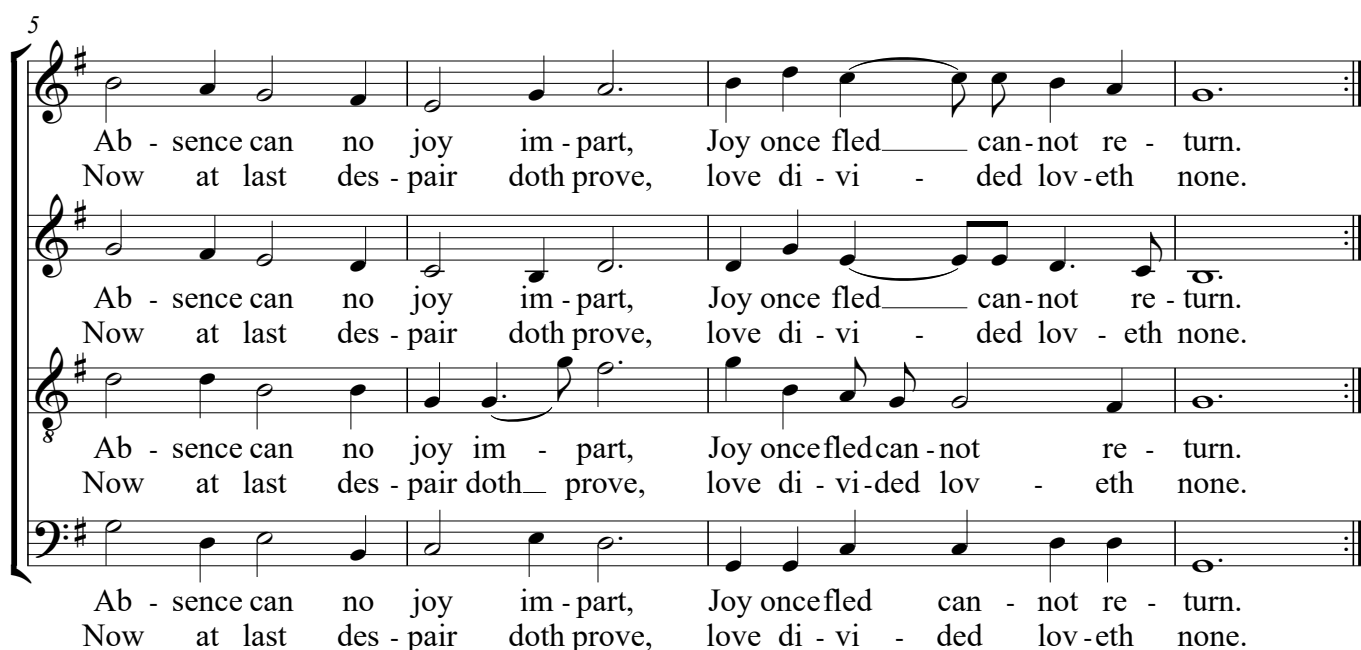
Now, O now, I needs must part, Part - ing though I ab - sent mourn.
While I live, I needs must love, Love lives not when hope is gone.

Now, O now, I needs must part, Part - ing though I ab - sent mourn.
While I live, I needs must love, Love lives not when hope is gone.

Now, O now, I needs must part, Part - ing though I ab - sent mourn.
While I live, I needs must love, Love lives not when hope is gone.

Now, O now, I needs must part, Part - ing though I ab - sent mourn.
While I live, I needs must love, Love lives not when hope is gone.

5



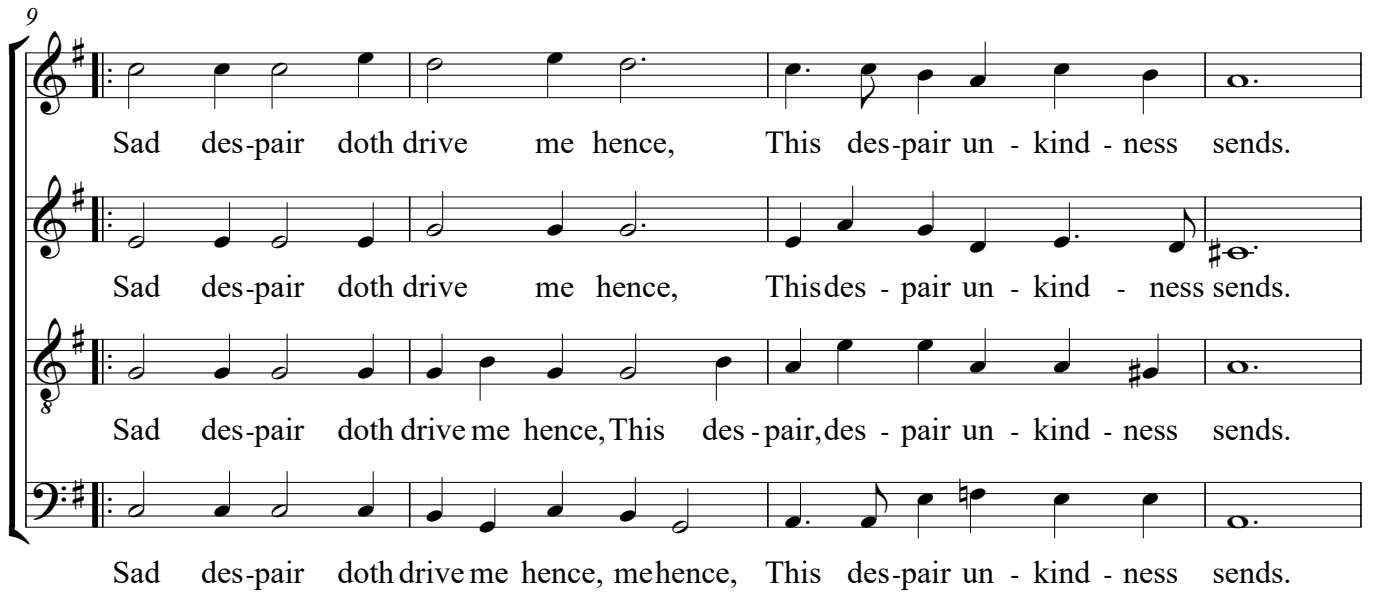
Ab - sence can no joy im - part, Joy once fled can - not re - turn.
Now at last des - pair doth prove, love di - vi - ded lov - eth none.

