Disdain me still, that I may ever love:

For who his Love enjoys, can love, can love no more.

The war once past with ease men cowards prove:

© David Fraser 2008, distributed according to the terms of the CPDL Licence (www.cpdl.org)
And ships returned, do rot upon the shore.

And ships returned, do rot, do rot upon the shore.

And ships returned do rot upon the shore.

And though thou frown, I'll say thou art most fair:

And though thou frown, thou frown, I'll say thou art most fair:

And though thou frown, I'll say, I'll say, thou art most fair:

And though thou frown, I'll say thou art most fair:

And still I'll love, and still I'll love,

And still I'll love, and still I'll love, and though
Disdaine me still, that I may ever love,
For who his Love injoyes, can love no more.
The warre once past with ease men cowards prove:
And ships returnde, doe rot uppon the shore.
And though thou frowne, Ile say thou art most faire:
And still I'll love, though still I must despayre.

As heat to life so is desire to love,
and these once quencht both life and love are gone.
Let not my sighes nor teares thy vertue move,
like baser mettals doe not melt too soone.
Laugh at my woes although I ever mourn,
Love surfets with reward, his nurse is scorne.

Text: attrib. William, Earl of Pembroke
II.2.3: crotchet (probably through infilling)
IV.6: Loue † † † in † † † ioyes †
IV.7.4: natural supplied by lute tablature