

7 If She Forsake Me

Philip Rosseter
(A Booke of Ayres — 1601)

1. If she for-sake me I must die, Shall I tell her so. A -
las than straight will she re-ply, No no no no no.

2. If I dis-close my des-p'rate state She will but make
sport there-at And more un-re-lent-ing grow.

2. 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.