

# Disdain me still

William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (1580-1630)

John Dowland (1563-1626)

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

Cantus

Dis-dain me still, that I may e - ver love,  
As heat to life so is de - sire to love,

Altus

Dis - dain me still that I may e - ver love:  
As heat to life so is de - sire to love,

Tenor

Dis - dain me still, that I may e - ver love:  
As heat to life so is de - sire to love,

Bassus

Dis - dain me still, that I may e - ver love,  
As heat to life so is de - sire to love,

Lute in G

For who his Love en - joys, can love, can love no  
And these once quench'd both life and love, and love are

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And these once quench'd both life and love, and love are

5

more. gone. The war once past with ease men cow - ards prove: And ships re -  
 Let not my sighs nor tears thy vir - tue move, Like ba - ser

more. gone. The war once past, with ease men cow - ards prove: And ships re -  
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10

- turn'd, do rot u - pon the shore. And though thou  
 me - tals do not melt too soon. Laugh at my

turn'd, do rot, do rot u - pon the shore. And though thou frown,  
 me - tals do not, do not melt too soon. Laugh at my woes,

turn'd, do rot u - pon the shore. And though thou frown,  
 me - tals do not melt too soon. Laugh at my woes,

turn'd, do rot u - pon the shore. And though thou  
 me - tals do not melt too soon. Laugh at my

frown, I'll say thou art most fair, most fair: And still I'll  
woes al-though I e-ver mourn, e-ver mourn, Love sur-feits.

— thou.frown, I'll say thou art most fair, most fair, And still  
— my woes al-though I e-ver mourn, e'er mourn, Love sur -

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

frown, I'll say thou art most fair: most fair, And still I'll  
woes, al-though I e-ver mourn, e'er mourn, Love sur - feits.

15

—love, And still I'll love, I'll love, though still, though still I must de-spair.  
—with, Love sur-feits with re-ward, with re-ward his nurse is scorn.

I'll love, I'll love, though still I must de-spair.  
feits with re-ward, with re-ward his nurse is

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.

— love, though still I must de-spair.  
— with re-ward, his nurse is scorn.

Disdaine me still, that I may ever love,  
For who his Love injoyes, can love no more.  
The warre once past with ease men cowards prove:  
And ships returnde, doe rot uppon the shore.  
And though thou frowne, Ile say thou art most faire:  
And still Ile love, though still I must despayre.

As heate to life so is desire to love,  
and these once quencht both life and love are gone.  
Let not my sighes nor teares thy vertue move,  
like baser mettals doe not melt too soone.  
Laugh at my woes although I ever mourne,  
Love surfets with reward, his nurse is scorne.

(original spelling)