

My love she mourneth

By William Cornish (the younger)

Verse 1

My love she mourn'th
for me, for me,
My love she mourn'th for me;
Alas, poor heart,
Sen we depart,
Mourn ye no more for me.

Verse 2

In loves dance,
Sith that our chance,
Of absence needs must be,
My love, I say,
Your love do way,
And mourn no more for me.

Verse 3

It is no boot
To me heart root
But anguish and pity,
Wherefore, sweet heart,
Your mind revert
And mourn no more for me.

Verse 4

O her kindness,
O her gentleness!
What said she then to me?
The god above
Her should not move
But still to mourn for me.

Verse 5

Alas, thought I,
What remedy?
Venus, to blame are ye!
Now of some grace
Let see purchase
To help my love and me.

Verse 6

Her for to say
I took this way
I dispraised her beauty;
Yet for all that
Stint would she not,
So true of love was she.

Verse 7

At last she wept;
I to her leapt
And set her on my knee:
The tears ran down
Half in a swoon
It rued my heart to see.

Verse 8

When I saw this
I did her kiss;
Therewith revived she,
And her small waist
Full fast unlaced
And said she mourned for me.

Verse 9

Then as I ought
I me bethought
And prayed her to be ble,
To take comfort
Of my report
And mourn no more for me.

Verse 10

I shall not fail,
But sure retail
From all other that be,
In well and wo
My heart to go
With her that mourn'th for me.

Verse 11

Thus here an end;
Good Lord, defend
All lovers that true be,
And in expecial
From jeopardise all
My love that mourn'th for me.