

Shall I come if I swim

Philip Rosseter

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Shall I come if I swim? Wide are the waves you see. Shall I come if I fly, my dear
You are fair, so was He-ro that in Ses-tos dwelt. She a priest, yet the heat of love

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love, to thee? Streams Ve-nus will ap-pear, Cu-pid gives me wings; All the pow'rs as-
tru-ly felt; A great-er stream than this did her love di-vide, But she was his

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sist my de-sire Save you a-lone, that set my woe-ful heart on fire.
guide with a light; So through the streams Le-an-der did en-joy her sight.