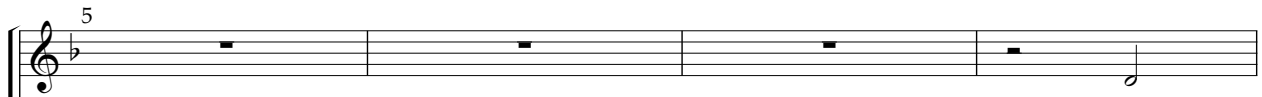


My love he mourneth (strof 4 + 6)

W. Cornysh



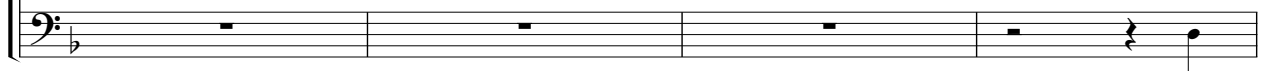
4. O her kind-ness, her gent - le-ness! What said she then to me? The



6. Her



God a-bove her should not move but still to mourn for me, for me. 6. Her



6. Her



for to say I took this way I dis - praised her beau - ty, Yet



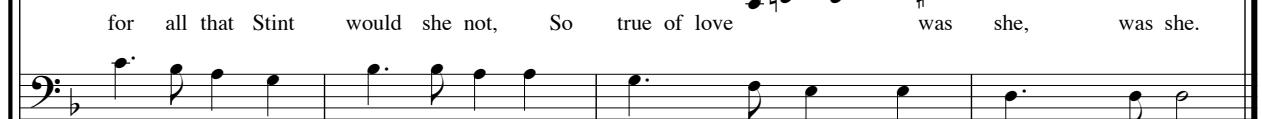
for to say I took this way I dis - praised her beau - ty; Yet



for to say I took this way I dis - praised her beau - ty, Yet



for all that Stint would she not, So true of love was she, was she.



for all that Stint would she not, So true of love was she, was she.



for all that Stint would she not, So true of love was she, was she.