

If she forsake me

Philip Rosseter

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If she for-sake me, I must die; Shall I tell her so? A- las, then straight will
 What heart can such long pains a- bide? Fie up- on this love! I would ad- ven- ture
 I do my love in lines com- mend, But, a- las, in vain. The cost- ly gifts that

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she re- ply: No, no, no, no, no. If I dis- close my des- p'rate state,
 far and wide If it would re- move. But love will still my steps pur- sue,
 I do send, She re- turns a- gain. Thus still is my des- pair pro- cur'd,

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She will but make sport there- at, And more un- re- lent- ing grow.
 I can- not his ways es- chew. Thus still help- less hopes I prove.
 And her mal- ice more as- sur'd. Then come, Death, and end my pain.