

# What if my mistress now

Thomas Morley  
(1557-1602)

Tenor

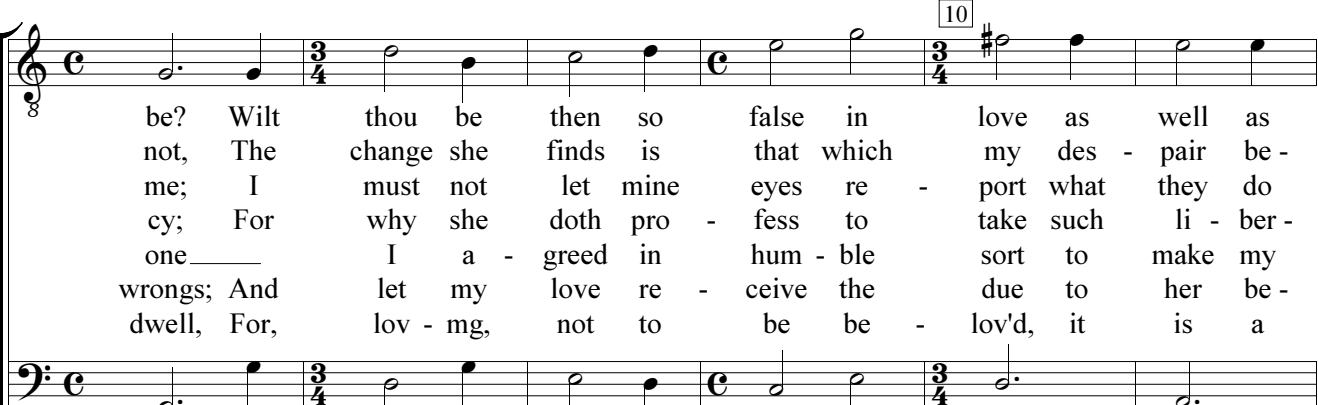


What if my mis-tress now will needs un-con-stant  
My mis-tress frowns, and swears that now I love her  
She blames my truth and cause-less-ly ac-cus-eth  
If she doth change, she must not be in con-stant  
If she at once do please to fa-vour more than  
But now let love in time re-dress all these my  
Which if I find my heart some o-ther-where to


Lute



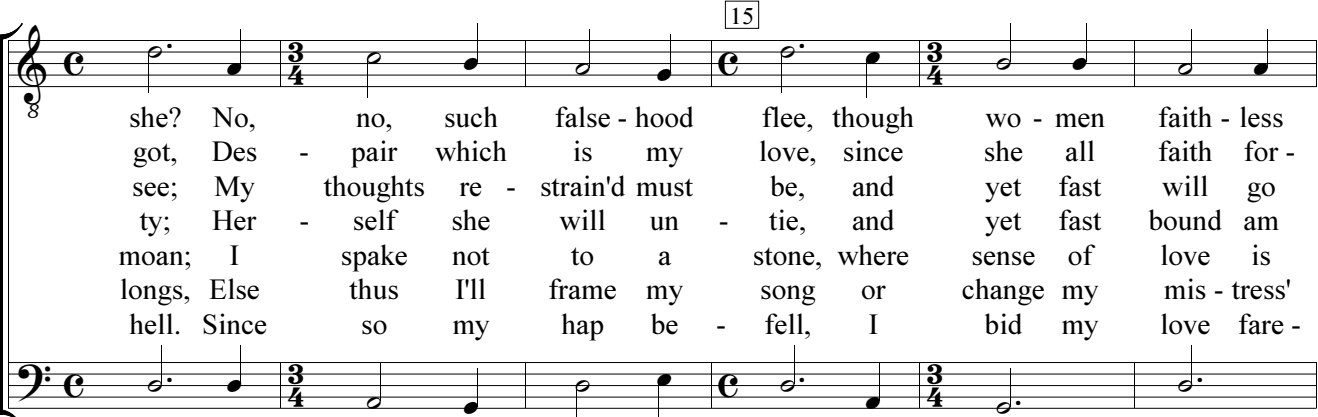
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be? Wilt thou be then so false in love as well as  
not, The change she finds is that which my des-pair be-  
me; I must not let mine eyes re-port what they do  
cy; For why she doth pro-fess to take such li-ber-  
one I a-greed in hum-ble sort to make my  
wrongs; And let my love re-ceive the due to her be-  
dwell, For, lov-mg, not to be be-lov'd, it is a



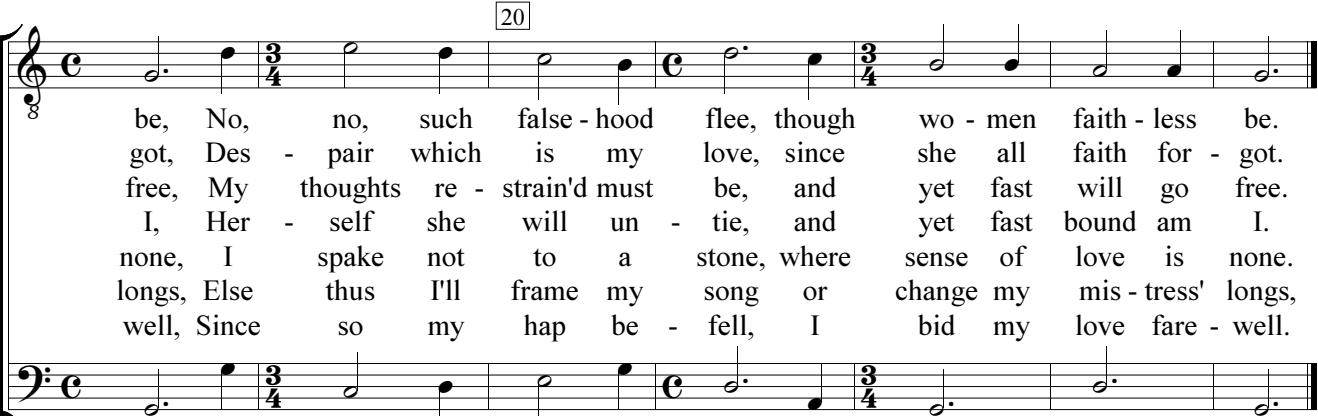
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she? No, no, such false-hood flee, though wo-men faith-less  
got, Des-pair which is my love, since she all faith for-  
see; My thoughts re-strain'd must be, and yet fast will go  
ty; Her-self she will un-tie, and yet fast bound am  
moan; I spake not to a stone, where sense of love is  
longs, Else thus I'll frame my song or change my mis-tress'  
hell. Since so my hap be-fell, I bid my love fare-



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be, No, no, such false-hood flee, though wo-men faith-less be.  
got, Des-pair which is my love, since she all faith for-got.  
free, My thoughts re-strain'd must be, and yet fast will go free.  
I, Her-self she will un-tie, and yet fast bound am I.  
none, I spake not to a stone, where sense of love is none.  
longs, Else thus I'll frame my song or change my mis-tress' longs,  
well, Since so my hap be-fell, I bid my love fare-well.

