

# What, then, is love but mourning? Philip Rosseter

What, then, is love but mourning?  
Beauty is but a bloom-  
Summer in winter fad-  
ing?  
ing,  
eth;

What de- sire but a self- burn- ing?  
Youth in his glo- ry en- tomb- ing.  
Gloom- y night heav'n- ly light shad- eth;

5

Till she that hates doth love re- turn,  
Time hath a while which none can stay.  
Like to the morn are Ve- nus' flow'rs;

Thus will I mourn, Thus will I sing:  
Then come a- way While thus I sing:  
Such are her hours. Then will I sing:

10

Come a- way, come a- way, my dar- ling.