

17 Sweet If You Like

Robert Jones
(The Third Booke of Ayres — 1605)

1. Sweet if you like and love me stil, And yeeld me love for
And do not from your prom - ise start When your fair hand gave

my good wil, If dear to you I be, As you are dear to
me, your hart,

me, Then yours I am, and wil be ev - er, No time nor place my

love shall sev - er, But faith - full still I will per - sev - er,

VII. Like con-stant Mar-ble stone, Lov - ing but you a - lone.

2. But if you favour moe than me
(Who loves thee still, and none but thee,)
If others do the harvest gaine,
That's due to me for all my paine:
Yet that you love to range,
And oft to chop and change.

Then get you some new fangled mate:
My doting love shal turne to hate,
Esteeming you (though too too late)
Not worth a peble stone,
Loving not me alone.