

If she forsake me

Philip Rosseter

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

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A- las, then straight will she re- ply:
 I would ad- ven- ture far and wide
 The cost- ly gifts that I do send,

No, no, no, no, no. If I dis- close my
 If it would re- move. But love will still my
 She re- turns a- gain. Thus still is my des-

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des- p'rate state, She will but make sport there- at,
 steps pur- sue, I can- not his ways es- chew.
 pair pro- cur'd, And her mal- ice more as- sur'd.

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And more un- re- lent- ing grow.
 Thus still help- less hopes I prove.
 Then come, Death, and end my pain.