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Thy wounds do fresh-ly bleed in me; My heart for
If Love doth make men's lives too sour Let me not

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thy un-kind-ness breaks. Yet thou dost hope when I des-pair,
love nor live hence-forth. Die shall my hopes, but not my faith

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And when I hope thou mak'st me hope in vain. Thou say'st thou canst my
That you, that of my fall may hear-ers be, May here des-pair, which

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harms re-ly pair, Yet for re-dress thou let'st me still com-plain.
tru-ly saith I was more true to Love than Love to me.

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