

If I urge my kind desires

Philip Rosseter

If I urge my kind de- sires, She, un- kind, doth
She hath of- ten vow'd her love, But, a- las, no
Yet if hu- man care or pain May the hea- v'nly

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them re- ject. Wo- men's hearts are paint- ed fires
fruit I find. That her fires are false I prove,
or- der change, She will hate her own dis- dain

To de- ceive them that af- fect. I a- lone love's
Yet in her no fault I find. I was thus un-
And re- pent she was so strange; For a tru- er

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fires in- clude, She a- lone doth them de- lude.
hap- py born And or- dain'd to be her scorn.
heart than I Ne- ver liv'd, or lov'd, to die.