

## **Lady, if you so spite me,**

**Lady, if you so spite me,  
Wherefore do you so oft kiss and delight me?  
Sure that my heart oppress'd overcloyed,  
May break thus overjoy'd.  
If you seek to spill me,  
Come kiss me, sweet, and kill me.  
So shall your heart be eased,  
And I shall rest content and die, well pleased.**

*Texte d'un auteur anonyme*

**Musique de John Dowland**