

In a season all oppressed

John Wilson

In a sea-son all op-pressed, With sad sor-rows
 Strife in love is love's u-nit-ing, These hands were not
 Dear, if you will still per-se-ver In this No, which
 Since nor time, nor place, nor 'plain-ing, Can change this word

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poor dis-tres-sed, Troi-lus said un-to his Cres-sid: Yield, O yield thee
 made for fight-ing, But for mu-tual hearts' de-light-ing; Yield, O yeild then
 an-swers ne-ver, Do what I de-sire you ev-er. And a-gain say
 of dis-dain-ing, What is there for me re-main-ing But to die, if

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sweet and stay not: O no no no no no, Sweet - - Love, I may not.
 sweet and stay not: O no no no no no, Sweet - - Love, I may not.
 No, and spare not, O no no no no no, Sweet - - Love, I dare not.
 you gain-say not? O no no no no no, Sweet - - Love, I may not.