If she forsake me.

Words by Thomas Campion.
Music by Philip Rosseter.

If she for.sake me I must die, Shall I tell her so?
A. las, then straight will she re. ply, "No, no, no, no,

If I dis.close my des.prate state, She will but make
sport there.at, And more un. re. lent. ing grow.
If she forsake me I must die:
Shall I tell her so?
Alas, then straight will she reply:
"No, no, no, no, no!"
If I disclose my des'rate state,
She will but make sport thereat,
And more unrelenting grow.

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.

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!