

# 7. Fair, sweet, cruel

Thomas Ford

Fair, sweet, cru-el why dost thou fly me? Why  
Fie, fie, sweet-est, here is no dan-ger, here

Fair, sweet, cru-el why dost thou fly me? Why  
Fie, fie, sweet-est, here is no dan-ger, here

C a a b a a e a b a b d b a a f h e f d a r

5

dost thou fly me? Go not, go not, oh go not  
is no dan- ger. Fly not, fly not, oh oh fly not;

dost thou fly me? Go not, oh go not from  
is no dan- ger. Fly not, oh fly not; Love

F a a e d b a b r d a F d r d a a

10

from thy dear- est. Though thou dost ha-sten, I am nie thee; when  
Love pur-sues thee. I am no foe, nor for-eign stran- ger. Thy

thy dear- est. Though thou dost ha-sten, I am nie thee;  
pur-sues thee. I am no foe, nor for-eign stran- ger.

F a a e d a F d r d a a F a r d a a

thou seem'st far, then am I near- est.  
 scorns with fresh- er hope re- news me.

when thou seem'st far, then am I near- est.  
 Thy scorns with fresh- er hope re- news me.

Tar- ry then. tar- ry then, oh tar- ry, oh tar- ry  
 Tar- ry then, oh tar- ry, oh tar- ry

then, and take me with you. with you.

then and take me with you. with you.