Ab - sence can no joy im - part, Joy once fled can - not re - turn.
Now at last des - pair doth prove, love di - vi - ded lov - eth none.

Ab - sence can no joy im - part, Joy once fled can - not re - turn.
Now at last des - pair doth prove, love di - vi - ded lov - eth none.

Ab - sence can no joy im - part, Joy once fled can - not re - turn.
Now at last des - pair doth prove, love di - vi - ded lov - eth none.

9



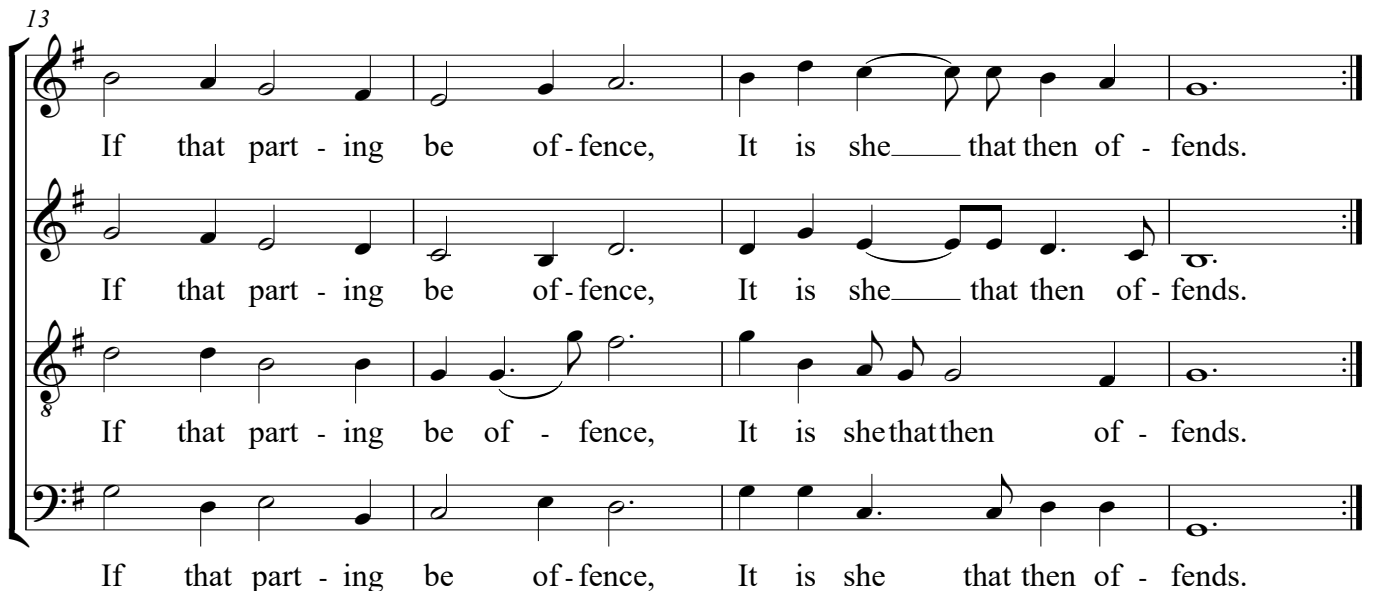
Sad des-pair doth drive me hence, This des-pair un-kind-ness sends.

Sad des-pair doth drive me hence, This des-pair un-kind-ness sends.

Sad des-pair doth drive me hence, This des-pair, des-pair un-kind-ness sends.

Sad des-pair doth drive me hence, me hence, This des-pair un-kind-ness sends.

13



If that part-ing be of-fence, It is she that then of-fends.

If that part-ing be of-fence, It is she that then of-fends.

If that part-ing be of-fence, It is she that then of-fends.

If that part-ing be of-fence, It is she that then of-fends.

2. Dear, when I from thee am gone,
gone are all my joys at once.
I loved thee and thee alone,
in whose love I joy-ed once.

And although your sight I leave,
sight wherein my joys do lie,
till that death doth 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.

3. Dear, If I do not return,
love and I shall die together.
For my absence never mourn,
whom you might have joy-er ever:

part we must though now I die,
die I do to part with you.
Him despair doth sause 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.