

No grave for woe

Philip Rosseter

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No grave for woe, yet earth my wa-try tears de- vours; Sighs
Yet still I live and waste my wea-ry days in groans, And

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want air and burnt de- sires kind pi- ty's show'rs; Stars hold their fa-
with woe- ful tunes a- dorn des- pair- ing moans; Night still pre- pares

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tal course, my joys pre- vent- ing The earth, the sea,
a more dis- pleas- ing mor- row; My day is night,

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the air, the fire, the heav'ns, vow my tor- ment- ing.
my life is death, and all but sense of sor- row.