

7. Fair, sweet, cruel

Thomas Ford

Fair, sweet, cru- el why dost thou
Fie, fie, sweet- est, here is no

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fly me? Why dost thou fly me?
dan- ger, here is no dan- ger.

Go not, go not, oh go not
Fly not, fly not, oh fly not;

from thy dear- est. Though thou dost ha- sten, I am
Love pur- sues thee. I am no foe, nor for- eign

10

nie thee; when thou seem'st far,
 stran- ger. Thy scorns with fresh-

then am I near- est. Tar- ry then.
 er hope re- news me.

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tar- ry then, oh tar- ry, oh tar- ry

then, and take me with you. with you.

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