

# No grave for woe

Philip Rosseter

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No grave for woe, yet earth my wa- t'ry tears de- vours;  
Yet still I live and waste my wea- ry days in groans,

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Sighs want air and burnt de- sires kind pi- ty's show'rs;  
And with woe- ful tunes a- dorn des- pair- ing moans;

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Stars hold their fa- tal course, my joys pre- vent- ing  
Night still pre- pares a more dis- pleas- ing mor- row;

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The earth, the sea, the air, the fire,  
My day is night, my life is death,

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the heav'ns, vow my tor- ment- ing.  
and all but sense of sor- row.