

# If she forsake me

Philip Rosseter

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If she for- sake me, I must die; Shall I tell her so? A-  
 What heart can such long pains a- bidde? Fie up- on this love! I  
 I do my love in lines com- mend, But, a- las, in vain. The

las, then straight will she re- ply: No, no, no, no, no.  
 would ad- ven- ture far and wide If it would re- move.  
 cost- ly gifts that I do send, She re- turns a- gain.

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If I dis- close my des- p'rate state, She will but make  
 But love will still my des- steps pur- sue, I can- not his  
 Thus still is my des- pair pro- cur'd, And her mal- ice

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sport there- at, And more un- re- lent- ing grow.  
 ways es- chew. Thus still help- less hopes I prove.  
 more as- sur'd. Then come, Death, and end my pain.