

Sting

"Wilt thou unkind thus reave me - First Booke of Songes, 1597, no15"

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Wilt thou unkind thus reave me
Of my heart, of my heart,
And so leave me, and so leave me?

Wilt thou unkind thus reave me
Of my heart, of my heart,
And so leave me, and so leave me?

Farewell! Farewell!
But yet or e'er I part, O cruel,
Kiss me, sweet, kiss me,
Sweet, sweet my jewel.

Hope by disdain grows cheerless,
Fear doth love, love doth fear
Beauty peerless, beauty peerless.

Farewell! Farewell!
But yet or e'er I part, O cruel,
Kiss me, sweet, kiss me,
Sweet, sweet my jewel.

If no delays can move thee,
Life shall die, death shall live
Still to love thee, still to love thee?

Farewell! Farewell!
But yet or e'er I part, O cruel,
Kiss me, sweet, kiss me,
Sweet, sweet my jewel.

Yet be thou mindfull ever,
Heat from fire, fire from heat
None can see sever, none can sever

Farewell! Farewell!
But yet or e'er I part, O cruel,
Kiss me, sweet, kiss me,
Sweet, sweet my jewel.

True love cannot be changed

Though delight from desert
Be estranged, be estranged.

Farewell! Farewell!
But yet or e'er I part, O cruel,
Kiss me, sweet, kiss me,
Sweet, sweet my jewel.

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