

# 9. Lady, if you so spite me

John Dowland

1

Lady, if you so spite me, so spite me,

Where-fore do you so oft, so oft kiss, kiss and de-light me?

5

Sure that my heart op- prest, op- prest,

Sure that my heart op-

prest, op- prest and ov- er- cloy- ed, May break,

may break thus ov- er- joy'd, ov- er joy- ed, If thou seek to

spill, to spill me, Come kiss me sweet, come kiss me sweet, come

kiss me sweet and kill me, So shall your heart, your heart, your

heart be eas- ed

And I shall rest con- tent and die, and

die well pleas- ed.