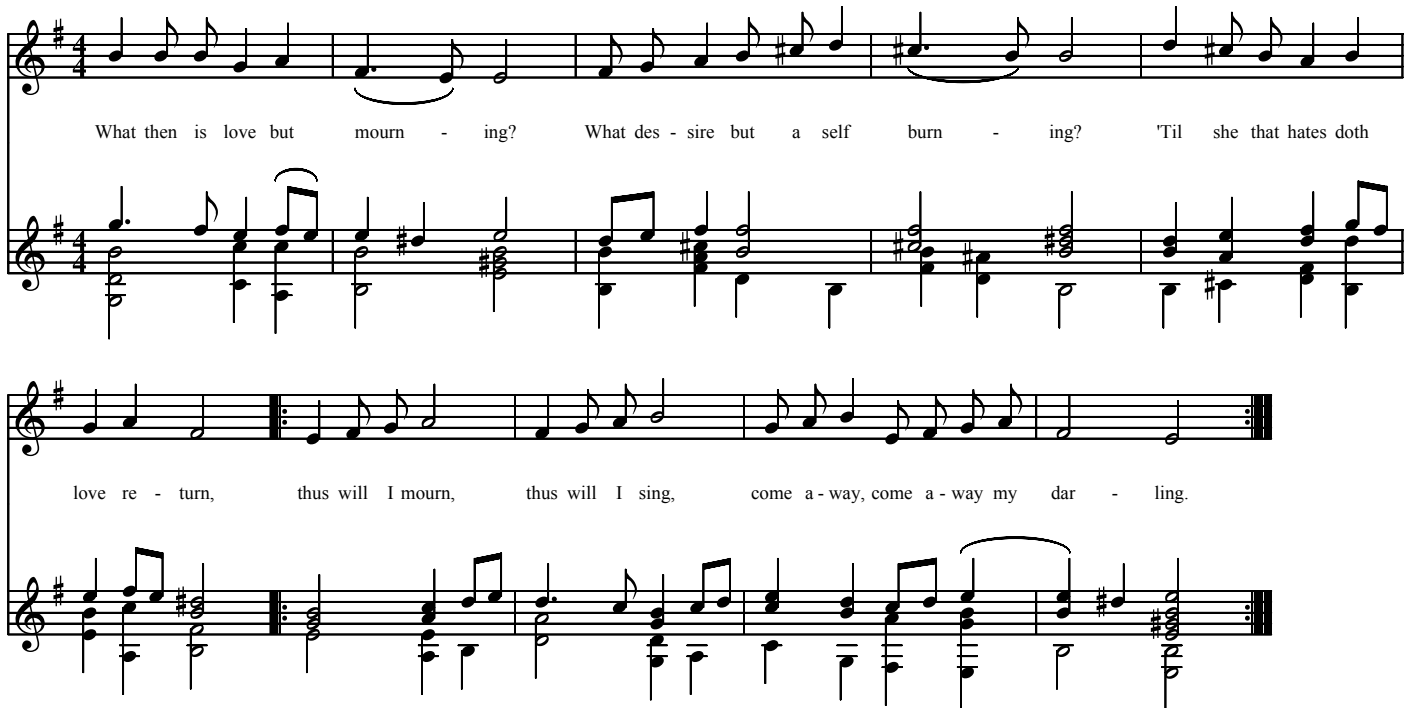


# Rosseter "What Then is Love?"

P Rosseter



What then is love but mourn - ing? What des - sire but a self burn - ing? 'Til she that hates doth

love re - turn, thus will I mourn, thus will I sing, come a - way, come a - way my dar - ling.