

Fair lady pity me.

Dear love, re-gard my grief, Do not my suit dis - dain; O
yield me some re - - lief, That
am with so - rows slain. Pi - - ty my grie - vous
pain. Long suff - er'd for thy sake, Do not my suit dis -
dain. No time I rest can take, These sev - en long years and
more Still have I lov - ed thee; Do thou my joys re -



store. Fair la - dy pi - ty me.

Dear love, regard my grief,
Do not my suit disdain;
O yield me some relief,
That am with sorrows slain.
Pity my grievous pain
Long suffered for thy sake,
Do not my suit disdain
No time I rest can take.
These seven long years and more
Still have I loved thee;
Do thou my joys restore
Fair lady, pity me.

Whilst that I live I love
So fancy urgeth me;
My mind cannot remove
Such is my constancy.
My mind is nobly bent
Tho' I'm of low degree;
Sweet lady, give consent
To love and pity me.
These seven long years and more
Still I have loved thee;
Do thou my joys restore
Fair lady, pity me.