

What, then, is love but mourning? Philip Rosseter

What, then, is love but mourning?
Beauty is but a blooming,
Summer in winter fading eth;

What desire but a self-burn- ing?
Youth in his glory enlighten- ing.
Gloom- y night heav'n- ly light shad- eth;

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Till she that hates doth love re- turn,
Time hath a while which none can stay.
Like to the morn are Venus' 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:

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