And would you fain the reason know?   Philip Rosseter

And would you fain the rea- son know Why my sad eyes so
And will you ask why pale I look? 'Tis not with por- ing
Do not de- mand why I am mute. Love's si- lence doth all
Do not ad- mire why I ad- mire. My fe- ver is no
If why I love you should see cause, Love should have form like
No fault up- on my love es- py, For you per- ceive not
Then let my suf- f'rance be mine own, Suf- fic- eth it these

oft- en flow? My heart ebbs joy when they do so And
on my book. My mis- tress' cheek my blood hath took, For
speech con- fute. They set the note, then tune the lute; Hearts
o- ther's fire, Each se- v'ral heart hath his de- sire, Else
o- ther laws. But Fan- cy pleads not by the clause, 'Tis
with my eye; My pal- ate to your taste may lie, Yet
rea- sons shown. Rea- son and Love are ev- er known To

loves the moon by whom they go, my whom they go.
her mine own hath me for- sook, my me for- sook.
frame their thoughts, then tongues their suit, they tongues their suit.
proof is false, and truth a liar, each truth a liar.
as the sea still vex'd with flaws, but vex'd with flaws.
please it- self de- li- cious- ly, my li- cious- ly.
fight till both be ov- er- thrown, rea- ov- er- thrown.