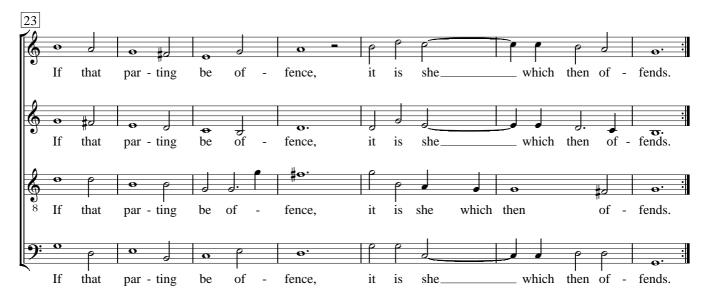
John Dowland





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.