

## Cantus



1. Faire if you ex-pect ad-mir-ing, sweet if you pro-voke de-sir-ing,  
Fond but if thy light be blindnes, faire if thou af-fect un-kind-nes,
2. Fates, if you rule lov-ers for-tune, Stars, if men your powers im-por-tune,  
Time, if sor-row be not end-les, Hope made vaine, and pit-tie friendles,



grace deere love with kinde re-quiet-ing, Then when hope is lost and love is scorned,  
flie both love and loves de-light-ing.

Yield re-liefe by your re-lent-ting? But if griefes remaine still un-re-dre-sed  
helpe to ease my long la-menting.



Ile bur-y my de-sires, and quench the fires that e-ver yet in vaine have burn-ed.

Ile flie to her a-gaine, and she for pi-tie to re-nue my hopes dis-tress-ed.