

What, then, is love but mourning? Philip Rosseter

What, then, is love but mourning? What desire but a self-burning?
 Beauty is but a blooming, Youth in his glory entombing.
 Summer in winter fadeth; Gloom-y night heav'n-ly light shadeth;

Tablature: $\dot{1}$ $\dot{2}$ $\dot{3}$ $\dot{4}$ $\dot{5}$ $\dot{6}$ $\dot{7}$ $\dot{8}$ $\dot{9}$ $\dot{10}$ $\dot{11}$ $\dot{12}$

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Till she that hates doth love return, Thus will I mourn,
 Time hath a while which none can stay. Then come away
 Like to the morn are Venus' flow'rs; Such are her hours.

Tablature: $\dot{1}$ $\dot{2}$ $\dot{3}$ $\dot{4}$ $\dot{5}$ $\dot{6}$ $\dot{7}$ $\dot{8}$ $\dot{9}$ $\dot{10}$ $\dot{11}$ $\dot{12}$

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Thus will I sing:
 While thus I sing: Come away, come away, my darling.
 Then will I sing:

Tablature: $\dot{1}$ $\dot{2}$ $\dot{3}$ $\dot{4}$ $\dot{5}$ $\dot{6}$ $\dot{7}$ $\dot{8}$ $\dot{9}$ $\dot{10}$ $\dot{11}$ $\dot{12}$