In dew of roses

Thomas Morley (1558 - 1603)
Lycoris thus sat weeping. Ah Dorus false, Ah Dorus false, that hast my heart bereft me, and now unkind hast left me; hear alas hear O hear me; ay me, ay me, cannot my beau-
beauty move thee? Pity then, pity
not my beauty move thee, not move thee? Pity

me because I love thee. Ay me, pity me because I love thee. Ay me, thou

thou scornst the more I pray thee, and this thou dost to slay
thou scornst the more I pray, thou scornst the more the more I pray

scornst the more I pray thee, I pray thee, thou scornst the more I pray thee, and
me, thou dost to slay me; thou scornst the more I pray thee, and
thee, and this thou dost to slay me; thou scornst the more I pray thee,

slay me, and this thou dost to slay me; thou scornst the more I pray thee,

all to slay me yea this thou dost thou dost to slay me. Ah do

and this thou dost to slay me, and all to slay me. But do then do,

pray thee I pray thee, and this thou dost to slay me. But do then do,

dost thou dost to slay me, and this thou dost to slay me. But do then do,

then, then do kill me and vaunt thee, kill me and vaunt thee,

But do then do kill me and vaunt thee, kill me and vaunt thee, Yet

Ah do then do kill me and vaunt thee, kill me and vaunt thee,

but do then do kill me and vaunt thee, kill me and vaunt thee,
Yet my ghost still shall haunt, yet my ghost still shall haunt, yet
my ghost still shall haunt thee, yet my ghost still shall haunt, yet my ghost
Yet my ghost still shall haunt thee, shall
Yet my ghost still shall haunt thee, shall
my ghost still shall haunt, yet my ghost still shall haunt
still shall haunt, yet my ghost still shall haunt
haunt, yet my ghost still shall haunt, still it shall haunt
haunt
thee.
thee.