

# Now, O Now, I Needs Must Part

John Dowland  
(1562-1638)

edited by Rafael Ornes

SATB (lute accompaniment optional)

The musical score consists of two systems of music. The first system, starting at measure 1, includes parts for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass, and Lute. The second system, starting at measure 5, continues with the same vocal parts. The vocal parts sing in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The lute part provides harmonic support, with its bass line continuing through both systems.

**Measure 1:**

- Soprano:** Now, O now, I needs must part,  
While I live, I needs must love,
- Alto:** Part - ing though I ab - sent mourn.  
Love lives not when hope is gone.
- Tenor:** Now, O now, I needs must part,  
While I live, I needs must love,
- Bass:** Part - ing though I ab - sent mourn.  
Love lives not when hope is gone.
- Lute:** (Accompaniment part)

**Measure 5:**

- Soprano:** Ab - sence can no joy im - part,  
Now at last des - pair doth prove,
- Alto:** Joy once fled can - not re - turn.  
love di - vi - ded lov - eth none.
- Tenor:** Ab - sence can no joy im - part,  
Now at last des - pair doth prove,
- Bass:** Joy once fled can - not re - turn.  
love di - vi - ded lov - eth none.
- Lute:** (Accompaniment part)

NOTES: note values for vocal lines have been halved, note values for lute have been doubled.  
original meter - "3". original key - no F sharp. English modernized. Alto part, m. 7: rest after "fled" removed.

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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.

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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 ...

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 cause to lie,  
Who both lived and dieth true.  
Sad despair doth drive ...