

5. Dear, though your mind

William Corkine

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Dear, though your mind stand so a-verse that no as-salt-ing words can pierce,
Words may en-treat you, not en-force, speak though I might 'til I were hoarse.
Since here no help nor hope re-mains to ease my grief or end my pains,

1)

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your swift and an-gry flight for-bear. What need you, doubt, what need you fear?
Al-re-a-dy you re-solve, I know, no gen-tle look or grace to show.
I'll seek in low-est shades to find rest for my heart, peace for my mind.

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In vain I strain your thoughts to move. But yet, yet, yet, yet, yet,
My pas-sions all must hap-less [p]rove, but stay, stay and hear me
Go thou, more cru-el far than fair, and now, now, now, now, now,

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yet stay, stay, stay and hear me, sweet love.
yet, and hear me yet, and hear me yet, sweet love.
now leave me to my des-pite, to my des-pite.

1) Dot in orig. may be artifactual. Or following 2 notes should be halved in value.