

If I urge my kind desires

Philip Rosseter

If I urge my kind de-sires, She, un-kind, doth
 She hath of-ten vow'd her love, But, a-las, no
 Yet if hu-man care or pain May the hea-v'nly

5

them re-ject. Wo-men's hearts are paint-ed fires
 fruit I find. That her fires are false I prove,
 or-der change, She will hate her own dis-dain

To de-ceive them that af-fect. I a-lone love's
 Yet in her no fault I find. I was thus un-
 And re-pent she was so strange; For a tru-er

fires in-clude, She a-lone doth them de-lude.
 hap-py born And or-dain'd to be her scorn.
 heart than I Ne-ver liv'd, or lov'd, to die.