

And would you fain the reason know? Philip Rosseter

And would you fain the rea- son know Why my sad eyes so
 And will you ask why pale I look? 'Tis not with por- ing
 Do not de- mand why I am mute. Love's si- lence doth all
 Do not ad- mire why I ad- mire. My fe- ver is no
 If why I love you should see cause, Love should have form like
 No fault up- on my love es- py, For you per- ceive not
 Then let my suf- france be mine own, Suf- fic- eth it these

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oft- en flow? My heart ebbs joy when they do so And
 on my book. My mis- tress' cheek my blood hath took, For
 speech con- fute. They set the note, then tune the lute; Hearts
 o- ther's fire, Each se- v'ral heart hath his de- sire, Else
 o- ther laws. But Fan- cy pleads not by the clause, 'Tis
 with my eye; My pal- ate to your taste may lie, Yet
 rea- sons shown. Rea- son and Love are ev- er known To

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loves the moon by whom they go, my whom they go.
 her mine own hath me for- sook, my me for- sook.
 frame their thoughts, then tongues their suit, they tongues their suit.
 proof is false, and truth a liar, each truth a liar.
 as the sea still vex'd with flaws, but vex'd with flaws.
 please it- self de- li- cious- ly, my li- cious- ly.
 fight till both be ov- er- thrown, rea- ov- er- thrown.

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