## Would my conceit

John Dowland


- forced my woe, Or else hell I fry, Each hour live or die, To all

| mine | eyes | which | still |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :--- |
| I | waft | and | wi- |
| save | me | re | main- |




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life is death,
hope is such,

- fore, Where - fore,

And eke whose Which un - to But to my


