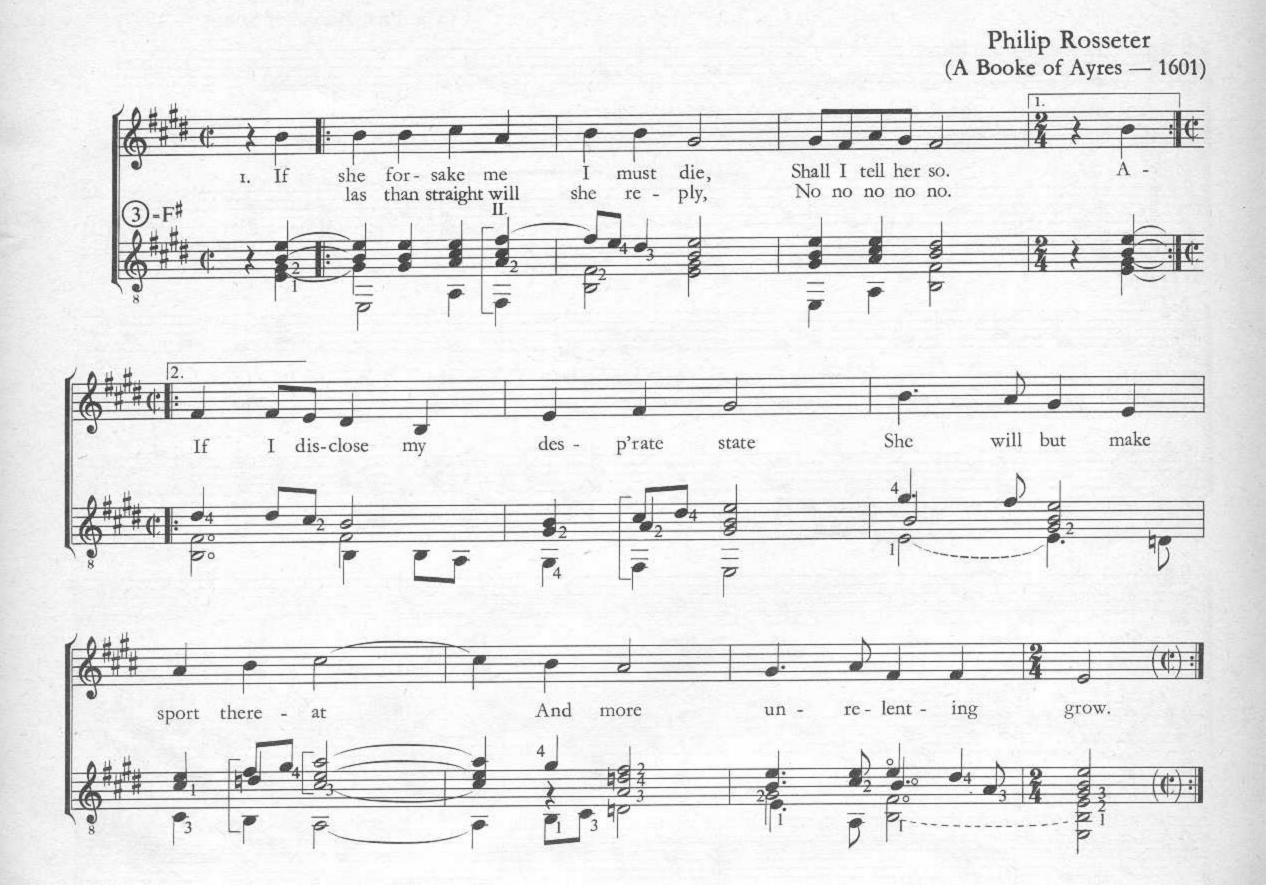
## 7 If She Forsake Me



What heart can long such pains abide,
 Fie upon this love,
 I would adventure far and wide,
 If it would remove,
 But love will still my steps pursue,
 I cannot his ways eschew,
 Thus still helpless hopes I prove.

3. I do my love in lines commend,
But alas in vain,
The costly gifts that I do send,
She returns again.
Thus still is my despair procur'd,
And her malice more assur'd,
Then come Death and end my pain.